



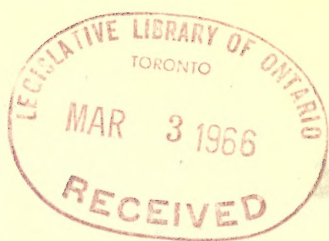
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JANUARY—JUNE, 1843.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LIHI.

GREAT BRITAIN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1843.

GREAT BRITAIN, at the present moment, occupies a position of dignity, of grandeur, and of RESPONSIBILITY, unparalleled in either her own history, or that of any other nation ancient or modern. Let him who is inclined to doubt this assertion, of whatever country he may be, and whether friendly, hostile, or indifferent to England, glance for a moment at a map of the world, and having at length found out our little island, (which, perhaps, he may consider a mere fragment chipped off, as it were, from the continent of Europe,) turn to our stupendous possessions in the east and in the west—in fact, all over the world—and he may be apt to think of the fond speculative boast of the ancient geometrician, “*Δος που στα, και τον κοσμον κινησο,*” and to paraphrase and apply it thus—“Give the genius of Great Britain but where she may place her foot—some mere point peeping above the waves of the sea—and she shall move the world.” Is not this language warranted by recent facts? While our irritable but glorious neighbour France—*pace tantæ gentis!*—is frittering away her warlike energies in Algeria, and Russia is worried by her unsuccessful and unjust attempts upon Circassia, behold the glorious monarch of this little island, Queen Victoria, roused by indignities and injuries offered to her most distant subjects in the East,

strike single-handed a blow there, which shakes a vast and ancient empire to its very foundations, and forces its haughty emperor from his throne, to assume the attitude of a suppliant for peace, yielding her peremptory but just demands, even at the cannon's mouth, and actually relinquishing to her a large portion of his dominions. Events, these, so astonishing, that their true character and consequences have not yet been calmly considered and appreciated by either ourselves or other nations. Look, again, at recent occurrences in British India—that vast territory which only our prodigious enterprise and skill have acquired for us, and nothing but profound sagacity can preserve to the British crown—and observe, with mixed feelings, two principal matters: a perilous but temporary error of overweening ambition on the part of Great Britain, yet retrieved with power and dignity; and converted into an opportunity of displaying—where, for the interests of Great Britain, it was imperiously demanded—her irresistible valour, her moderation, her wisdom; exhibiting, under circumstances the most adverse possible, in its full splendour and majesty, the force of that opinion by which alone we can hold India. Passing swiftly over to the Western Continent, gaze at our vast possessions *there* also—in British North America

—containing considerably upwards of four millions of square geographical miles of land; that is, nearly a ninth part of the whole terrestrial surface of the globe!—besides nearly a million and a half miles of water—five hundred thousand of these square miles being capable, and in rapid progress, of profitable cultivation! at more than three thousand miles' distance from the mother country, and in immediate juxtaposition to the territory of our distinguished but jealous descendants and rivals—a rising nation—the United States! Pausing here in the long catalogue of our foreign possessions, let our fancied observer turn back his eye towards the little island that owns them; will he not be filled with wonder, possibly with a conviction that Great Britain is destined by Almighty God to be the instrument of effecting His sublime but hidden purposes with reference to humanity? Assume, however, our observer to be actuated by a hostile and jealous spirit, and to regard our foreign possessions, and the national greatness derived from them, as only nominal and apparent—to insinuate that we could not really hold them, or vindicate our vaunted supremacy if powerfully challenged and resented. Let him then meditate upon the authentic intelligence which we have just received from the East: what must then be his real sentiments on this the 1st day of January 1843? Let us ask him, in all manly calmness, whether England has not *done* what he doubted or denied her ability to do? whether she has not shown the world that she may, indeed, do what she pleases among the nations, so long as her pleasure is regulated and supported by her accustomed sagacity and spirit? She has, however, recently had to pass through an awful ordeal, principally occasioned by the brief ascendancy of incompetent councils; and while expressing, in terms of transport, our conviction that, “out of this nettle danger, we have plucked the flower safety”—we cannot repress our feelings of indignation against those who precipitated us into that danger, and of gratitude towards those who, under Divine Providence, have been instrumental in extricating

us from it, not only rapidly, but with credit; not merely with credit, but with glory. To appreciate our present position, we must refer to that which we occupied some twelve or eighteen months ago; and that will necessarily involve a brief examination of the policy and proceedings of the late, and of the present Government. We shall speak in an unreserved and independent spirit in giving utterance to the reflections which have occurred to us during a watchful attention paid to the course of public affairs, both foreign and domestic, in the interval alluded to; though feeling the task which we have undertaken both a delicate and a difficult one.

After a desperate tenacity in retaining office exhibited by the late Government, which was utterly unexampled, and most degrading to the character and position of public men engaged in carrying on the Queen's Government, Sir Robert Peel was called to the head of affairs by her Majesty, in accordance with the declared wishes of a triumphant majority of her subjects—of a perfectly overwhelming majority of the educated, the thinking, and the monied classes of society. When he first placed his foot upon the commanding eminence of the premiership, the sight which presented itself to his quick and comprehensive glance, must have been, indeed, one calculated to make

—“the boldest hold his breath
For a time.”

What appalling evidence in every direction of the ignorance and madness of his predecessors! An exchequer empty, exactly at the moment when it ought to have been fullest, in order to support our tremendous operations in the East and elsewhere: in fact, a prospect of immediate national insolvency; all resources, ordinary and extraordinary, exhausted; all income anticipated: an average deficiency of revenue, actual and estimated, in the six years next preceding the 5th of January 1843, of L.10,072,000! Symptoms of social disorganization visible on the very surface of society: ruin bestriding our mercantile interests, palsied every

where by the long pressure of financial misrule: credit vanishing rapidly: the working-classes plunged daily deeper and deeper into misery and starvation, ready to listen to the most desperate suggestions: and a Government bewildered with a consciousness of incompetency, and of the swiftly approaching consequences of their misrule, at the eleventh hour—on the eve of a general election—suddenly resolving (in the language of their own leader) to stir society to its foundations, by proposing a wild and ruinous alteration in the Corn-Laws, declaring that it, and it only, would bring cheap bread to the doors of the very poorest in the land:—after the manner of giving out ardent spirits to an already infuriated mob. In Ireland, crime and sedition fearfully in the ascendant; treasonable efforts made to separate her from us; threats even held out of her entering into a foreign alliance against us. So much for our domestic—now for our foreign condition and prospects. He would see Europe exhibiting serious symptoms of distrust and hostility: France, irritated and trifled with, on the verge of actual war with us: our criminally neglected differences with America, fast ripening into the fatal bloom of war: the very existence of the Canadas at stake. In India, the tenure by which we hold it in the very act of being loosened; our troops shedding their blood in vain, in the prosecution of as mad and wicked an enterprise as ever was undertaken by a civilized nation; the glory of our hitherto invincible arms tarnished; the finances of India deranged and wasted away in securing only fresh accessions of disgraceful defeat. In China, we were engaged, in spite of the whisper of our guardian angel, Wellington, in a *little war*, and experiencing all its degrading and ruinous consequences to our commerce, our military and naval reputation, our statesmanship, our honour. Did ever this great empire exhibit such a spectacle before as that which it thus presented to the anxious eye of the new Premier? Having concluded the disheartening and alarming survey, he must have descended to his cabinet oppressed and desponding, enquiring who is sufficient for these things? With no disposition to bestow an undue encomium on any one, we cannot but say, happy was

Queen Victoria in having, at such a moment, such a man to call to the head of her distracted affairs, as Sir Robert Peel. He was a man pre-eminently distinguished by caution, sobriety, and firmness of character—by remarkable clear-sightedness and strength of intellect—thoroughly practical in all things—of immense knowledge, entirely at his command—of consummate tact and judgment in the conduct of public affairs—of indefatigable patience and perseverance—of imperturbable self-possession. He seemed formed by nature and habit to be the leader of a great deliberative assembly. Add to all this—a personal character of unsullied purity, and a fortune so large as to place him beyond the reach of suspicion or temptation. Such was the man called upon by his sovereign and his country, in a most serious crisis of her affairs. He was originally fortunate in being surrounded by political friends eminently qualified for office; from among whom he made, with due deliberation, a selection, which satisfied the country the instant that their names were laid before it. We know not when a British sovereign has been surrounded by a more brilliant and powerful body of ministers, than those who at this moment stand around Queen Victoria. They constitute the first real GOVERNMENT which this country has seen for the last twelve years; and they instantly addressed themselves to the discharge of the duties assigned to them with a practised skill, and energy, and system, which were quickly felt in all departments of the State. In contenting himself with the general superintendence of the affairs of his government, and devolving on another the harassing office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, till then, had been conjoined with that of the First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Peel acted with his usual judgment, and secured, in particular, one capital object—*unity of action*.

As soon as the late Ministry and their adherents perceived that Sir Robert Peel's advent to power was inevitable, they clamorously required of him a full preliminary statement of the policy he intended to adopt on being actually installed in office! By those who had floundered on, session after session, from blunder to blunder, from folly to folly—each more glaring and de-

structive than the preceding one—he was modestly expected to commit himself *instantly* to some scheme struck off, to please them, at a heat! A cut-and-dried exposition of his plans of domestic and foreign policy, before it was even certain that he would ever be called on to frame or act on them; before he had had a glimpse of the authentic and official *data*, of which none but the actual adviser of the crown could be in possession. This was doubtless *their* notion of statesmanship, and faithfully acted on from first to last; but Sir Robert Peel and his friends had been brought up in another school, whose maxim was—*priusquam incipias, consulta—sed ubi consulueris, mature facto, opus est*. The Premier stood unmoved by the entreaties, the coaxings, and the threatenings of those wriggling before him in miserable discomfiture and restlessness on the abhorred benches of Opposition; calmly demonstrating to them the folly and injustice of which they were guilty. Yet the circumstances of the country made his adherence to this first determination exquisitely trying. He relied, however, on the cautious integrity of his purposes, and the necessity of the case; and amidst the silent agitation of friends, and the frenzied clamour of opponents, and with a dreadful prospect before the country in the ensuing winter—maintained the silence he had imposed upon himself, and, with his companions, entered forthwith on a searching and complete investigation of the affairs of the nation. Not seduced by the irrepressible eagerness of friends, or dismayed by the dark threats and dismal predictions of enemies, who even appealed direct to the throne against them, Ministers pursued their course with calmness and determination, till the legitimate moment had arrived for announcing to the country their thoroughly considered plans for the future. Sir Robert Peel is undoubtedly entitled to the credit of resuscitating and re-organizing the great party all but annihilated by the passing of the Reform Bill. It is under vast obligations to him; but so is he to it. What fortitude and fidelity have been theirs! How admirable their conduct on the occasion we are alluding to! And here let us also

Conservative newspaper press, both in the metropolis and in the country. To select particular instances, would be vain and invidious; but while the whole country has daily opportunities of judging of the assistance afforded to the Conservative cause by the powerful and independent metropolitan press, few are aware, as we are, of the very great ability generally displayed by the provincial Conservative press. Their resolute and persevering exposure of the dangerous false doctrines of our unscrupulous adversaries, and eloquent advocacy of Conservative principles, are above all praise, and are appreciated in the highest quarters.

The winter was at length nearly passed through when Parliament assembled. The distress which the people had suffered, and continued to suffer, no pen can adequately describe, or do justice to the touching fortitude with which those sufferings were borne. It wrung the hearts of all who had opportunities of personally observing it. They resisted, poor famishing souls! all the fiendish attempts that were systematically made to undermine their loyalty, to seduce them into insubordination and rebellion. Let us, by and by, see how far the result has justified this implied confidence of theirs in the power, the wisdom, and the integrity of the new Government. After all the boasting of the Opposition—in spite of their vehement efforts during the recess, to concert and mature what were given out as the most formidable system of tactics ever exhibited in parliament, for the dislodgement of a Ministry denounced as equally hateful to the Queen and to the country, the very first division utterly annihilated the Opposition. So overwhelming was the Ministerial majority, that it astonished their friends as much as it dismayed their enemies: and to an accurate observer of what passed in the House of Commons, it was plain that the legitimate energies of the Opposition were paralyzed thenceforth to the end of the session. Forthwith, there sprung up, however, a sort of conspiracy to *annoy* the triumphant Ministers, to exhaust their energies, to impede all legislation, as far as those ends could be attained by the most wicked and *vulgar* faction ever witnessed within the House of Commons!

The precise seat of Sir Robert Peel's difficulty at home was, that his immediate predecessors had (whether wilfully or otherwise signifies nothing for the present) raised expectations among the people, which *no party* could satisfy; while their measures had reduced the people to a state in which the disappointment of those expectations seemed to excuse, if not justify, even downright rebellion. They arrayed the agricultural and manufacturing interests in deadly hostility against each other; they sought to make the one responsible for the consequences springing only from the reckless misconduct of the other. The farmers must be run down and ruined, in order to repair the effects of excessive credit and over-trading among the manufacturers; the corn-grower must smart for the sins of the cotton-spinner. Such were some of the fierce elements of discord in full action, when the affairs of the nation were committed by her Majesty to her present Ministers, on whom it lay to promote permanent domestic tranquillity, amidst this conflict between interests which had been taught that they were irreconcilable with each other; to sustain the public credit at once, without endangering our internal peace and safety, or compromising the honour of the nation in its critical and embarrassing foreign relations. How were they to effect these apparently incompatible objects? "See," said the enemies of the Ministry, "see, by and by, when Parliament assembles, a cruel specimen of *class legislation*—the unjust triumph of the landed interest—the legitimate working of the Chandos clause in the Reform Bill!" But bear witness, parliamentary records, how stood the fact!

That the present Ministry are mainly indebted for their accession to power, to the prodigious exertions of the agricultural interest during the last general election, is, we presume, undeniable. It was talked of as their mere tool or puppet. Their first act is to lower the duties on the importation of foreign corn, and then to permit the importation of foreign cattle! "We are ruined!" cried the farmers in dismay; and the Duke of Buckingham withdrew from the Cabinet. "This is a step in the right way," said the opponents of Ministers, "but

it will clearly cost Peel his place—then we return, and will go the rest of the journey, and quickly arrive at the goal of free-trade in corn, and every thing else, except those particular articles in which *we* deal, and which must be protected, for the benefit of the country, against foreign competition." Then the Radical journals teemed with joyful paragraphs, announcing that Sir Robert Peel's ministry was already crumbling to pieces! The farmers, it would seem, were every where up in arms; confusion (and something a vast deal worse!) was drunk at all their meetings, to Peel! Nevertheless, these happy things came not to pass; Sir Robert Peel's Ministry *would* not fall to pieces; and the curses of the farmers came not so fast or loud as their eager disinterested friends could have wished! To be serious, the alteration of the Corn-Laws was undoubtedly a very bold one, but the result of most anxious and profound consideration. A moment's reflection on the character and circumstances of the Ministry who proposed it, served first to arrest the apprehensions entertained by the agricultural interest; while the thorough discussions which took place in Parliament, demonstrating the necessity of *some* change—the moderation and caution of the one proposed—several undoubted and very great improvements in details, and, above all, a *formal recognition of the principle of agricultural protection*, still further allayed the fears of the most timorous. To *us* it appears, that the simple principle of a scale of duties, adapted to admit foreign corn when we want it, and exclude it when we can grow sufficient ourselves, is abundantly vindicated, and will not be disturbed for many years to come, if even then. Has this principle been surrendered by Sir Robert Peel? It has not; and we venture to express our confident belief, that it never will. He cannot, of course, prevent the subject from being mooted during the ensuing session, because there are persons, unfortunately, sent to Parliament for the very purpose; but while he is listening with a calm smile, and apparently thoughtfully, to the voluble tradesmen who are haranguing him upon the subject, it is not improbable that he will be revolving in his mind matters much more personally interesting

and important to them; viz. how he shall put a stop to the monstrous joint-stock banking system frauds, as exhibited at this moment at Manchester, in the Northern and Central Banking Company; and other similar establishments, blessed with the disinterested patronage of the chief member of the "Anti-Corn-Law League." The mention of that snug little speculation of two or three ingenious and enterprising Manchester manufacturers, forced from us an observation or two, viz. that the thing *will not do*, after all. There is much cry, and little wool; very little corn, and a great deal of cotton. They have a smart saying at Manchester, to the effect, that it is no use whistling against thunder; which we shall interpret to mean, that all their "great meetings," speechifyings, subscriptions, and so forth, will fail to kindle a single spark of real enthusiasm in their favour, among those who are daily becoming more and more personally sensible, first, of the solid benefits conferred by the wise policy of the present Administration; secondly, of the want of personal respectability among the leaders of the League; and lastly, the necessity and vast advantage of supporting the agriculture of Old England. The recent discussions on the Corn-Laws, in Parliament and elsewhere, the masterly expositions of the true principles on which they are really based, have thrown a flood of light on the subject, now made visible and intelligible to the lowest capacity. That some further alteration may not ere long be made on the scale of duties, no one can assert, though we have no reason to believe that any such is at present contemplated; but that the principle of the "sliding scale," as it is called, will be firmly adhered to, we entertain no doubt whatever. The conduct of the agricultural interest, with reference to subjects of such vital importance to them as the Corn-Law Bill and the Tariff, has been characterized by signal forbearance and fortitude; nor, let them rest assured, will it be lost upon the Ministry or the country.

The next step in Sir Robert Peel's bold and comprehensive policy, was to devise some method of recruiting *forthwith* its languishing vital energies—to rescue its financial concerns from the desperate condition in which he

found them. With an immediate and perspective increase of expenditure that was perfectly frightful—in the meditation and actual prosecution of vast but useless enterprises—of foreign interference and aggrandizement, to secure a little longer continuance of popular favour, they deliberately destroyed a principal source of revenue, by the reduction of the postage duties, in defiance of the repeated protests and warnings of Sir Robert Peel, when in Opposition. They had, in fact, brought matters to such a pitch, as to render it almost impossible for even "a heaven-born minister" to conduct the affairs of the nation, with safety and honour, without inflicting grievous disappointment and sufferings, and incurring thereby a degree of obloquy fatal to any Ministry. They seemed, in fact, to imagine, as they went on, that the day of reckoning could never arrive, because they had resolved to stave it off from time to time, however near it approached, by a series of desperate expedients, really destructive of the national prosperity, but provocative of what served their purposes, viz. temporary popular enthusiasm. What cruelty! what profligacy! what madness! And all under the flag on which were inscribed "*Peace! Retrenchment! Reform!*" Acting on the salutary maxim, that the knowledge of the disease is half the cure, Sir Robert Peel resolved to lay before the nation *the whole truth*, however appalling. Listen to the following pregnant sentences which he addressed to the House of Commons, within a few moments after he had risen to develop his financial policy, we mean on the 11th of March 1842:—"It is sometimes necessary, on the occasion of financial statements of this kind, to maintain great reserve, and to speak with great caution. A due regard for the public interest, may impose on a Minister the duty of only partially disclosing matters of importance. But I am hampered by no fetters of official duty. I mean to lay before you the truth—the unexaggerated truth, but to conceal nothing. I do this, because in great financial difficulties, the first step towards improvement is to look those difficulties boldly in the face. This is true of individuals—it is true also of nations. There can be no hope of improvement or of recovery, if you consent to conceal from

yourself the real difficulties with which you have to contend."* There was no gainsaying the facts which, amidst an agitated and breathless silence, he proceeded to detail with dreadful clearness and brevity; and out of which the question instantly sprung into the minds of every one—are we not on the very verge of national insolvency? He proceeded to demonstrate that his predecessors had exhausted every device which their financial ingenuity could suggest; down to their last supposed master-stroke, the addition of 10 per cent to the assessed taxes—thus adding very nearly the last straw which was to break the camel's back—the last peculiarly cruel pressure on the lower orders.

"Shall we persevere," he continued, "in the system on which we have been acting for the last five years? Shall we, in time of peace, have recourse to the miserable expedient of continued loans? Shall we try issues of Exchequer bills? Shall we resort to Savings' banks?—in short, to any of those expedients which, call them by what name you please, are neither more nor less than a permanent addition to the public debt? We have a deficiency of nearly L.5,000,000 in the last two years: *is there a prospect of reduced expenditure?* Without entering into details, but looking at your extended empire, at the demands which are made for the protection of your commerce, and the general state of the world, and calling to mind the intelligence which has lately reached us," [from Affghanistan,] "can you anticipate for the year after the next, the possibility, consistent with the honour and safety of this country, of greatly reducing the public expenses? I am forced to say, I cannot calculate on that. * *

* Is the deficiency I have mentioned a casual deficiency? Sir, it is not; it has existed for the last seven or eight years. At the close of 1838, the deficiency was L.1,428,000; of 1839, L.430,000; of 1840, L.1,457,000; of 1841, L.1,851,000. I estimate that the deficiency of 1842 will be L.2,334,030; and that of 1843, L.2,570,000; making an aggregate deficiency, in six years, of L.10,072,000! * *

With this proof that it is not

with an occasional or casual deficiency that we have to deal, will you, I ask, have recourse to the miserable expedient of continued loans? It is impossible that I could be a party to a proceeding which, I should think, might perhaps have been justifiable at first, before you knew exactly the nature of your revenue and expenditure; but with these facts before me, I should think I were degrading the situation which I hold, if I could consent to such a paltry expedient as this. I can hardly think that Parliament will adopt a different view. I can hardly think that you, who inherit the debt contracted by your predecessors—when, having a revenue, they reduced the charges of the post-office, and inserted in the preamble of the bill a declaration that the reduction of the revenue should be made good by increased taxation—will now refuse to make it good. The effort having been made, but the effort having failed, that pledge is still unredeemed. *I advised you not to give that pledge; but if you regard the pledges of your predecessors, it is for you now to redeem them.* * * * I apprehend that, with almost universal acquiescence, I may abandon the idea of supplying the deficiency by the miserable desire of fresh loans, or an issue of Exchequer bills. Shall I, then, if I must resort to taxation, levy it upon the articles of consumption, which constitute, in truth, almost all the necessities of life? *I cannot consent to any proposal for increasing taxation on the great articles of consumption by the labouring classes of society.*" [Is it the friend or the enemy of the people, that is here speaking?] "I say, moreover, I can give you conclusive proofs that you have arrived at the limits of taxation on articles of consumption." † Sir Robert Peel then proceeded, with calmness and dignity, to encounter the possible, if not even probable fatal unpopularity of proposing that which he succeeded in convincing Parliament was the only resource left a conscientious Minister—an INCOME TAX.

"I will now state what is the measure which I propose, under a sense of public duty, and a deep conviction that it is necessary for the public interest; and impressed at the same

* Hansard, vol. lxi. col. 423.

† Hansard, vol. lxi. col. 429, 430, 431.

time with an equal conviction"—[mark, by the way, the exquisite judgment with which this suggestion was *here* thrown in!]"—"that the present sacrifices which I call on you to make, will be amply compensated, ultimately, in a pecuniary point of view, and *much more* than compensated, by the effect which they will have in maintaining public credit and the ancient character of this country. Instead of looking to taxation on consumption—instead of reviving the taxes on salt or on sugar—it is my duty to make an earnest appeal to the possessors of property, for the purpose of repairing this mighty evil. I propose, for a time at least, (and I never had occasion to make a proposition with a more thorough conviction of its being one which the public interest of the country required)—I propose that, for a time to be limited, the income of this country should be called on to contribute a certain sum for the purpose of remedying this mighty and growing evil,

* * * should bear a charge not exceeding 7d. in the pound, which will not amount to 3 per cent, but, speaking accurately, L.2, 18s. 4d. per cent—for the purpose of not only supplying the deficiency in the revenue, but of enabling us, with confidence and satisfaction, to propose great commercial reforms, which will afford a hope of reviving commerce, and such an improvement in the manufacturing interests as will re-act on every other interest in the country; and by diminishing the prices of the articles of consumption and the cost of living, will, in a pecuniary point of view, compensate you for your present sacrifices; whilst you will be, at the same time, relieved from the contemplation of a great public evil." *

We have quoted the very words of Sir Robert Peel, because they are every way memorable and worthy of permanent conspicuousness. In point, for instance, of mere oratorical skill, observe the matchless tact of the speaker. Conscious that he was about to propose what would come like a clap of thunder on all present, and on the country, he prepares the way for its favourable reception, by pointing out the almost necessarily *direct pecuniary benefit* ultimately derivable from

his unpalatable tax; and the instant that he has disclosed his proposal, in the same breath carries our attention to a similar topic—an assurance calculated to arouse the self-interest and excite the approbation first of the commercial classes, and then of all classes, by the means this tax will give the Minister of proposing "great commercial reforms," and "reducing the cost of living." No power of description we possess can adequately set before the reader the effect produced on the House of Commons by the delivery of the passage above quoted, and which was shared, as the intelligence was communicated, by the country at large. One thing was plain, that the Minister, disdaining personal considerations of unpopularity, had satisfied the nation that a desperate disease had been detected, which required a desperate remedy. It was—it is, in vain to disguise that an income-tax has many disgusting, and all but absolutely intolerable, incidents and characteristics, and which were instantly appreciated by all who heard or read of the proposal for its adoption; and these topics were pounded upon by the late Ministers and their supporters, with eager and desperate determination to make the most of them. To give effect to their operations, they secured an immediate and ample interval for exasperating popular feeling against Ministers and their abominable proposition! But it was all in vain. There was a bluff English frankness about the Minister that mightily pleased the country, exciting a sympathy in every right-thinking Englishman. *Here was no humbug of any sort*, no obtaining of money under false pretences. At first hearing of it, honest John Bull staggered back several paces, with a face rueful and aghast; buttoned up his pockets, and meditated violence even; but, in a few moments, albeit with a certain sulkiness, he came back, presently shook hands with the Minister, and getting momentarily more satisfied of his honesty, and of the necessity of the case, only hoped that a little breathing-time might be given him, and that the thing might be done as quietly and genteelly as possible! To be serious, however.

By whom, let us ask, had this Minister been brought into power? by whom most furiously and unscrupulously opposed? The former were those on whom he instantly imposed this very severe and harassing tax; the latter, those whom he entirely exempted from it: the former, those who *could*, with a little inconvenience, make the effort requisite to protect themselves in the tranquil enjoyment of what they possessed; the latter, those who were already faint, oppressed, and crushed beneath *burdens they were unable to bear*. Was this justice, or injustice? It then *must* be very contradistinctive—was the Minister, in this instance, the poor man's friend, or the rich man's friend? Was he exhibiting ingratitude and insanity, or a truly wise and honest statesmanship? We need *not* "pause for a reply." It has been sounding ever since in our ears, in the accents of national concord, and of admiration of the Minister who, in his very zenith of popularity and success, perilled all, to obey the dictates of honour and conscience, fearlessly proposed a measure which seemed levelled directly at those gifted and powerful classes by whom he had been so long and enthusiastically supported; of the Minister who, in fine, looked, and made the country look, a frightful danger full in the face—till it turned and fled. In spite of all that could be done by his bitter unscrupulous factious opponents in the House of Commons, and of the eloquent and conscientious opposition of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, backed, all the while, by the immediate self-interest of those who were to smart under the tax, Sir Robert Peel carried his great and salutary measure in triumph through both Houses, without one single material alteration, till it became the law of the land, amidst the applause of the surrounding nations; for even those, alas! too frequently bitter and jealous censors of English conduct and character, the French, "owned that the English people had exhibited a signal and glorious instance of virtue, of fortitude, of self-denial, and sagacity." We have reason to believe that, on quitting the House of Commons after hearing the speech of Sir Robert Peel, from which we have been quoting, Lord John Russell asked a gentleman of brilliant talent and inde-

pendent character, but of strong liberal opinions, "what he thought of Peel's financial scheme?" The answer was, "It is so fine a thing, that I only wish it had been prepared by Lord John Russell instead of Sir Robert Peel!" On which, unless we are mistaken, Lord John shrugged his shoulders in silence. His opposition to the income-tax, on going into, and while the bill was in, committee, was temperate, and even languid; and he stood in the dignified attitude worthy of his ancient name, and of personal character, far aloof from those who, throughout the session, pursued a line of conduct unprecedented in parliamentary history, degrading to the House of Commons, but possibly in keeping with all that might have been expected from them. We are vastly mistaken if Lord John does not regard them with secret scorn, and experience a shudder of disgust from any momentary contact with them; and shall not be surprised if, during the ensuing session, he should be at no particular pains to conceal the state of his mind.

One circumstance highly honourable to the national character, in relation to the income-tax, should not escape observation: that comparatively little or no real opposition, certainly no clamorous opposition, has been offered to the *principle* of the tax, and the policy of its imposition, by those on whom its pressure falls heaviest, namely, the great capitalists and landed proprietors of the kingdom. "The grasshopper," said Mr Burke, "fills the whole field with the noise of its chirping, while the stately ox browses in silence." The clamour against the income-tax comes mainly from those who are unscathed by it; those who suffer most severely from it, suffer in silence. The inferior machinery of the income-tax is unquestionably very far from attaining that degree of perfection, which we had a right to look for from the able and practised hands which framed it. The outcry raised, however, against the income-tax on this score, particularly on the ground of the heedlessness of subordinate functionaries, is subsiding. There is evident, as far as the Government itself is concerned, an anxious desire to enforce the provisions of the act with the greatest possible degree of delicacy and forbearance, consistent with the discharge of

a painful but imperative duty. We repeat that the outcry in question, however, was principally occasioned by those who had least real cause, on personal grounds, to complain; who (unfortunately, it may be, for themselves) never yet approached, nor have any prospect of infringing upon, the fatal dividing point of £150 a-year, in spite of their long and zealous literary services, under the very best-conducted and *truly liberal* Radical newspapers, which they have filled, with persevering ingenuity, day after day, with eloquent descriptions of the awful state of feeling in the country on this most atrocious subject. Where, patriotic, but most imaginative gentlemen! where have been the great meetings summoned to condemn the principle of the tax? The great landholders, the great capitalists, the great merchants, are pouring their contributions into the exhausted Treasury, with scarce a murmur at the temporary inconvenience it may occasion them!—thus nobly responding to the appeal so earnestly and nobly made to them by the Prime Minister. So, moreover, are the vast majority of those persons on whom the tax falls with peculiar severity—we allude to the occupants of schedule D—who must pay this tax out of an income, alas! evanescent as the morning mist; which, on the approach of sickness or of death is instantly annihilated. These also suffer with silent fortitude; and we think we have heard it upon sufficient authority, that it was on these persons that Ministers felt the greatest reluctance in imposing the tax—at least to its present extent, only under an absolute compulsion of state policy. The total, or even partial exemption of this class of persons from the operation of the income-tax, would have been attended with consequences that were not to be contemplated for a moment, and into which it is impracticable here satisfactorily to enter. The tax undoubtedly pinches severely men of small and uncertain incomes, who are striving, on slender means, to maintain a respectable station in society; the man who, with a large family to be supported and *educated*, and who moves in a respectable sphere of society, has to pay his L.9 or L.12 out of his precarious L.300 or L.400 a-year, is an object of most earnest

sympathy. Still, let him not lose sight of the undoubted hardships borne by his wealthier brethren. Is it now thing for a man—say the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Sutherland, or Lord Ashburton, or Mr Rothschild—to have to pay down their L.3000, L.4000, or L.5000 clear per annum, as the per-centage on their magnificent incomes, in sudden and unexpected addition to the innumerable and imperative calls upon them already existing, such as compulsory upholding of many great establishments in different parts of the country—various members of their families—married and single—to support in a style adequate to their rank and position in the country? It is needless, however, to pursue the matter further. The plain truth is, there is no help for it; the burthen is one that must be borne, and it is being borne bravely.

But why must this dreadful income-tax be borne? What has led to it? The vast majority of honest and thinking men in the nation have but one answer to give to the question. That the income-tax is the penalty the nation must pay for its weakness and folly, in permitting a Whig Ministry to get into power, and continue in power, “playing such fantastic tricks” as theirs, for the last ten years, both at home and abroad, as the nation *ought to have foreseen* would be inevitably followed by some such grievous results as the present. This income-tax, however, let our opponents know, will serve for many years to come, long after it may have been removed, as a memento to prevent the country from tolerating the return to power of men whose reluctant and compulsory exit from power, after again doing enormous mischief, will be followed by a similar result—will impose on their Conservative successors the bitter necessity of imposing another income-tax. “The evil that they do,” does indeed “live after them;” and without any “good, interred with their bones!” With the frightful deficit exhibited by Sir Robert Peel still staring us in the face; the war in the East yet to be paid for; faith to be kept with the public creditor both at home and abroad: a revenue of a *million a-year* recklessly sacrificed in

reducing the postage duties;* a deficiency in the last quarter's revenue, that tells its own frightful story as to its cause, and an all but certain heavy deficiency to be looked for, we fear, in the ensuing quarter: with all this before him, will any member or supporter of the late Government—of all other persons—be found hardy enough to rise in his place next session, and bait Sir Robert Peel about the repeal of the income-tax? The country will not tolerate such audacity. We shall not reason with *them*; but to those who, like ourselves, are smarting under the effects of the late Ministry's misconduct, who have a right to complain loudly and indignantly, and enquire with eager anxiety when their suddenly augmented pressure is to cease, we feel compelled to express our opinion, founded on a careful observation of our present financial position and prospects, that we see no chance of being relieved from the burden of the income-tax, before the period originally fixed by Sir Robert Peel. Till then we must submit with what fortitude and cheerfulness we may. Under, however, a year or two's steady and enlightened administration of public affairs, matters may mend with unexpected rapidity; but it is not in the ordinary course of human affairs, that evils, the growth of many years, can be remedied in a moment. A chronic disease of the body requires a patient course of abstinence and skilful treatment, to afford a chance of the system's getting once again into a permanent state of health; even as with individuals, so is it with nations. That the sudden cessation of the drain upon our resources from the East, and the partial reimbursement we have already realized, will sensibly lighten the burthens under which the Minister has hitherto laboured, and make him with joy to realize the expectations which, in proposing the income-tax, he so distinctly, yet cautiously, held out, as to the period of its duration, we may consider as indisputable. Add to this the pacific policy which Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet are bent upon maintaining, as far as is consistent with a jealous regard to our na-

tional honour, (and which our late resplendent successes are calculated to facilitate,) and the revival, ere long, of the revenue, concurrently with that of trade and commerce, which may be confidently anticipated under our present firm, cautious, and experienced councils, and we may give to the winds our fears as to the continuance of the income-tax one instant after it can be prudently dispensed with. What, however, as a matter of mere speculation, if the nation should by and by, when familiarized with the character and working of the income-tax, become more reconciled to it, and prefer its retention as a substitute for the *Assessed Taxes*, which at present press so heavily on all, but particularly on the working-classes! But while Sir Robert Peel was remodelling the Corn-Laws, and creating a new source of direct revenue, he also undertook another task—a herculean task, one utterly hopeless, and beyond the reach or even conception of any but a Minister conscious of occupying an impregnable position in the confidence of the country: we allude to his re-construction of our entire commercial system, as represented by his *new Tariff*. What courage was requisite to grapple with this giant difficulty! What practical skill; what patience and resolution; what exact yet extensive acquaintance with mercantile affairs; what a comprehensive discernment of consequences; what firm impartiality in deciding between vast conflicting interests, were here evinced! And observe—all these great measures, effecting a complete revolution in our domestic economy and policy—the fruits of only a few months accession to office of a Conservative Ministry! All the while that the Radical press was assailing them on the ground of their insolent and cruel disregard of their duty, and of the sufferings of the people, they were engaged upon the united labours of enquiry and reflection, on which alone can have been safely based the great measures which we have been briefly reviewing! “But all these,” says some faithful mourner after the deceased Ministry, “they intended to have done, and would have done, if

* Year ending 5th January 1840, L.2,390,764!—1841, L.1,342,604!—1842, L.1,495,540!—(*Finance Accounts*, 1842, p. 2.)

they could." Ay, to be sure. Admit it, for the nonce; 'twas easy to say it, but the thing was to do it—quoth Mr Blewitt! That same *doing*, is what we are congratulating the present Ministry upon. Yes, it has been done—the great experiment is being tried; may it prove as safe and successful, as it is bold and well meant. It must be regarded, however, as only a part of the entire scheme proposed by Sir Robert Peel, and judged of accordingly, with reference also to the necessity of his position, arising from the last acts of his predecessors—from the spirit and temper of the age. The long-continued languor and prostration of our commerce, undoubtedly required some decisive, but cautious and well-considered movement, in the *direction* of free-trade. How far we shall be met, in the same spirit, by France, Germany, Russia, and America, as has been long confidently predicted by those whose opinions have been perseveringly and vehemently urged upon the public, now remains to be seen. *Felix faustumque sit!* But at present, at all events, our example seems not likely to be followed by those on whom we most calculated, and time alone can decide between our course and theirs—between the doctrines of the old and of the new school of political economy—as to which is the short-sighted and mischievous—which the sagacious and successful policy. The powerful protection afforded by the new Tariff to our colonial produce, is one of its most interesting and satisfactory features. That, however, which has justly attracted to it incomparably the greatest share of public attention and discussion, is the introduction of foreign cattle. This topic is one requiring to be spoken of in a diffident spirit, and most guarded language. Whether it will effect its praiseworthy object of lowering the price of animal food, without being overbalanced by its injurious effects upon our all-important agricultural interests, we shall not for some considerable time be in a condition to determine. At present, it would appear, that the alarm of the farmers on this score was premature and excessive, and is subsiding. The combined operation of this part of the new Tariff, and of the reduction in the duties on the importation of foreign corn, may

ultimately have the effect of lowering the rent of the farmer, and of stimulating him into a more energetic and scientific cultivation of the land; and generally, of inducing very important modifications in the present arrangements between landlords and tenants. In some of the most recent agricultural meetings, speeches have been made, from which many journalists have inferred the existence of rapidly-increasing convictions on the part of the agricultural interest, that a sweeping alteration in the Corn-Law is inevitable and immediate. They are, however, attaching far too much weight to a few sentences uttered, amidst temporary excitement, by a few country gentlemen, in some eight or ten places only in the whole kingdom. Let them *pause*, at all events, till they shall have more authentic *data*, viz. what the agricultural members of Parliament will say in their places, in the ensuing session. Much of the sort of panic experienced by the country gentlemen alluded to, may be referred to a recent paragraph in the *Globe* newspaper, confidently announcing the intention of Ministers to propose a fixed duty on corn. The glaring improbability, that even *were* such a project contemplated by Ministers, they would (forgetting their characteristic caution and reserve) agitate the public mind on so critical a question, and derange vast transactions and arrangements in the corn trade by its premature divulgement; and, above all, constitute the *Globe* newspaper their confidential organ upon the occasion, should alone have satisfied the most credulous of its unwarrantable and preposterous character. We acquit the *Globe* newspaper of intentional mischief, but charge it with great *thoughtlessness* of consequences. To return, however, for a moment, to that topic in the new Tariff most important to farmers. We believe that, since the day (9th July 1842) in which the new Tariff became the law of the land, the entire importation of cattle from the Continent, has fallen far short of a single fortnight's sale at Smithfield; but whether this will be the state of things two years, or even a twelvemonth hence, is another matter. At present, at all events, the new Tariff has had the beneficial effect of really lowering the price of provisions, and of other

articles of consumption, essentially conducing to the comforts of the labouring classes. May *this*, in any event, be a *permanent* result; and who could have brought it about, except such a Ministry as that of Sir Robert Peel, possessing their combined qualifications, means, and opportunities, and equally bent upon using them promptly and honestly?

No sooner had that Parliament which had passed, in its first session, such a number of great measures, having for their object the immediate benefit of the lower orders, (and, it may really be said, almost wholly at the expense of the higher orders,) separated, after its exhausting labours, than there occurred those deplorable and alarming outrages in the principal manufacturing districts, which so ill requited the benevolent exertions of the Legislature in their behalf. They exhibited some features of peculiar malignity—many glaring indications of the existence of a base and selfish hidden conspiracy against the cause of law, of order, and of good government. Who were the real originators and contrivers of that wicked movement, and what their objects, is a question which we shall not here discuss, but leave in the hands of the present keen and vigilant Government, and of the Parliament, so soon to be assembled. If a single chance of bringing the really guilty parties to justice—of throwing light on the actors and machinery of that atrocious conspiracy shall be thrown away, the public interests will have been grievously betrayed. On this subject, however, we have no apprehensions whatever, and pass on heartily to congratulate the country on possessing a Government which acted, on the trying occasion in question, with such signal promptitude, energy, and prudence. Not one moment was lost in faltering indecision; never was the majesty of the law more quickly and completely vindicated; never was there exhibited a more striking and gratifying instance of a temperate and discriminating exercise of the vast powers of the executive. The incessant attention of all functionaries, from the very highest to the lowest, by night and by day, on that occasion, at the Home-Office, (including the Attorney and Solicitor-General,) would hardly be credited; *mercy to the misguided,*

but instant vengeance upon the guilty instigators of rebellion, was then, from first to last, the rule of action. The enemies of public tranquillity reckoned fearfully without their host, in forgetting who presided at the Home-Office, and who at the Horse-Guards. Nothing could be better than the Government examination into the real causes of the outbreak, instituted upon the spot the very moment it was over, while evidence was fresh and accessible, and of which the guilty parties concerned have a great deal yet to hear. The Special Commission for the trial of the rioters, was also issued with salutary expedition. The prosecutions were carried on by the Attorney and Solicitor-General, on the part of the Crown, in a dignified spirit at once of forbearance and determination, and with a just discrimination between the degree of culpability disclosed. The merciful spirit in which the prosecutions were conducted by the law-officers of the Crown, was repeatedly pointed out to the misguided criminals by the Judges; who, on many occasions, intimated that the Government had chosen to indict for the minor offence only, when the facts would have undoubtedly warranted an indictment for high treason, with all its terrible consequences. Before quitting this incidental topic of legal proceedings, let us add a word upon the substantial improvements effected in the administration of justice during the late session, and of which the last volume of the statute-book affords abundant evidence, principally under the heads of bankruptcy, insolvency, and lunacy. Great and salutary alterations have been effected in these departments, as well as various others; the leading statutory changes being most ably carried into effect by the Lord Chancellor, who continues to preside over his court, and to discharge his high and multifarious duties with his accustomed dignity and sagacity. His recent bankruptcy appointments have certainly been canvassed by the Radical press with sufficient freedom, but on very insufficient grounds. *No* appointments could have been made against which unscrupulous faction might not have raised a clamour. That temporarily excited in the present instance, has quite died away. The appointments in question have undoubtedly been made

with a due regard to the public interest; but did the intelligent censors of the Radical press expect that those appointments of L.1500 a-year would be sought for or accepted by men at the bar, already making their L.3000, L.5000, L.8000, or L.10,000 a-year, and aspiring to the very highest honours of their profession? The gentlemen who have accepted these appointments, are many of them personally known to us as very acute and able practical men, who will be found to give the utmost satisfaction in the discharge of their duties to both the profession and the public. The two Vice-Chancellors, Sir James L. Knight Bruce, and Sir James Wigram, are admirable appointments. Each must have resigned a practice very far exceeding—perhaps doubling, or even trebling—their present salaries of office. The transference to the former, without any additional salary, of the office of Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, (vacant by the recent death of Sir John Cross,) was a highly advantageous and economical arrangement for the public, at the willing expense of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce.

May we here be allowed to allude for an instant to a very delicate topic—the new Poor-Law—simply to call attention to the resolute support of it by the present Government (whether right or wrong), as at least a pretty decisive evidence of their uprightness and independence. On this sore subject we shall not dwell, nor do we feel bound to offer any opinion of our own as to the alleged merits or demerits of the new Poor-Law; but it certainly looks as though Ministers had resolved to do what they *believed* to be right, *ruat cælum*. What other motive they can have, is to us, at least, inconceivable.

Let us again point with undisguised triumph to IRELAND, as a very striking instance of the results of a sound and firmly-administered Conservative policy. The late Government misgoverned Ireland, in order that they might be allowed to continue misgoverning England. Their memory will ever be execrated for their surrender of that fair portion of the empire into the hands of a political reprobate and impostor, of whom we cannot trust

ourselves to speak, and the like of whom has never yet appeared, and it is to be hoped never will again appear, in British history. Immediately before and after their expulsion from office, they pointed to this scene of their long misconduct, and, with a sort of heartless jocularly, asked Sir Robert Peel “What he meant to do with Ireland?”—adding, that whatever else he might be able to do, by the aid of intrigue and corruption, “he could *never* govern Ireland.” How *now*, gentlemen? What will you find to lay to the charge of Ministers in the coming session? What has become of your late patron, Mr O’Connell? Is “his occupation gone?” Is he spending the short remainder of his respectable old age at Darrynane, even (begging pardon of the noble animal for the comparison)

—“like a worn-out lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey?”

What can you any longer do, or affect to do, old gentleman, to earn your honourable wages? Is there not (as the lawyers would style it) a failure of consideration? If you go on any longer collecting “the rent,” may you not be liable to an indictment for obtaining money under false pretences? Poor old soul! his cuckoo cry of Repeal grows feebler and feebler; yet he must keep it up, or starve. *Tempus abire senex! satis clamasti!* That Ireland is still subject to great evils, recent occurrences painfully attest. Mr Pitt, in 1799, (23d January,) pointed out what may still be regarded as their true source:—“I say that Ireland is subject to great and deplorable evils, which have a deep root: for they lie in the nature of the country itself; in the present character, manners, and habits of its people; in their want of intelligence, or, in other words, in their ignorance; in the unavoidable separation of certain classes; in the state of property; in its religious distinctions; in the rancour which bigotry engenders, and superstition rears and cherishes.”* How many of these roots of evil are still in existence!

But consider what we have done, even already, for Ireland, by giving her the blessings of a strong and

* Parliamentary History, vol. xxxiv. p. 271.

honest Government; what a blow we have aimed at absenteeism, in a particular provision of our income-tax! *Nil desperandum*, gentlemen, give us a little time to unravel your long tissue of misgovernment; and, in the mean time, make haste, and go about in quest of a grievance, if you can find one, against the ensuing session. Depend upon it, we will redress it!

The present aspect of foreign affairs is calculated to excite mixed feelings of pain and exultation in the breast of a thoughtful observer. The national character of Great Britain had unquestionably fallen in European estimation, and lost much of the commanding influence of its mere name, during the last few years preceding the accession to office of the present Government. That was an event—viz. the formation of a Cabinet at St James's, containing Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Stanley—which justly excited an instant and great sensation in all foreign courts, regard being had to the critical circumstances of the times. Every one, both at home and abroad, knew well that if war was at hand, here was a Government to conduct it on the part of Great Britain, even under the most adverse circumstances imaginable, with all our accustomed splendour and success. But all knew, at the same time, that imminent as was the danger, if a profound statesmanship could avert it, consistently with the preservation of the national honour, that danger would promptly disappear. The new Cabinet instantly proclaimed themselves "lovers of peace, but not afraid of war;" and an altered tone of feeling and policy was quickly observable on the Continent.

The peculiar position and interests of Great Britain impose upon her one paramount obligation—to interfere as little as possible with the affairs of other nations, especially in Europe—never, except upon compulsion—when bound by treaty, or when the eye of a profound and watchful statesmanship has detected in existence unquestionable elements of danger to the general peace and welfare of the world. To be always scrutinizing the movements of foreign states, with a view to convicting them of designs to destroy the balance of power (as it

is called) in Europe, and thereupon evincing a disposition to assume an offensively distrustful and hostile attitude, requiring explanations, and disclaimers, and negotiations, which every one knows the slightest miscarriage may convert into inevitable pretexts and provocatives of war—is really almost to court the destruction of our very national existence. If there was one principle of action possessed by the late Government to be regarded as of more importance than another, it was that of maintaining peace, and non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. This, indeed, was emblazoned upon the banner unfurled by Lord Grey, on advancing to the head of affairs. Can it, however, be necessary to show how systematically—how perilously—this principle was set at naught by the late Government? As represented by Lord Palmerston, Great Britain had got to be regarded as the most pestilent, intrusive, mischief-making of neighbours. A little longer, and our name would have actually *stunk in the nostrils* of Europe. Some began to hate us; others, to despise us!! all, to cease dreading us. In the language of a powerful journalist, (the *Spectator*;) opposed on most points to the present Government, "the late Ministers commenced a career, perilous in the extreme to all the best interests of the nation—demoralizing public opinion, wasting public resources, and entangling the country in quarrels alike endless and aimless; and all this with a labouring after melodramatic stage effect, and a regardlessness of consequences perfectly unprecedented." We were, in the words of truth and soberness, fast losing our moral ascendancy in Europe—by a series of querulous, petty, officious, needless, undignified interpositions; by the exhibition of a vacillating and short-sighted policy; by appearing (novel position for Great Britain) "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike;" by conceiving and executing idle and preposterous schemes of aggrandizement and conquest. To go no further in Europe than our immediate neighbour, France, let us ask whether Lord Palmerston did not bring us to the very verge, and keep us at it for many months, of actual war with that power, which is always unhappily eager to "cry hurra, and let slip the

dogs of war;" and with reference to us, to go out of their way to create occasions for misunderstanding, and hostilities? Were we not really on the verge of war?—of a war which would have instantly kindled all over Europe a war of extermination? Not, however, to descend to the discussion of recent occurrences familiar to every body, we shall very briefly advert to the state of our relations with America, with China, and of our affairs in British India, when Sir Robert Peel assumed the direction of affairs. Lord Palmerston has never been sufficiently called to account for his long, most disgraceful, and perilous neglect of our serious differences with America; and which had brought us to within a hair's-breadth of a declaration of war, which, whatever might have been its issue, (possibly not difficult to have foreseen,) would have been disastrous to both countries, and to one of them utterly destructive. It is notorious that within the last eighteen or twenty months, every arrival from the west was expected to bring intelligence of the actual commencement of hostilities. The state of public feeling towards us in America was being every hour more exasperated and malignant. The accession of the present Government opened, however, a bright and happy prospect of an adjustment of all difficulties, honourable to both parties. How long had they been in power, before they had earned universal applause by their prompt and masterly move, in dispatching Lord Ashburton to America on his delicate, difficult, and most responsible mission? Was ever man selected for a great public duty so peculiarly and consummately fitted for it? And how admirably has he discharged it! as our opponents may hear for themselves early in the ensuing session. Do Ministers deserve no credit for hitting on this critical device? Was it no just cause of congratulation, to be able to find such a person amongst the ranks of their own immediate and most distinguished supporters? We are now, happily, at perfect peace with America; and, notwithstanding some present untoward appearances, trust that both countries will soon reap the advantages of it. Of what real value that peace may be, however, with reference to their extensive commercial relations with us, is another ques-

tion, dependent entirely on the character which they may vindicate to themselves for honour and fidelity in their pecuniary transactions. That rests with themselves alone: whether they will go forward in a career of improvement and greatness, or sink into irretrievable disgrace and ruin, REPUDIATED and scouted by all mankind. We cannot quit America without a very anxious allusion to late occurrences in Canada. We feel words inadequate to express our sense of the transcendent importance of preserving in their integrity our Canadian possessions. No declaration of her Majesty since her accession gave greater satisfaction to her subjects, than that of her inflexible determination to preserve inviolate her possessions in Canada. We are of opinion that Lord Durham did incalculable, and perhaps irreparable, mischief there. We have no time, however, to enter into details concerning either his policy and proceedings, or those of Lord Sydenham; and we are exceedingly anxious also to offer no observations on the recent movements of Sir Charles Bagot, beyond a frank expression of the profound anxiety with which we await Ministerial explanations in the ensuing session. Before these pages shall have met the reader's eyes, Sir Charles Bagot may be no longer numbered among men. We therefore withhold all comment on his late proceedings, which we are satisfied have originated in an anxious desire to serve the best interests of his country. We confidently believe that Ministers will be able abundantly to satisfy the country upon this subject; and that, in the event of the necessity arising, they will choose a successor to Sir Charles Bagot every way qualified for his very responsible post, thoroughly instructed as to the line of policy he is to adopt, and capable of carrying it out with skill and energy. It is impossible to turn to India, for the purpose of taking a necessarily rapid and general view of the course of recent events there, without experiencing great emotion, arising from conflicting causes. We have already said, that our vast and glorious Indian empire is indeed the wonder of the world. Every one of our countrymen is aware of the means by which we originally acquired it, and that have subsequently augmented

and retained it by an almost inconceivable amount of expenditure and exertion—by the display of overwhelming civil and military genius. If, moreover, he has entered into Indian history with proper feeling and intelligence, he will be able to appreciate the truth and force of the celebrated saying of one who contributed immensely to our ancient greatness in India, viz.—that *we hold India by OPINION only*: the opinion which is there entertained of our greatness of national character, intellectual and moral—of our wisdom, our justice, our power. If this fail us, our downfall in India inevitably follows; and memorable and tremendous indeed will be such an event, amongst all nations, and at all future times, till the name of England is blotted from the recollection of mankind. Therefore it is that we all regard the administration of affairs in India with profound anxiety, justly requiring, in those to whom it is entrusted, an intimate practical acquaintance with Indian character and manners, with Anglo-Indian history, and a clear view of the policy to be ever kept in sight, and ability and determination to carry it out to the uttermost. When Lord Auckland went to India, under the Whig Government, in 1836, he found both its foreign and domestic affairs in a satisfactory state—peaceful and prosperous—with, upon the whole, a sufficient military force, notwithstanding the immense reductions of Lord William Bentinck. How did he leave it to his successor, Lord Ellenborough, in 1841? The prospect which awaited that successor was indeed dark, troubled, and bloody. An army, alas! dreadfully defeated in one quarter, and dangerously disaffected in another; a war of extermination in Affghanistan; probable hostilities with Burmah and Nepaul; an almost hopelessly involved foreign policy; and, moreover, under these desperate circumstances, with a treasury empty!

We shall confine ourselves to one topic, the war in Affghanistan—which we fearlessly, and with deep indignation, pronounce to have inflicted almost irreparable injury on the British nation—an almost indelible stain on the British character—and to have shaken the whole of our Eastern pos-

sessions. Lord Auckland, in listening, and his superiors at home in instructing him to listen, to the representations of Shah Soojah, and to be persuaded by him to embark in the late disastrous and disgraceful campaign, were guilty either of an incredible weakness and ignorance of the nature of the cause they were espousing, together with an inconceivable degree of short-sightedness as to the most obvious consequences of it, or of infamous hypocrisy in making the restoration of Shah Soojah only the pretext and stepping-stone to the conquest of Affghanistan, in the most criminal and reckless spirit of imaginary aggrandizement and extension of territory that ever has actuated the rulers of India. Will they pretend that it was really designed, and necessarily so, solely for the purpose of defeating subtle and dangerous intrigues on the part of Russia and Persia? Listen to the language of one of the responsible authors of the policy since followed by such fearful consequences, Sir John Hobhouse—who, on the 11th July 1840, on the occasion of a dinner given to their richly and prematurely rewarded hero, Lord Keane, thus poured forth his insane, exulting avowal of the real object they had had in view:—

“The gallant officer had alluded to the late addition made to the vast territory of the East India Company. *It was just possible* that that territory had at that moment received a further and important increase. *It is just possible*, that since he (Sir John Hobhouse) last met the Directors at the festive board—now about six months since—the Government of India has been enabled to make an addition to its territory, the vast consequences of which could scarcely be imagined in the wildest dream of fancy, and which for centuries would be of advantage to the empire!!! In the history of the world there was no instance of yearly sovereigns (as the Directors of the Company were) having conquered so vast a territory as that of India. There was no instance of such successive success. To them the happiness belonged of giving to the vast country under their control the blessing of education. It was owing to God’s ministering hand, by which successive Directions had sprung up to spread the benefits of light and knowledge in India, and among a people enshrouded in darkness and idolatry. It was scarcely a hundred years ago

since the power of the East India Company was felt in India; their banners were now flying from the Indus to the Burrampooteer. He would say emphatically, go on in the great work of extending the religion, civilization, and education of India; for the wishes of the good are with you—go on in your great work, for the sake of India, and Great Britain itself.”

What must now be the feelings of Sir John Hobhouse and his brother ex-Ministers on this paragraph catching his eyes; when they reflect on the frightful sacrifice of life, British and Affghan—the defeat of our arms while engaged in a shameful and wicked cause—with its perilous effects upon the stability of our tenure of India—which have directly resulted from the measures thus vaingloriously vaunted off! A thousand reflections here occur to us upon the subject of the insane (or guilty) conduct of the late Government in India; but the extent to which this article has already reached, compels us to suppress them. We the less regret this circumstance, however, because there really seems but one opinion upon this topic among well-informed persons. After the last intelligence from India, it is idle, it is needless, to attempt reasoning on the subject; to ask how we should have strengthened ourselves by the destruction of a powerful and (according to authentic intelligence) a really friendly chief in Dost Mahommed; how we could even have occupied Affghanistan without a ruinous expenditure, continual alarm and danger from a perpetual series of treachery and insurrection; and to what purpose, after all, of solid advantage! The whole policy of Lord Auckland was incontestably one of mad encroachment, conquest, and aggrandizement, in utter ignorance of the character and exigencies of the times; the Duke of Wellington's memorable prediction is now far more than fulfilled! “*It will not be till Lord Auckland's policy has reached the zenith of apparent success, that its difficulties will begin to develop themselves.*” Begin to develop themselves! What would have become of us, had the councils originating that policy still been in the ascendant, we tremble to contemplate.

The exulting French press, on hearing of our recent disasters, thus expressed themselves: “*England is rich and energetic. She may re-establish her dominion in India for some time longer; but the term of her Indian empire is marked; it will conclude before the quarter of a century.*” Such has been the anticipated—such would have been the inevitable result, of the policy which Sir Robert Peel's Government, guided by the profound sagacity of the Duke of Wellington, made it their first business *totally to reverse*; not, however, till they had completely re-established the old terror of our arms, convincing the natives of India that what we were of yore, we still are; that our punishment of treachery is instant and tremendous; that we can act with irresistible vigour and complete success, at one and the same moment, both in India and in China. In their minds, may the splendour of our recent victories efface the recollection of our previous bloody and disgraceful defeats! And if we cannot make them *forget* the wickedness—the folly—the madness which originally dictated our invasion of Affghanistan, at least we have shown them how calmly and magnanimously we can obey the dictates of justice and of prudence, *in the very moment of fierce and exciting military triumph.* May, indeed, such be the effect of all that has recently occurred, whether adverse or prosperous, in India! For the former, the guilty councils of the late Government are alone answerable; for the latter, we are exclusively indebted to the vigour and sagacity of our present Government. The proclamation in which Lord Ellenborough announces our abandonment of Affghanistan will probably excite great discussion, and possibly (on the part of the late Government) furious oburgation, in the ensuing session of Parliament. We are so delighted at the achievement which was the subject of that proclamation, that even were there valid grounds of objection to its taste and policy, we should entirely overlook them. If even Lord Ellenborough, in the excitement of the glorious moment in which he penned the proclamation,

departed from the style of all previous state documents of that character, was it not very excusable? But we are disposed to vindicate the propriety of the step he took. It may be said that it was highly impolitic to make so frank an avowal to the natives of India, that a mere change of Ministry at home may be attended with a total and instant revolution in our native policy, to place on record a formal and humiliating confession of our errors and misconduct. But let it be borne in mind how potent and glaring was already that error, that misconduct, with all its alarming consequences; and that one so intimately acquainted as Lord Ellenborough with the Indian character, may have seen, *then and there*, reasons to recommend the course he has adopted, which may not occur to us at home. That document will truly purport, in all time to come, to have been issued in a spirit of remarkable wisdom and justice, at the very moment of our having achieved the proudest triumph we could have desired for our arms. But, above all, what does that striking document tell, but *the truth*, and nothing but *the truth*? Let us, however, now confidently rely on the vast advantages which we cannot but derive

from a prudent and vigorous administration of the affairs of India. We trust that Lord Ellenborough will persevere in the admirable line of conduct which he has hitherto adopted, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, disturbed by no sinister hopes or fears. Let his grand object be, by every legitimate means at his command, to *Anglicize India*; to encourage the adoption of English habits of thought, the practical appreciation of English principles of government; in short, thoroughly to identify the people of India with the people of England, in all their partialities, and prejudices, and interests. Every thing he has hitherto done in India, we rejoice to observe, tends this way. Let him but persevere, and he will acquire imperishable renown, and reflect permanent splendour on the Government which appointed him. In a confident and well-founded reliance upon his fitness for his post, upon his capacity for thoroughly carrying out the policy of a strong and enlightened Conservative government, which has entrusted to him the management of such vast and splendid national interests—the nation now looks with a bright untroubled eye towards India.

——“ Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer!
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures!”

Our allotted space is wellnigh exhausted, and we have only now reached the confines of CHINA!—a topic on which we had prepared ourselves for a very full expression of our opinions. We are compelled, however, now to content ourselves with a mere outline of our intended observations on a subject—our victory over the Emperor of China—which is pregnant with matter for long and profound reflection. Abstractly, our triumphant assault on these distant and vast dominions, affords matter for national pride and exultation, as far as concerns our naval and military renown; and the names of Parker and Gough will never be forgotten in British history.

The submission of the Emperor of China to our arms, is an event calculated of itself to distinguish the reign of our glorious sovereign, Queen Victoria, far beyond those of most of her predecessors. It is an event that concerns and affects the prospects and interests of the whole world; and though it is at this moment occupying the thoughts of all the statesmen of Europe, with reference to its contingent effects upon their respective countries, not the most experienced and sagacious of them can predict with safety what will be its effects within even the next year or two. As for ourselves, our present prevalent feeling seems to be in accor-

dance with our daring military character, which would say merely—

“Why then, *China's* our oyster,
Which we with sword have open'd.”

But to those in England who are accustomed to regard occurrences with reference to their probable consequences, the recent events in China afford matter for the most anxious reflection of which thinking men are capable—whether in the character of philosophers, of statesmen, of warriors, or of merchants. Were we justified in our attack upon the Emperor of China? We have no hesitation whatever in expressing our opinion, after having had our attention for some years directed to the subject of our relation with China, in the affirmative. From the moment of our first intercourse with that people, we have had to submit to a series of indignities sufficient to kindle into fury the feelings of any one who merely reads any authentic account of those indignities. The Chinese have long derived an immense revenue, together with other great advantages, from us; encouraging us to embark a vast capital in our trade with them, and to form great permanent establishments dependent upon it. Language cannot describe the degrading circumstances under which we have been forced to carry on our commercial intercourse with the Chinese; our long submission to such conduct having, of course, insured its continual aggravation. The Opium trade, perhaps beneficially, brought matters to a crisis. It was alleged on behalf of the Emperor, that we were surreptitiously, and from motives of gain, corrupting and destroying his people, by supplying them with opium; but it is easily demonstrable that this was only a pretence for endeavouring to effect a change in the medium of our dealings with them, vastly beneficial to the Emperor, and disadvantageous to us. We might have been permitted to quadruple our supply of opium to his subjects, if we would have been content to be paid, *not in bullion*, but by taking Chinese goods in exchange; in a word, to change the basis of our dealings from *sale to barter*; and all this from a totally groundless notion of the Emperor and his advisers, that we were draining his kingdom of silver—in their own words, “causing

the Sycee silver to ooze out of the dominions of the Brother of the Sun and the Moon.” Their desperate anxiety to carry this point, led them to take the decisive step of seizing a vast quantity of our opium, under circumstances perfectly familiar to every body; constituting a crowning indignity and injury, which, without reference to the original legality or illegality of the opium trade, gave us an unquestionable cause for war against the Emperor. He seized the person of her Majesty's representative, and those of many of her principal subjects in China; and under the threat of inflicting death upon them, extorted a delivery of an enormous amount of property belonging to her Majesty's subjects. If this was not a cause of war with any nation, whether civilized or uncivilized, there never was one; and without going into further detail, we have stated sufficient to justify, beyond all doubt, our commencement of hostilities against China. But this occurred so long ago as the month of March 1839; yet, to the eternal scandal of the then existing Government, no effectual warlike demonstration was made to redress this flagrant unparalleled outrage on the British nation, till better councils, those of the present Government, were had recourse to by her Majesty; and which led to the quick triumphant result with which the world is now ringing. Till the present vigorous Government took the affair in hand, we were *pottering* about the extremities of the empire, month after month, even year after year, at a ruinous expense, in a way justly calculated to excite the derision of even the Chinese—of the whole world who had heard of our mode of procedure. It will be in vain for the late Government to endeavour meanly to make Captain Elliot their scape-goat. Let them, if they can, satisfy the nation that, in all he appears to have done so ineffectually and disgracefully, he did not act according to the strict orders of the late Government; that in all he would have done, and wished to have done, viz. to carry hostilities at once, with an adequate force, to the right point of attack, he was not either positively overruled, or left without advice and authority. Owing to their own want of forethought, of energy, and of practical knowledge, and their financial mis-

management, even if they had contemplated the plan of operations which led ultimately to the successful enterprise on which we are now justly congratulating ourselves, they *could* not, they *did not* act upon them. No, it was left for the present Government, under the auspices of him who told us that "England *could* not carry on a little war," amidst all the embarrassments and dangers which they had just inherited from their predecessors, to send out the peremptory instructions which have been so ably acted upon; and *above all*, a naval and military force fully adequate for the occasion. This done, China succumbed; and we understand that poor Lord Palmerston is pluming himself on being able to produce, next session, a despatch which he issued to Sir Henry Pottinger, chalking out the very line of operations which was adopted with such supreme success. We, of course, cannot officially know that such is the fact: but even admitting it, why did not Lord Palmerston do this far earlier? What excuse can be offered for this vacillation and procrastination in an affair of such vast urgency? "We had not the means to equip a sufficient force," his lordship may reply, in his usual strain of bitter flippancy. And why had he not the means? The extravagance and profligacy of his Government had deprived him of them; his exchequer was empty; and had he, or they, the boldness or the virtue to propose what has been demonstrated to have been the only mode of meeting the exigency, an income-tax? In vain, therefore, may his lordship and his friends declaim in the ensuing session, and with our bombardment of China in his ears, say "that is *my* thunder." They will be only laughed at and despised. No, no, Lord Palmerston; *palmam qui meruit, ferat*. Let the nation decide.

The late military and naval proceedings against China, reflect permanent glory upon the arms of England, naval and military; and we earnestly hope—we confidently believe—that those concerned in them will soon receive substantial and enduring marks of national gratitude. But what is the real value, what will be the consequences, of our victory? We are very anxious to take the earliest opportunity of placing on record our views upon this all-important

subject, with a view to moderating the expectations, and allaying the excitement, which prevails upon the subject of the commercial advantages anticipated to follow immediately on the final ratification of the treaty. Let us take a sober and common-sense view of the affair, and reason thus:—

First of all, we must bear in mind the long-cherished hatred borne by the Emperor and his court to all barbarians, particularly towards us; exasperated now, doubtless, to a pitch of extreme intensity and malignity, by the signal humiliation and injury we have inflicted upon him. Can we expect that this will be suddenly and permanently altered? It is not in human nature, which is the same every where. With the thunder of our cannon in his ears, the supplies of his whole empire at our immediate mercy, his armies scattered like dust, and his forts and walled cities crumbling to pieces under our artillery, the necessity of his position forced him to buy peace on almost any terms. We have exacted from him what is at variance with the fixed Chinese policy of ages. The more he, by and by, reflects upon it, in the absence of our awe-inspiring military and naval forces, the more galling and intolerable will become the contemplation of what he has been compelled to concede and sacrifice. Who knows what artful falsehoods may not be perseveringly poured into his ear, day after day, month after month, year after year, to our disadvantage and disparagement in his estimation? He may not dare, perhaps, to resort to open hostility, directly to provoke our tremendous vengeance; but those best acquainted with China, know what countless facilities exist for his doing indirectly what he dares not, or may choose not, to do openly. We are not without fear, from our knowledge of the Chinese character, and of their long-established mode of procedure, that every chicane and evasion will be resorted to, in order to neutralize and nullify, as far as possible, the commercial advantages which we have, at the cannon's mouth, extorted from them. A great deal, at all events, will depend on the skill, firmness, and vigilance, of the consuls to be appointed at the five opened ports of China. We rely, also, greatly on the

unquestionable eagerness of the *Chinese* people to enter into trading relations with us. The Emperor, however, and those by whose counsels he is guided, are Tartars, between whom and the Chinese there is a long-cherished and bitter hostility, which may eventually operate in our favour. Adverting, for a moment, to the proceedings of Sir Henry Pottinger, we feel very great doubt, indeed, whether our forces should not, either with or without the consent of the Chinese, have gone on to Peking, and insisted on the negotiations being carried on *there*. What a prodigious effect would not thereby have been produced, not only on the mind of the Emperor, but of the whole nation! The painful but salutary truth of their own weakness, and our power, would have been thus "brought home to their businesses and bosoms;"—there could never afterwards have been any pretence for his or their saying, that they had been deceived in any part of the proceedings. Doubtless, however, Sir Henry Pottinger acted advisedly in abstaining from penetrating to Peking, and also from stipulating for the residence of a British ambassador at Peking. How such a proposal would have been received—or how, if adopted and carried into effect, it would have answered our expectations—it is difficult to say; but we have several letters lying before us, from peculiarly well-informed persons on the spot, in all of which the absence of this stipulation from the treaty is very greatly regretted. "I am afraid," says one, "we shall be again left to the tender mercies of the local mandarins, and that their old habits of arrogance and deceit and extortion, will be resumed. For what are *consuls*? They have no power of communicating even with the provincial officers: or if this should now be conceded, they have none with the government at Peking: and may we not fear that the Chinese will continue to force away gradually, by effectual but invisible obstacles, the trade from the ports now ostensibly opened to us?" The gentleman, from whose long and very able letter we have quoted this paragraph, takes a somewhat disheartening view of the treaty, and its probable observance and consequences. He is on the spot, and has access to the best sources of knowledge; but we confess, that for our

own part, we do not share his apprehensions. Whatever disposition to do so the Emperor or his people may entertain, we believe they will neither dare at all to offend or injure us openly, or persevere long in attempting to do so indirectly. It may be a work of time; but as soon as they perceive the steady benefits derivable from a prudently-conducted course of dealing with them, we think it likely that a sense of self-interest will lead them to encourage our intercourse and augment our dealings. On one thing we regret to feel certain that we must calculate—namely, on an enormous overstocking of the Chinese market with articles of British merchandize, long before any sensible, or at least important, demand for them shall have been created, which will of course lead to serious loss on the part of the adventurers. We must also expect Hong-Kong, and the five open ports, to be forthwith flooded with commercial adventurers. To all such we would earnestly say—"pause. Consider the circumstances of China—how capricious and perfidious its people are by nature—the *possibility*, at all events, of their acting on the hostile policy we have above alluded to, and discouraging your trade; or if not so, still do not imagine that the vast empire of China is standing agape for any sort of goods you may send or take out." We must, however, pass on to allude briefly to a subject both important and difficult—the opium trade with China: This is a subject imperatively demanding the best consideration of the Government. A careful examination of the subject, in all its bearings, induces us, with due diffidence, to express an opinion that the Government sale of opium in India should cease. We cannot, of course, prevent the poppy's being grown in India—nor, on the other hand, should a great source of revenue be easily parted with. Let their opium be produced and sold as before, and subject to such a tax as may appear expedient to the Government. With reference to the policy and propriety of our continuing to supply opium to the Chinese, we have already expressed our opinion as to the true ground of objection to it by the Emperor of China, namely, simply a financial, not a moral or religious one. We have

reason to believe that Sir Henry Pottinger most strenuously, and, in our opinion, most judiciously, urged upon the imperial commissioners the expediency of the raising a revenue from opium, by legalizing its importation. To this they replied, however, "that they did not dare, at *present*, to bring the painful subject to the Emperor's notice." We are, notwithstanding, very strongly of opinion that the opium trade will, at no distant period, be legalized, as soon as the Emperor can be made to understand the great profit he will derive from it. In any event, it will be obviously nugatory for the Government directly to prohibit British subjects from importing opium into China. The only effect of such a measure would be, that they could carry on the trade through the intervention of foreigners.

Many other topics, such as the opportunity now afforded for the introduction of the Christian religion into China; the extent to which we shall be permitted to acquire a knowledge of the habits, the economy, the literature, and the science, of China; the exertions which may be expected from other nations to share in the advantages which we have, by our own unassisted efforts, secured—we must pass over, as inconsistent with the limits assigned us, or, indeed, the scope of this article.

Whatever may be the ultimate effects of the blow we have struck in China, there can be no doubt that it has prodigiously extended the repu-

tation, and augmented the influence of Great Britain, especially coupled as it is with our contemporaneous brilliant successes in India, and our satisfactory adjustment of our differences with America. We are now, thank God, at peace with all the world, to whose counsels soever it is to be attributed. Let us now endeavour to make the most of the blessings which the Divine favour vouchsafes to us. Let us cultivate virtue—let us cherish religion. Let us, as a nation, give up all idle and dangerous dreams of foreign conquest, satisfied that we already possess as much as it is possible for us to hold, with safety and advantage. Let us *honour all men*. At home, let us bear with cheerfulness the burthens necessarily imposed to support the state, and each do all that lies in us to extinguish party animosities; generously and cordially co-operating with, and supporting those whom we believe honestly striving to carry on the government of this great country, at a very critical conjuncture of affairs, with dignity and prudence. Let us discourage faction, and each, in our several spheres exert ourselves to ameliorate the condition of the inferior classes of society. May the ensuing session of Parliament commence its labours auspiciously, and in due course bring them to a peaceful and happy close, in a spirit of good-will towards all men, of loyalty to our Queen, and piety towards God!

LESURQUES ; OR, THE VICTIM OF JUDICIAL ERROR.

[MANY as are the frightful cases of error recorded in the annals of every judiciary court, there are few more striking of the uncertainty of evidence respecting personal identity, and of the serious errors based upon it, than are to be read in the curious trial we are about to relate ; and which has, for forty years, been the subject of parliamentary appeals in the country where it took place. The recent death of the widow of the unhappy sufferer excites a fresh interest in her wrongs, so strangely left unredressed by the very government that was the unwitting cause of them.]

I.—THE FOUR GUESTS.

On the 4th Floréal of the 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible, (23d April 1796,) four young men were seated at a splendid breakfast in the Rue des Boucheries at Paris. They were all dressed in the costume of the *Incroyables* of the period ; their hair *coiffés en cadenettes* and *en oreilles de chien*, according to the fantastic custom of the day ; they had all top-boots, with silver spurs, large eyeglasses, various watch-chains, and other articles of *bijouterie* ; carrying also the little cane, of about a foot and a half in length, without which no dandy was complete. The breakfast was given by a M. Guesno, a van-proprietor of Douai, who was anxious to celebrate the arrival at Paris of his compatriot Lesurques, who had recently established himself with his family in the busy capital.

"Yes, *mon cher Guesno*," said Lesurques, "I have quitted for ever our good old town of Douai ; or, if not for ever, at least until I have completed in Paris the education of my children. I am now thirty-three years of age. I have paid my debt to my country by serving in the regiment of Auvergne, with some distinction. On leaving the ranks I was fortunate enough to make my services of some slight use, by fulfilling, gratuitously, the functions of *chef de bureau* of the district. At present, thanks to my patrimony and the dowry of my wife, I have an income of fifteen thousand francs (L.600) a-year, am without ambition, have three children, and my only care is to educate them well. The few days that I have been at Paris have not been wasted ; I have a pretty apartment, Rue Montmartre, where I ex-

pect to be furnished, and ready to receive you in my turn, with as much comfort as heartiness."

"Wisely conceived," interrupted one of the guests, who, till this moment, had maintained a profound silence ; "but who can count upon the morrow in such times as these ? May your projects of peace and retirement, Monsieur, be realized : if so, you will then be the happiest man in the Republic ; for during the last five or six years, there has been no *citoyen*, high or low, who could predict what the next week would decide for him."

The speaker uttered this with a tone of bitterness and discouragement which contrasted strangely with the flaunting splendour of his toilet, and the appetite with which he had done honour to the breakfast. He was young, and would have been remarkably handsome, had not his dark eyes and shaggy brows given an expression of fierceness and dissimulation to his countenance, which he vainly endeavoured to hide, by never looking his interlocutor in the face. His name was Couriol. His presence at this breakfast was purely accidental. He had come to see M. Richard, (the proprietor of the house where M. Guesno alighted on his journey to Paris, and who was also one of the guests,) just as they were about to sit down to table, and was invited to join them without ceremony.

The breakfast passed off gaily, in spite of the sombre Couriol ; and after two hours' conviviality, they adjourned to the Palais Royal, where, after taking their café at the *Rotonde du Caveau*, they separated.

II.—THE FOUR HORSEMEN.

A few days afterwards, on the 8th Floréal, four men mounted on dashing looking horses, which, however, bore the unequivocal signs of being hired for the day, rode gaily out of Paris by the barrier of Charenton; talking and laughing loudly, caracolling with great enjoyment, and apparently with nothing but the idea of passing as joyously as possible a day devoted to pleasure.

An attentive observer, however, who did not confine his examination to their careless exteriors, might have remarked that, beneath their long *lévites*, (a peculiar cloak then in fashion,) they carried each a sabre, suspended at the waist, the presence of which was betrayed from time to time by a slight clanking, as the horses stumbled or changed their paces. He might have further remarked a sinister pre-occupation and a brooding fierceness in the countenance of one, whose dark eyes peeped out furtively beneath two thick brows. He took but little share in the boisterous gaiety of the other three, and that little was forced; his laugh was hollow and convulsive. It was Couriol.

Between twelve and one, the four horsemen arrived at the pretty village of Mongeron, on the road to Melun. One of them had preceded them at a hand-gallop to order dinner at the *Hôtel de la Poste*, kept by the Sieur Evrard. After the dinner, to which they did all honour, they called for pipes and tobacco—(cigars were then almost unknown)—and two of them smoked. Having paid their bill, they proceeded to the Cassino, where they took their café.

At three o'clock they remounted their horses, and following the road, shaded by stately elms, which leads from Mongeron to the forest of

Lénart, they reached Lieursaint; where they again halted. One of their horses had cast a shoe, and one of the men had broken the little chain which then fastened the spur to the boot. The horseman to whom this accident had happened, stopped at the entrance of the village at Madame Châtelain's, a *limonadière*, whom he begged to serve him some café, and at the same time to give him a needleful of strong thread to mend the chain of his spur. She did so; but observing the traveller to be rather awkward in his use of the needle, she called her servant, *la femme* Grossetête, who fixed the chain for him, and helped him to place it on his boot. The other three travellers had, during this time, alighted at the inn kept by the Sieur Champeaux, where they drank some wine; while the landlord himself accompanied the traveller and his unshod horse to the farrier's, the Sieur Motteau. This finished, the four met at Madame Châtelain's, where they played at billiards. At half-past seven, after a parting cup with the Sieur Champeaux, whither they returned to re-saddle their horses, they set off again in the direction of Melun.

The landlord stood at his door watching the travellers till out of sight, and then turning into his house again, he saw on the table a sabre, which one of his guests had forgotten to fasten to his belt; he dispatched one of his stable-boys after them, but they were out of sight. It was not till an hour afterwards, that the traveller who had had his spur-chain mended, returned at full gallop to claim his sabre. He drank a glass of brandy, and having fastened his weapon securely, departed at furious speed in the direction taken by his comrades.

III.—THE ROBBERY AND MURDER.

At the same time that the horseman left Lieursaint for Paris, the Lyons mail arrived there from Paris, and changed horses. It was about half-past eight, and the night had been obscure for some time. The courier, having changed horses and

taken a fresh postilion, set forth to traverse the long forest of Senart. The mail, at this epoch, was very different from what it is at present. It was a simple post-chaise, with a raised box behind, in which were placed the despatches. Only one place, by

the side of the courier, was reserved for travellers, and that was obtained with difficulty. On the night in question this seat was occupied by a man of about thirty, who had that morning taken it for Lyons, under the name of Laborde, a silk-merchant; his real name was Durochat; his object may be guessed.

At nine o'clock, the carriage having descended a declivity with great speed, now slackened its course to mount a steep hill which faced it; at this moment four horsemen bounded into the road—two of them seizing the horses' heads, the two other attacked the pos-

tilion, who fell lifeless at their feet, his skull split open by a sabre-cut. At the same instant—before he had time to utter a word—the wretched courier was stabbed to the heart by the false Laborde, who sat beside him. They ransacked the mail of a sum of seventy-five thousand francs (L.3000) in money, *assignats*, and bank-notes. They then took the position's horse from the chaise, and Durochat mounting it, they galloped to Paris, which they entered between four and five in the morning by the Barrier de Rambouillet.

IV.—THE ARREST.

This double murder, committed with such audacity on the most frequented route of France, could not but produce an immense sensation, even at that epoch so fertile in brigandage of every sort, where the exploits of *la Chouannerie*, and the ferocious expeditions of the *Chauffeurs*,* daily filled them with alarm. The police were at once in pursuit. The post-horse ridden by Durochat, and abandoned by him on the Boulevard, was found wandering about the Palais Royale. It was known that four horses covered with foam had been conducted at about five in the morning to the stables of a certain Muiron, *Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois*, by two men who had hired them the day before: these men were Bernard and Couriol; the former of whom was immediately arrested, the second had, with the other accomplices, taken flight.

The research was pursued with great activity at Paris, as well as at the scene of the crime, and along the route which the assassins had twice travelled. The information obtained showed that there were five culprits. The description of the four horsemen who rode from Paris, stopping at Mongeron and Lieursaint, was furnished with as much precision as concordance by the various witnesses who had seen and spoken to them on the road, and in the inns and cafés. The description of the traveller, who, un-

der the name of Laborde, had taken the seat beside the courier, was furnished with equal exactitude by the clerks, from whom he had retained the place, and by those who saw him mount. Couriol, recognized as having with Bernard conducted back the horses to Muiron, after the crime, had left Paris for Château-Thierry, where he was lodged in the house of Citoyen Bruer, where also Guesno had gone on some business. The police followed Couriol, and arrested him. They found upon him a sum in money and assignats, nearly equivalent to a fifth share of what the courier had been robbed. Guesno and Bruer were also arrested, and had their papers seized; but they so completely established their *alibi*, that they were at once dismissed on their arrival at Paris. At the epoch of which we write, the examination of judicial affairs followed a very different course from the one now traced by the French code. It was to the Citoyen Daubenton, justice of the peace of the division of Pont Neuf, and officer of the *police judiciaire*, that the Central Bureau confided the examination of this affair. This magistrate having ordered the dismissal of Guesno, told him that he might present himself at his *cabinet* on the morrow, for the papers which had been seized at Château-Thierry; at the same time he ordered an officer, Hendon, to start at once for Mangeron and Lieursaint, and to bring back the

* An atrocious gang of thieves, who adopted the unnecessary brutality of burning the unfortunate victims they intended to rob.

witnesses, whose names he gave him, so that they might all be collected the next day at the Bureau for examination.

Guesno, desirous of having his papers as soon as possible, went out early, and directed his steps towards the Central Bureau, which he had just reached when he encountered his compatriot Lesurques; having explained to him the motive that called him to the Bureau, he proposed to him that they should go together. Lesurques accepted, and the Citizen Daubenton not having yet arrived, they sat down in the antechamber, in order to see him as he passed, and thus expedite the matter.

About ten o'clock the judge, who had entered his cabinet by a back door, was interrupted in his examination of the documents, previous to interrogating the witnesses, by the officer Hendon, who demanded leave to make an important communication. "Amongst the witnesses," said he, "now waiting in the antechamber, are two women—one, *la femme* Santon, servant to Evrard the innkeeper at Mongeron—the other, *la fille* Grosse-tête, servant to Madame Châtelain, the *limonadière* at Lieursaint, who assert in the most positive manner, that two of the assassins are there, waiting like them to be admitted. These women declare that they cannot deceive themselves, for one of them served the four travellers at Mongeron, and the other spoke to them at Lieursaint, and stayed an hour in the billiard-room while they were playing."

The judge could not admit the probability of two of the assassins thus voluntarily placing themselves within the grasp of the law, yet he ordered the women to be shown into his presence. On interrogation, they persisted in their statements, declaring that it was impossible they could deceive themselves. Guesno was then introduced to the judge's presence, the women being continued to examine him strictly before finally pronouncing as to his identity.

"What brings you to the Central Bureau?" demanded the judge.

"I come to receive my papers," replied Guesno, "as you promised me yesterday that I should have them on application."

"Are you alone?"

"I have a compatriot with me, one

Joseph Lesurques, whom I met on the way here."

The judge then ordered the second individual designated by the women to be introduced. It was Lesurques. He spoke to Lesurques and to Guesno for a few minutes, and then begged them to return into the antechamber, where their papers would be sent to them. An order was given, however, to the officer, Hendon, not to lose sight of them.

On their leaving the room, M. Daubenton again demanded of the women, if they persisted in their declarations as to the identity of these men with the criminals they were in search of. They replied, without hesitation, that they were certain of it; that they could not be deceived. The magistrate was then forced to receive their depositions in writing, and to order the arrest of Guesno and Lesurques.

From the moment of their arrest, the examination proceeded with great rapidity. Guesno and Lesurques were confronted with the witnesses brought from Mongeron and Lieursaint, and were recognised by all of them!

La femme Santon deposed, that Lesurques was the one who, after the dinner at Mongeron, wanted to pay in *assignats*, but that the big dark man (Couriol) paid in money. She was positive as to Lesurques being the man.

Champeaux and his wife, who kept the inn at Lieursaint, were equally positive as to Lesurques being the one whose spur wanted mending, and who came back to fetch the sabre which he had forgotten. Lafolie, groom at Mongeron, and *la femme* Alfroy, also recognised him; and Laurent Charbaut, labourer, who dined in the same room with the four horsemen, recognised Lesurques as the one who had silver spurs fastened by little chains to his top-boots. This combination of testimony, respecting one whom they had seen but a few days before, was sufficient to leave little doubt in the mind of any one. The trial was therefore fixed on.

The day of his arrest, Lesurques wrote the following letter to one of his friends, which was intercepted, and joined to the documentary evidence to be examined on the trial:—

"My dear Friend,—I have met with nothing but unpleasanties since

my arrival at Paris, but I did not—I could not anticipate the misfortune which has befallen me to-day. You know me—and you know whether I am capable of sullyng myself with a crime—yet the most atrocious crime is imputed to me. The mere thought of it makes me tremble. I find myself implicated in the murder of the Lyons' courier. Three women and two men, whom I know not—whose residence I know not—(for you will know that I have not left Paris)—have had the impudence to swear that they recognise me, and that I was the first of the four who presented himself at their houses on horseback. You know, also, that I have not crossed a horse's back since my arrival in Paris. You may understand the importance of such an accu-

sation, which tends at nothing less than my judicial assassination. Oblige me by lending me the assistance of your memory, and endeavour to recollect where I was and what persons I saw at Paris, on the day when they impudently assert they saw me out of Paris, (I believe it was the 7th or 8th,) in order that I may confound these infamous calumniators, and make them suffer the penalty of the law."

In a postscript he enumerates the persons he saw on that day: Citoyen Tixier, General Cambrai, 'Demoiselle Eugénie, Citoyen Hilaire Ledru, his wife's hairdresser, the workmen in his apartments, and the porter of the house.

V.—THE TRIAL, AND THE BLINDNESS OF ZEAL.

MM. Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer, were summoned before the tribunal of justice; the three first as authors or accomplices of the murder and robbery—Bernard as having furnished the horses—Richard as having concealed at his house Couriol—and his mistress, Madelaine Breban, as having received and concealed part of the stolen goods—and Bruer as having given Couriol refuge at Château-Thierry.

The witnesses persisted in their declarations as to the identity of Guesno and Lesurques. But Guesno established beyond all doubt the fact of his *alibi*; and Bruer easily refuted every charge that concerned himself. Lesurques had cited fifteen witnesses—all respectable men—and presented himself at the bar with a calmness and confidence which produced a favourable impression. Against the positive testimony of the six witnesses who asserted him to have been at Mongeron and Lieursaint on the 8th Floréal, he had brought a mass of testimony to prove an *alibi*.

Citoyen Legrand, a rich jeweller and goldsmith, compatriot of Lesurques, was first examined. He deposed, that on the 8th Floréal—the day on which the crime had been committed—Lesurques had passed a portion of the morning with him.

Aldenof, a jeweller, Hilaire Ledru,

and Chausfer, deposed, that on that day they dined with Lesurques in the *Rue Montorgueil*; that, after dinner, they went to a café, took some liqueur, and went home with him.

Beudart, a painter, deposed that he was invited to the dinner, with Lesurques and his friends, but that, as one of the national guard, he was that day on service, and so was prevented attending; but that, he had gone to Lesurques that very evening in his uniform, and had seen him go to bed. In support of his deposition he produced his *billet de garde*, dated the 8th.

Finally, the workmen employed in the apartment that Lesurques was having fitted up, deposed that they saw him at various times during the 8th and 9th Floréal.

No further doubt of his innocence now remained; the *alibi* was so distinctly proved, and on such unquestionable testimony, that the jury showed in their manner that they were ready to acquit him, when a fatal circumstance suddenly changed the whole face of the matter.

The jeweller Legrand, who had manifested such zeal in the establishment of his friend's innocence, had, with an anxiety to avail himself of every trifle, declared, that to prove the sincerity of his declaration, he would cite a fact which prevented his being mistaken. On the 8th Floréal, he had

made before dinner an exchange of jewellery with the witness, Aldenof. He proposed that his ledger should be sent for, as its entry there would serve to fix all recollections.

As a matter of form, the ledger was sent for. At the first glance, however, it was evident that the date of the transaction, mentioned by Legrand, had been altered! The exchange had taken place on the 9th, and an alteration, badly dissimulated by an erasure, had substituted the figure 8 for the original figure 9.

Murmurs of surprise and indignation followed this discovery, and the President, pressing Legrand with questions, and unable to obtain from him any satisfactory answer, ordered his arrest. Legrand then, trembling and terrified, retracted his former deposition, and declared that he was not certain he had seen Lesurques on the 8th Floréal, but that he had altered his book in order to give more probability to the declaration he had determined to make in his friend's favour—of whose innocence he was so assured, that it was only the conviction that he was accused erroneously, which made him perjure himself to save that innocent head.

From this moment, the jury received the depositions in favour of Lesurques with extreme prejudice—those already heard seemed little better than connivance, and those yet to be heard were listened to with such suspicion as to have no effect. The conviction of his guilt was fixed in every mind. Lesurques, despairing to get over such fatal appearances, ceased his energetic denials, and awaited his sentence in gloomy silence. The jury retired.

At this moment a woman, agitated with the most violent emotions, demanded to speak to the President. She said that she was moved by the voice of conscience, and wished to save the criminal tribunal from a dreadful error. It was Madelaine Breban, the mistress of Couriol. Brought before the President, she declared that she knew positively Lesurques was innocent, and that the witnesses, deceived by an inexplicable resemblance, had confounded him with the real culprit, who was called Dubosq.

Prejudiced as they were against Lesurques, and suspicious of all testi-

mony after the perjury they had already detected, the tribunal scarcely listened to Madelaine Breban; and the jury returned with their verdict, in consequence of which, Couriol, Lesurques, and Bernard were condemned to death; Richard to four-and-twenty years' imprisonment; Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.

No sooner was the sentence passed, than Lesurques rose calmly, and addressing the Judges, said, "I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused. Ah! citoyens, if it is horrible to murder on the high-road, it is not less so to murder by the law!"

Couriol, condemned to death, rose and said, "Yes, I am guilty—I avow it. But Lesurques is innocent, and Bernard did not participate in the murder."

Four times he reiterated this declaration; and, on entering his prison, he wrote to the judge a letter full of sorrow and repentance, in which he said, "I have never known Lesurques; my accomplices are Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosq. The resemblance of Lesurques to Dubosq has deceived the witnesses."

To this declaration of Couriol was joined that of Madelaine Breban, who, after the judgment, returned to renew her protestation, accompanied by two individuals, who swore that, before the trial, she had told them Lesurques had never had any relations with the culprits; but that he was a victim of his fatal likeness to Dubosq. These testimonies threw doubt in the minds of the magistrates, who hastened to demand a reprieve from the Directory, which, terrified at the idea of seeing an innocent man perish through a judicial error, had recourse to the *Corps Législatif*; for every other resource was exhausted. The message of the Directory to the Five Hundred was pressing; its aim was to demand a reprieve, and a decision as to what course to pursue. It ended thus: "Must Lesurques perish on the scaffold because he resembles a villain?"

The *Corps Législatif* passed to the order of the day, as every condition had been legally fulfilled, that a particular case could not justify an infraction of decreed laws; and that, too, on such indications, to do away with a condemnation legally pronounced by a jury, would be to over-

set all ideas of justice and equality before the law.

The right of pardon had been abolished ; and Lesurques had neither resources nor hope. He bore his fate with firmness and resignation, and wrote, on the day of his execution, this note to his wife :—

"*Ma bonne Amie*,—There is no eluding one's destiny ; I was fated to be judicially murdered. I shall at least bear it with proper courage. I send you my locks of hair ; when our

children are grown up, you will divide it among them ; it is the only heritage I can leave them."

He addressed also a letter to Dubosq through the newspapers. "You, in whose place I am about to perish, content yourself with the sacrifice of my life. Should you ever be brought to justice, remember my three children covered with opprobrium—remember my wife reduced to despair, and do not longer prolong their misfortunes."

VI.—THE EXECUTION.

The 10th March 1797, Lesurques was led to the scaffold. He wished to be dressed completely in white, as a symbol of his innocence. He wore pantaloons and frock-coat of white cotton, and his shirt-collar turned down over his shoulders. It was the day before Good-Friday, and he expressed regret that he had not to die on the morrow. In passing from the prison of *la Conciergerie* to the *Place de la Grève*, where the execution took place, Couriol, placed beside Lesurques in the cart, cried out to the people in a loud voice, "Citoyens, I am guilty ! I am guilty ! but Lesurques is innocent."

On arriving at the platform of the guillotine, already stained with the blood of Bernard, Lesurques exclaimed, "I pardon my judges ; I pardon the witnesses through whose error I die ; and I pardon Legrand, who has not a little contributed to my judicial assassination. I die protesting my innocence." In another instant he was no more.

Couriol continued his declarations of Lesurques's innocence to the foot of the scaffold ; and, after a final appeal, he, too, delivered himself to the executioner. The drop fell on a guilty neck, having before been stained with the blood of two innocent men.

The crowd retired with a general conviction that Lesurques had perished guiltless ; and several of the judges were seriously troubled by the doubts which this day had raised in their minds. Many of the jury began to repent having relied so on the affirmations of the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieursaint, precise as they had been. M. Daubenton, the magistrate who had first ordered the arrest, went home a thoughtful man, and determined to lose no opportunity of getting at the truth, which the arrest of the three accomplices mentioned by Couriol could alone bring to light.

VII.—THE PROOFS.

Two years passed on without affording any clue to the conscientious magistrate. One day, however, he heard that a certain Durochat was arrested for a recent robbery, and was confined in the *Sainte Pelagie* ; and remembering that Durochat was the name of the one designated by Couriol as having taken the place beside the courier, under the false name of Laborde. At the epoch of the trial of Lesurques, it came out that several persons, amongst them an inspector of the *administration des postes*, had

seen the false Laborde at the moment that he was awaiting the mail, and had preserved a distinct recollection of his person.

M. Daubenton, on ascertaining the day of Durochat's approaching trial for robbery, went to the *administration des postes*, and obtained through the *Chef* the permission to send for the inspector who had seen the false Laborde, and who was no longer in Paris.

The *juges du tribunal* had also been warned of the suspicions which

rested on Durochat. The day of trial arrived, and he was condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment, and was about being led from the court when the inspector arrived, and declared that Durochat was the man whom he had seen on the 8th Floréal mount beside the courier under the false name of Laborde. Durochat only opposed feeble denials to this declaration, and was consequently taken to the *Conciergerie*.

On the morrow, Durochat was transferred to Versailles, where he was to be judged. Daubenton and a huissier departed with the prisoner and four gendarmes. As they reached the village of Grosbois he demanded some breakfast, for he had eaten nothing since the preceding day. They stopped at the first *auberge*, and there Durochat manifested a desire to speak to the magistrate in private.

Daubenton ordered the gendarmes to leave them together; and even the huissier, though he made him understand by a sign the danger of being alone with so desperate a villain, was begged to retire. A breakfast was ordered for the two. It was brought—but, by order of the huissier, only *one* knife was placed on the table. Daubenton took it up, and began carelessly to break an egg with it.

Durochat looked at him fixedly for a moment, and said,

"Monsieur le juge, you are afraid?"

"Afraid!" replied he calmly, "and of whom?"

"Of me," said Durochat.

"Folly!" continued the other, breaking his egg.

"You are. You arm yourself with a knife," said he sarcastically.

"Bah!" replied Daubenton, presenting him the knife, "cut me a piece of bread, and tell me what you have to communicate to me respecting the murder of the courier of Lyons."

There is something in the collected courage of a brave man more impressive than any menace; and courage is a thing which acts upon all natures, however vile. Strongly moved by the calm audacity of the magistrate, the ruffian, who had seized the knife with menacing vivacity, now set it down upon the table, and with a faltering voice said, "*Vous êtes un brave, citoyen!*" then after a pause,

"I am a lost man—it's all up with me; but you shall know all."

He then detailed the circumstances of the crime, as we have related them above, and confirmed all Couriol's declarations, naming Couriol, Rossi, Vidal, and Dubosq, as his accomplices. Before the tribunal he repeated this account, adding, "that he had heard an individual named Lesurques had been condemned for the crime, but that he had neither seen him at the time of the deed, nor subsequently. He did not know him."

He added, that it was Dubosq whose spur had been broken, and was mended where they had dined; for he had heard them talk about it, and that he had lost it in the scuffle. He had seen the other spur in his hand, and heard him say that he intended throwing it in the river. He further gave a description of Dubosq's person, and added, that on that day he wore a flaxen peruke.

Towards the end of the year 8—four years after the murder of the courier of Lyons—Dubosq was arrested for robbery; and was transferred to Versailles, there to be judged by the *Tribunal Correctionnel*. The president ordered that he should wear a flaxen peruke, and be confronted with the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieur-saint, who now unanimously declared that he was the man they had seen. This, coupled with the declarations of Couriol, Durochat, and Madelaine Breban, sufficed to prove the identity; and he did not deny his acquaintance with the other culprits. He was therefore condemned, and perished on the scaffold for the crime.

Vidal was also arrested and executed, though persisting in his innocence; and, finally, Rossi was shortly after discovered and condemned. He exhibited profound repentance, and demanded the succours of religion. To his confessor he left this declaration—"I assert that Lesurques is innocent; but this must only be made public six months after my death."

Thus ends this strange drama; thus were the proofs of Lesurques's innocence furnished beyond a shadow of doubt; and thus, we may add, were seven men executed for a crime committed by five men; two therefore were innocent—were victims of the law.

VIII.—THE WAY IN WHICH FRANCE RECTIFIES AN ERROR.

It is now forty years since the innocence of Lesurques has been established, and little has been done towards the rehabilitation of his memory, the protection of his children, and the restitution of his confiscated goods! Forty years, and his wretched widow has only recently died, having failed in the object of her life! Forty years has the government been silent.

M. Daubenton, who took so honourable and active a part in the detection of the real criminals, consecrated a great part of his life and fortune to the cause of the unfortunate widow and her children. The declaration he addressed to the Minister of Justice commenced thus:—

“The error, on which was founded the condemnation of Lesurques, arose neither with the judges nor the jury. The jury, convinced by the depositions of the witnesses, manifested that conviction judicially; and the judges, after the declaration of the jury, pronounced acquittal to the law.

“The error of his condemnation arose from the mistake of the witnesses—from the fatal resemblance to one of the culprits not apprehended. Nothing gave reason to suspect at that time the cause of the error in which the witnesses had fallen.”

We beg to observe that the whole trial was conducted in a slovenly and shameful manner. A man is condemned on the deposition of witnesses;—witnesses, be it observed, of such dulness of perception, and such confidence in their notions, that they persisted in declaring Guesno to be one of the culprits as well as Lesurques. Yet the *alibi* of Guesno was proved beyond a doubt. How, then, could the jury, with this instance of mistake before their eyes, and which they themselves had condemned as a mistake by acquitting Guesno—how could they place such firm reliance on those self-same testimonies when applied to Lesurques? If they could convict Lesurques upon such evidence, why not also convict Guesno on it? Guesno proved an *alibi*—so did Lesurques;

but because one foolish friend perjured himself to serve Lesurques, the jury hastily set down all his friends as perjurers; they had no evidence of this; it was a mere indignant reaction of feeling, and, as such, a violation of their office. The case ought to have been sifted. It was shuffled over hastily. A verdict, passed in anger, was executed, though at the time a strong doubt existed in the minds of the judges as to its propriety!

Neither the Directory nor the Consulate, neither the Empire nor the Restoration, paid attention to the widow's supplications for a revision of the sentence, that her husband's name might be cleared, and his property restored. In vain did M. Salgues devote ten years to the defence of the injured family; in vain did M. Merilhou, in an important *procès*, warmly espouse the cause; the different governments believed themselves incapable of answering these solicitations.

Since 1830 the widow again supplicated the *Tribune des Chambres*. Few sessions have passed without some members, particularly from the *département du Nord*, calling attention to the subject. All that has been obtained is a restitution of part of the property seized by the *fisc* at the period of the execution.

Madame Lesurques has died unsuccessful, because a judicial error cannot be acknowledged or rectified, owing to the insufficiency of the Code. A French journal announces that the son and daughter of Lesurques, still living, pledged themselves on the death-bed of their mother to continue the endeavour which had occupied her forty long years—an endeavour to make the law comprehend that nothing is more tyrannous than the strict fulfilment of its letter—an endeavour to make the world at large more keenly feel the questionable nature of evidence as to personal identity in cases where the witnesses are ignorant, and where the evidence against their testimony is presumptive.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART X.

THE REVULSION.

"*The companion of the wise shall be wise.*" A six months' residence with the religious and self-renouncing minister could not be without its effect on the character and disposition of the disciple, newly released from sin and care, and worldly calamity. The bright example of a good man is much—that of a good and *beloved* man is more. I was bound to Mr Clayton by every tie that can endear a man to man, and rivet the ready heart of youth in truthful and confiding love. I regarded my preserver with a higher feeling than a fond son may bear towards the mere author and maintainer of his existence. For Mr Clayton, whose smallest praise it was that he had restored to me my life, in addition to a filial love, I had all the reverence that surpassing virtue claims, and lowly piety constrains. Months passed over our head, and I was still without occupation, though still encouraged by my kind friend to look for a speedy termination to my state of dependence. Painful as the thought of separation had become to Mr Clayton, my situation was far from satisfactory to myself. I knew not another individual with whom I could have established myself under similar circumstances. The sense of obligation would have been oppressive, the conviction that I was doing wrong intolerable to sustain; but the simplicity, the truth, the affectionate warmth of my benevolent host, lightened my load day after day, until I became at last insensible to the burthen. At this period of my career, the character of Mr Clayton appeared to me bright and fixed as a spotless star. He seemed the pattern of a man, pure and perfect. The dazzling light of pious fervour consumed within him the little selfishness that nature, to stamp an angel with humanity, had of necessity implanted there. He was swallowed up in holiness—his thoughts were of heaven—his daily conduct tinged and illumined with a heavenly hue. Nothing could surpass the intense devotedness of the child of God, except perhaps the self-devotion, the self-re-

nunciation, and the profound humility which distinguished him in the world, and in his conversation amongst men. "*The companion of the wise shall be wise.*" I observed my benefactor, and listened to his eloquence; I pondered on his habitual piety, until, roused to enthusiasm by the contemplation of the matchless being, I burned to follow in his glorious course, to revolve in the same celestial orbit, the most distant and the meanest of his satellites. The hand of Providence was traceable in every act, which, in due course, and step by step, had brought me to the minister. It could not be without a lofty purpose that I had been plucked a brand, as it were, from the burning; it was not an aimless love that snatched me from death to life—from darkness to mid-day light—from the depths of despondency to the heights of serenity and joy. It was that I might glorify the hand that had been outstretched on my behalf, that I might carry His name abroad, proclaim His wondrous works, sing aloud His praises, and in the face of men, give honour to the everlasting Giver of all good. It was for this and these that I had been selected from mankind, and made the especial object of a Father's grace. I believed it in all the simplicity and ingenuousness of a mind awakened to a sense of religion and human responsibility. I could not do otherwise. From the moment that I was convinced of the obligation under which I had been brought, that I could feel the force of the silent compact which had been effected between the unseen Power and my own soul, it would have been as easy for me to annihilate thought, to prevent its miraculous presence in the mind, as to withstand the urgent prickings of my conscience. I believed in my divine summons, and I was at once ready, vehement, and impatient to obey it. Had I followed the dictates of my will, I would have walked through the land, and preached aloud the wonderful mercies of God, imploring my fellow-creatures

to repentance, and directing them to the fount of all their blessings and all their happiness. I would have called upon men to turn from error and dangerous apathy, before their very strongholds. Powerful in the possession of truth, I would have thundered the saving words before their market-places and exchanges—at the very fortresses in which the world deems itself chiefly secure, with Mammon at its head, Satan's chief lieutenant. I would have called around me the neglected and the poor, and in the high-ways and in the fields disclosed to them the tenderness and loving-kindness that I had found, that they might feel, in all their fulness, if they would turn from sin, and place their trust in heaven. It was pain and anguish to be silent. Not for my own sake did I yearn to speak. Oh no! There was nothing less than a love of self in the panting desire that I felt to break the selfish silence. It was the love of souls that pressed me forward, and the confidence that the good news which it was my privilege to impart would find in every bosom a welcome as warm and ready as it would prove to be effectual. To walk abroad in silence, feeling myself to be the depository of a celestial revelation, and believing that to communicate it to mankind would be to ensure their participation in its benefits, was hardly to be borne. There was not a man whom I encountered in the street, to whom I did not secretly wish to turn, and to pour into his ear the accents of peace and consolation; not one whom I did not regard as a witness against me on that great day of trial, when every man shall be judged according to his opportunities. I spoke to Mr Clayton. He encouraged the feeling by which I was actuated, but he dissuaded me from the manifestation of it in the form which I proposed.

"There was no doubt," he said, "that every place was consecrated where truth was spoken, and the Spirit made itself apparent. No one could deny it. Much fruit, he did believe, might follow the sowing of the seed, whose hand soever scattered it. Still there were other and nearer roads to the point I aimed at. There were the sick and the needy around us—many of his own congregation—with whom I might reciprocate sweet comfort, and at whose bedside I might

administer the balm that should serve them in the hardest hour of their extremity. It should be his office to conduct me to their humble habitations: it would be unspeakable joy to him to behold me well and usefully employed."

And it was with eagerness that I accepted the touching invitation. I was not loth or slow to take advantage of it. To serve mankind, to evince my gratitude for mercies great and undeserved, was all I asked. To know that I had gratified my wish, was peace itself. Highly as I had estimated the character of Mr Clayton, I had yet to learn his real value. I had yet to behold him the dispenser of comfort and contentment in the hovels of the wretched and the stricken—to see the leaden eye of disease grow bright at his approach, and the scowl of discontent and envious repining dissolve into equanimity, or mould itself in smiles. I had yet to see him the kind and patient companion of the friendless and the slighted—slighted, because poor; the untired listener to long tales of misery—so miserable, that they who told them could not track their dim beginnings, or fix the time in distant childhood when wretchedness was not. I had yet to find him standing at the beggar's pallet, giving encouragement, inciting hope, and adding to the counsel of a guide the solid evidences of a brother's love. With what a zeal did I attempt to follow in my patron's steps—with what enthusiasm did I begin the course which his sanction had legalized and rendered holy—and how, without a doubt as to my title, or a reflection on the propriety of the step, impelled by religious fervour, did I assume the tone and authority of a teacher, and arrogate to myself the right of determining the designs of the Omnipotent, and of appointing the degree of holy warmth below which no believer could be sure of forgiveness and salvation!

In no transaction of my life have I ever been more sincere—have I acted with a more decided assurance of the justice and necessity of the task, than at this critical moment of my career. If Divine goodness had not been specially vouchsafed to me, it was not that the conviction of my appointment was not as clear and firm as the liveliest impressions of the inmost heart could make it. To labour for the

souls of the poor—to teach them their obligations—to point out to them the way of safety—it was this view of my delegated office that raised me to ecstasy, and compelled from me the strangest ebullitions of passion. I pronounced the change in my habits of thought to be “the dawning of the day, and the sudden rising of the day-star in my heart;” and, dwelling with intensity on my future labours, I could exclaim, with trembling emotion,—“Oh the exceeding excellency and glory and sweetness of the work! The smile of heaven is upon it—the emphatic testimony of my own conscience approves and hallows it.” I reflect at this moment with wonder upon the almost supernatural ardour and devotion by which I was elevated and abased when I first became thoroughly convinced of my mission, and declared aloud that my only business now upon earth was that of the lowest and readiest of servants, whose joy consists in the pleasure of their Master. The strangeness, the excitement that accompanied the adoption of my new character, had nearly overthrown me. Wild with gladness, before I visited a human being, I took a journey of some twenty miles from the metropolis. I do not remember now the name of the village at which I stopped, from which I hurried, and whose fields I scoured with the design of finding some covert, unfrequented spot, where I might unmolested and unobserved pour forth the prayers and hymns of praise with which my surcharged heart was teeming. Until nightfall I remained there, nor did I leave the place until calmly and deliberately I begged permission to devote myself to the glory and honour of Him, whose favoured child I was. I walked a few miles on my return homeward. I passed a church, that in the stillness of night reared its dark form, and seemed, solemnly and pensively, like a thing of life, to stand before me. The moon rose at its full over the venerable wall, and scattered its bright cool light across the tall and moss-grown windows. Oh! every thing in life that wondrous night stirred up my soul to pious resolutions, and gave a wing to thought that could not find repose but in the silent and eternal sky.

The impetuosity with which I entered upon my scheme of usefulness, forbade preparation of any kind, had

I not believed that any previous qualification was not essential to my purpose; or if essential, had been miraculously implanted in me. I was soon called upon to make my first visitation. Never will it be forgotten. It was to the workhouse. Mr Clayton had been called thither by an old communicant, of whom he had not heard before for years. “He was ill, and he desired to speak with his still beloved minister.”

Such was the message which reached my friend at the moment of his quitting his abode, on an errand of still greater urgency. “Go, Caleb,” said Mr Clayton, “visit and comfort the poor sufferer; and may grace accompany your first labour of love.” I proceeded to the place, and, arriving there, was ushered into a small close room—to recoil at once from the scene of misery which was there presented. Lying, with his hat and clothes upon the bed, dying, was the man himself; his wife was busy in the room, cleaning it, quietly and indifferently, as though the sleep of healthy life had closed her partner’s eye, and nothing worse. On the threshold was a girl, the daughter of them both, twenty years of age or more, *an idiot*, for she laughed outright when I approached her. I had come to the house with my heart full of precious counsel, and yearning to communicate the message with which I knew myself to be charged. But in a moment I was brought to earth, shocked by the sight which I beheld, wounded in my nature, and I had not a word to say. The hardened woman looked at me for a moment, and calling me to myself by the act, I mentioned the name of Mr Clayton, and was again silent.

“What! can’t he come, sir?” asked the beldame. “Well, it don’t much matter. It’s all over with ’un, I fear. Come, Jessie, can’t you speak to the gentleman? What can you make of her, sir?”

The daughter looked at me again, and sickened me with her unmeaning laughter. I remembered the object of my visit, and struggled for composure. Had I become a recreant so quickly? Had I not a word to say for my Master? Nothing to offer the needy creatures, perishing, perhaps, of spiritual want? Alarmed at my own apathy, and eager to throw it off, I turned to the poor girl, and spoke

to her. I asked her many questions before I could command attention. She could only look at me wildly, blush, laugh, and make strange motions to her mother. At length I said—

“Tell me, Jesse, tell your friend, who came into the world to save sinners?”

“Him, him, him,” she answered hastily, and gabbled as before.

“Ah,” said the mother, “the poor creature does sometimes talk about religion, but it’s very seldom, and uncertain like, and I can’t help her either.”

“Let me read to *you*,” said I.

“Lor’ bless you, sir,” she answered, “it wouldn’t do me no good. I am too old for that. Now, get out of the way there—do, you simpleton,” she added, turning to the idiot; “just let me pass—don’t you see I am wanting to fetch up water.”

She left the room immediately, and her daughter ran after her, screaming a wild and piercing note. I moved to the dying man. He was insensible to any thing I could say. Fretted and ashamed of myself, I hurried from the house, and, returning home, rushed to my room, fell upon my knees, and implored my Father to inflict at once the punishment due to lukewarmness and apostasy. How vain had been all my previous desire to distinguish myself—how arrogant my pretensions—how inefficient my weak attempts! I was not worthy of the commission with which I had been invested, and I besought heaven to degrade the wretch who could not speak at the seasonable moment, and to bestow it upon one worthier of its love, and abler to perform his duty. I passed a miserable night of remorse, and bitter self-accusation, and in the morning was distracted by the battling feelings that were marshalled against each other in my soul. Now, a sense of my unworthiness was victorious over every other thought, and I resolved to resign my trust, and think of it no more; then the belief in my election, the animating thought that I was chosen, and must still go forward or stand condemned, hated by myself, rejected by my God;—this gained the mastery next, and I was torn by sore perplexity. I appealed to my benefactor. As usual, balm was on his lips, and I found encouragement and support.

“I was yet young in the faith,” he said, “and the abundance of heavenly grace was not yet manifested. It would come in due time; and, in the mean while, I must persevere, and a blessing would unquestionably follow.”

Much more he added, to reconcile me to the previous day’s defeat, and to animate me to new trials. Never did I so much need incentive and upholding, never before had I esteemed the value of a spiritual counsellor and friend.

In a small cottage, distant about three miles from the residence of Mr Clayton, there lodged, at this time, an old man with his sister, a blind woman about seventy years of age. He had communicated with Mr Clayton’s church for many years. He was now poor, and had retired from the metropolis, to the hut, for the advantage of purer air, and in the hope of prolonging the short span within which his earthly life had been brought. To this humble habitation I was directed by Mr Clayton.

“The woman,” said the minister, “is without any comfortable hope; but the prospects of the brother are satisfactory and most cheering. Go to the benighted woman. Her’s is a melancholy case. Satan has a secure footing in her heart, and defeats every effort and every motive that I have brought to bear against it. May you be more fortunate—may her self-deceived and hardened spirit melt before the force and earnestness of your appeals!”

I ventured for a second time on sacred and interdicted ground, and visited the cottage. The unhappy woman, to whom I had specially come, was smitten indeed. She was blind and paralyzed, and on the extreme verge of eternity. Yet, afflicted as she was, and as near to death as the living may be, she enjoyed the tranquillity and the gentleness of a child, ignorant of sin, and, in virtue of her infancy, confident of her inheritance. I could discover no evidence of a creature alarmed with a sense of guilt, loathing itself, conscious of its worthlessness. Her nature, in truth, seemed to have usurped a sweetness and placidity, the possession of which, as Mr Clayton afterwards observed, was justifiable only in those who could find nothing but vileness and depravity in

every thought and purpose of their hearts.

It was a beautiful day in summer, and Margaret was sitting before the cottage porch, feeling the sun's benevolent warmth, and tempering, with the closed lid, the hot rays that were directed to her sightless orbs. She had no power to move, and was happy in the still enjoyment of the lingering and lovely day. She might have been a statue for her quietness—but there were curves and lines in the decrepit frame that art could never borrow. Little there seemed about her to induce a love of life, and yet a countenance more bright with cheerfulness and mild content I never met. The healthy and the young might read a lesson on her blanched and wrinkled cheek. Full of my errand, I did not hesitate at once to engage her mind on heavenly and holy topics. She did not, or she would not, understand me. I spoke to her of the degradation of humanity, our fallen nature, and the impossibility of thinking any thing but sin—and a stone could not be more senseless than the aged listener.

"Was I sure of it?" she asked. "Did my Bible say it? Much she doubted it, for she had sometimes, especially since her blindness, clear and beautiful thoughts of heaven that could not be sinful, they rendered her so happy, and took away from her all fear. It was so shocking, too," she thought, "to think so ill of men—our fellow-creatures, and the creatures of a perfect Father. She loved her brother—he was so simple-minded, and so kind to her, too; how *could* she call him wicked and depraved!"

"Do you feel no load upon your conscience?" I enquired.

"Bless the good man's heart!" she answered, "why, what cares have I? If I can hear his friendly voice, and know he is not heavy-burthened, I am happy. Brother is all to me. Though now and then I'm not well pleased if the young children keep away who play about me sometimes, as if they did not need a playfellow more gay than poor blind Margaret."

"Have you no fear of death?" said I.

"Why should I have?" she answered quietly; "I never injured another in my life."

"Can that take off the sting?" I asked.

"And I have tried," continued she, "as far as I was able, to please the God who made me."

"Did you never think yourself the vilest of the vile?"

"Bless you! never, sir. How could I? If I had been, you may be sure Mr Clayton and the visiting ladies would never have been so kind to me and Thomas as they have—and how could we expect it? I was only thinking, sir, before you came up, that if I had been wicked when I was young, I would never have been so easy under blindness. Now, it doesn't give me one unquiet hour."

"Margaret, I would you were more anxious."

"It wouldn't do, sir, for the blind to be anxious," she replied. "They must do nothing, sir, but wait with patience. Besides, Thomas and I need no anxiety at all. God gives us more than we require, and it would be very wicked to be restless and unquiet."

"Margaret," I said impressively, "there is a heaven!"

"Yes," she answered quickly, "that I'm sure of. I read of it before I lost my eyes; and since my blindness I have seen it often. God is very good to the afflicted, and none but the afflicted know how He makes up for what He takes away. I have seen heaven, sir, though I have not sight enough to know your face. Do you play dominoes, Mr——what did you say your name was, sir?"

"You trifle, Margaret."

"Oh, no indeed, sir. But how wonderful and quick my touch has got, and how kind is heaven—there, sir! I can see the dominoes with my fingers—touch is just as good as sight. Just think how many hours a poor blind creature has, that must be filled up some way or another! I like to keep to myself, and think, and think; but not always—and sometimes I want Thomas to read to me; and when that's over, I feel a want of something else. I'll tell you what it is—my eyes they want to open. When that's the case, I always play at dominoes, and then the feeling goes away. Thomas can tell you that, for he plays with me."

I continued the conversation for an hour, and with the same result. I grew annoyed and irritated—not with

the deluded sinner, as I deemed her, but with myself, the feeble and unequal instrument. For a second time I had attempted to comply with the instructions of my master, and for a second time had I been foiled, and driven back in melancholy discomfiture. The imperturbability and easy replies of the woman harrassed and tormented me in the extreme. I had been too recent a pupil to be thoroughly versed in all the subtleties and mysteries of my office. Silence was painful to me, and reply only accumulated difficulty and vexation. She seemed so happy, too; in the midst of all her heresy and error there existed an unaffected tranquillity and repose which I would have purchased at any cost or sacrifice. I blushed and grew ashamed, and for a moment forgot that the bereaved creature was unable to behold the confusion with which defeat and exposure had covered me. At length I spoke imperfectly, loosely, and at random. The woman detected me in an untenable position—checked me—and in her artless manner, laid bare the fallacy of an inconsiderate assertion. In an instant I was aware of my conviction; I retracted my expression, and involved myself immediately in fresh dilemma. Again, and as gently as before, she made the unsoundness of a principle evident and glaring. How I closed the argument—the conversation and the interview—and escaped from her, I know not. Burning with shame, despising myself, and desirous of burying both my disgrace and self deep in the earth, where both might be forgotten, I was sensible of hurrying homeward. I reached it in despair, satisfied that I had become a coward and a renegade, and that I was lost, hopelessly and utterly here upon earth, and eternally in heaven!

I had resolved, upon the day succeeding this adventure, to restore to my benefactor the credentials with which he had been pleased to entrust me. Satisfied of the truth of my commission, I could only deplore my inability to execute it faithfully. In spite of what had passed at the cottage-door, the doctrines which I had advocated there lost none of their character and influence upon my own mind. Falling from the lips of others, they dropped with conviction into my

own soul. Nothing could shake my own unbounded reliance on their saving efficacy and heavenly origin. It was only when I spoke of them, when I attempted to expound and teach them, that clouds came over the celestial truths, and the sun's disk was dimmed and troubled. The moment that I ceased to speak, light unimpaired, and bright effulgence, were restored. It was enough that I could feel this. Grace and a miracle had made the startling fact palpable and evident. This assurance followed easily. No oral communication could have satisfied me more fully of the importance and necessity of an immediate resignation of my trust. It was a punishment for my presumption. I should have rested grateful for the interposition which had rescued me from the jaws of hell, and left to others, worthy of the transcendent honour, the glorious task of saving souls. What was I, steeped in sin, as I had been up to the very moment of my conversion—what was I, insolent, pretending worm, that I should raise my grovelling head, and presume upon the unmerited favour that had been showered so graciously upon me? It remained for those—purest and best of men, whose lives from childhood onward had been a lucid exposition of the word of truth—whose deeds had given to the world an assurance of their solemn embassy; it was for them to feel the strength, the countenance, and support of heaven, and to behold with gratitude and joy their labours crowned with a triumphant issue and success. This was the new train of feeling suggested by new circumstances. I resigned myself to its operation as quickly as I had adopted my previous sentiments; and, a few days before, I was not more anxious to commence my sacred course than I was now miserable and uneasy until I turned from it once and for ever. Mr Clayton had placed in my hands a list of individuals whom he transferred to my care. It was oppressive to know that I possessed it, and my first step was to place it again at his disposal. The interview which I obtained for this purpose was an important one—important in itself—marvellous and astounding in its consequences.

Mr Clayton spent many hours daily in a small room, called a study. It

was a chamber sacred to the occupation followed there: I had not access to it—nor had any stranger, with the exception of two ill-favoured men, whom I had found, for weeks together, constant attendants upon my benefactor. For a month at a time, not a single day elapsed during which they were not closeted for a considerable period with the divine. A three weeks' interval of absence would then take place; Mr Clayton prosecuted his studies alone and undisturbed, and no strange foot would cross the threshold until the ill-looking men returned, and passed some five weeks in the small sanctuary as before. Who could they be? I had never directly asked the question, curious as I had been to know their history and the purpose of their visits. Had I not learned from Mr Clayton the impropriety and sinfulness of judging humanity by its looks, I should have formed a most uncharitable opinion of their characters. They were hard-featured men, sallow of complexion, rigid in their looks. I knew that, attached to the church of Mr Clayton, were two missionaries—men of rare piety, and of humble origin—small bootmakers, in fact; sometimes I believed that the visitors and they were the same individuals. Circumstances, however, unfavourable to this idea, arose, and I turned from one conjecture to another, until I reposed, at length, in the belief that they were sinners—sinners of the deepest dye—such as their ill-omened looks betrayed—and that they sought the kind and ever-ready minister to obtain his counsel, and to share his prayers. At all events, this was a subject upon which I received no enlightening from their confidant. Once I took occasion to make mention of it; but, in an instant, I perceived that my enquiry was not deemed proper to be answered. It was to this forbidden closet—the scene of so much mystery—that, to my great surprize, I found myself invited by my benefactor, when I implored him to release me from the obligation in which I had too hastily involved myself.

“Be seated, Caleb,” said Mr Clayton, as we entered the room in company. “Be seated, and be tranquil. You are excited now.”

I was, in truth, and not more so than deeply mortified and humbled.

“You alarm me, dear young friend,” continued the good minister. “You alarm and grieve me. I tremble for you, when I behold your versatility. Tell me, how is this? Can you not trust yourself? Can I not trust you?”

I did not answer.

“I have been careful in not thwarting your own good purposes. I have been most anxious to give your feelings their full bent. Has your conversion been too sudden to endure? Have you so soon regretted the abandonment of the great world and all its pleasures—such as they were to you? Has a life of usefulness and peace no charms? Alas! I had hoped otherwise.”

I assured my friend that he had mistaken the motive which had compelled me to forsake, at least for the present, the intention that I had entertained honestly—though, I felt, erroneously—for the last few days. Nothing was further from my thoughts than a desire to mix again in a world of sinfulness and trouble. His precepts and bright example had won me from it; and I prayed only to be established in the principles, in the true knowledge of which I knew my happiness to consist. I was not equal to the task which I had proposed to myself, and he had kindly permitted me to assume. I wished to be his meanest disciple—to acquire wisdom from his tuition—and, by the labour of years, to prepare myself finally for that reward which he had so often announced to me as the peculiar inheritance of the faithful and the righteous. I ceased. My auditor did not answer me immediately. He sat for some minutes in silence, and closed his eyes as if absorbed in thought. At length, he said to me—

“You do not surprize me, Caleb. I am prepared for this. I perceived your difficulties from afar. It was inevitable. Self-confidence has placed you where you are. Be happy, and rejoice in your weakness—but turn now to the strong for strength. The work that has begun in your heart must be completed. It shall be so—do not doubt it.”

The minister hesitated, looked hard at me, and endeavoured, as I imagined, to find, in the expression of my countenance, an index to my thoughts. I said nothing, and he proceeded.

"There are the appointed means. His way is in the sanctuary. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. There is but one refuge for the outcast. I have but one alleviation to offer you. It is all and every thing. Are you prepared to accept it?"

"You are my friend, my guardian, and my father," I replied.

"You have wandered long in the wilderness," continued the minister. "You have fed with the swine and the goats. You have found no nourishment there. All was bleak, and barren, and desolate there. The living waters were dried up, and the bread of life was denied to the starving wayfarer."

"What must be done, sir?"

"YOU MUST ENTER THE FOLD—and have communion with the chosen people of the Lord. Are you content to do it?"

"Oh, am I worthy," I exclaimed, "to be reckoned in the number of those holy men?"

"I cannot doubt it; but your own spirit shall bear witness to your state. To-morrow is our next church-meeting. There, if it be your wish, I will propose you; messengers will be appointed to converse with you. They will come to you, and gather, from your experience, the evidences of your renewed, regenerated character."

"What shall I say, sir?" I asked in all simplicity.

"What says the drowning man to the hand that brings him to the shore? Your beating heart will be too ready to acknowledge the mighty work that has been already done on your behalf. Have you forgotten the way you have been led? Point it out to them. Have you been plucked as a brand from the burning? Acknowledge it to them in strains of liveliest gratitude. Does not your soul at this moment overflow at the vivid recollection of all the Lord has done for it and you? Will it not yearn to sing aloud His praise when strangers come to listen to the song? Then speak aloud to them. Do you not feel, have not a hundred circumstances all concurred to prove, that you exist a vessel chosen to show forth His praise? Show it to them, and let them carry back the certain proofs of your redemption—let them convey the sweet intelligence of a brother's safety—and let them bid the church prepare to welcome him with

hymns of praise into her loving bosom."

Within a week of the above conversation, two respectable individuals called upon me at Mr Clayton's house—the accredited messengers of the church in which my eternal safety was about to be secured. One was a thickset man, with large black whiskers and corresponding eyebrows. His countenance had a stern expression—the eye especially, which lay couched like a tiger beneath its rugged overhanging brow. You did not like to look at it, and you could not meet it without unpleasantness and awe. The gentleman was very tall and sturdy—evidently a hairy person; he was unshaven, and looked muscular. Acting under the feeling which led him to despise all earthly grandeur and distinction, and which, no doubt, influenced his conduct throughout life, he was remarkable for a carelessness and uncleanness of attire, as powerful and striking as the odour which exhaled from his broad person, and which explained the profession of the gentleman to be—a working blacksmith. His companion was thin, and neat, and dapper. There was an air about *him* that could not have been acquired, except by frequent intercourse with the polished and the rich. He was delicacy itself, incapable of a strong expression, and happier far when he could hint, and not express his sentiments. Had I been subject only to his examination, my ordeal would not have been severe. It was the blacksmith whom I found hard and unimpressible as his own anvil, dark as his forge, and as un pitying as its flames. The thin examiner held the high office of deacon of the church. Whether it was the particularly dirty face of his friend that set him off to such advantage, or whether he had inherent claims to my respect, I cannot tell; well I know, throughout the scrutiny that soon took place, many times I should have fallen beneath the blacksmith's hammer, but for the support and mild encouragement that I found in him. He was most becomingly dressed. He wore a white cravat, and no collar. He had light hair closely cut, and his face was as smooth as a woman's. His shirt was whiter than any shirt I have ever seen before or since, and it was made of very fine

material. He carried an agreeable smirk upon his countenance, and he disinterred, now and then, some very long and extraordinary word from the dictionary, when he was particularly desirous either to make himself understood or conceal his meaning. I had almost omitted to add, that he was a ladies' haberdasher.

I received the deputation with a trembling and apprehensive heart. I knew my faith to be sincere, and I believed it to be correct, according to the views of the church of which my revered friend was the minister and organ. Still, I could not be insensible to the importance of the step which I was about to take, and to the high tone of piety which the true believers demanded from all who joined their ranks and partook of their exclusive privileges.

It will not be necessary to repeat in detail the course of my examination. At the close of two hours it was concluded, and I am at this moment willing to confess that it was, upon the whole, satisfactory. I mean to myself—for by my questioners, and by the little haberdasher more particularly, the conference was pronounced most gratifying and comforting in every way. I say *upon the whole*, for I could not, even at that early period of my initiation, and with all my excitement and enthusiasm, prevent the intrusion of some disturbing thoughts—some painful impressions that were not in harmony with the general tenor of my feelings. I had prepared myself to meet and deal with the appointed delegates of heaven, and I had encountered *men*, yes, and men not entitled to my reverence and regard, except as the chosen ambassadors of the church. One was low, ignorant, and vulgar. He took no pains to conceal the fact; he rather gloried in his native and offensive coarseness. The other was a smoother man, scarcely less destitute of knowledge, or worthier of respect. Looking back, at this distance of time, upon this strange interview, I am indeed shocked and grieved at the part which I then and there permitted myself to undertake. The scene has lost the colours which gave it a false and superficial lustre, and I gaze on the melancholy reality chidden, and, let me say, instructed by the sight: I can now better appreciate and understand the self-confi-

dent tone which pronounced upon my state in the eye of heaven—the canting expressions of brotherly love—the irreverent familiarity with which Scripture was quoted, garbled, and tortured to justify dissent, and render disobedience holy—the daring assumption of inquisitorial privileges, and the scorn, the illiberality and self-righteousness, with which my angry, bigoted, and vulgar questioners decided on the merits of every institution that eschewed their fanciful vagaries and most audacious claims. I do not wonder that, overtaken in a career of misery, the consequence of my own imprudence, I should have been arrested by the voice, and smitten by the eloquence, of Mr Clayton. I do not wonder that I listened to his arguments, and observed his conduct, until I was reduced to passiveness, and my mind was willing to be moulded to his purposes. But I do wonder and lament that any obscurance of my judgment, any luxuriance of feeling, should have permitted my youthful understanding for an instant to believe that to such men as my examiners the keys of heaven were entrusted, and that on them, and on their voice, depended the reception of a broken-hearted penitent at the mercy-seat of God.

A few words from the haberdasherdeacon, at the breaking up of the convocation, or whatever else it might be termed, were satisfactory, in so far as they showed that my temporal prospects were not entirely neglected by those who had become so deeply interested in my spiritual welfare. The blacksmith had hardly brought to a close a somewhat lengthy and very ungrammatical exhortation, that wound up the day's proceedings, when the dapper Jehu Tomkins, jumping at once from the carnival to the revel, shook me cordially by the hand, and most kindly suggested to me that, under the patronage of so important and religious a connexion as that into which I was about to enter, I could not fail to succeed, whatever might be the plan which I had laid down for my future support.

"I have heard all about you," added Jehu, "from our respected minister, and you'll soon get into something now. It's a good congregation, sir—wealthy and influential. I should say we have richer people in our connexion than in any about London

Mr Clayton is a very popular man, sir—very good, and speaks the truth.”

“He is good indeed,” I answered.

“Sir, grace is sure to follow you now. It is fifteen years since I first sat under Mr Clayton! Ah, I remember the night I was converted, as if it were yesterday. I always felt, up to that very time, the need of something better than I had got. Business had gone wrong ever since I opened shop, and my mind was quite unsettled. Satan tried very hard at me, but it wouldn’t do. Sometimes, when my boy had gone home, and shop was shut up, the Tempter would whisper in my ears words like these—‘Jehu, you’re insured, over and over again, for your stock; let a spark fall on the shavings, and your fortune’s made.’ Well, sir, once or twice—will you believe it?—the Devil had nearly got it all his own way; but grace prevented, and I was saved. I owe it all to Mr Clayton. I was told by one or two of my customers to go and hear him, but somehow or other I never did. Satan kept me back. At last the gentleman as was the deacon—him as built the chapel—Mrs Jehu Tomkin’s father—comes to my shop with his daughter, Mrs Jehu as is now, and spoke to me about the minister. Well, I heard the old gentleman was very rich and pious, and I went the next Sabbath-day as was, with his family, into his pew. I never went any where else after that. He seemed to hit the nail just on the head, and I was convinced—oh, quite wonderful!—all on a sudden. I was married to Mrs Jehu before that day twelvemonth. So you see grace followed me throughout, as it will you, my dear brother, if you only mind what you are about, and don’t be a backslider.”

“Mr Clayton,” said I, “has kindly promised to procure employment for me.”

“Ah! and he’ll do it, if he says so,” rejoined Mr Tomkins. “That’s your man. You stick to him, and you won’t hurt. He’s a chosen vessel, if ever there was one. What do you say, brother Buster?”

Brother Buster simply groaned his assent, and scowled. He had been for some time anxious to depart, and he now took his leave without further ceremony.

“You wouldn’t think that man was a saint to look at him, would you?”

asked the deacon, as soon as his friend was gone. “He is though. He is riper in spiritual matters than any man I know. Ah! the Establishment would give something for a few like him. He’ll be taken from us, I fear. We make a idol of him, and that’s sure to be punished. It’s wonderful what he knows; and how it has come to him we can’t tell.”

I received a pressing invitation from Mr Tomkins to visit his “small and ‘appy family,” as he was pleased to call it, on any evening after eight o’clock, which was his latest business hour. “Mrs Jehu,” I was assured, “was just like her father, and his four small Jehus as exactly like their grandfather, and he wished to say no more for them. After business his family enjoyed invariably a little spiritual refreshment, and that and a hymn made the time pass very agreeably till supper-time at nine, when he had a ‘ot collation, at which he should be most proud to see me.”

To all the charges that have been at various times, with more or less virulence and disinterestedness, brought against the Church of England, that of assuming to itself the divine attribute of searching the secret heart of man has, I believe, never been superadded. It has remained for men very far advanced indeed in spiritual knowledge and perfection, to assert the bold prerogative, and to venture, unappalled, beneath the frown of heaven. The close scrutiny, on the part of Mr Buster, proper as it was as a step preliminary, was by no means sufficient to procure for me an easy and unquestioned admission into the church which the blacksmith had so ably represented. There was yet another trial to ensue, and another jury to pronounce upon the merits of the anxious candidate. He had yet to prove to the perfect satisfaction of the self-constituted junto, that styled itself a church, how God had mercifully dealt with him—to detail, with historic accuracy, the method and procedure of his regeneration, and to find evidence of a spiritual change, that carried on its front the proof of his conversion and his accepted state. All this was to be done before I could be entitled to the privileges which Messrs Buster, Tomkins, and the rest, had it in their power to bestow. The manner in which this delicate investi-

gation was carried on, its indecorum and profaneness, I never can forget; nor can I, in truth, remember it without humiliation and deep sorrow. Against the indiscreet, illegal exhibition, I set off my ignorance, simplicity, and desire of serving heaven; and in these I place my hope of pardon for the share I had in such proceedings.

I received, in due form, a requisition to appear before the body of the church, at its general meeting. I appeared. The chapel was thronged, the majority of members being women. In the hands of nearly every third person was a printed paper. I was not then aware of its contents; if I had been, the ceremony would, in all probability, have concluded with my entrance. Will it be believed, that this paper contained a printed formula of the questions which were to test the quality of my faith, and to pronounce upon the vitality and worth of my spiritual pretensions! Any person present was at liberty to address me, and to form his own opinion of my case from the manner and the matter which their ingenuity elicited. At the suggestion of Mr Tomkins, who, in his capacity of deacon, was remarkably active on this occasion, it was deemed proper that I should enter upon my "experience" at once. My heart fluttered as I rose to comply with the demand, and the chapel was hushed. It will be sufficient to say, that I repeated my entire history, and secured the attention of my auditory until I had spoken my last word. There were parts of the narrative which I could, with a glance, perceive to be peculiarly *piquant* and acceptable. As these occurred, a rustling and a murmur expressed the subdued applause. When, for instance, I mentioned the disgust which I had conceived for the University upon losing the scholarship, and the uneasiness which I afterwards felt as long as I continued a member of that community, a few of the most acute looked at one another, and shrugged mysteriously, as who should say, "How wondrous are the ways of Providence!" and when I arrived at the point of my deliverance by the hand of their own minister, there would have been, I thought, no end to the gesticulations, expressions of gratitude and joy, that burst from the "church," in spite of the praiseworthy efforts of the minister to con-

trol and keep them down. When I had concluded, and whilst the half-suppressed rejoicing still buzzed in the chapel, the stern Buster rose, and presented to me the unmitigated force of his unpleasant eye. Silence prevailed immediately.

"Now, sir," said my old friend, "what makes you think yourself a child of grace? Speak out, if you please; I'm rather deaf."

"The loathing that I feel of what I was."

"Good!" said Jehu Tomkins, with strong emphasis, and loud enough to be heard by every one.

"When did you feel the fetters fust busting from your spirit?"

"Not till I heard the minister's kind voice," was the reply.

"Do you always feel as strong upon the subject? Do you feel your spirit always willing?"

"Oh, no," I answered; "there are dreadful fluctuations, and there is nothing so uncertain as self-dependence. I have dark and bitter moments, when I feel, in all its power, the melancholy truth—'When I would do good, evil is present with me.'"

"Capital sign!—capital sign!" exclaimed Jehu Tomkins again; "quite sufficient!—quite sufficient!"

Yes, it was so. A few questions were put to me by individuals, rather for the sake of gratifying an impertinent curiosity, than that of elucidating further proof of my proficiency, and the ceremony was finished by my formal reception into the body of the church. A prayer was offered, an address delivered, a hymn sung—the eyes of many ladies were turned with smiling interest upon me—and the meeting separated. Jehu Tomkins was the first to congratulate me upon the happy issue of my trial.

"You are a made man, sir, depend upon it," said he, with his first salutation. "You can't fail. There—do you see that fat man that's just going out—him as has got on the Indy 'an-kyher?—I sold him that—he came on purpose to hear you, and if he found you up to the mark, he's going to provide for you. He belongs to all our societies, and just does what he pleases. His word's a law. We've a boiled leg of mutton at nine to-night. Suppose you come to us, and finish the day there? Bless me, what a full meeting we've had! Here's a squeez-

ing!" There was certainly some difficulty in our egression. The people had gathered into a crowd at the small doorway, and men jostled and made their way without regard to others in their vicinity. Lost as I was in the indiscriminate host, a few observations fell upon my ear that were not, I presume, especially intended for it.

"Well," said a greasy youth, not many yards distant from me, "I doubt his having had a call. There wasn't life enough in it for me. I shouldn't be surprised if he's a black sheep after all. I wish I had put a question or two to him. I think I could have shown Satan in his heart pretty quick."

"Now you say it," replied the person addressed, "I did think him very backward and lukewarm. I didn't like his tone altogether. Ah! what a thing experimental religion is! You know what it is, and so do I; but I worry much fear that deluded young man is as carnal-minded as my mother was, that went to hell, though I say it, as contented and unconcerned as if she was going to the saints in glory."

The information conveyed to me by Mr Tomkins as we issued from the chapel was not unfounded. The very day subsequent to my admittance into the bosom of the church, I was requested to attend the minister in the *sanctum* already referred to. Upon reaching it, I discovered the fat gentleman of the preceding evening, dressed as he was on the previous occasion, and still adorned with Jehu's India handkerchief. Both he and Mr Clayton were seated at table, and writing materials were before them. The moment I entered the apartment, the fat gentleman held out his hand, and shook mine with much stateliness. My friend, however, addressed me.

"Caleb," said he, "we are at length able to fulfil our promise. It is my pleasure to announce to you that a situation is procured for you, suitable to your talents, and agreeable to your feelings. We are both of us indebted to this good gentleman. In your name I have already thanked him, and in your name I have accepted the office which he has been at some pains to obtain for you."

I looked towards the stout gentleman, and bowed in grateful acknowledgment.

"Tell him the duties, Clayton,"

requested my new-found influential friend.

"Mr Bombasty," proceeded the minister, "feels a warm interest in your welfare. The happy result of yesterday's trial has secured for you a friendship which it will be your duty and study to deserve. There is established, in connexion with our church, a Christian instruction society, of which Mr Bombasty is the esteemed and worthy president. The appointment of a travelling secretary rests with him, and he has this very day nominated you to that distinguished office. I have tendered your thanks. You can now repeat them."

"Tell him the salary," interrupted the president.

"You will receive one hundred and fifty pounds per annum," continued Mr Clayton, "in addition to your travelling charges; apartments likewise, I believe"—He hesitated as if uncertain, and looked towards the president.

"Yes," replied that gentleman, "go on—coals and candles. You answer for him, Clayton—eh?"

"As I told you, sir," said my friend, "I will pledge myself for his trustiness and probity."

The remembrance of Mr Chaser's cold-hearted cruelty occurred to my mind as my benefactor spoke, and tears of gratitude trembled in my eyes. The fat gentleman remarked the expression of feeling, and brought the interview to a close.

"Well, Clayton," said he, "you can talk to him. I've twenty places to go to yet. Get the paper signed, and he may begin at once. Let a lawyer draw it up. Just make yourself security for a thousand pounds—I don't suppose he'll ever have more than half that at a time in his possession—and that'll be all the society will require. He can come to me tomorrow. Now I'm off. Good-bye, my friend—'morning, young man." The last adieu was accompanied with a patronizing nod of the head, which, with the greeting on my first appearance, constituted the whole of the intercourse that passed between me and my future principal. The moment that he departed, I turned to Mr Clayton, and thanked him warmly and sincerely for all that he had accomplished for me.

"I shall leave you, sir," I added,

"with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction—regret in separating from the purest and the best of men, my friend, my counsellor, and father—but joy, because I cease to be a burden upon your charity and good-nature. I carry into the world with me the example of your daily life, and my own sense of your dignified and exalted character. Both will afford me encouragement and support in the vicissitudes which yet await me. Tell me how I may better evince my gratitude, and let me gratify the one longing desire of my overflowing heart."

"Caleb," replied the minister, with solemnity, "it is true that I have been permitted to protect and serve you. It is true that, but for me, at this moment you would be beyond the reach of help and man's regard. I have brought you from the grave to life. I have led you to the waters of life, of which you may drink freely, and through which you will be made partaker with the saints, of glory everlasting. This I have done for you. Do I speak in pride? Would I rob Heaven and give the praise and honour to the creature? God forbid. I have accomplished little. I have done nothing good and praiseworthy but as the instrument of Him whose servant and whose minister I am. Not for myself, but for my Master's sake, I demand your friendship and fidelity. If I have been accounted worthy to save your soul, I am not unworthy of your loyalty and love."

"They are yours, sir. It is my happiness to offer them."

"Caleb," continued my friend, in the same tone, "you have lived with me many months. Mine is a life of privacy and retirement compared with that of other men. I strive to be useful to my fellow-creatures, and am happy if I succeed. If any one may claim immunity from slander and reproach, it is I, who have avoided diligently all appearance of offence. Yet I have not succeeded. You are about to mix again with men. You have joined the church, and you will not fail to hear me spoken of harshly and injuriously."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it would seem so, and it would be, if justice in this world accompanied men's acts. I tell you," continued Mr Clayton, flushing as he

raised his voice, "there are men living now whom I have raised from beggary and want—men, indebted to me for the air they breathe, who calumniate and defame me through the world, and who will not cease to do so till I or they are sleeping in the dust. They owed me every thing, like you—their gratitude was unbounded, even as yours. What assurance have I that you will not deal as hardly by your friend as they have done, and still do?"

"Mr Clayton," I answered, eagerly, "I would lay down my life to serve you."

"I believe you to be frank and honest, Caleb. I should believe it; for I am about to pledge a heavy sum upon your integrity—and, indeed, I can but ill spare it. You ask me how I would have you show your thankfulness for what I have accomplished for you. I answer, by giving me your *friendship*. It is a holy word, and comprehends more than is supposed. A friend believes not ill that is spoken of him to whom he is united by mutual communion and interest; he is faithful to the end, through good report and evil, and falls, if need be, with the man to whom he has engaged his troth and given his heart."

"I am unworthy, sir," I said, "to stand in this relation with one so good, so holy as yourself. I have but a word to say—trust and confide in me. I will never deceive you."

"Let us pray," said Mr Clayton, after a long pause, sighing as he spoke, and speaking very softly—and immediately he fell upon his knees, and I, according to a practice which I had acquired at the chapel, leaned upon a chair, and turned my face to the window.

It was about a month after my installation into my new office, that business connected with the society carried me to the village of Highgate. It was late in the evening when my commission was completed, and I was enabled, after a day of excessive fatigue, to direct my steps once more homeward. The stage-coach, which set out from the village for London twice during the day, luckily for me, was appointed to make its last journey about half an hour after my engagements had set me at liberty. A mile, across fields, intervened between me and the coach-office. Short as the

distance was, it was any thing but an agreeable task to get over it, with the rain spitting into my face, the boisterous wind beating me back, and the darkness of a November night confounding me at every turn. In good time, however, I reached the inn. Providence favoured me. There were but two seats unoccupied in the coach; one was already engaged by a gentleman who had requested to be taken up a mile forward; the other had just been given up by a lady who had been frightened by the storm, and had postponed her return to London to the following day. This seat I immediately secured, and in a few minutes afterwards we were on our way towards Babylon. We made but little progress. The breed of coach horses has been much improved since the period of which I write, and a journey from Highgate to London was a much more important event than a railway conductor of the present day would suppose. My companions were all men. Their conversation turned upon the topics of the day. A monetary crisis had taken place in the mercantile world, and for many days I had heard nothing spoken of but the vast losses which houses and individuals of high character and standing had incurred, and the bankruptcy with which the community had become suddenly threatened. The subject had grown stale and wearisome to me. It had little interest, in fact, for one whose humble salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum depended so little upon the great fluctuations of commerce, and I accordingly disposed myself for sleep as soon as the words *bills*, *money*, and *bankruptcy*, became the staple matter of discourse. I had scarcely established a comfortable doze before the coach stopped suddenly, and awoke me. It had halted for the last inside. A gentleman, apparently stout and well wrapped up—it was impossible to speak positively on the subject, the night was so very dark—trode his way into the vehicle over the toes of his fellow-passengers, and took his seat. The coach was once more moving towards the metropolis, and again I endeavoured to lull myself to sleep. The same expressions proceeded from the lips of the travellers, and they were growing more and more indistinct and shadowy, when I was start-

led all on a sudden by one of the most palpable sounds that had ever disturbed and confounded a dreamer. I sat up and listened, coughed to convince myself that I was certainly awake, and the sounds were repeated as clear and as audible as before. I would have sworn that Mr Clayton was the gentleman whom we had last picked up—that he was now in the coach with me—and was now talking, if the words which fell from the traveller had not been such as he would never have used, and the subject on which he spoke had not been one upon which Mr Clayton, I believed, was as ignorant as a child. The resemblance between the voices was so great, that I pronounced the phenomenon the most extraordinary that had ever occurred to me; and growing quite wakeful from the incident, I continued to listen to the accents of the speaker until once or twice I had almost thought it my duty to acquaint him with the remarkable fact, which he was now living to illustrate. But I held my peace, and the conversation proceeded without interruption.

"You may depend upon it," said one gentleman, "things must get worse before they'll mend. Half the mischief isn't done yet. There's a report to-day that ——— cannot hold out much longer. It will be a queer thing if they smash. Many petty tradesmen bank with that house, who will be ruined if they go. Things are certainly in a very sweet state."

"You do not mean," said *the voice*, trembling with emotion or alarm, "that the house of ——— threatens to give way? I have been in the city to-day, and did not hear a syllable of this. I think you must be mistaken. Good God, how frightful!"

Well, it was really wonderful! I could have sworn that Mr Clayton was the speaker. Had he not concluded with the ejaculation, my doubt would certainly have ceased. That exclamation, of course, removed the supposition entirely.

"You'll find I'm right, sir," was the reply of the traveller who spoke first. "At least, I fear you will. I hope I may be wrong. If you have any thing in their hands, you would find it worth your while, I think, to pay them an early visit to-morrow morning. If there's a run upon them, nothing in the world can save them."

"And is it true," asked *the voice*, "that ——— stopped payment on Tuesday? I came to town from Warwickshire only yesterday, and this is the first news that I heard."

"Oh, there's no doubt about that," answered a third person; "but that surprized nobody. The only wonder is, how he managed to keep afloat so long. He has been up to the chin for the last twelvemonth and more. I hope you don't lose there, sir?"

"Mine has been the devil's luck this year," continued *the voice*, in a bitter savage tone, that never belonged to Mr Clayton. "Yes, gentlemen, I lose heavily by them both. But never mind, never mind, *one* shall wince for it, if he has been playing ducks and drakes with my good money. He shall feel the scourge, depend upon it. I'll never leave him till he has paid me back in groans. Heaven, what a sum!"

The voice said no more during the journey. The other gentlemen having lost nothing by the various failures, discussed matters with philosophy and praiseworthy decorum. Sometimes, indeed, "the third person" grew slightly facetious and jocose when he represented to himself what he termed "the queer cut" that some old friend would display on presenting his cheque for payment at the rickety counter of Messrs ——— & Co.; but no deeper expression of feeling escaped one of those who spoke so long and volubly on what concerned themselves so very little. I was puzzled and disturbed. The stranger had returned from Warwickshire the day before. Twice during my residence with the minister, business of importance had carried him to that county. It was certainly a curious coincidence, but coincidences more curious pass by us every day unheeded. It would have been absurd to conclude from that the identity of the stranger; yet the fact, coupled with *the voice*, staggered and confounded me. I said nothing, but determined, as soon as we reached the public streets, to call to my aid the light—feeble as it was—of the dimly-burning lamps, which, at the time I speak of, were placed at a considerable distance from each other along the principal streets of London, scattering no light, and looking like oil lamps in the last stage of a linger-

ing consumption. These afforded me little help. The weakest effort of illumination imaginable strayed across the coach window as we passed a burner, about as serviceable as the long interval of darkness that ensued, and far more tantalizing. We were driving through the city. I was still brooding over the singular occurrence, when the coach stopped. The stranger alighted. I endeavoured to obtain sight of him, but he was so wrapped and clothed that I did not succeed. The coach was on its way again, and I had just opportunity enough to discover that we had halted at the corner of the street in which Mr Clayton resided. I had been so intent upon scanning the figure of the traveller, that the fact had escaped me. Had I been aware of it, I would certainly have followed the man, and seen him at all events safely beyond the door of the minister. Now it was too late.

I could not repress the desire which I felt to visit Mr Clayton on the following morning. I went to him at an early hour. If he and the stranger were one and the same person, I should be made aware of it at a glance. The cause that had affected him so deeply in the stage-coach existed still, and his manner must betray him. My suspicions were, thank Heaven, instantly removed. I found my friend tranquil as ever, busy at his old occupation, and welcoming me with his usual smile of benevolence. He was paler than usual, I thought; but this impression only convinced me how difficult it is to be charitable and just, when bias and prejudice once take possession of us. My friend was, if any thing, kinder and more affectionate than ever. He spoke to me about my new employment, gave me his advice on points of difficulty, and bade me consult him always, and without hesitation, when doubt might lead me into danger. He could not tell me how happy he had been made by having secured a competency for me; and he hoped sincerely that no act of mine would ever cause him to regret the step that he had taken.

"Indeed," said he, "I have great confidence in you, Caleb. I do not know another person in the world upon whose character I would have staked so large a sum. In truth, I should not have been justified. A

thousand pounds is a heavy venture for one so straitened as I am. But you are worthy of it all. You are a faithful and good boy, and will never give me reason to repent my generosity. Will you, child?"

"No, sir," I replied; "not if I am master of myself."

"It is strange," continued the good man, "how we attach ourselves to individuals! There are some men who repel you at first sight—with whom your feelings are at variance as oil with water. Others again, who win us with a look—to whom we could confide the secrets of our inmost heart, and feel satisfied of their losing nothing of their sacredness. Have you never experienced this, Caleb?"

"I could speak to you, sir," said I, in return, "as unreservedly as to myself."

"Yes, and I to you. It is a strange and beautiful arrangement. Providence has a hand in this, as in all other sublunary dispensations. We were created to be a comfort and a joy to one another, and to reciprocate confidence and love. Such instances are not confined to modern times. History tells us of glorious friendships in the ancient world. The great of old—of Greece and Rome—they who advanced to the very gate and threshold of TRUTH, and then despairingly turned back—they have honoured human nature by the intensity and permanency of their attachments. But what is a Pagan attachment in comparison with that which exists amongst believers, and unites in bonds that are indissoluble, the faithful hearts of pious Christians?"

"Ah, what indeed, sir!"

"Come to me to-morrow, Caleb," continued my friend, changing the subject. "Let me see you as often as your duties will permit you. We must not be strangers. I did not intend to give you up so easily. It is sweet and refreshing to pursue our old subjects of discourse. You are not tired of them?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Come, then, to-morrow."

It was truly delightful to listen to the minister. I had never known him more sweetly disposed and more calm than on this occasion. He was unruffled by the presence of one anxious thought. Ah, how different would he have been if he had really proved to

be my coach acquaintance! How I despised myself for the one unkind half suspicion which I had entertained so derogatory to the high character of the saint. But it was a great comfort to me, nevertheless, to be so satisfied of my delusion, and to feel so easy and so happy in my mind at the close of our long interview. According to my promise, I saw the minister on the following day. He was as peaceful and heavenly-minded as before. Another appointment was made and kept—another succeeded to that—and for one fortnight together, I spent many hours daily in the society of my respected friend.

In pursuance of an arrangement which we had made, I called one afternoon at Mr Clayton's house, and was distressed to hear that he was confined to his bed by a sudden attack of illness. He had directed his servant to acquaint all visitors with his condition, and to admit no one to him, with the exception of the medical attendant and myself. I was eager to profit by my privilege, and was in a few seconds at the bedside of my benefactor. He was reading when I approached him, and he looked flushed and agitated. He put his book away from him, and held out his hand to me. I pressed it most affectionately.

"I have been ill, Caleb," he began, "but I am better now, and I shall be quite well soon. Do not be alarmed."

"How did it happen, sir?" I asked.

"We are in the flesh now, dear boy, and are subject to the evils of the flesh. Hereafter it will be otherwise. Sorrow and distress, we are told, shall be no more. Oh, happy time for sinners! I have grievously offended. This very day I have permitted worldly thoughts to disturb and harass me, and to shake the fleshly tabernacle. It was wrong, very wrong."

"What has happened, sir?" I enquired.

The minister looked hard and tenderly upon me, pressed my hand again, and bade me take a chair.

"Bring it near to the bed, Caleb," said Mr Clayton; "I like to have you near me. I am better since you came. To see you is always soothing to my mind. I am reminded, then, that I am not altogether so worthless and insignificant a worm as I believe myself, since I have been able to do so much for you. Tell me, do you

still like the employment that I procured for you?"

"I would not resign it for any other that I know of. It is every thing to me. I feel my independence, and I have been told that I am useful to my fellow-creatures. It would be a bitter hour to me, sir, that should find me deprived of my appointment."

"And that hour is very distant, Caleb, if you are sensible of your duty, and grateful to the instruments which Heaven has raised for you. You shall always feel your independence, and always hear that you are useful and respected. Be but faithful. It is a lesson that I have repeated to you many times—it cannot be told too often."

"You are a patient and a kind instructor, sir."

"Come closer to me, Caleb, and now listen. But first—look well at me, and tell me what you see."

I looked as he required, but gave no answer.

"Tell me, do you see the lines and marks that beggary and ruin bring upon the countenance of men? Does poverty glare from any one expression? *I am a lost and ruined man.*"

"You, sir?"

"Yes. The trifling pittance upon which I lived, and barely lived, and yet from which I could still extract enough to do a little good—to feed, perhaps, one starving throat—is wrested, torn from me, and from those who shared in what it might obtain. I am myself a beggar."

Mr Clayton became agitated as he spoke, and I implored him to compose himself.

"Yes—it is that I wish to do. I should be above the influence of dross. And for myself I am. Would that I might suffer alone! And this is not all. The man who has effected my ruin owes every thing to me. I found him penniless, and raised him to a condition that should have inspired him with regard and gratitude. I would have trusted that man with confidence unbounded. I did entrust him with my all, and he has beggared and undone me."

"Take it not to heart, sir," I said, soothing the afflicted man; "things may not be so bad as you suppose."

"They cannot be worse," was the reply; "but I will *not* take it to heart."

The blow is hard to bear—the carnal man must feel it—yet I am not without my solace. Read to me, Caleb."

I read a chapter from the work that was lying on the bed. It was called "*The Good Man's Comfort in Affliction.*" It was effectual in restoring my friend to composure. He spoke afterwards with his usual softness of manner.

"This bad man, Caleb," he resumed, "is a member of our church. I am sorry for it—grievously, bitterly sorry for it. The scandal must be removed. Personally, I would be as passive and forbearing as a child, but the church suffers whilst one such member is permitted to profane her ordinances. He must be cut off from her. It must be done. The church must disavow the man who has betrayed her minister and disgraced himself. I have been your friend, Caleb—you must now prove mine."

"Most willingly," said I.

"This business must be brought before a general meeting of the church. From me the accusation will come with ill grace, and yet a public charge must be preferred. You must be the champion of my cause. Your's shall be the task of conferring a lasting obligation on your friend—your's shall be the glory of ridding the sanctuary of defilement."

"How am I to act, sir?"

"Your course is very easy, child. A meeting shall be convened without delay. You shall attend it. You shall be made master of the case. You must propose an examination of his affairs on the part of the church. The man has failed—he is a bankrupt—our church is pure, and demands an investigation into the questionable conduct of her children. This you shall do. The church will do the rest."

I know not how it was—I cannot tell what led to it—but a cold shudder crept through my body, and a sudden sickness overcame me. I thought of the coach scene—the voice seemed more like than ever—the tones were the very same. I seemed unexpectedly enclosed and entangled in some dreadful mystery. I could not conceive why I should hesitate to accept the invitation of my friend with alacrity and pleasure. He was my benefactor, preserver, best and only friend.

He had been defrauded, and he called upon me now to perform a simple act of justice. A man under much less obligation to the minister would have met his wishes joyfully; but I *did* hesitate and hold back. A natural suggestion, one that I could not control or crush, told me as loudly as a voice could speak, not to commit myself by an immediate and rash consent. It must have been the *coach*; for, previously to that adventure, had the minister commanded me to accuse a hundred men, a hint would have sufficed for my obedience. But that unfortunate occurrence, now revived by the manner of my friend—by the expressions which he employed—by the charge which he adduced against the unhappy member of his church—filled me with doubt, uncertainty, and alarm. Mr Clayton was not slow to remark what was passing in my mind.

"How is this, Caleb?" he enquired.

"You pause and hesitate."

"What has he done, sir?" I asked, in my confusion, hardly knowing what I said.

"Done!" exclaimed the minister, with an offended air. "Caleb, he has ruined the man who has made you what you are."

It was too true. Mr Clayton had indeed made me what I was. It was a just reproof. It was ingratitude of the blackest character, to listen so coldly to his wishes. For months I had received daily and hourly the most signal benefits from his hands. He had never till now called upon me to make the shadow of a return for all his disinterested love—*disinterested*, ah, was it so? I hated myself for the momentary doubt—and yet the doubt returned upon me. If I had not heard his voice in the coach, such a suspicion would have been impossible. *Now*, any thing seemed possible—nothing was too extraordinary to happen. Well, it was little that the minister requested me to do. I had but to demand an investigation into the man's affairs. It was easily done, and without any cost or sacrifice of principle. But why could not the minister demand the same himself? "It would be unseemly," he asserted. Well, it might be—why had he not selected an elder member of the Church? Because, as he had often told me, there was none so dear to him. This was plain and reasonable,

and all this passed through my brain with the rapidity of thought in an instant of time.

"You may command me, sir," I said at length.

"No, Caleb, I will not *command* you. To serve your friend would have been, I deemed, a labour of love. I did not *command* you, and I now retract the trifling request which I find I was too bold to make."

"Do not talk so to me, Mr Clayton, I entreat you. I am disturbed and unwell to-day. Your illness has unsettled me. Pray command me. Speak to me as is your wont—with the same kindness and warmth—you know I am bound to you. Let me serve you in any way you please."

"We will speak of it some other time. Let us change the subject now. There are twenty men who will be eager to comply with the wishes of their minister. An intimation will suffice."

"But why, sir," I returned—"why should others be privileged to do your bidding, and I denied? Forgive my apparent coldness, and give me my instructions."

"Not now," said Mr Clayton, softened by my returning warmth. "Let us read again. Some other time."

In a few days the subject was again introduced, and I put in possession of the history of the unfortunate man who was so soon to be brought under the anathema of the church. According to the statement of the minister, the guilty person had received at various times from him as a loan, no less a sum than four thousand pounds, the substance of his wealth, besides an equal amount from other sources, for which Mr Clayton had made himself accountable. Mr Clayton had implicated himself so seriously, as he said, for the advantage of the man whom he had known from boyhood, and raised from beggary, simply on account of the love he bore him, and in consideration of his Christian character. Of every farthing thus advanced, the minister had been defrauded, and within a month the trader had declared himself a bankrupt. That the minister should have acted so inconsiderately and prodigally, might seem strange to any one who did not thoroughly understand the extreme unselfishness of his disposition. Towards me he had behaved with an

equal liberality, and I, at least, had no right to question the truth of every word he spoke. The conduct of the man appeared odious and unpardonable, and I regretted that I should have doubted, for one moment, the propriety of assisting so manifest an act of justice. Let me acknowledge that there was much need of self-persuasion to arrive at this conclusion. I wished to believe that I felt *urged* to my determination; but the necessity that I experienced of working myself up to a conviction of the justice of the case, militated sadly against so pleasing a delusion.

The second church meeting in which it fell to my lot to perform a distinguished character, took place soon after the communication which I received from my respected friend. It was convened with the especial object of inquiring into the circumstances connected with the failure of Mr George Whitefield Bunyan Smith. The chapel was, if possible, fuller than on the former evening, and the majority of members was, as before, women. A movement throughout the assembly—a whispering, and a ceaseless expectoration, indicated the raciness and interest which attached to the matter in hand, and every eye and mouth seemed opened in the fulness of an anxious expectation. I sat quietly and uncomfortably, and my heart beat palpably against my clothes. I endeavoured to paint the villany of Mr Smith in the darkest colours, and by the contemplation of it, to rouse myself to self-esteem—but the effort was a failure. I could see nothing but the man in the coach, and hear nothing but *the voice*, which sounded in my ears louder than ever, *and far more like*; and I became at length perfectly satisfied that I had no business to stand in the capacity of Mr Smith's accuser. It was too late to recant. The bell had rung—the curtain was up—and the performances were about to begin.

A hymn, as usual, ushered in the proceedings of the day. The fifty-second psalm was then read by the minister, in the beautiful tone which he knew so well how to assume, and reverence and awe accompanied his emphatic delivery. Ah, could I ever forget the hour when those accents first dropped with medicinal virtue on my soul—when every syllable from

his lips brought unction to my bruised nature—and the dark shadows of earth were dissipated and destroyed, beneath the clear, pure light of heaven that he invoked and made apparent! Why passed the syllables now coldly and ineffectually across the heart they could not penetrate? Why glittered they before the eye with phosphorescent lustre, void of all heat and might? I could not tell. The charm was gone. It was misery to know it. The minister having concluded, "Brother Buster was requested to engage in prayer." That worthy rose *instantly*. First, he coughed, then he made a face—an awful face—then closed his eyes—then opened them again, looked up, and stretched forth his arms. At last he spoke. He prayed for the whole world, including the islands recently discovered, "even from the river to the oceans of ages"—then for Europe, and "more especially" for England, and London "in particular," but "chiefly" for the parish in which the chapel stood, and "principally" for the Chosen People then and there assembled, and, "above all," for the infatuated man upon whose account they had been brought together. "Oh, might the deloded sinner repent *off* his sin, and, having felt the rod, turn from the error *off* his ways. Oh might the Church have grace to purify itself; and oh might the vessel wot was chosen this night to bring the criminal to justice, be hindooed with strength for the work; and oh, might the criminal be enabled to come out of it with clean hands, (which he very much doubted;) and oh, might the minister be preserved to his Church for many years to come; and oh, might he himself be a door-keeper in heaven, rather than dwell in the midst of wickedness and sinners!" This was the substance of the divine supplication, offered up by Jabez Buster, in the presence of the congregation, and listened to with devout respect and seriousness by the refined and intellectual Mr Clayton. Another hymn succeeded immediately. It must have been written for the occasion, for the sentiment of it was in accordance with the prayer. It was a wail over the backsliding of a fallen saint. To the assembly thus prejudiced—an assembly made up of men of business and their wives, mechanics, dressmakers,

servant-maids, and the like, an address suitable to their capacities was spoken. Mr Clayton himself delivered it.—He trembled with emotion when he referred to the painful duty which he was now called upon to perform. “Dear brethren,” said he, “you are all aware of the unhappy condition of that brother who has long been bound to us by every tie that may unite the brethren in cordial and in Christian love. Truly, he has been dear to all of us; and for myself, I can with sincerity aver, that no creature living was dearer to me in the flesh, than him upon whose conduct we are met this night in Christian charity to adjudicate. Yes, he was my equal, my guide, and my acquaintance. We took sweet council together, and we walked to the house of prayer in company. I hope, I pray—would that I might add, that I believe!—the sin that has been committed in the face of the Church, and before the world, may be found not to lie at the door of him we loved and cherished. We are not here to take cognizance of the temporal concerns of every member of our congregation. We have no right to do this, so long as the Church is kept pure, and suffers not by the delinquencies of her children. If the limb be unworthy and unsound, let it be lopped off. You have heard that the worldly affairs of our brother are crushed; it is whispered abroad that there is reason to fear the commission of discreditable acts. Is this so? If it be true, let the whisper assume a bolder form, and pronounce our brother unworthy of a place with the elect. If it be false, let every evil tongue be silenced, and let us rejoice exceedingly, yea, with the timbrel and dance, with stringed instruments and loud-sounding cymbals. For my own part, I will not believe him guilty, until proof positive has made him so. His accuser is here this night. From what I know of our young brother, I am satisfied he will proceed most cautiously. Should he suggest simply an investigation into the recent transactions of the unfortunate man, it will be our duty to act upon that suggestion. If he comes armed with evidences of guilt, they must be examined with a kind but still impartial spirit. I know not to what extent it is proposed to proceed. It is not for me to know it. I am not his prose-

cutor. I shall not pronounce upon him. It is for you to judge. If he be proved culpable in this most melancholy business, and, alas! I fear he must be, if reports are true—though you must be careful to discard reports and look to testimony only—our course is plain and easy. Pardon is not with us; it must be sought elsewhere. I will not detain you longer. Brother Stukely, the Church will listen to your charge.”

But Brother Stukely had been for some time rendered incapable of speech. He was staggered and overwhelmed. He distrusted his eyes, his ears, and every sense that he possessed. What?—was *this* Mr Clayton, the meek, the pious, the good, the benevolent, the just, the truth-telling, the Christian, and the minister? What?—could he assert that he was satisfied of his victim's innocence, until I should prove him guilty—I, who knew nothing of the man and his affairs, but what I gathered from his own false lips? There was some terrible mistake here. I dreamt, or raved. What!—had the history of the last twelvemonth been a cheat—a fable?—How was it—where was I? What!—could Mr Clayton talk thus—could HE descend to falsehood and deceit—HE, the immaculate and infallible? What a moral earthquake was here! What a re-enacting of the fall of man! But every eye was upon me, and the Church was silent as death, waiting for my rising. The chapel commenced swimming round me. I grew sick, and feared that I was becoming blind, for a mist came before my eyes, and confounded all things. At length I was awakened to something like consciousness, by a rapid and universal expectoration. I rose, and became painfully distressed by a conflict of opposing feelings. I remembered, in spite of the present obliquity of the minister, his great kindness to me—I remembered it with gratitude—this urged me to speak aloud, whilst a sense of justice as strongly demanded silence, and pity for the man whom I had undertaken to accuse, but who had never offended me, cried shame upon me for the words I was about to utter. For a second, I stood irresolute, and a merciful interference was sent to rescue me.

“Why,” exclaimed a voice that came pleasing to my ears,—“why are

you going to accuse this here brother? Harn't twenty men failed afore,-and you never thought of asking questions?"

I looked round, and my friend Thompson of happy memory nodded familiarly, and by no means disconcertedly to me. I had never seen him in the chapel before. I did not know that he was a member. Here was another mystery! His words were the signal for loud disapprobation. He had marred the general curiosity at an intensely interesting moment, and the anger that was conceived against him was by no means partial. The minister rose in the midst of it. He looked very pale and much annoyed, but his manner was still mild, and his expressions as full of charity and kind feeling as ever.

"It was a proper enquiry," he said; "one that should immediately be answered." Heaven forbid that their conduct, in one particular, should savour of injustice. In due time the explanation would have been offered. Had their brother waited for that time, he would have found that his harsh observation-might have been withheld. The unfortunate man needed not the champion who had stood so irreverently forward. "I can assure our brother, that there is one who will hear of his innocence with greater joy than any other man may feel for him." But it was his duty to state, and publicly, that there were circumstances connected with this failure, that unfavourably marked it from every other that had taken place amongst them. These must be enquired into. Their brother Stukely had been interrupted in the charge which he was about to make. He repeated that he knew not how far that charge might have been brought home. He would propose now, that two messengers be appointed to wait upon the bankrupt, and to examine thoroughly his affairs, and that, previous to their report, no further proceedings should take place. The purity and disinterestedness of their conduct should be made apparent. Brothers Buster and Tomkins were the gentlemen whom he proposed for the delicate office, with the full assurance that they would execute their commission with Christian charity, tempering justice with heavenly mercy.

The assembly gave a reluctant con-

sent to this arrangement. "Such things," it was argued, "were better settled at once; and it would have been far more satisfactory if the bankrupt's matters had been disclosed to the meeting, who had come on purpose to hear them, and had neglected important matters at home, rather than be disappointed." The meeting, however, dissolved with a hymn, sung without spirit or heart. At the close of it, the minister retired. He passed me on his way; looked at me coldly, and I thought a frown had settled on his brow almost in spite of him. I was scarcely in the open street again, before Thompson was at my side, shaking my hand with the greatest heartiness.

"Well," said he, "I should much sooner have thought of seeing the d—l in that chapel than you, any how. Why, what does it all mean? I thought you were in Brummagem."

"Ah! Thompson," I exclaimed sighing, "I wish I were! It is a long history."

"Well, do let's have it. I am astonished."

I put him in possession of my doings since we parted at the Bull's Head Inn in Holborn. I had not finished when we arrived at my lodgings. I invited my old friend to supper, and after that meal, he heard the conclusion of the narrative.

"Well," said he at last, "some people don't believe in sperits. Now I do. I believe that a sperit has brought you and me together again. You've told me a good deal. Now, I'll tell you something. Clayton's an out-and-outer."

"He's a mysterious and unintelligible being," I exclaimed.

"Yes," answered Thompson, "you were always fond of them fine words. P'raps you mean the same as me after all. What I mean is, that fellow beats all I ever came near. Talk of the Old Un! He's a babby to him."

"I can believe any thing now," I answered.

"I don't complain; because I think it serves me right. I did very well at our parish church, and had no business to leave it; and I shouldn't either, if I hadn't been a easy fool all my life. I went on right well there, and understood the clergyman very well, and I should have done to this day, if it hadn't been for my missus;

she's always worriting herself about her state, and she happened to hear this Mr Clayton, and nothing would please her but we must join his congregation, the whole biling lot of us, and get elected, as they call it. She said all was cold in the church, and nothing to catch hold on there. I'm blessed if I havn't catched hold of a good deal more than I like in this here chapel. They call one another brothers—sich brothers I fancy as Cain was to Abel. They are the rummest Christians you ever seed. Just look at the head of them—that Mr Clayton, rolling in riches”——

“In what?” said I, interrupting him. “You mistake. The little that he had is lost.”

“Oh, don't you be gammoned,” was the reply. “What he has lost wont hurt him. He's got enough now to buy this street, out and out. He's the greediest fellow for money this world ever saw.”

“I am puzzled, Thompson,” said I.

“Yes, perhaps you are, and you'll be more puzzled yet when you know all. Why, what is all this about poor Smith? I knew him before Clayton ever got hold of him, when the chap hadn't a halfpenny to fly with, but was a most oudacious fellow at speculating and inventions, and was always up to something new. One day he had a plan for making moist sugar out of bricks—then soap out of nothing—and sweet oil out of stones. At last Clayton hears of him, and hooks him up, gets him to the chapel; first converts him, and then goes partners with him in the spekylations—let's him have as much money as he asks for, and because soap doesn't come from nothing, and sugar from bricks, and sweet oil from stones, he stops short, sews him up, drives him into the Gazette, and now wants to throw him into the world a beggar, without name and character, and with ten young 'uns hanging about his widowed arm for bread.”

“Oh, it's dreadful, if it's true,” said I; “but if he has robbed the minister, whatever Mr Clayton may be, he ought to be punished.”

“But it isn't true, and there's the villany of it. Smith's a fool; you never see'd a bigger in your life, and though he thinks himself so clever in his inventions and diskiveries, he's as simple as a child in business. Why,

he gave three thousand pounds for the machinery wot was to make soap out of nothing; and so all the money's gone. How sich a deep 'un as Clayton ever trusted him, I can't tell. He's wexed with himself now, and wants to have his spite upon his unfortunate tool.”

“I can hardly believe it,” said I.

“No; and do you think I would have believed it the first day as missus made me come to listen to that out and outer? and, do you think if I had known about it, they would ever have lugged me in to be a brother? You shall take a walk with me to-morrow, if you please, and if you don't believe it then of your own accord, why I sha'n't ask you.”

“He has been so kind, so generous to me. He has behaved so unlike a mercenary man.”

“Yes; that's just his way. That's what he calls, I suppose, *sharpening his tools*. He's made up his mind long ago to have out of you all he gave you, and a little more besides. Why, what did you get up for in the chapel? Didn't he say it was to bring a charge against Smith? Why, what do you know of Smith? Can't you see, with half an eye, he's been feeding of you to do his dirty work; and if you had turned out well, wouldn't it have been cheap to him at the price?”

“What is it,” said I, “you propose to do to-morrow?”

“To take a walk; that's all. Don't ask questions. If you go with me, I'll satisfy your doubts.”

“Surely,” said I, “his congregation must have known this; and they would not have permitted him”——

“Ah, my dear sir, you don't know human nature. Wait till you have lived as long as I have. Now, there's my wife; she knows as much as I do about the man, and yet I'm blowed if she doesn't seem to like him all the better for it! She calls him a chozen wessel, and only wishes I was half as sure of salvation. As for the congregation, they are a complete set of chozen wessels together, and the more you blow 'em up, the better the wessels like it. If what they call the world didn't speak agin 'em, they'd be afraid they were going wrong. So you never can offend them.”

Thompson continued in the same strain for the rest of the evening, bringing charge after charge against

the minister, with the view of proving him to be a hypocrite of the deepest dye. As he had fostered and protected me, Thompson explained that he had previously maintained and trained up Smith, whom he never would have deserted had all his speculations issued favourably. The loss of his money had so enraged him, that his feelings had suddenly taken a different direction, and he would now not stop until he had thoroughly effected the poor man's ruin. He (Thompson) knew Smith well; he had seen his books; and the man was as innocent of fraud as a child unborn. Clayton knew it very well, and the trick of examining the books was all a fudge. "That precious pair of brothers, Bolster and Tomkins, knew very well what they were about, and would make it turn out right for the minister somehow. As for himself, he stood up for the fellow, because he hadn't another friend in the place. He knew he should be kicked out for his pains, but that would be more agreeable than otherways." From all I gathered from Thompson, it appeared that the pitiable man—the audacious minister of God—was the slave of one of the most corroding passions that ever made shipwreck of the heart of man. *The love of money* absorbed or made subservient every other sentiment. To heap up riches, there was no labour too painful, no means too vicious, no conduct too unjustifiable. The graces of earth, the virtues of heaven, were made to minister to the lust, and to conceal the demon behind the brightness and the beauty of their forms. There is no limit to the moral baseness of the man of avarice. There was none with Mr Clayton. He lived to accumulate. Once let the desire fasten, anchor-like, with heavy iron to the heart, and what becomes of the world's opinion, and the tremendous menaces of heaven? Mr Clayton was a scholar—a man of refinement, eloquent—an angel not more winning—he was self-denying in his appetites, humble, patient—powerful and beautiful in expression, when the vices of men compelled the unwilling invective. Witness the burst of indignation when he spoke of Emma Harrington, and the race to which it was her misery to belong. He was, to the eyes of men, studious and holy as an anchorite. But better than his own immortal soul,

he loved and doated upon *gold*! That love acknowledged, fed, and gratified, when are its demands appeased?—when does conscience raise a barrier against its further progress? It is a state difficult to believe. Could I have listened with an ear of credulity to the tale of Thompson—could I have borne to listen to it with patience, had I not witnessed an act of turpitude that ocular demonstration could only render credible—had I not been prepared for that act by the tone, the manner, the expressions of the minister, when we passed an hour together, ignorant of each other's presence? It was a dreadful conviction that was forced upon me, and as wonderful as terrible. Self-delusion, for such it was, so perfect and complete, who could conceive—hypocrisy so super-eminent, who could conjecture! There was something, however, to be disclosed on the succeeding day. Thompson was very mysterious about this. He would give no clue to what he designed. I should judge from what I saw of the truth of his communications. Alas! I had seen enough already to mourn over the most melancholy overthrow that had ever crushed the confidence, and bruised the feelings, of ingenuous youth.

I passed a restless and unhappy night. Miserable dreams distressed me. I dreamed that I was sentenced to death for perjury—that the gallows was erected—and that Buster and Tomkins were my executioners. The latter was cruelly polite and attentive in his demeanour. He put the rope round my neck with an air of cutting civility, and apologized for the whole proceeding. I experienced vividly the moment of being turned off. I suffered the horrors of strangulation. The noose slipped, and I was dangling in the air in excruciating agony, half-dead and half-alive. Buster rushed to the foot of the scaffold, and with Christian charity fastened himself to my legs, and hung there till I had breathed my last. Whilst he was thus suspended, he sang one of his favourite hymns with his own rich and effective nasal vigour. Then I dreamed I was murdering Bunyan Smith in his sleep. Mr Clayton was pushing me forward, and urging a dagger into my hand. Just as I had killed him, I was knocked down by Thompson, and Clayton ran off laughing. Then I woke up, thank

Heaven, more frightened than hurt, with every limb in my body sore and aching. Then, instead of going to sleep again, which I could not do, I lay awake, and reflected on what had taken place, and I thought all I had heard against Mr Clayton, and all I had seen in the chapel, was a dream, like the execution and the murder. One thing seemed just as real and as likely as the other. Then I became uneasy in my bed, got up, and walked about the room, and wondered what in the world I should do, if Mr Clayton deprived me of my situation, and I was thrown out of bread again. Then I recollected his many hints concerning fidelity and friendship, and what he had said about my being in no danger, so long as I was faithful, and the rest of it; and then I wished I had thrown myself over Blackfriars' Bridge as I had intended, and so put an end to all the trials that beset my path. But this wish was scarcely felt before it was regretted and checked at once. Mr Clayton had taught me wisdom, which his own bad conduct could not sully or affect. It was not because under the garb of religion he concealed the tainted soul of the hypocrite, that religion was not still an angel of light, of purity, and loveliness. Her consolations were not less sweet—her promises not less sure. It would have been an unsound logic that should have argued, from the sinfulness of the minister, the falseness of that faith whose simple profession, and nothing more, alas! had been enough to hide foulest deformity. No! the vital spark that Mr Clayton had kindled, burned still steadily and clear. I could still see by its holy light the path of rectitude and duty, and thank God the while, that in the hour of temptation he gave me strength to resist evil, and the faculty of distinguishing aright between the *unshaken testimony* and the *unfaithful witness*. I did not, upon reflection, regret that I had not recklessly destroyed myself; but I prayed on my knees for direction and help in the season of difficulty and disappointment through which I was now passing.

Thompson came early on the following day, punctual to his appointment. He was accompanied by poor Bunyan Smith, and a voluminous statement of his affairs. I looked over them as well as I was able; for the

unfortunate man was all excitement, and, faithful to the description of Thompson, sanguine in the extreme. He interrupted me twenty times, and, as every new speculation turned up, had still something to say why it had not succeeded according to his wishes. Although he had failed in every grand experiment, there was not one which would not have realized his hopes a hundredfold, but for the occurrence of some unfortunate event which it was impossible to foresee, but which could not possibly take place again, had he but money to renew his trials. His bankruptcy had not subdued him, nor in the least diminished his belief in the efficacy of his great discoveries. There was certainly no appearance of fraud in the account of his transactions, but it was not Mr Smith's innocence I was anxious to establish. It was the known guilt of Mr Clayton that I would have made any sacrifice to remove.

It was in the afternoon that Thompson and I were walking along the well-filled pavement of Cheapside, on our way to what he called "the best witness he could bring to speak in favour of all that he had said about the minister." He still persisted in keeping up a mystery in respect of this same witness. "He might be, after all," he said, "mistaken in the thing, and he didn't wish to be made a fool of. I don't expect I shall, but we shall see." We reached Cornhill, and were opposite the Exchange.

"That's a rum place, isn't?" asked Thompson, looking at the building—"Have you ever been inside?"

"Never," I replied.

"Suppose we just stroll in then? What a row they are kicking up there! And what a crowd! There's hardly room to move."

The area was, as he said, crowded. There was a loud continued murmur of human voices. Traffic was intense, and had reached what might be supposed its acmè. It seemed as if business was undergoing a paroxysm, or fit, rather than pursuing her steady, heathful course. Bodies of men were standing in groups—some were darting from corner to corner, pen in mouth—a few were walking leisurely with downcast looks—others quickly, uneasy and excited. A stout and well-contented gentleman or two leaned against the high pillars of the

building, and formed the centre of a human circle, that smiled as he smiled, and stopped when he stopped.

"Nice place to study in, sir," said Thompson, as we walked along.

I smiled.

"I mean it though," said he. "I see a man now that comes here on purpose to study—as clever a man at his books as ever I saw, and as fine a fellow to talk as you know—there, just look across the road—under that pillar—near the archway. There, just where them two men has left a open space. Tell me, who do you see there, sir?"

"Why, Mr CLAYTON!" I replied, astonished at the sight.

"Yes, and if you'll come here every day of your life, there you'll find him. I've watched him often, since Smith first put me up to his tricks, and I have never missed him. There he is making money, and wearing his soul out because he can't make half enough to satisfy his greedy maw. His covetousness is awful. There's nothing that he doesn't speckylate in; there's hardly a man of business in his congregation that he doesn't, either by himself or others, lend money out at usury. I mean such on 'em as he knows are right; for catch him, if he knows it, trusting the rotten brothers. Smith says he has got something to do with every one of the stocks. I don't know whether that is any thing to eat and drink or not, but I think they call this here bear-garden the Stock Exchange, and here the out-and-outer spends more than half his days." Whilst Thompson spoke, one of the two men, whom I have mentioned as being for many hours together closeted with the minister in his private study, and whom I set down as missionaries—came up in great haste to Mr Clayton, and communicated to him news, apparently, of importance. The latter immediately produced a pocket-book, in which he wrote a few words with a pencil, and the individual departed. The information, whatever it may have been, had deeply affected the man to whom it had been brought. He did not stand still, as before, but walked nervously about, looked pale, care-worn, and miserably anxious. He referred to his book a dozen times—restored it frequently to his pocket, and had it out again immediately for surer satis-

faction, or for further calculations. In about ten minutes, "*the missionary*" returned. This time he was the bearer of a better tale. The minister smiled—his brow expanded, and his eye had the vivacity and fire that belonged to it in the pulpit. Another memorandum was written in the pocket-book, and the two gentlemen walked quickly, and side by side, along the covered avenue. I had seen sufficient.

"Let us go," I said to Thompson.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have had enough!" returned he; "oh, wait a bit, and see the other boy. They make a precious trio."

I declined to witness the melancholy spectacle any longer. I was oppressed, grieved, sickened, at the sad presentation of humanity. What an overthrow was this! What a problem in the moral structure of man! I could not understand it. I had no power to enquire into it. Against all preconceived notions of possibility, there existed a palpable fact. What could reason do in a case in which the senses almost refused to acknowledge the evidence which they themselves had produced?

Thompson was delighted at the result of our "*voyage of discovery*," and continued to be facetious at the expense of the unhappy minister. I implored him to desist.

"Say no more, Thompson. This is no subject for laughter. I have suffered much since your brother carried me to Birmingham. This is the hardest blow yet. I believe now that all is a dream. This is not Mr Clayton. It is a cheat of Satan. We are deluded and made fools in the hands of the Wicked One."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Thompson, "but if I didn't know you better, I should say, to hear you talk in that uncommonly queer way, that you were as big a wessel as any of 'em. Don't flatter yourself you are dreaming, when you never were wider awake in all your life."

It is perhaps needless to say, that I had no heart to present myself again before my friend and benefactor—the once beloved, and still deeply compassionate minister of religion. I pitied him on account of the passion which had overmastered him, and trembled for myself when I contemplated the ruins of such an edifice. But I could

visit him no longer. What could I say to him? How should I address him? How could I bear to meet his eye—I did not hate him sufficiently to inflict upon him the shame and ignominy of meeting mine. I avoided the house of Mr Clayton, and absented myself from his chapel. But I was not content with the first view that had been afforded me at the Exchange. I was unwilling to decide for ever upon the character of my former friend without a complete self-justification. I went again to the house of commerce, and alone. Again I beheld Mr Clayton immersed in the doings of the place. For a week I continued my observation. Proofs of his worldliness and gross hypocrisy came fast and thick upon each other. I no longer doubted the statement of Thompson and the speculator Smith. I resolved upon seeing my preserver no more. I could not think of him without shuddering, and I endeavoured to forget him. One evening, about ten days after the chapel scene, sitting alone in my apartment, I was attracted by a slight movement on the stairs. A moment afterwards there was a knock at my door. The door opened, and Mr Clayton himself walked into the room. I trembled instantly from head to foot. The minister had a serious countenance, and was very placid. He took a chair, and I waited till he spoke.

"You have not visited me of late, Caleb," he began. "You have surely forgotten me. You have forgotten your promise—our friendship—your obligations—gratitude—every thing. How is this?"

Still I did not speak.

"Tell me," he continued, "who has taught you to become a spy? Who has taught you that it is honourable and just to track the movements and to break upon the privacy of others. I saw you in the Exchange this morning—I saw you yesterday—and the day before. Tell me, what took you there?"

I gave no answer.

"Your Bible, Caleb, gives no encouragement to the feeling which has prompted you to act thus. You have read the word of truth imperfectly. There is a holiness—a peculiar sanctity"—

"For heaven's sake, Mr Clayton," I cried out, interrupting him, "do

not talk so. Do not deceive yourself. Do not attempt to bewilder me. Do not provoke the wrath of heaven. You have been kinder to me than I can express. The recollection of what you have done is ever present to me. Oh, would that I owed you nothing! Would that I could pay you back to the last farthing, and that the past could be obliterated from my mind. I would have parted with my life willingly, gladly, to serve you. Had you been poor, how delightful would it have been to labour for my benefactor! I will not deceive you. I have learnt every thing. Such miserable knowledge never came to the ears of man, save in those regions where perdition is first made known, and suffered everlastingly. I dare not distrust the evidence of my eyes and ears. The bitterest hour that I have known, was that in which you fell, and I beheld your fall. Whom can I trust now? Whom shall I believe? To whom attach myself? Mr Clayton, it seems incredible to me that I can talk thus to you. It is indeed, and I tremble as I do so. But what is to be done? I can respect you no longer, however my poor heart throbs towards you, and pities"—

I burst into tears.

"Spare your pity, boy," said Mr Clayton, coldly; "and spare those hollow tears. You acknowledge that there exists a debt between us. Well have you attempted to repay it! Listen to me. I have been your friend. I am willing to remain so. Come to me as before, and you shall find me as I have ever been—affectionate and kind. Avoid me—place yourself in the condition of my opponent, and beware. In a moment, by one word, I can throw you back into the slough from whence I dragged you. Tomorrow morning, if I so will it, you shall wander forth again, an outcast, depending for your bread upon a roadside charity. It is a dreadful thing to walk a marked and branded man through this cold world; yet it is only for me to say the word, and *infamy* is attached to your name for ever. And what greater crime exists than black ingratitude? It is our duty to expose and punish it. It is for you to make the choice. If you are wise, you will not hesitate. If Christianity has worked"—

"Sir, what has *Christianity* to do

with this? Satan must witness the compact that you would have us make. I cannot sell myself?"

"Your new companions have taught you these fine phrases, Caleb. They will support you, no doubt, and you will remain faithful to them, until a fresh acquaintance shall poison your ear against them, as they have corrupted it to win you from the man whom you have sworn to serve. I have nothing more to say. You promised to be faithful through good report and evil. You have broken your plighted word. I forgive you, if you are sorry for the fault, and my arms are ready to receive you. Punishment shall follow—strict justice, and no mercy—if you persist in evil. Within a week present yourself at my abode, and every thing is forgotten and forgiven. I am your friend for ever. Do not come, be obstinate and unyielding, and prepare yourself for misery."

The minister left me. The week elapsed, and at the end of it, I had not presented myself at his residence. But, in the mean while, I had been active in taking measures for the security of the office which I held, and whose duties I had hitherto performed to the perfect satisfaction of my employers. I had been given to understand that it remained with Mr Bombasty to continue my appointment, or to dismiss me at once; that he was in the hands of Mr Clayton; and that if the latter desired my dismissal, and could bring against me the shadow of a complaint to justify Mr Bombasty in the eye of the Society, nothing could save me from ejection. It was proposed to me by a fellow-servant of the Society, to place myself as soon as possible beyond the reach and influence of Mr Clayton. He advised me to secede at once from the Church, and to attach myself to another, professing the same principles, and like that in connexion with the Society. By this means, Clayton and I would be separated, and his power over me effectually removed. Exclusion was to me starvation, and I eagerly adopted the counsel of my companion. To be, however, in a condition to join another church, it was necessary to procure, either by personal application, or at the instance of the minister of the new church, *a letter of dismission*, which

letter should contain an assurance of the candidate's previous good conduct and present qualification. In my case, the minister himself proposed to apply for my testimonials. He did apply, and at the end of a month, no answer had been returned to his communication. He wrote a second, and the second application met with no greater respect than the first. At length I received a very formal and polite letter from Mr Tomkins, informing me that "a church-meeting had been convened for the purpose of considering the propriety of affording Brother Stukely the opportunity of joining another connexion, by granting him a letter of dismission," and that my presence was requested on that very important occasion.

If there was one thing upon earth more than another which at this particular time of my life I abominated with unmitigated and ineffable disgust, it was the frequent recurrence of these eternal church-meetings. Nothing, however trifling, could be carried forward without them; no man's affairs, however private and worldly, were too uninteresting for their investigation. My connexion with the church had hardly commenced, before two had taken place, principally on my account, and now a third was proposed in order to enable the minister to write a letter of civility, and to state the simple fact of my having conducted myself with propriety and decorum. Still it was proper that I should attend it; I did so, accompanied by Thompson, and a crowded assembly, as befitted the occasion, welcomed us amongst them, with many short coughs, and much suppressed hissing. There was the usual routine. The hymn, the portion of Scripture, and the prayer of Brother Buster. In the latter, there were many dark hints that were intended to be appropriate to my case, and were, to all appearance, well understood by the congregation at large. They did not frighten me. I was guilty of no crime against their church. They could bring no charge against me. The prayer concluded, Mr Clayton coldly requested me to retire. I did so. I passed into the vestry, which was separated from the main building by a very thin partition, that enabled me to hear every

word spoken in the chapel. Mr Clayton began. He introduced his subject by lamenting, in the most feeling terms, the unhappy state of the brother who had just departed from the congregation—(the crocodile weeping over the fate of the doomed wretch he was about to destroy!) He had hoped great things of him. He had believed him to be a child of God. It was not for him to judge their brother now; but this was a world of disappointment, and the fairest hopes were blasted, even as the rose withereth beneath the canker. They all knew—it was not for him to disguise or hide the fact—that their brother had not realized the ardent expectations that one and all had formed of him. Their brother himself carried about with him this miserable consciousness, and under such circumstances it was that he proposed to withdraw from their communion, and to receive a dismissal that should entitle him to a seat elsewhere. It was for them to consider how far they were justified in complying with his request. As for himself, he was sorely distressed in spirit. His carnal heart urged him to listen to the desire of his brother in the flesh, and that heart warred with his spiritual conviction. To be charitable was one thing, to involve one's self in guilt, to encourage sinfulness, and to reward backsliding—oh, surely, this was another! He had no right in his high capacity to indulge a personal affection. It was his glory that he could sacrifice it at the call of duty. Accordingly, in the answer to the application that he had received, he had humbly attempted rather to embody the views of the church, than the suggestions of his own weak bosom. That answer he would now submit to them, and their voice must pronounce upon its justice. He did not fear for them. They were highly privileged; they had been wonderfully directed hitherto, and they would, adorned as they were with humility and faith, be directed even unto the end.

"Ha-men," responded Buster very audibly, and the minister forthwith proceeded to his letter.

It was my honour to be represented in it as a person but too likely to disturb the peace of any church; whose conduct, however exemplary on my first joining the congregation, had lately been such as to give great rea-

son to fear that I had been suddenly deprived of all godliness and grace; who had caused the brethren great pain; and whom recent circumstances had especially rendered an object of suspicion and alarm. There was much more to the same effect. There was no distinct charge—nothing tangible, or of which I could defy them to the proof. All was dark doubt and murderous inuendo. There was nothing for which I could claim relief from the laws of my country—more than enough to complete my ruin. I burned with anger and indignation; forgot every thing but the cold-blooded designs of the minister; and, stung to action by the imminent danger in which I stood, I rushed at once from the vestry into the midst of the congregation. Thompson was already on his legs, and had ventured something on my behalf, which had been drowned in loud and universal clamour. Silence was, in a measure, restored by my appearance, and I took the opportunity to demand from the minister a reperusal of the letter that had just been read.

He scowled upon me with a natural hate, and refused to comply with my request.

"What!" I asked aloud, "am I denied the privilege that is extended to the vilest of his species? Will you condemn me unheard? Accuse me in my absence—keep me in ignorance of my charge—and stab me in the dark?"

I received no answer, and then I turned to the congregation. I implored them—little knowing the men to whom I trusted my appeal—to save me from the persecution of a man who had resolved upon my downfall. I asked nothing from them, from him, but the liberty of gaining, by daily labour, an honourable subsistence. Would they deny it me?"—

I was interrupted by groans and hisses, and loud cries of "Yes, yes," from Brother Buster.

I addressed the minister again.

"Mr Clayton," said I, "beware how you tread me down. Beware how you drive me to desperation. Cruel, heartless man! What have I done that you should follow me with this relentless spite? Can you sleep? Can you walk and live without the fear of a punishment adequate to your offence? Let me go. Be satisfied

that I possess the power of exposing unheard-of turpitude and hypocrisy, and that I refrain from using it. Dismiss me; let me leave your sight for ever, and you are safe—for me.”

“Viper!” exclaimed the minister rising in his seat, “whom I have warmed and nourished in my bosom; viper! whom I took to my hearth, and kept there till the returning sense of life gave vigour to your blood, and fresh venom to your sting! Is it thus you pay me back for food and raiment—thus you heap upon me the expressions of a glowing gratitude!—with threats and deadly accusations? Spit forth your malice! Pile up falsehoods to the skies!—WHO WILL BELIEVE THE TALE OF PROBABILITY? Brethren! behold the man whose cause I pleaded with you—for whom my feelings had well-nigh mastered my better judgment. Behold him, and learn how hard it is to pierce the stony heart of him whose youth has passed in dissolute living, and in adultery. Shall I approach thy ear with the voice of her who cries from the grave for justice on her seducer? Look, my beloved, on the man whom I found discarded by mankind, friendless and naked, whom I clothed and fostered, and whom I brought in confidence amongst you. Look at him, and oh, be warned!”

The hissing and groaning were redoubled. Thompson rose a dozen times to speak, but a volley assailed him on each occasion, and he was obliged to resume his seat. He grew irritated and violent, and at length,

when the public disapprobation had reached its height, and for the twenty and first time had cut short his address almost before he spoke, unable to contain himself any longer, he uttered at the top of his stentorian voice a fearful imprecation, and recommended to the care of a gentleman who had more to do with that society than was generally supposed—Mr Clayton, and every individual brother in the congregation.

Jabez Buster, after looking to the ceiling, and satisfying himself that it had not fallen in, rose, dreadfully distressed.

“He had lived,” he said, “to see sich sights, and hear sich language as had made his nature groan within him. He could only compare their beloved minister to one of them there ancient martyrs who had died for conscience-sake before Smithfield was a cattle market; but he hoped he would have strength for the conflict, and that the congregation would help him to fight the good fight. He called upon ’em all now to do their duty, to exclude and excommunicate for ever the unrighteous brethren—and to make them over to Satan without further delay.”

The shout with which the proposition was received, decided the fate of poor Thompson and myself. It was hardly submitted, before it was carried *nemine contradicente*; and immediately afterwards, Thompson buttoned his coat in disgust, and was hooted out of the assembly. I followed him.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TASSO AND CORNELIA.

Tasso.—She is dead, Cornelia—she is dead!

Cornelia.—Torquato! my Torquato! after so many years of separation do I bend once more your beloved head to my embrace?

Tasso.—She is dead!

Cornelia.—Tenderest of brothers! bravest and best and most unfortunate of men! What, in the name of heaven! so bewilders you?

Tasso.—Sister! sister! sister! I could not save her.

Cornelia.—Certainly it was a sad event; and they who are out of spirits may be ready to take it for an evil omen. At this season of the year the vintagers are joyous and negligent.

Tasso.—How! what is this?

Cornelia.—The little girl was crushed, they say, by a wheel of the car laden with grapes, as she held out a handful of vine-leaves to one of the oxen. And did you happen to be there just at the moment?

Tasso.—So then the little too can suffer! the ignorant, the indigent, the unaspiring! Poor child! She was kind-hearted; else never would calamity have befallen her.

Cornelia.—I wish you had not seen the accident.

Tasso.—I see it? I? I saw it not. There is but one crushed where I am. The little girl died for her kindness!—natural death!

Cornelia.—Be calm, be composed, my brother!

Tasso.—You would not require me to be composed or calm if you comprehended a thousandth part of my sufferings.

Cornelia.—Peace! peace! we know them all.

Tasso.—Who has dared to name them? Imprisonment, derision, madness.

Cornelia.—Hush! sweet Torquato! If ever these existed, they are past.

Tasso.—You do think they are sufferings? ay?

Cornelia.—Too surely.

Tasso.—No, not too surely: I will not have that answer. They would have been; but Leonora was then living. Unmanly as I am! did I complain of them? and while she was left me?

Cornelia.—My own Torquato! is there no comfort in a sister's love? Is there no happiness but under the passions? Think, O my brother, how many courts there are in Italy; are the princes more fortunate than you? Which among them all loves truly, deeply, and virtuously? Among them all is there any one, for his genius, for his generosity, for his gentleness, ay, or for his mere humanity, worthy to be beloved?

Tasso.—Princes! talk to me of princes! How much coarse-grained wood a little gypsum covers! a little carmine quite beautifies! Wet your forefinger with your spittle; stick a broken gold-leaf on the sinciput; clip off a beggar's beard to make it tresses; kiss it; fall down before it; worship it. Are you not irradiated by the light of its countenance? Princes! princes! Italian princes! Estes! What matters that costly carrion? Who thinks about it? (*After a pause.*) She is dead! She is dead!

Cornelia.—We have not heard it here.

Tasso.—At Sorrento you hear nothing but the light surges of the sea, and the sweet sprinkles of the guitar.

Cornelia.—Suppose the worst to be true.

Tasso.—Always, always.

Cornelia. If she ceases, as then perhaps she must, to love and to lament you, think gratefully, contentedly, devoutly, that her arms had encircled your neck before they were crossed upon her bosom, in that long sleep which you have rendered placid, and from which your harmonious voice shall once more awaken her. Yes, Torquato! her bosom had throbbed to yours, often and often, before the organ-peel shook the fringes round the catafalque. Is not this much, from one so high, so beautiful?

Tasso. Much? yes; for abject me. But I did so love her! so love her!

Cornelia. Ah! let the tears flow: she sends thee that balm from heaven.

Tasso. So loved her did poor Tasso! Else, O *Cornelia*, it had indeed been much. I thought in the simplicity of my heart that God was as great as an emperor, and could bestow, and had bestowed on me as much as the German had conferred, or could confer on his vassal. No part of my insanity was ever held in such ridicule as this. And yet the idea cleaves to me strangely, and is liable to stick to my shroud.

Cornelia. Woe betide the woman who bids you to forget that woman who has loved you: she sins against her sex. *Leonora* was unblameable. Never think ill of her for what you have suffered.

Tasso. Think ill of her? I? I? I? No; those we love, we love for every thing; even for the pain they have given us. But she gave me none: it was where she was not, that pain was.

Cornelia. Surely, if love and sorrow are destined for companionship, there is no reason why the last comer of the two should supersede the first.

Tasso. Argue with me, and you drive me into darkness. I am easily persuaded and led on while no reasons are thrown before me. With these, you have made my temples throb again. Just heaven! dost thou grant us fairer fields, and wider, for the whirlwind to lay waste? Dost thou build us up habitations above the street, above the palace, above the citadel, for the Plague to enter and carouse in? Has not my youth paid its dues, paid its penalties? Cannot our griefs come first, while we have strength to bear them? The fool! the fool! who thinks it a misfortune that his love is unrequited. Happier young man! look at the violets until thou drop asleep on them. Ah! but thou must wake!

Cornelia. O heavens! what must you have suffered. For a man's heart is sensitive in proportion to its greatness.

Tasso. And a woman's?

Cornelia. Alas! I know not; but I think it can have no other. Comfort thee—comfort thee, dear *Torquato*!

Tasso. Then do not rest thy face upon my arm; it so reminds me of her. And thy tears, too! they melt me into her grave.

Cornelia. Hear you not her voice as it appeals to you: saying to you as the priests around have been saying to *her*, Blessed soul! rest in peace?

Tasso. I heard it not; and yet I am sure she said it. A thousand times has she repeated it, laying her hand on my heart to quiet it—simple girl! She told it to rest in peace, and she went from me! Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! the world, with all its weight of miseries, cannot crush thee, cannot keep thee down. Generally men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on; but mine sank deep into a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which one only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep also I fancied it—and sometimes in the intermediate state—in that serenity which breathes about the transported soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest, a span below the feet of the Immortal.

Cornelia.—She has not left you; do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

Tasso.—She will bear with them. Thou knowest not what she was, *Cornelia*; for I wrote to thee about her while she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice bent over me. How girlish in the gracefulness of her lofty form! how pliable in her majesty! what composure at my petulance and reproaches! what pity in her reproofs! Like the air that angels breathe in the metropolitan temple of the Christian world, her soul at every season preserved one temperature. But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the unchangeable. The purifying

flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when they meet above.

Cornelia.—Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato! and believe that your love is and ought to be imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. Colour-grinders and gilders, year after year, are bargained with to refresh the crumbling monuments and tarnished decorations of rude unregarded royalty, and to fasten the nails that cramp the crown upon the head. Meanwhile, in the laurels of my Torquato, there will always be one leaf, above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

Tasso.—O Jerusalem! I have not then sung in vain the Holy Sepulchre.

Cornelia.—After such devotion of your genius, you have undergone too many misfortunes.

Tasso.—Congratulate the man who has had many, and may have more. I have had, I have, I can have—one only.

Cornelia.—Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

Tasso.—Have the stars smooth surfaces? No, no; but how they shine!

Cornelia.—Capable of thoughts so exalted, so far above the earth we dwell on, why suffer any to depress and anguish you?

Tasso.—*Cornelia*, *Cornelia*! the mind has within it temples, and porticoes, and palaces, and towers: the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun, and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the Psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee again, hath its hundred gates, compared whereto the Theban are but willow wickets; and all those hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them.

Cornelia.—Torquato has thrown open those of his holy temple; Torquato hath stood, another angel, at his tomb; and am I the sister of Torquato? Kiss me, my brother, and let my tears run only from my pride and joy! Princes have bestowed knighthood on the worthy and unworthy; thou hast called forth those princes from their ranks, pushing back the arrogant and presumptuous of them like intrusive varlets, and conferring on the bettermost crowns and robes, imperishable and unfading.

Tasso.—I seem to live back into those days. I feel the helmet on my head; I wave the standard over it; brave men smile upon me; beautiful maidens pull them gently back by the scarf, and will not let them break my slumber, nor undraw the curtain. *Corneliolina*!—

Cornelia.—Well, my dear brother! Why do you stop so suddenly in the midst of them? They are the pleasantest and best company, and they make you look quite happy and joyous.

Tasso.—*Corneliolina*, dost thou remember Bergamo? What city was ever so celebrated for honest and valiant men, in all classes, or for beautiful girls? There is but one class of those: Beauty is above all ranks; the true Madonna, the patroness and bestower of felicity, the queen of heaven.

Cornelia.—Hush, Torquato, hush! talk not so.

Tasso.—What rivers, how sunshiny and revelling, are the Brembo and the Serio! What a country the Valtellina! I went back to our father's house, thinking to find thee again, my little sister—thinking to kick away thy ball of yellow silk as thou went stooping for it, to make thee run after me and beat me. I woke early in the morning; thou wert grown up and gone. Away to Sorrento—I knew the road—a few strides brought me back—here I am. To-morrow, my *Cornelia*, we will walk together, as we used to do, into the cool and quiet caves on the shore; and we will catch the little breezes as they come in and go out again on the backs of the jocund waves.

Cornelia.—We will, indeed, to-morrow; but before we set out we must take a few hours' rest, that we may enjoy our ramble the better.

Tasso.—Our Sorrentines, I see, are grown rich and avaricious. They have uprooted the old pomegranate hedges, and have built high walls to prohibit the wayfarer from their vineyards.

Cornelia.—I have a basket of grapes for you in the bookroom that overlooks our garden.

Tasso.—Does the old twisted sage-tree grow stilagainst the window?

Cornelia.—It harboured too many insects at last, and there was always a nest of scorpions in the crevice.

Tasso.—O! what a prince of a sage-tree! And the well too, with its bucket of shining metal, large enough for the largest cocomero* to cool in it for dinner!

Cornelia.—The well, I assure you, is as cool as ever.

Tasso.—Delicious! delicious! And the stone-work round it, bearing no other marks of waste than my pruning-hook and dagger left behind?

Cornelia.—None whatever.

Tasso.—White in that place no longer? There has been time enough for it to become all of one colour; grey, mossy, half-decayed.

Cornelia.—No, no; not even the rope has wanted repair.

Tasso.—Who sings yonder?

Cornelia.—Enchanter! No sooner did you say the word *cocomero*, than here comes a boy carrying one upon his head.

Tasso.—Listen! listen! I have read in some book or other those verses long ago. They are not unlike my *Aminta*. The very words!

Cornelia.—Purifier of love, and humanizer of ferocity! how many, my Torquato, will your gentle thoughts make happy!

Tasso.—At this moment I almost think I am one among them.†

Cornelia.—Be quite persuaded of it. Come, brother, come with me. You shall bathe your heated brow and weary limbs in the chamber of your boyhood. It is there we are always the most certain of repose. The child shall sing to you those sweet verses; and we will reward him with a slice of his own fruit.

Tasso.—He deserves it; cut it thick.

Cornelia.—Come then, my truant! Come along, my sweet smiling Torquato!

Tasso.—The passage is darker than ever. Is this the way to the little court? Surely those are not the steps that lead down toward the bath? Oh yes! we are right; I smell the lemon-blossoms. Beware of the old wilding that bears them; it may catch your veil; it may scratch your fingers! Pray, take care: it has many thorns about it. And now, Leonora! you shall hear my last verses! Lean your ear a little toward me; for I must repeat them softly under this low archway, else others may hear them too. Ah! you press my hand once more. Drop it, drop it! or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there silent! Good girl!

* Water-melon.

† The miseries of Tasso arose not only from the imagination and the heart. In the metropolis of the Christian world, with many admirers and many patrons, cardinals and princes of all sizes, he was left destitute, and almost famished. These are his own words.—“*Appena in questo stato ho comprato due meloni: e benché io sia stato quasi sempre infermo, molte volte mi sono contentato del manzo e la ministra di latte o di zucca, quando ho potuto averne, mi è stata in vece di delizie.*” In another part he says that he was unable to pay the carriage of a parcel, (1590 :) no wonder; if he had not wherewithal to buy enough of zucca for a meal. Even had he been in health and appetite, he might have satisfied his hunger with it for about five farthings, and have left half for supper. And now a word on his insanity. Having been so imprudent not only as to make it too evident in his poetry that he was the lover of Leonora, but also to signify (not very obscurely) that his love was returned, he much perplexed the Duke of Ferrara, who, with great discretion, suggested to him the necessity of feigning madness. The lady’s honour required it from a brother; and a true lover, to convince the world, would embrace the project with alacrity. But there was no reason why the seclusion should be in a dungeon, or why exercise and air should be interdicted. This cruelty, and perhaps his uncertainty of Leonora’s compassion, may well be imagined to have produced at last the malady he had feigned. But did Leonora love Tasso as a man would be loved? If we wish to do her honour, let us hope it: for what greater glory can there be than to have estimated at the full value so exalted a genius, so affectionate and so generous a heart!

Many, well I know, there are
 Ready in your joys to share,
 And (I never blame it) you
 Are almost as ready too.
 But when comes the darker day,
 And those friends have dropt away;
 Which is there among them all
 You should, if you could, recall?
 One who wisely loves, and well,
 Hears and shares the griefs you tell;
 Him you ever call apart
 When the springs o'erflow the heart;
 For you know that he alone
 Wishes they were *but* his own.
 Give, while these he may divide,
 Smiles to all the world beside.

Cornelia. We are now in the full light of the chamber: cannot you remember it, having looked so intently all around?

Tasso. O sister! I could have slept another hour. You thought I wanted rest: why did you waken me so early? I could have slept another hour, or longer. What a dream! But I am calm and happy.

Cornelia. May you never more be otherwise! Indeed, he cannot be whose last verses are such as those.

Tasso. Have you written any since that morning?

Cornelia. What morning?

Tasso. When you caught the swallow in my curtains, and trod upon my knees in catching it, luckily with naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquato, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

Cornelia. I do not recollect it.

Tasso. I do.

Rondinello! rondinello!
 Tu sei nero, ma sei bello.
 Cosa fà se tu sei nero?
 Rondinello! sei il premiero
 De' volanti, palpitanti
 (E vi sono quanti quanti!
 Mai tenuto a questo petto,
 E perciò sei il mio diletto.*

Cornelia. Here is the cocomero; it cannot be more insipid. Try it.

Tasso.—Where is the boy who brought it? where is the boy who sang my Aminta? Serve him first; give him largely. Cut deeper; the knife is too short: deeper, mia brava Corneliolina! quite through all the red, and into the middle of the seeds. Well done!

* The author wrote the verses first in English, but he found it easy to write them better in Italian. They stood in the text as below:—

Swallow! swallow! though so jetty
 Are your pinions, you are pretty:
 And what matter were it though
 You were blacker than a crow?
 Of the many birds that fly
 (And how many pass me by!)
 You're the first I ever prest,
 Of the many, to my breast:
 Therefore it is very right
 You should be my own delight.

THE WORLD OF LONDON. SECOND SERIES.

PART I.

ARISTOCRACIES OF LONDON LIFE.

OF ARISTOCRACIES IN GENERAL.

THE cumulative or aggregative property of wealth and power, and in a less degree of knowledge also, make up in time a consolidation of these elements in the hands of particular classes, which, for our present purposes, we choose to term an aristocracy of birth, wealth, knowledge, or power, as the case may be. The word aristocracy, distinctive of these particular classes, we use in a conventional sense only, and beg leave to protest, *in limine*, against any other acceptance of the term. We use the word, because it is popularly comprehensive; the *οἱ ἀριστοί*, distinguished from the *οἱ πολλοί*: "good men," as is the value of goodness in the city; "the great," as they are understood by penners of fashionable novels; "talented," or "a genius," as we say in the *coteries*; but not a word, mark you, of the abstract value of these signs—their positive significations; good may be bad, great mean, talented or a genius, ignorant or a puppy.

We have nothing to do with that; these are thy terms, our Public; thou art responsible for the use made of them. Thou it is who tellest us that the sun rises and sets, (which it does not,) and talkest of the good and great, without knowing whether they are great and good, or no. Our business is to borrow your recognized improprieties of speech, only so far as they will assist us in making ourselves understood.

When Archimedes, or some other gentleman, said that he could unfix the earth had he a point of resistance for his lever, he illustrated, by a hypothesis of physics, the law of the generation of aristocracies. Aristocracies begin by having a leg to stand on, or by getting a finger in the pie. The multitude, on the contrary, never have any thing, because they never *had* any thing; they want the *point d'appui*, the springing-ground whence to jump above their condition, where, transformed by the gilded rays of wealth or power, discarding their se-

veral skins or sloughs, they sport and flutter, like lesser insects, in the sunny beams of aristocratic life.

Indeed, we have often thought that the transformation of the insect tribes was intended, by a wise Omnipotence, as an illustration (for our own benefit) of the rise and progress of the mere aristocracy of fashionable life.

The first condition of existence of these diminutive creatures, is the egg, or *embryo* state; this the anxious parent attaches firmly to some leaf or bough, capable of affording sufficient sustenance to the future grub, who, in due course, eats his way through the vegetable kingdom upon which he is quartered, for no merit or exertion of his own; and where his career is only to be noted by the ravages of his insatiable jaws. After a brief period of lethargy or *pupa* state, this good-for-nothing creature flutters forth, powdered, painted, perfumed, scorning the dirt from which he sprung, and leading a life of uselessness and vanity, until death, in the shape of an autumnal shower, prostrates himself and his finery in the dust.

How beautiful and how complete is the analogy between the insect and his brother butterfly of fashionable life! While yet an *embryo*, a worm, he *grubs* his way through a good estate, and not a little ready money. Then, after a long sojourn in the *pupa* or *puppy* state—longer far than that of any other maggot—he emerges a perfect butterfly, vain, empty, fluttering, and conceited, idling, flirting, flaunting, philandering, until the summer of his *ton* is past, when he dies, or is arrested, and expiates a life of puerile vanity in Purgatory or the Queen's Bench.

Let the beginning once be made—the point of extreme depression once be got over: the cares of the daily recurring poor necessities of life—shelter, clothing, food, be of no moment: let a man taste, though it were next to nothing, of the delicious luxury

of accumulation; let him, with every hoarded shilling, or half-crown, or pound, carry his head higher, smiling in secret at the world and his friends, and the aristocrat of wealth is formed: he is removed for ever from the hand-to-mouth family of man, and thenceforth represents his breeches pocket.

It is the same with the aristocrat of birth: some fortunate accident—some well-aimed and successful stroke of profligacy, or more rarely of virtue, redeems an individual from the common herd: the rays, mayhap, of royal favour fall upon him, and he begins to bloat; his growth is as the growth of the grain of mustard-seed, and in a little while he overshadoweth the land: Noble and Right Honourable are his posterity to the end of time.

There is a poor lad sitting biting his nails till he bites them to the quick, wearing out his heart-strings in constrained silence on the back benches of Westminster Hall: he maketh speeches, eloquent, inwardly, and briefless, mutely bothereth judges, and seduceth innocent juries to his *No-side*: he findeth out mistakes in his learned brethren, and chuckleth secretly therefor: he scratcheth his wig with a pen, and thinketh by what train of circumstantial evidence he may be able to prove a dinner: he laugheth derisively at the income-tax, and the collectors thereof: yet, when he may not have even a "little brown" to fly with, haply, some good angel, in mortal shape of a solicitor, may bestow on him a brief: rushing home to his chambers in the Temple, he mastereth the points of the case, cogitating *pros* and *cons*: he heareth his own voice in court for the first time: the bottled black-letter of years falleth from his lips, like treacle from a pipkin: he maketh good his points, winneth the verdict and the commendations of the judge: solicitors whisper that there is something in him, and clerks express their conviction that he is a "trump": the young man eloquent is rewarded in one hour for the toil, rust, and en-

forced obscurity of years: he is no longer a common soldier of the bar: he steppeth by right divine, forth of the ranks, and becometh a man of mark and likelihood: he is now an aristocrat of the bar—perhaps, a Lyndhurst.

Again, behold the future aristocrat of literary life: to-day regard him in a suit of rusty black, a twice-turned stock, and shirt of Isabella colour, with an affecting hat: in and out of every bookseller's in the Row is he, like a dog in a fair: a brown paper parcel he putteth into your hand, the which, before he openeth, he demands how much cash down you mean to give for it: then, having unfolded the same, giveth you to understand that it is such a work as is not to be seen every day, which you may safely swear to. He journeyeth from the east to the west, from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, manuscript in hand: from Leadenhall Street, where Minerva has her press, to the street hight Albemarle, which John Murray delighteth to honour, but to no purpose: his name is unknown, and his works are nothing worth. Let him once make a *hit*, as it is termed, and it is no longer hit or miss with him: he getteth a reputation, and he lieth in bed all day: he shaketh the alphabet in a bag, calling it his last new work, and it goeth through three editions in as many days: he lordeth it over "the trade," and will let nobody have any profit but himself: he turneth up his nose at the man who invites him to a plain dinner, and utterly refuseth evening parties: he holdeth *conversazioni*, where he talks you dead: he driveth a chay, taketh a whole house, sporteth a wife and a minute tiger: in brief, he is now an aristocrat of letters.

The materials for the growth and preservation of these several aristocracies abound in London; and no where on the earth have we the same facilities for the study and investigation of their family likenesses and contrasts, their points of contact and repulsion.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF FASHION.

Approach, reader, but *awful*, as Pope says—approach "with mincing steps and bow profound;" we are

about to introduce you to persons of quality.

It is an extraordinary fact, illustra-

tive how far the ignorance of a discerning public will carry those who make a living by practising upon their credulity, that notwithstanding there is an immense number of books annually presented to the do-nothing world, under the curiosity-provoking title of fashionable novels, we have hardly more than one or two generally recognised true and faithful pictures of really fashionable life. The caricatures of caricatures of this Elysian state are numberless—imagination has been exhausted, sense confounded, grammar put on the rack, the “well of English undefiled” stirred up from the very dregs, to give the excluded pictures of the life of the exclusives—yet, what have we? You will excuse us, reader, disturbing the current of our thoughts, by recollecting any of this forty novel-power of inanity, vulgarity, and pertness; but if you take up any of the many volumes in marbled boards, with calf backs, that you will find in cart-loads at the circulating libraries, and look over a page of the fashionable “*lingo*” the Lord Jacob talks to the Lady Suky, or the conversation between Sir Silly Billy and the Honourable Snuffy Duffy; or what the Duke of Dabchick thinks of the Princess Molly; and when you are satisfied, which we take it will be in the course of two pages, if you do not throw down the book, and swear by the Lord Harry—why then, read on and be jolly!

The indescribable absurdities, vices, and follies of the bulk of that class of literature called the fashionable novel, are past the power of catalogue-makers to record; but perhaps overwhelming ignorance of the peculiar class they pretend to describe is not the least conspicuous. Next to lack of knowledge, or sound materials deduced from actual observation, we may place want of taste. There are writers to write the exclusives up, and writers to write them down; one raises our envy, and makes us miserable, because we are not permitted to enter their paradise of social life; another devotes three volumes post octavo, in exemplification of the not altogether forgotten moral fiction of the fox and the sour grapes.

The writers of fashionable novels may be divided, as to their social positions, into the tolerated fashionable novel writers, and the intolerable

fashionable novel writers; the first, moving in phases more or less equivocal round their centre and their deity, the exclusive set; the last, desperate from the fact of their total and permanent exclusion from society, but still moving round the outside of the boundary wall, and peeping through chinks in the palings. From the former we have the eulogistic, from the latter the depreciatory fashionable novels; these make us familiar with the celestial attributes of countesses-dowagers, and the amiability of their pugs. They are slavering, servile, self-degrading productions, and only serve the exclusives as provocatives to laughter; they are usually written by tutors, ladies who have married tutors, or superannuated governesses, patronized by some charitable member of some distinguished family.

The depreciatory or vilificatory fashionable novel delights in exposing the peccadilloes, or imagined peccadilloes, (for it is all the same,) of young or old people of fashion: a *gourmand* peer, a titled demirep, a “desperate dandy,” a black-leg, and a few such other respectable characters, are dialogued through the customary number of chapters, and conducted to the usual catastrophe: virtue is triumphant, vice abashed, towards the latter end of the last volume; and some low-born hero and heroine, introduced to exhibit, by contrast, the vices of the aristocracy, suddenly, and without any effort of their own, acquire large fortunes, perhaps titles, which it would have been just as easy to have given them at first—go to church in an orthodox manner, and set up a virtuous aristocracy of their own.

We are indebted for this class of fashionable novel to outlaws of both sexes; persons who might have held, but for their own misconduct, respectable positions in society; persons of this sort have the impudence, with their no-characters staring them in the face, to set up as public instructors, and to give us ensamples, drawn from their own perverted imaginations, of a class of which they might have known something, but which it is now past human possibility they can ever know.

These people are not merely not in society—which implies no crime—but they are, notwithstanding their nominal rank or title, *out of society*, for

reasons well and thoroughly known: they are those not merely who cannot come in, but those who, if they did intrude, would be immediately turned out.

Next, ascending from this equivocal class, we have the fashionable novel writers of fashionable life. I do not mean exclusive fashionable life, for there are no writers of these works in that class; but I allude to those who mingle with general fashionable society upon such terms, that if they possessed the talent, they might have supplied with ease the want of which the world complains—that of a just and natural picture of the lives of those forming the Corinthian capital of society in London.

Take, for example, a noble and late viceregal lord and his brother, the Honourable Edmund Phipps. These gentlemen have written fashionable novels, and ought to have written good ones; yet we don't know how it is, but whenever we send to a circulating library to enquire whether they have "YES AND NO," the noes have it; and when we venture to ask for the "FERGUSONS," we find that the three post octavo gentlemen of that title not only do not lodge here or there, but that they don't lodge *any where*.

The fact is, opportunity of observation will do little or nothing without *faculty* of observation: though the whole social world, old or new, lay bare under the eyes of some men, not one idea could they extract from it; and who, wanting also the descriptive power, still more rare, fail in any attempt to give to the world the results of their experience.

Of this class is the larger number of writers of the better sort, in the line we are talking of: they go into society as they go to galleries, not to copy pictures, but to enjoy them. They enter into the amusements and dissipation of their class, not to look on merely, but to play the game.

In addition to all this, there is a point of honour involved, we think an erroneous one, among persons of quality, as to violating the freemasonry, the signs, ceremonies, and absurdities, of their privacy. Now, this applies only so far as individuals are indicated, and it is so far right. But fashionable classes are fair game, if not shot at sitting, or poached, or snared, or bagged, in any ungente-

manlike, unsportsmanlike fashion. They belong to human character, and human nature; and the reason they have seldom been painted well is, that they have seldom been painted after nature; and any artist will inform you, that whatever is painted to the life, must be painted from the life.

They have not been painted by themselves, because they would have their lives, like the walls that encircle their town houses, impervious to the curious excursive eye; they have not been painted by themselves, because, secondly, the power of depicting graphically what they are in the daily habit of seeing, is not in them, not having been cultivated by study and practice; and thirdly, not being stimulated to literary activity by that Muse of the imperative mood, Necessity, they find more pleasure in having these things brought under their eyes, results of the mental toil and culture of others.

There is a vulgar error uppermost in the minds of some men, which is this: the world of fashion has not hitherto been painted with effect, for the same reason that nobody thinks it worth while to describe a ditch; both being, in the estimation of these persons, stagnant perfumed entities, rich in peculiarly useless vegetation, abounding in vermin and animalculæ, and diffusing a contagious effluvia over the surface of society. This error, like many other errors, is an excuse for ignorance, and only shows the innate uncharitableness of some men; they run down, like other scap-tics, what they do not know and cannot understand, nor will they believe there can be any good therein; forgetting, knaves and fools as they are, that the aristocratic classes are human beings, with the same intermingled elements of good and ill as themselves, modified by accidental circumstances, which, as the Parliamentary people say, they cannot control, and possessing at least as much of the ordinary good principles and feelings of our common nature, as any other class of our graduated social scale.

Can any thing be more illiberal, more ignorant, more stupid, than for a low man to turn leveller, because he is a low man, and attack, without ceremony and without mercy, people of whom he can by any possibility know no more than the worst side,

that is to say, the *outside*: and whom he considers, like the gilt gingerbread he sees in his biennial visit to Greenwich Fair, as vastly fine, but exceedingly unwholesome?

The truth is, fashionable life has been exalted above its just and proper level, and depressed below it, by the slaverers and the vituperaters, solely because they cannot get at it; the former are idolatrous from hope, the latter devilish in despair; and the result we are familiar with, in caricatures portraying this sort of life alternately as a Heaven and a Hell.

The peculiarities of fashionable life are, it is true, few, but they are characteristic, and we now proceed to—

You proceed to—! Now, my good fellow, tell us, will you, how such a person as you, a garreteer, confessing to dining upon the heel of a twopenny loaf and half an onion; making no secret of running up beer scores at public houses, when they will trust you; retailing your nasty scenes of low life, creatures dying in hospitals, work-house funerals, the adventures of street apple-women, and matters and things incomprehensible to genteel families like ourselves living in Russell Square; an outlaw, living from tavern to tavern, from pot-house to pot-house, without name, residence, or station; a mere fellow, subsisting on the misplaced indulgence of an undiscerning public, and one who, if gentlemen and ladies (like ourselves) would only condescend to write, would find his appropriate circle in a work-house, unless he escaped it by dying in an hospital. *You proceed to—!* What, in the name of gentility, can *you* know of fashionable life?

Sir, or madam, have mercy, or at least have manners. How astonished you will be—we say, how astonished you will be—if in the fulness of time our title shall dignify the title-page; when it might appear, that by the pen of a peer these papers were made apparent; when, instead of the sort of person you have chosen to imagine your caterer for the good things of fashionable life in London, you may discern to your dismay that a lord—a real lord, alive and kicking, has made a Bude-light of himself, illuminating the shadows of your ignorance: you may read a preparatory memoir, informing you how these

ideas of ours were collected in a coach and four, and transmitted to paper in a study overlooking the Green Park; with paper velvet-like, and golden pen ruby-headed, upon rose-wood desk inlaid with ivory, you may find that these essays have been transcribed: you will grovel, you will slaver, you will rub your nose in the pebbles, like a salmon at spawning-time, when this very immortal work shall come out, clothed in purple morocco, our arms emblazoned on the covers, and coroneted on the back, after the manner of publication of the works of royal and noble authors. Then, what running to Debrett for our genealogy, our connexions, our *set*, and all that customary inquisition of the affairs of the great which makes the delight of the little: the “Book of Beauty,” and “Pictures of the Nobility,” will be ransacked, of course, for verses by our lordship, or portraits of our lordship’s ladyship, or of the ladies Exquisitina or Nonsuchina, daughters of our lordship, with slaving verses by intolerable poets; then it will be discovered, and the discovery duly recorded, that our lordship’s eldest son, Viscount Ne’er-do-weel, and the Honourable Mr Nogo, are pursuing cricket and pie-crust (commonly called their *studies*) at Eton or Harrow, but are expected at our lordship’s seat in Some-Shire for the holidays: then we will be proposed, seconded, and elected, like other noblemen equally undistinguished in the world of science, a fellow of the Royal Society and a fellow of the Society of Arts—and for the same good reason, because we may be a lord; and you, and all the world, will say it was very proper that I should have been elected, though knowing no more of science than that acoustics (if we mistake not) means a pump; or of arts, than that calico-printing and letterpress printing are, somehow or other, not exactly one and the same thing.

Then, sir, we shall hear no more of the bread and cheese and onions, pot-house scores, and low company, with which you have so unceremoniously taxed our lordship. You will drive your jumped-up coach, with your awkward wives and dowdy daughters, and your tawdry liveries, all the way from Russell Square to the Green Park, to catch the chance of a glimpse

of our lordship. You find out from our lordship's footman that our lordship wears a particular collar to his coat, and you will move heaven and earth to find out our lordship's tailor. When you apply to him to make a coat in our lordship's style, our tailor, who sees at a glance that you are not fit to be his customer, will tell you with an air, that he "declines to execute."

You will discover, from the same authority, that our lordship smokes a particular tobacco, to be had only at a particular shop; and forthwith even real Havannah stinks in your nostrils, and you apply to Pontet. Pontet gives you a tobacco, (*not* our tobacco,) and you go away in the innocent consciousness of smoking the exclusive weed of a man of fashion.

Prithee, fool, mind thy own business, and stick to thy shop or thy station, whatever it may be; to which while thou stickest, thou must be respectable, but which when thou wouldst quit, desperately to seize the hem of our lordship's garment, thou becomest the laughing-stock of us and of our class, and we cannot choose but despise thee thoroughly.

When we look at the shelves of a circulating library, groaning beneath that generally despicable class of volumes called fashionable novels, when we take up, only to lay down in disgust, "NOTORIETY, OR FASHIONABLES UNVEILED," "PAVILION, OR A MONTH AT BRIGHTON," "MEMOIRS OF A PEERESS," "MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE," "ALMACK'S REVISITED," or some such stuff, we cannot but infer, that it is not the vices or absurdities of what is ignorantly called fashionable life that creates this never-ceasing demand for trash and nonsense, but rather a morbid appetite for vapidty and small-talk, a lady's-maid's curiosity of the secrets of her betters, a servile love of imitating what is unworthy imitation, and of following that which is not worth following, simply because it is supposed that these ridiculous caricatures represent the real life of

"The twice ten thousand for whom earth was made."

When we recollect, to our shame, that not only these swarms of trashy volumes, which penetrate even into the back-slums, and may be seen unfolded in the paper-patched windows

of eighteenpenny milliners in the lowest quarters of our metropolis, find a never-failing succession of ravenous readers, but that newspapers—Sunday newspapers, forsooth—devoted to smutty epigrams, low abuse, vile insinuations, and openly indecent allusion to the connexions, habits of life, and even personal appearance, of fashionable and *pseudo*-fashionable people, receive a disgraceful and dangerous support; we must come to the conclusion, that in this, as in all other merchandize, the demand creates the supply, and that it is among the lower orders of the middle classes that these caricaturers by profession of the upper, their slanderers and their eulogists, find sympathy and encouragement.

There is a sort of "hero-worship," as Mr Carlyle would term it, attaching to the most absurd, ridiculous, and even vicious doings of people who *might be* fashionable; a counter-jumper, barber's clerk, medical student, or tailor's apprentice, adores the memory of that great man whom we are happy to be able to style the *late* "markis." The *pavé* of the Hay-market he considers classic ground, and the "Waterford Arms," a most select wine-bibbing establishment. If he does not break a dozen bells, or wrench three or four brace of knockers in the season, this penny-cigar-smoking creature hardly thinks he attains to his fractional proportion of humanity.

This may be relied on, that the great inducement of young scapegraces of fashion to the committal of their diurnal and nocturnal outrages upon propriety, is the mischievous gratification they derive from the awkward imitation of their inferiors; and the most effectual method of bringing these aristocratic pranks into disrepute, will be, to treat them as merely vulgar outrages, and punish the perpetratators accordingly.

If, indeed, the small-fry of society would set themselves to imitate all that is worthy imitation in the better sort of their betters, following good examples instead of bad, it would be something to talk of. But since it is not to be expected that they will pursue virtue, piety, good sense, and good breeding for their own sakes, and as these attributes, when they exist in fashionable life—and they *do* exist

among the most fashionable of fashionable people—are in their nature retiring and unobtrusive, while all that is bad in good society is pushed into notoriety, for the example of the mob, we must take pains to point out at some length the difference between really “good society” and what is vulgarly called good society; that is, in fact, the difference between good and bad, and to mark the distinguishing characteristics of the truly fashionable and the vulgarly fashionable man, as wide and deep as is the gulf between a gent and a gentleman.

If the fashionable world be truly represented, as it is not, in the swarms of so-called fashionable novels, gleaned from the sloppy conversation of footmen’s ordinaries, or the retail tittle-tattle of lady’s-maids in waiting at the registry-offices, how little is it to the credit of the mass of the reading public that they peruse such stuff; or would it be perused at all, but for that vulgar love, so prevalent about town, of imitation of the Lady Fannys and Lady Mary Dollymops, their *nonchalance*, their insipidity, their studied ease, and their affectation of being unaffected?

We therefore desire, before we begin, that our young lady readers, our jury of maidens, will do us the favour to dismiss from their recollection all that they may have heard and read of the fashionable world; that they will not believe the exclusives to be as dull as so many bottles of stale small-beer, or as lively as Seltzer water from the spring, with a dash of brandy in it; that they will forget that there is, in fashionable life, any thing worthy their imitation or adoption, unless it should otherwise appear by the evidence; and that they will not once take up a professedly fashionable novel till they have carefully studied and slept upon what we are going to say.

The word “world” is a comprehensive term, and should be taken in all its relations with great latitude, whether with adjectives or without. For example, the “fashionable world” is far from being an integral quantity, or capable of being reasoned upon as if it were as definite in its relations and proportions as an equilateral triangle. It contains within itself a complete gradation from fashionable excellence to fashionable villany; from fashionable virtue to fashionable vice;

fashionable ladies and gentlemen, fashionable pimps, demireps, and profligates. It must be individualized if we wish to treat it fairly, as judges try prisoners severally, not in a lump. But our impressions of the fashionable world, as a class, must be taken from the general preponderating characteristics of good or evil of the whole.

Hast ever been, reader, to Bartlemy fair? If you have, you may have seen—nay, you *must* have seen—Richardson’s immortal show. You must have seen a tall platform in front of the migratory edifice, and on that platform you must have delighted your visual orb with the clown, the pantaloon, the harlequin, the dancing ladies, the walking dandy, the king with his crown, the queen in her rabbit-skin robes, the smock-frocked countryman, the top-booted jockey, and all the *dramatis personæ* of the performance that every moment of every day, during every fair, is for ever “going to begin.” You may hardly have observed, sliding quietly through all this tinselled and spangled poverty, a plain carpenter-like man, in a decent suit, who looks as if he had never seen a performance in the whole course of his life, and as if he never cared to see one. This man is, or rather was, the late Mr Richardson, who died worth thirty thousand pounds, and all the clowns, harlequins, pantaloons, dancing ladies, walking dandies, kings with their crowns, and queens in their rabbit-skins, and the rest, are poor pinch-bellied devils, caricaturing humanity for some twelve or fourteen shillings a-week, finding their own paint and frippery. Now, whenever you wish to form a correct idea of the two great classes of fashionable life, call to your remembrance the gentlemen who, like the late lamented Mr Richardson, are proprietors of shows, and the berouged, bedraggled creatures who exhibit on the platform outside for their living.

To be sure, there may be a little difference in names. The proprietors of the show may be dukes, and earls, and marquisses, and so forth. The mountebanks outside may be called counts, chevaliers, knights of the order of the golden fleece, or of the thimble, or of Malta. But the realities are the same. Fashionable life is a show, truly fashionable people are the proprietors, who are never prominently or ridicu-

lously seen therein; and these several orders of over-dressed, under-fed, empty-pocketed mountebanks, are the people put on the platform outside, to astonish the eyes and ears of the groundlings.

The *physique* of the true fashionable is peculiar and characteristic. From the toe of his boot to the crown of his hat, there is that unostentatious, undefinable something about him distinctive of his social position. Professional men, every body knows, have an expression common to their profession. A purblind cyclops could never mistake the expression of an Independent preacher, an universal free-black-nigger Baptist minister, or a Jesuit. Every body knows an infantry officer, with his "eyes-right" physiognomy, his odious black-stock, and his habit of treading on his heels, and can distinguish him from the cavalry man, straddling like a gander at a pond side. Your medical doctor has an obsequious, mealy-mouthed, hope-I-see-you-better face, and carries his hands as if he had just taken his fingers from a poultice; while your lawyer is recognised at once by his perking, conceited, cross-examination phiz, the exact counterpart to the expression of an over-indulged jack-daw.

The gentleman of fashion has nothing in common with the professional gentleman, or any other. He stands alone, "like Adam's recollection of his fall." He has an air, it is true, but his air is not a breeze, like the air of a pretender to fashion. The air of the man of fashion is a zephyr.

The expression of the man of fashion is the more difficult to reduce to words, in that it is mostly negative. It is easier to say what this expression is not, than what it is. We can only say, that there is nothing professionally distinctive about it. It is the expression of a man perfectly at ease in his position, and so well aware that he is so, that he does not *seem* to be aware of it. An absence of all straining after effect; a solicitude rather to avoid than to court observation. If there is any thing positively indicative in his expression, by which I include his manner, it is that of a good-humoured indifference, an inoffensive, unobtrusive stoicism. He would seem to have adopted the excellent advice given by the Apostle to

the Thessalonians—"STUDY TO BE QUIET." This is his rule of life, and he acts upon it upon great and small occasions. He only desires that you will have the goodness to let him alone. If he is cheated by a man of his own *set*, (for he knows that he is cheated, as a matter of course, by tradespeople,) he *cuts* the fellow coolly. If he is insulted, he coolly calls out his man. He falls in love with coolness, marries coolly, and leads a cool connubial life. Whether he wins or loses, whatever happens to disturb the world or himself, he takes coolly; and if he has an aspiration on earth, it is that he may be cool and comfortable.

His philosophy is the mingled Stoical and Epicurean. With him life is a trifle to be gracefully played with—a "froward child, to be humoured till it falls asleep, and all is over." His indifference is imputed to him as a crime; but it should not be forgotten that, if there be any fault at all in this indifference, it is the fault of his position. Fortune is to blame, not he, for setting up a man with no other enemy than time, and no other business than amusement. We do not say that this is the true end of life; we do not enter into the enquiry, which might carry us to leeward of our subject, whether men who have the means of enjoying life, do not show the truest wisdom in pursuing enjoyment. We only know that most men similarly circumstanced would act similarly; and whether there is most vice or greatest misery in the idleness of fashionable life, or in the business of the busy world, *as it is carried on in our time*, I leave to those who have experience and leisure to determine.

Those who wish to study the subject further, may read at their leisure the pleasant paper in which an agreeable writer, Fontenelle, describes Aristotle and Anacreon contending for the prize of wisdom; and may decide with the essayist, giving the prize to the generous old toper of Scios, as we should have done, or to the beetle-browed Reviewer, according to their humour.

The constitutional and habitual indifference of the man of fashion is generally supposed by those who do not know it, to be an effect of pride; but it is, generally speaking, a symptom of something more akin to humi-

lity—of timidity, in short. It is part of his system to avoid contact, save with his fellows; and with those who are not his fellows, or of his *set*, he is altogether out of his element. Therefore, as he is afraid of giving, and incapable of taking offence, he entrenches himself in the unstudied reserve which he finds by experience renders his individuality least assailable, exactly as he surrounds his ornamental woods, his shrubberies, and his parterres with fences, not the less strong because they are invisible.

With adventurers, people who are treading upon his kibes, equivocal pretenders who are galling his heel, he is hopelessly exclusive, preserving towards them an armed neutrality. His friendship is extended to his equals, and to his equals alone: with these his intercourse is free and unrestrained. These alone see the English man of fashion as he really exists, denuded of that armour of reserve with which he goes clothed *cap-à-pie* in public. Towards others he is distantly polite; and with such nice tact does he blend a distant manner with politeness, that you cannot carp at the former, or catch at the latter. He lets you see that you cannot be *one of them*, but in such a way that you may not quarrel with the manner in which he conveys his intimation.

With his inferior he will not be intimate, nor towards him will he be "proudly condescending." He declines to forget himself so far as for a moment to put you on a level with him; but he will not (as *you* too often do) degrade you by sinking you below your own level. He holds the even tenor of his way whether you trot, spaniel-like, at his heels or no; nor will he once turn round to bestow upon you either cuffs or caresses.

Although by leisure, education, and intelligence, he is qualified to converse with men of genius, he prefers conversing with them through the medium of their works. He is aware that the days of subscriptions, and "striking for dedications," are past and gone, and that the public have taken the place of the patron. He knows that the habits, employments, and in most instances the circumstances, of intellectual men preclude their mingling familiarly in fashionable circles, on equal terms, and that upon no other terms will they consent to be met.

He neither patronizes nor neglects them, but is content to stand in the relation towards them of one of the reading public.

His indifference to the fate and fortunes of deserving men has been, among the vulgar, a common imputation upon the man of fashion, of which class most frequently is the man of power. He is accused of lavishing his favours only upon the toady and the tuft-hunter, and leaving men of independent mind to the caprice of fortune.

This complaint comes with a very bad grace from men who would be thought independent. The man who wants the patronage of the great, must go in search of it, whether he call himself independent or no. Men in power are accustomed to be met more than half way; and the independent man, whether he have merit or no, who expects people of rank to come in search of him, and to hunt him out of the obscurity of his garret, will find himself very much mistaken.

None are truly independent while in pursuit of objects which are attainable only by the pleasure of another. The truly independent are those who not only do not solicit favours, but those who do not want them: and there is seen too often, among needy and struggling men of merit, an irritable pride, a "*fierté*," arising not from a sense of independence, but a consciousness of neglect; and many men boast of the pleasure of an independent life, as many ladies exalt the delights of single blessedness, only because they have never had the offer of changing their condition.

It is quite as unfair, too, to accuse people of condition of bestowing all their favours upon toadies, tuft-hunters, and bear-leaders. The truth is, as they are not in the habit of going into the highways to look out for persons whereupon to confer obligations, they are obliged to take up with such as offer themselves to their notice. While the man of independence is dreaming away his existence over books and papers in his closet, and cursing the barbarism of the age that does not take him by the hand, and set him up in high places, the man of the world is pushing his fortune in a worldly way, and is content not to talk of independence until he has secured it. The hard words, tuft-

hunter, toady, and so forth, are applied, it may be, oftener than they are deserved: led-captain is a term of frequent reproach, but it must always be considered that that sort of talent will be chiefly noticed and rewarded which is in demand in certain circles; fashionable people desire neither to be deafened with wit, nor bewildered with philosophy, nor oppressed with learning; their business, to which they have been brought up, is to glide smoothly through life, and their patronage is chiefly extended to those who offer to relieve them of its petty cares and small annoyances, which men of solid and sterling merit are not able, and, if they were able, are not willing to do.

A wealthy cit has as little regard for men of letters as a fashionable, nor has he the same tact of concealing his indifference; the well-bred man of fashion, who is alone truly the man of fashion, studies *tact* above all things, and his tact prevents him ever regarding men of mind with any thing approaching contempt.

His friendly offices, which his equals never require, he generally bestows upon men whose position in society is marked and permanent, and who never can by any possibility compete with him; to these, if they be *safe*—that is, if they keep quiet, and are content to enjoy a sort of unpretending familiarity, without boasting or pluming themselves upon their position, he does the kindest and most liberal things, in the kindest and most liberal way; in a way that no other man than one truly fashionable can accomplish. He confers benefits with an affable and disinterested air, which, while it increases the burden of obligation, seems to demand no acknowledgement; he bestows without seeming to know that he is bestowing, and knowing enough of human nature to be aware that to the deserving, obligations have something humiliating, he wishes to make the burden as light as possible.

One of the most amiable qualities about the aristocracy is their liberality and kindness to their dependents; you seldom or never hear any one who has served them faithfully and long having reason to complain. To do something for these people is part of their system, and not to see them neglected or in want, a point of honour. This kindly feeling they extend, as far as

their power or influence extends—to humble friends, electioneering partizans, poor connexions. They are always kind and considerate, provided only these persons possess that un-presuming quietude of manner, which makes up a considerable part of that character they delight in, and which they call *safe*. If you introduce to one of these people of fashion, any man who may have an object in view, the first enquiry is, what are his claims—that is, what equivalent has he given, or can he give, for the favours he expects? for it is with the high, as with the low world, nothing for nothing; and secondly, you must be prepared to answer for his *safety*, so that, whatever may be said or done, nothing may, by any possibility, leak out of the *protégé*. This accounts for so many perfumed, be-wigged, purblind, silky fellows being taken in and “done for” by the great; and although these fellows dress like fools, and look like fools, depend on’t, they are not the fools you take them for: they are aware, that nothing so effectually throws off their guard and disarms the great, as a well-carried affectation of gentlemanly effeminacy, and “a still small voice, like a woman’s.” We happen to know that some of these people, for this very delicacy of air and manner picked out of the dirt, and carried into high places, who are *au naturel*, as we may say, when they go home, and have laid aside the wigs, silk waistcoats, quizzing-glasses, and the rest of their disguise, as honest, friendly, and unaffected fellows, as are in the world—only they do not desire that any body should say so.

Of a man with a stiff back, black beard, short hair, loud voice, and buff waistcoat, people of fashion, on the contrary, stand in continual awe; his tongue is to them a rattlesnake’s tail, wagging only as a signal for them to get out of his way; they quiver like an aspen at the sound of his voice, and for their own particular, would rather hear the sharpening of a saw: if such a one courts their acquaintance, they are hopelessly, despairingly polite; if, as is usual, he then waxes insolent, and, as the fast fellows would call it, *slangs* them, they are delighted with the opportunity of displaying that placid indifference upon which they pride themselves as one of their exclusive accomplishments.

Another peculiarity of truly fashion-

able people is, that they never say or do spiteful, or vindictive things; revenge and spite they consider low, plebeian, and vulgar; besides, vindictiveness of any kind disturbs their equanimity, puts them out of their way, and levels them with the people who may have injured or annoyed them; they cannot endure jaundice of body or mind, and equally abhor any thing that sticks either in the gall, bladder, or "gizzard." Their defensive armour, than which none can be less penetrable, is equanimity; their weapons, unstudied indifference and dignified neglect.

Towards their own "order," they are invariably consistent in kindness and consideration; they stand by, and stand to, one another with a paternal amity, which is only outwardly disturbed by politics; embarrassment or necessity effaces conventional distinctions of politics, and Whig or Tory is always ready to provide for "honest Jack," or "do something" for "poor Fred." But we are not to consider their exertions in this way, accompanied with any self-sacrifice or self-denial; holding in their own hands the means of providing for their friends or relatives, they usually so contrive matters that they lose nothing by it.

To the peculiar quietude of manner, and characteristic gentleness of persons of fashion, in their intercourse with each other, we have many concurring testimonies of impartial observers: of these, the most just at once, and eloquent, that we remember to have read, is that contained in an ever-memorable letter from a Mr Tomkins to a Mrs Jenkins, attributed (with what justice, deponent knoweth not) to a noble and learned lord, supreme in natural theology and excitability, remarkable for versatile nose and talents, and distinguished for chequered fortunes, and "inexpressibles" to match. This learned lord, or Tomkins aforesaid, or whoever may have been the inditer of the epistle *ad Jenkins*, is eloquent exceedingly upon the *narcotine* of fashionable life: declares that its soothing influences were unequalled by vapour of purest mundungus, or acetate of morphia, or even pill of opium, blended intimately with glass of *eau-de-vie*. Tomkins is quite right: no man, admitted by whatever door, or ascending by what-

ever staircase, to the *salons* of the great, fails to be impressed with the idea that there exists among what the *Post* calls the "gay and fastidious *habitués*" of the place, every disposition to place him perfectly at his ease: and, if he cannot be at ease, the fault is in him, not in his entertainers. To a great *nisi prius* lawyer, accustomed during a long life to the discrimination of character in the way of his profession, such a contrast as is presented by the repose and unobtrusive *politesse* of high life, compared with the *brusquerie* of the world below, must have been doubly delightful; and we are glad to have upon record the just and eloquent testimony to its existence and social value from so eloquent a pen.

The world without is apt to confound reserve and distance among the great, with pride and insensibility: even those who, admitted by sufferance to fashionable circles, behold the peculiar charm of high life through a wintry atmosphere: the free and unrestrained converse of men of fashion with their equals, none but themselves can know, and none but themselves describe.

Their habit of living, among themselves, is generally simple, and devoid of extravagance or ostentation: they have the best of every thing, it is true, but then they have all the advantages of unbounded competition and unlimited credit: they pay when they think proper, but no tradesman ever dares venture to ask them for money: such as have the bad taste to "dun" are "done:" the patient and long-suffering find their money "after many days." Their amusements among themselves are inexpensive, almost to meanness: the subscription to *Almacks*, that paradise of exclusives, and envy of the excluded, amounts to not more than half a-guinea a ball, if so much: a stall at the opera costs a young man of fashion, for the season, forty, fifty, or sixty pounds, according to position: for this he is entitled to an ivory ticket, which, when he does not feel inclined to go himself, he can transfer for the evening to another. If he have the misfortune to be a younger brother, many little windfalls come to his share, the results of his relationship. He has an apartment at his elder brother's town-house, or he resides with the

dowager, or with a maiden aunt; somebody keeps his cab horse, and some other body keeps the saddle-horse that Lady Mary or Jack Somebody gave him; his "tiger" has the run of all his friends' kitchens as a matter of course, and, as a matter of course, himself has two or three invitations a-day during the season; though, like other poor men, he prefers dining independently at his club. He is on very good terms with the "girls" of his *set*, and is allowed a little innocent flirtation, because he is known to have *tact* enough not to compromise himself or them by falling in love, or paying "ridiculous" addresses: although a little "fast" perhaps, he is perfectly *safe*, and is on good terms with every body except his eldest brother: he is the idol of countesses-dowager, who hand him a few hundreds whenever he is short, pay his debts for him—give him good advice, and call him "Freddy dear:" in short, although he has nothing, excepting his boot-hooks, that he can possibly call his own, he is a merry, good-natured, honest, harmless fellow, a favourite with every body, and envied for his light-heartedness even by his more fortunate elder brother.

In a book published some five-and-thirty years ago, is an account of the then prevailing method of killing a fashionable day: as the pursuit of inanity and folly has a tedious sameness about it, this picture will answer, with a few variations, for the man of fashion of to-day.

"About twelve, he (the man of fashion) rises, lolls upon a sofa, skims the newspaper, and curses its stupidity. He is particularly angry if he does not find in it a paragraph which he sent to the agent of a fashionable newspaper, generally the *Morning Post*, who lives by procuring such sort of intelligence, containing an account of his having dined at some titled man's table the day before, with whom, if he has no rank himself, he is particularly anxious to mingle. After swallowing several cups of tea and cocoa, and slices of foreign sausages and fowls, he assumes his riding coat, and sallies out to his stables to inspect his horses, and chat with his coachman and grooms.

"Having finished this review and audience, he orders his curriole, and, followed by a couple of grooms, he

dashes through most of the principal streets, and calls upon the most celebrated coach and harness makers; at the latter he is shown several new bits for his approbation. He then proceeds to his breeches-maker, thence to Tattersall's, where he is sure to meet a great number of friends, with whom he kills another hour in discussing the merits of the different animals he meets with there. These important duties being done, he strolls to an exhibition, or to a print-shop, and looks over a portfolio of caricatures; thence he keeps on moving to a fashionable hotel; to take white spruce beer (!) and sandwiches; here, after arranging his parties for the evening, he returns home to dress. After looking over the cards which have been left for him, he proceeds to his *toilette* with his valet, and is dressed about seven, when his chariot is at the door, and he drives either to some family to dinner, or to the hotel he visited in the morning, when he perhaps formed a party of four. At ten o'clock he enters the Opera, and like a butterfly moves from box to box; thence behind the scenes; after which he proceeds to one or two routs, or some fashionable gaming-house, and about four is in bed, to recruit himself for a repetition of the same course the next day.

"These loungers have a phraseology peculiar to themselves. A short time since, if one of them was asked how he was, the answer would have been, 'we are in *force* to-day;' if his wife was enquired after, 'she is in high preservation;' if asked how often he had been at the opera, 'it is my *second* opera.' They also say, perhaps, speaking of some illustrious hero, 'he's a fine brave fellow, but he ties his handkerchief most shockingly.' I also remember being one day in Hyde Park, when a gentleman rode up to one of these loungers, and after exchanging salutations, the former said to the latter, I wish much to have the pleasure of seeing you—are you engaged next Wednesday? Upon which the other turned round to a little half starved groom, and said, 'John, am I engaged next Wednesday?'

"The women of fashion," observes this writer, "are just as great and as insipid idlers, in their way, as are the male triflers. They seldom walk in

the streets, but are almost always cooped up in their carriages, driving about the streets, and leaving their cards at the houses of their friends, whom they never think of seeing, although they may be at home at the time; thence they proceed to the most expensive jewellers, where they order a piece of plate or a trinket; thence to some fashionable milliner."

This picture is not altogether like, but some of the features may certainly be easily recognized; if we substitute sherry, a chop, and a club in Pall Mall, for white spruce beer, sandwiches, and a tavern; replacing the curriole and footman by a cab and tiger, the remainder, with trivial alterations, may stand good of the fashionable idler of to-day, as of him of the last century.

In childhood, nay, even in infancy, for all I can see to the contrary, the *physique* of persons of fashion is sufficiently distinctive and characteristic of the class. If you walk in the parks and gardens, and notice these young thoroughbreds exercising under the care of their nurses, their tutors, and their nursery governesses, you will be perfectly convinced that they are as easily to be distinguished in all their points and paces from the children of the *mobility*, as is a well-blooded Arabian from a Suffolk punch.

The small oval head, clustered with *rippling* ringlets, as Alfred Jennyson calls them; the clear laughing eye, the long fair neck, the porcelain skin, warmed with the tenderest tinge of pink, so transparent withal that you almost see the animal spirit careering within; the *drooping* shoulder, the rounded bust, clean limbs, well-turned ankle, fine almost to a fault, the light springy step, the graceful easy carriage, the absence of sheepishness or shyness, an air cheerful without noise, a manner playful without rudeness, and you have the true son or daughter of the Englishman of fashion.

Then, how characteristic of the class of which these children are the rising hope, is the taste displayed in their dress; they are attired with costly simplicity; or, if a fond mamma indulges in any little extravagance of childish costume, you see that it is the extravagance of taste; there is no tawdriness, no over-dressing, no little ones in masquerade; they dress appro-

priately, and, at the same time, distinctively.

Pretty souls! Many a time and oft have we wandered forth of the turbulent town, less to brace our unstrung nerves by the elastic air—less to bathe our wearied eyes in the green light of earth's bosom, than to drive away sad thoughts in the contemplation of your innocent gambols; with our stick, delight we to launch your mimic barks from the sandy shores of Serpentine; with you, glad are we to make haste, expecting the fastest sailer on the further shore; with you, we exult, once more a boy, in the speed of our trim-built favourite.

We love the old Newfoundland dog, ay, and the old footman, as much as you do, and could hang like you about both their necks; we wish you would not think us too big a boy to "stop" for you at single-wicket; imaginary hoops we trundle in your gleesome train; like you, we have a decided aversion to "taw," considering it not young-gentleman-like; we, too, forgetting that the governess is single and two-and-thirty, wonder on earth what *can* make governess so cross; we love you, when we see you hand in hand squiring your little sister, saluting your little sister's little friends, carrying their little parasols, and helping them over little stony places, like little gentlemen. Happy, happy dogs! we envy neither your birth nor the fortune that awaits you, nor repine we that our fate condemns us to tug the unremitting oar against that tide of fortune upon which, with easy sail, you will float lightly down to death; the whole heart, the buoyant spirit, the conscience yet unstung by mute reproach of sin; these things we envy you—not the things so mean a world can give, but the things which, though it cannot give, soon—alas, how soon—it takes away!

Contrast these children with the children of Mr Deputy Stubbs of the ward of Farringdon Within, or common Councillor Muggs of Bassishaw; they really do not look like animals of the same species.

The rising Stubbses and Muggses have heads shaped like a China orange, croppy hair, chubby chins, chubby cheeks, and blazing red and chubby noses—short, puffy, apoplectic necks, like their fathers—squab, four-square figures, mounted upon turned legs,

with measly skins; so that, taken altogether, they are exceedingly offensive and disagreeable. Then they eat, these young Stubbses and Muggses, how they *do* eat! then they are dressed, how they *are* dressed! five different tartans, four colours in velvet, seven sorts of ribbons, and a woolpack of fleecy hosiery, as if there wasn't another Stubbs or Muggs in existence; then how they annoy and infest, with bad manners and noise, the deputies and common-councillmen who visit at Stubbses and Muggses; how the maids "drat them" all day long, and how Mrs Stubbs and Mrs Muggs *hate* Mr Sucklethumb, the buttermen, because he never "notices the child."

Another extraordinary phenomenon you cannot fail to observe in the children of the aristocracy; they seem to skip over the equivocal period, the neutral ground of human life, and emerge from the chrysaloid state of childhood, into the full and perfect *imago* of little lords and gentlemen, and little ladies, without any of those intermediate conditions of laddism, hobble-de-hoyism, or bread-and-butterishness, so prominently characteristic of the approaching puberty of the rest of the rising generation. Your Eton boy is not a boy, he is a young gentleman; your Lady Louisa is not a girl, she is only not yet "come out;" how to account for the peculiarity I know not, except the knowledge of the fact, that attention to the *petites morales* forms so great a part of the education of our rising aristocracy, and is considered so vitally important to their proper carriage, as well in their *set* as out of it, that their children are as far advanced in this particular at fifteen, as the children of middling people at twenty-five. The petticoat-string by which the youth of the non-fashionable class is tied to their mother, is a ligature not in use among the fashionable world; from the earliest period professional persons are employed in their education, and the *mother* never shows in the matter. Whether this, or any other peculiarity of the class, be an advantage or a disadvantage, natural or unnatural, right or wrong, it is not for the writer to say; he only points out what he has observed; and if he has failed to state it properly, let him be properly corrected.

Our aristocratic youth we take the liberty to classify, as they do coaches, of which they are so passionately fond, into

1. FAST,

2. SLOW.

The fast youths have several degrees of swiftness, from the railway pace, down through imperceptible gradations, to ten miles an hour, at which rate of going the fast fellows end, and the slow fellows begin.

Of these last there are also many varieties, from the tandem and tax-cart down to the waggon and dog-truck; and it cannot be denied, that as regards the former more especially, there is a great similarity between the youths themselves and the vehicles they govern; they go very fast, don't know what they are driving at, are propelled in any direction by much more sagacious animals than themselves, and are usually empty inside. The fast fellows are divided, moreover, into the occasional and permanently fast; and first of the occasional fast fellows:—

These form a very considerable proportion of our fashionable youth, and combine the gentleman with a dash of the *petit-maitre*, overlaying a naturally good disposition with a surface of scampishness, which, however, they lay down when they marry, and thenceforward they belong altogether to the slow school.

The permanently fast fellows deserve a more detailed notice, since they are always before the police magistrates and the public, in one shape or another; and although often committing themselves, are seldom or never committed.

The members of this class it is who furnish the democratic Sunday papers with a never-ending succession of articles, headed "THE ARISTOCRACY AGAIN," "BRUTALITY OF THE HIGHER CLASSES," "DEPRAVITY OF THE NOBBY ONES," and the like; and it is from these fast fellows, unfortunately, that a great many ignorant people draw their conclusions of fashionable life and conversation in general, extending the vices of a few shameless profligates to the entire of the little world, commonly called the great.

The permanently fast fellows, or, as we think their general demeanour entitles them to be called, "Blackguard Nobs," are a lot of little, scrubby,

bad-blooded, groom-like fellows, who have always, even from childhood, been incorrigible, of whom nursery governesses could make nothing, and whose education tutors abandoned in despair; expelled from Eton, rusticated at Cambridge, good for nothing but mischief in boyhood, regularly bred scamps and profligates in youth, and, luckily for mankind, generally worn-out before they attain the wrong side of forty. A stable is their delight, almost their home, and their olfactories are refreshed by nothing so much as by the smell of old litter, to which attar of roses is assafoetida in comparison.

Their knowledge of horses, which they get at second-hand from Field, or some of the other *crack* veterinaries, is their only pride, and indeed the only thing they imagine any man ought to be proud of; they reverence a fellow who has a good seat in his saddle, and delight in horsemanship, because horsemanship requires no brains; driving a "buggy" in good style is respectable, but "shoving along" a four-in-hand the highest exercise of human intellect; as for Milton and Shakspeare, and such inky-fingered old prigs, who never had a good horse in their lives, they despise such low fellows thoroughly. Their chief companions, or rather, their most intimate friends, are the fellows who hang about livery stables, betting-rooms, race-courses, and hippodromes; crop-eared grooms, *chaunters*, dog-stealers, starveling jockeys, blacklegs, foreign counts, breeders, feeders; these are all "d—d honest fellows," and the "best fellows in the world," although they get their living by cheating the fast fellows, who patronize them.

Of money, they know no more than that it is a necessary instrument of their pleasures, and must be got somehow or anyhow; accordingly, they are on intimate terms with a species of shark called a bill-discounter, who commits upon them every sort of robbery, under the sanction of the law; and who also is always a "d—d honest fellow."

They can be sufficiently liberal of their money, whenever they have any, to all who do not want, or who do not deserve it; if a prize-fighter becomes embarrassed in his circumstances, or a jockey is "down upon his luck," it is quite refreshing to see the madness

with which the fast fellows strike for a subscription; an opera-dancer out of an engagement, or an actress in the same interesting condition, provided they are not modest women, have, they think, a claim upon their generosity—and perhaps they have.

They think it ungentelemanly to cheat, or, as they call it, "*stick*" any of their own set, except in matters of horse-flesh; but "*sticking*" any body out of their own set, especially tradesmen, is considered an excellent joke, and the "*sticker*" rises several degrees in public estimation.

We should be doing great injustice to the fast fellows if we omitted a brief notice of their accomplishments. Driving is, of course, the chief; and, by long experience and impunity, wonderfully grand exploits are achieved by the fast fellows in this department.

One of the most original is to get into a strong cab, with a very powerful horse, lamps lit, tiger inside, and to go quietly along, keeping a sharp look-out for any night cabman who may be "*lobbing*," as the phrase is, off his stand; the moment the "*game*," who is generally one part asleep and three parts drunk, is espied, put your horse to full gallop, and, guiding your vehicle with the precision fast fellows alone attain, whip inside the cab-wheel, and take it off. The night cab comes down by the run, the night cabman tumbles off, breaking his nose or neck, as it may happen, and you drive off as if the devil kicked you. When you have gone a couple of miles, make a circumbendibus back again to the night-house frequented by your set, and relate the adventure, with the same voice and countenance as a broker quotes the price of stocks; then order a cool bottle of claret with the air of a man who has done a meritorious action!

Another accomplishment, at which not a few of the fast fellows excel, is that of imitating upon a key-bugle various animals, in an especial manner the braying of an ass: when the fast fellows drive down to the Trafalgar at Greenwich, the Toy at Hampton Court, or the Swan at Henley upon Thames, the bugle-player mounts aloft, the rest of the fast fellows keeping a look-out for donkeys; when one is seen, a hideous imitative bray is set up by the man of music, and his quadrupedal brother, attracted by the

congenial sound, rushes to the roadside—mutual recognition, with much merriment, is the result.

The fast fellow who does this best, is considered one of the immortals; and we are not without expectation, in due time, of seeing his talent rewarded by a pension.

Breaking bells, twisting knockers, and "knapping" rail-heads, has descended so low of late that the fast fellows are ashamed of it, and have resigned it to the medical students, patriotic young members of Parliament, and others of the imitative classes; but there yet exists, or very lately existed, a collection of these and various other surreptitiously acquired properties, known among the fast fellows by the title of ——'s Museum, every article being ticketed artistically, and the whole presenting an example of devotion to the cause of science, we believe, without a parallel.

These are a few of the comparatively innocent amusements of the fast fellows; others there are of graver character, which we need not refer to, especially as the fast school is fast wearing itself out, and many of the fast fellows already begin to "put on the drag," and go at a more reasonable pace.

Their ignorance, with the single exception of horse-flesh, is appalling. Nobody who does not know the fast fellows, would credit that men could by any possibility grow up in such absolute ignorance of whatever a gentleman is expected to know; whatever a gentleman is expected not to know, they have at their tongues' and fingers' ends.

Intellectual men, of whatever description, they regard with the most perfect indifference—an indifference too passive for contempt; they affect to wonder, or probably do wonder, what such men are for, or why people sometimes talk about them. Books they find convenient for putting under the legs of barrack-room tables, to bring them to a level, and think they are made of different sizes for that purpose; but no fast fellow was ever yet detected in looking into one of them, to see whether there was any thing inside. Such as have been taught to spell, employ part of the Sunday in deciphering the smutty jokes of the *Satirist*, and pronounce

the jokes "d—d good," and the paper "a d—d honest paper." If they happen, by any chance, to come into contact with one of the slow school, or any body who has been taught to read, they have a method of silencing his battery, which they think "capital." If a man should say in their company, that Chaucer was a great poet, one will immediately enquire, "*how much?*" while another wishes to know if Chaucer is entered for the "Derby?" "*How much?*" is the invariable slang, whenever a man gets the bit out of his mouth, or, in other words, talks of any thing but horses.

There is no novelty in this; it is only a second edition of Dean Swift's "new-fashioned way of being witty," which, in his fashionable day, was called "*a bite*." "You must ask a bantering question," he informs Stella, "or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then they will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; then cry you, '*there's a bite*.' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and every where else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain amongst you, and teach you a new refinement."

If they accept an invitation from Lord Northampton to go to one of his *soirées*, which they sometimes do for a "lark," their antics are vastly amusing; they put on grave, philosophic faces, and mimic the *savans* to the life; if the noble president, thinking he is doing the polite thing, points out to them a poet, for example, or a professor, they have a knack of elevating the shoulders, looking at the man with a pitying air, and whispering the words "*poor beast*," with a tone and manner quite inimitable. Indeed this is one of the few clever things they do, and on or off the stage we have never seen any thing like it.

If Dickens were to die—an event that, we hope and trust, may not occur these fifty years, the fast fellows would have some such conversation upon the event, as follows:—

A. So, Dickens, I hear, is dead.

B. How much?

C. What's that?

A. Why, Pickwick, to be sure.

B. Oh! Eh? Pickwick—Moses—Bath coach—I know.

C. Pickwick—near Chippenham? Paul Methven lives there—I know.

A. No—no—I tell you; he's a man that writes.

B. Is he? He may be. How should I know?

C. Well—it's a d——d hard case, that, at the beginning of the season, I should have lost a d——d good tiger. Has any body got a d——d small tiger for sale?

As we are in the humour for dialogue, we may as well give a *verbatim* report of our last interview with Lord ——, who had been a fast fellow in his youth. We encountered him on the sunny side of St James's Street, the other day, tottering to Brookes's: although we don't expect you to be-

lieve it, what passed was, as we recollect it, exactly as follows:—

"Well, my Lord, I hope your gout is better?"

"Eh—how are you? Well, I think I am better, d'ye know."

"Glad to hear it."

"Thankee—thankee—d'ye know, eh, I've changed my doctor?"

"Well, and how d'ye like your new one?"

"Capitally—eh—d'ye know, he's a clever fellow. Young—eh—but clever—very. D'ye know, eh—he corresponds regularly with—eh—with Sir *Humphrey* Newton and Sir *Isaac* Davy!"

THE DREAM OF LORD NITHSDALE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

[LORD NITHSDALE, as is well known, was condemned to death for his participation in the Rebellion of 1715. By the exertions of his true-hearted wife, Winifred, he was enabled to escape from the Tower of London on the night before the morning appointed for his execution. The lady herself—noble soul!—has related, in simple and touching language, in a letter to her sister, the whole circumstances of her lord's escape. The letter is preserved in the Appendix to "*Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*," page 313 to 329—London, 1810.]

"Farewell to thee, Winifred, dearest and best!

Farewell to thee, wife of a courage so high!—

Come hither, and nestle again in my breast,

Come hither, and kiss me again ere I die!—

And when I am laid bleeding and low in the dust,

And yield my last breath at a tyrant's decree;

Look up—be resign'd—and the God of the just

Will shelter thy fatherless bairnies and thee!"

She wept on his breast, but, ashamed of her tears,

She dash'd off the drops that ran warm down her cheek;

"Be sorrow for those who have leisure for tears—

O pardon thy wife that her soul was so weak!

There is hope for us still, and I will not despair,

Though cowards and traitors exult at thy fate;

I'll show the oppressors what woman can dare,

I'll show them that love can be stronger than hate!"

Lip to lip, heart to heart, and their fond arms entwined,

He has kiss'd her again, and again, and again;

"Farewell to thee, Winifred, pride of thy kind,

Sole ray in my darkness, sole joy in my pain!"

She has gone—he has heard the last sound of her tread;

He has caught the last glimpse of her robes at the door;—

She has gone, and the joy that her presence had shed,

May cheer the sad heart of Lord Nithsdale no more.

And the prisoner pray'd in his dungeon alone,

And thought of the morn and its dreadful array,

Then rested his head on his pillow of stone,

And slumber'd an hour ere the dawning of day.

Oh, balm of the weary! Oh, soother of pain!

That still to the sad givest pity and dole ;
 How gently, oh sleep ! lay thy wings on his brain,
 How sweet were thy dreams to his desolate soul !

Once more on his green native braes of the Nith,
 He pluck'd the wild bracken, a frolicsome boy ;
 He sported his limbs in the waves of the Frith ;
 He trod the green heather in gladness and joy ;—
 On his gallant grey steed to the hunting he rode,
 In his bonnet a plume, on his bosom a star ;
 He chased the red deer to its mountain abode,
 And track'd the wild roe to its covert afar.

The vision was changed. In a midsummer night
 He roam'd with his Winifred, blooming and young ;
 He gazed on her face by the moon's mellow light,
 And loving and warm were the words on his tongue.
 Thro' good and thro' evil, he swore to be true,
 And love through all fortune his Winnie alone ;
 And he saw the red blush o'er her cheek as it flew,
 And heard her sweet voice that replied to his own.

Once more it has changed. In his martial array,
 Lo, he rides at the head of his gallant young men !
 And the pibroch is heard on the hills far away,
 And the clans are all gather'd from mountain and glen.
 For exiled King Jamie, their darling and lord,
 They raise the loud slogan—they rush to the war.
 The tramp of the battle resounds on the sward—
 Unfurl'd is the banner—unsheath'd the claymore !

The vision has fled like a sparkle of light,
 And dark is the dream that possesses him now ;
 The morn of his doom has succeeded the night,
 And the damp dews of death gather fast on his brow.
 He hears in the distance a faint muffled drum,
 And the low sullen boom of the death-tolling bell ;
 The block is prepared, and the headsman is come,
 And the victim, bareheaded, walks forth from his cell.—

No ! No ! 'twas a vision ! his hour was not yet,
 And waking, he turn'd on his pallet of straw,
 And a form by his side he could never forget,
 By the pale misty light of a taper he saw.
 " 'Tis I ! 'tis thy Winifred ! "—softly she said,
 " Arouse thee, and follow—be bold, never fear !
 There was danger abroad, but my errand has sped,
 I promised to save thee—and lo ! I am here ! "

He rose at the summons, and little they spoke,
 The gear of a lady she placed on his head ;
 She cover'd his limbs with a womanly cloak,
 And painted his cheeks of a maidenly red.
 " One kiss, my dear lord, and begone !—and beware !
 Walk softly—I follow ! " Oh guide them, and save,
 From the open assault, from the intricate snare,
 Thou, Providence, friend of the good and the brave !

They have pass'd unsuspected the guard at the cell,
 And the sentinel band that keep watch at the gate ;
 One peril remains—it is past—all is well !
 They are free ; and her love has proved stronger than hate.
 They are gone—who shall follow ?—their ship's on the brine,
 And they sail unpursued to a far friendly shore,
 Where love and content at their hearth may entwine,
 And the warfare of kingdoms dividè them no more.

TWO HOURS OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

ONE bright day, last June, one of the London coaches rattled at an amazing rate down the main street of a garrison town, and, with a sudden jerk which threw the smoking horses on their haunches, pulled up at the door of the Waterloo hotel. A beautiful sight it is—a fine, well-appointed coach, of what we must now call the ancient fashion, with its smart driver, brilliant harness, and thoroughbred team. Then it is a spectacle pleasing to gods and men, the knowing and instantaneous manner in which the grooms perform their work in leading off the horses, and putting fresh ones to—the rapid diving for carpet-bags and portmantaus into the various boots and luggage holes—the stepping down or out (as the case may be) of the passengers—the tip to the coachman—the touch of the hat in return—the remounting of that functionary into his chair of honour—the chick, chick! with which he hints to the pawing greys he is ready for a start—and, finally, the roll off into dim distance of the splendid vehicle, watched by the crowd that have gathered round it, till it is lost from their sight. A steam-coach, with its disgusting, hissing, sputtering, shapeless, lifeless engine, ought to be ashamed of itself, and would probably blush for its appearance, if it were not for the quantity of brass that goes to its composition. On the above-mentioned bright day in June, only two passengers got out from the inside of the *Celerity*. The outsiders, who were apparently pushed for time, urged them to make haste; and the lady, the first who stepped on the pavement, took their admonitions in good part. With only a small basket on her arm, and a dark veil drawn close down over her face, she dropt half-a-crown into the hand of the expectant coachman, and walked rapidly up the street. The gentleman, however, put off a good deal of time in identifying his carpet-bag—then his pocket seemed to be indefinitely deep, as his hand appeared to have immense difficulty in getting to the bottom of it. At last he succeeded in catching hold of some coin,

and, while he dropt it into the extended palm of the impatient Jehu, he said, "Hem! I say, coachie, who is that lady? Eh! fine eyes—hem!"

"Can't say, sir—no name in the way-bill—thank ye, sir."

"Then you can't tell me any thing about her? Prettiest critter I ever saw in my life. As to Mrs Moss"—

But before the inquisitive gentleman, who stood all this time with the carpet-bag in his hand, had an opportunity of making any further revelation as to Mrs Moss, or any more enquiries as to his unknown travelling companion, the coachman had mounted the box, and, after asserting in a very complacent tone that it was all right, had driven off, and left him in the same state of ignorance as before.

"Sleep here, sir?—Dinner, sir?—This way to the coffee-room," said a smart young man, with long hair and a blue coat, with a napkin over his arm.

"Oh! you're the waiter, I suppose. Now, waiter, I want to find out something, and I daresay you can help me"—

"This way, sir. You can have a mutton-chop in twenty minutes."

"No—listen to me—I'm going to ask you some questions. Did you see the lady that got out of the coach when I did? She's a beautiful critter; such black eyes!—such a sweet voice!—such a small hand! We travelled together the whole way from town. She spoke very little, and kept her name a secret. I couldn't find out what she came here for. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir—perfectly," said the waiter, at the same time evidently understanding nothing about it.

"Well, you see, I don't know what you think of it down here; but, for my part, I think ladies at forty-five are past their prime. Now, my next neighbour in London—Mrs Moss is her name—she's exactly that age. You hear what I am saying, waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I don't think this young lady, from her eyes and mouth, can be more than twenty-three—a charm-

ing age, waiter—hem! You never saw her before, did you?"

"No, sir—never."

"Well, its very astonishing what a beautiful girl she is. I am retired from the lace and ribbon business, waiter, but I think she's the sweetest specimen of the fair sex I ever saw. And you don't know who she is, do you?"

"No, sir. You'll sleep here, sir, I think you said? shammaid!"

"No—I haven't said so yet," said the stranger, rather sharply.

"Oh!" said the waiter, who had not attended to a syllable the gentleman had spoken—and retired under the archway into the hotel.

"The only way to get information," mused the gentleman with the carpet-bag, still standing on the pavement, "is to have your eyes about you and ask questions. It's what I always do since I have begun to travel for improvement—I got all the waiter knew out of him in a moment—I ought to have been an Old Bailey barrister—there ain't such a cross-questioner as I am in the whole profession."

The person who possessed such astonishing powers of investigation, was a man about fifty years of age, little and stout, with a face of perfect good-nature, and presenting the unmistakeable appearance of a prosperous man. The twinkle about his eye spoke strongly of the three-and-a-half per cents, and a mortgage or two might be detected in the puckers round his mouth. I shouldn't at all care to change banker's books with him on chance.

"How lucky I haven't proposed to Mrs M.! Charming woman, but fat—decidedly fat—and a little dictatorial too. Travel, says she—enlarge your mind—why, how big would she have it?—expand your intellect—does she think a man's brains are shaped like a fan? I wish to heaven I could find out who this beautiful!"

But, as if his wish was that moment to be gratified, a small light hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, on turning round, he saw his fair fellow-traveller.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, in a very sweet but slightly agitated voice, "excuse me for addressing you, but I am emboldened by your appearance to"——

"Oh, ma'am—you're very polite—I feel it a great compliment, I assure you."

"The benevolent expression of your countenance encourages me to"——

"Oh, ma'am, don't mention it, I beg"——

"To ask your assistance in my present difficulty."

"Now, then," thought the gentleman thus appealed to, "I'll find out all about her—how I'll question her!"

"You will help me, I feel sure," continued the lady.

"Oh, certainly—how can you doubt it?—(Hem—what white teeth! Mrs M. is a martyr to toothache.) How can I be useful, ma'am? Don't you think it's a curious coincidence we travelled together, ma'am, and both of us coming to the same town? It strikes me to be very singular; doesn't it you, ma'am?"

"I shall be glad of it, if"——

"Ah! by-the-bye—another queer thing is your applying to me—a man past the bloom of boyhood, to be sure, in fact a little beyond"——

"The prime of life," added the lady, not regarding the disappointed look with which her interpolation was received; "it is for that reason, sir, I throw myself on your kindness; you have perhaps daughters, sir, or grandchildren, who"——

"Devil a one. Gad, ma'am, I wish you heard Mrs M., a neighbour of mine—why, she's always talking of my wildness and juvenile liveliness, and all that sort of thing; an excellent woman Mrs M., but stout—certainly stout."

"Are you acquainted with this town, sir?" said the lady.

"God bless ye! read an immense account of it in the Penny Magazine ever so long ago; but whether it is famous for a breakwater, or a harbour, or a cliff, or some dock-yard machinery, I can't recollect; perhaps it's all of them together; we shall find out soon; for travelling, as Mrs M. says, enlarges the mind, and expands the intellect."

The lady looked in the face of the disciple of Mrs M. with an anxious expression, as if she repented having addressed him.

"But are you acquainted with the localities here?" she said at last. "As to myself, I am utterly ignorant of the

place I have to go to; and if you knew what reason I have to"—

"Ah! that's the very thing; give me your confidence, and I can refuse you nothing."

"My confidence!—alas, the business I come on can only be interesting to the parties concerned. I came from London for one sole object; and if I fail, if any delay occurs, the consequences may be—oh, I dread to think of them!"

"You don't say so? Lord! what a thing it is to travel!"

"It was of the utmost consequence that my journey here should be unknown. I had no one to trust. Alas, alas! I have no friend in all the world in whom I could confide!"

"Hem, hem!" said the little man, moved by the earnest sadness of her tone and looks, "you have one friend, ma'am; you may trust me with any thing in the world; yes, me, Nicholas Clam, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London. I tell you my name, that you may know I am somebody. I retired from business some years ago, because uncle John died one day, and left me his heir; got into a snug cottage, green verandah, trellice porch, green door, with bell handle in the wall; next door to Mrs Moss—clever woman, but large—very large. And now that you know who I am, you will perhaps tell me"—

"I have little to tell, sir; I came here to see an officer who was to have landed this morning from foreign service; if I don't see him instantly there will be death—ah!"—

"Soldiers—death—ah!" thought Mr Clam; "wild fellows them officers—breach of promise—short memories—a lovely critter, but rather silly I'm afraid; I should like to see a soldier coming the sentimental over Mrs M. Well, ma'am?"

The lady perceived something in the expression of Mr Clam's face (which was radiant with the wonderful discovery he thought he had made) which probably displeased her; for she said, in a very abrupt and almost commanding manner—

"Do you know the way, sir, to the infantry barracks?"

"Not I, ma'am; never knew a soldier in my life. (Think of Mrs M. paying a morning visit to the barracks! What a critter this is!)"

"Then you can't assist me, sir, as I had hoped, and therefore"—

"Oh, by no means, ma'am; I can find out where the barracks are in a moment. There's a young officer crossing the street; I'll ask him, and be back in a minute."

So saying, Mr Clam placed his carpet-bag in safety inside the archway of the hotel, and started off in pursuit of information. While her Mercury was gone on his voyage of discovery, the lady looked at the officer he was following. He was a young handsome man of two or three-and-twenty, lounging slowly along with the air of modest appreciation of his own value to Queen and country—not to mention private dinner parties and county balls—which seems soon to become a part of the military character in a garrison town. As he turned round to speak to Mr Nicholas Clam, the lady half shrieked, and pulled her veil more carefully over her face.

"I'm lost! I'm lost!" she said; "'tis Chatterton himself! Oh, why did I allow this talkative old man to trouble himself with my affairs? If the meeting takes place before I can explain, my happiness is gone for ever!"

She turned away, and walked as quickly as she could up one of the side streets. Not daring to turn round, she was alarmed by hearing steps rapidly nearing her in pursuit; and, from the heaviness of the sound, concluded at once that there was more than one person close behind. It turned out, however, to be nobody but her portly, and now breathless companion, Mr Clam.

"Stop, for heaven's sake, ma'am! that ain't the way," he said. "What a pace she goes at! Ma'am! ma'am! She's as deaf as a post, and would drive me into consumption in a week; and this in a hot day in June, too! Mrs M. has more sense—stop!"

"Have you discovered the way, sir?" she enquired, hurriedly.

"Haven't I? I certainly have the knack of picking up information. I told the young man I had travelled with you from London; that you had some secret business at the barracks; that I didn't know what it was; and the moment I asked him all these questions"—

"Questions, sir?" said the lady, spitefully; "it strikes me you were

telling every thing, and asking nothing"——

"The moment he found out, I say, that there was a lady in the case, and that you wanted to know the way to the barracks, he insisted on coming to show you the way himself—a civil young man."

"Oh, why did you speak to him?" exclaimed the lady, still hurrying on; "to him of all men? you have ruined me!"

"Me ruined you! That's going it a little too strong. I never ruined any body in my life. How did I know you knew the man? There's some awful mystery in this young woman," muttered Mr Clam, puffing like a broken-winded coach horse; "and if I live I'll find it out. There's nothing improves the mind, as Mrs M. says, so much as curiosity."

"Is it far to the barracks, sir?"

"This ain't the way, ma'am; you're making it further every minute; and, besides, you're running away from the young officer."

"I *mustn't* meet him, sir—do you hear me?—I *must* not be recognized."

"Well, ma'am," said Mr Clam, "there's no great harm done yet; I did every thing for the best—following the dictates of an unbiassed judgment, as Mrs M. says; and if I've brought you into a scrape, I'll get you out of it. Take my arm, ma'am, turn boldly round, and I'll soon set him about his business."

The lady did as she was told, and they retraced their steps. The young officer now approached, and touching his hat with an air of unspeakable elegance, and then swinging his cane, said, "You asked me, sir, to show the way to the barracks."

"Quite a mistake, sir," replied Mr Clam, drily; "we know the way perfectly well ourselves."

"It isn't far," pursued the officer; "and I shall be delighted to accompany you. Any thing that you, sir, or your beautiful companion, may require, I shall be happy to procure for you. Is there any one you wish to see at the barracks?"

This question was addressed to the lady, who drew back, and made no reply.

"If there's any body we want to see," said Mr Clam, "we'll ask for him; but we're in a hurry, sir. This

lady travelled all the way from London expressly on purpose to"——

But here a pinch in the arm prevented any further revelation, and made Mr Clam wince as if he had been stung by an adder.

"You needn't grip so hard," he said to his companion; "for its my solemn opinion you've taken the bit out. Let us go, sir," he continued, addressing the officer once more. "We don't need your assistance."

The young man looked surprised.

"Well, sir," he said, "it was entirely to do you a favour that I came."

"You'll do us a far greater if you'll go," replied Mr Clam, becoming boisterous and dignified, after the manner of a turkey-cock.

"Sir, I don't understand such language," said the officer.

"Then your education has been neglected, sir. It's English—plain, downright English. We have no desire for your society, sir.—Right about wheel—march."

"You are below my notice," said the young man, flushing up; "and your insolent vulgarity is, therefore, safe. At the same time, if the lady needs my assistance"——

"She doesn't need your assistance—far from it—she told me she wished never to"——

Another pinch, more powerful apparently than the former, from the writhing of the sufferer, interrupted once more the stream of his eloquence; and he was worked up into a tremendous passion, partly, perhaps, by the cool contempt of the young officer, and principally by the pain he suffered in his arm.

"You're an impudent fellow, sir," he said. "I don't care twopence for all the puppies that ever wore red coats, sir. My name is Nicholas Clam, Esq., No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London; and I can shoot at a popinjay as well as another."

"You shall hear from me, sir," said the officer, biting his lips. "My name is Chatterton—Lieutenant Chatterton. Good day, sir."

He touched his hat proudly, and walked away.

"A good riddance, ma'am," said Mr Clam. "Them young chaps think to have it all their own way. I wish I had seen a policeman or a serjeant of

soldiers ; I would have charged him, as sure as a gun ! ”

“ Oh, come quick, quick ! ” exclaimed the lady, pressing more hurriedly on his arm. “ Take me to the barracks ! I must see him instantly ! ”

“ Who ? ” enquired Mr Clam. “ I’m all on the tenters to understand what all this is about. Who is it you must see ? Now, for my own part, I don’t want to see any one ; only I wish you would tell me what ”——

“ Oh, spare me the recital at present. I’m so agitated by recent events, that, that—indeed you must excuse me. Oh come—quickly, quickly, come ! ”

There was no answer possible to such a request, more especially as by suiting the action to the word, and drawing her companion forward at a tremendous rate, she had entirely taken away the quantity of breath required to carry on a conversation. Mr Clam’s cogitations, however, were deep ; and, among them, the most prominent was a doubt as to the great advantages to be derived from travel, and a firm persuasion that it is a very foolish thing to become the champion of any lady whatever, more particularly if she conceals her name, and refuses to satisfy one’s curiosity in the smallest point.

CHAPTER II.

The young man who has been introduced to us as Lieutenant Chatterton, pursued his way up the main street in no very equable temper. A little, grey-eyed, snub-nosed civilian, to have insulted an officer and a gentleman ! the disgrace was past all bearing, especially as it had been inflicted on him in the presence of a lady. Burning with the indignation befitting his age and profession, and determined to call out the insulter, his present object was to meet with a friend whom he might send with the message. Luckily for his purpose, he was met by Major M’Toddy.

“ Ha ! major—never was so happy to see any one in my life,” exclaimed Chatterton, seizing the hand of his friend—a tall, raw-boned, red-faced man, with a good-natured expression of face, not unmixed with a considerable share of good sense.

“ I really,” replied the major, in an accent that was a great deal more redolent of Renfrew than Middlesex—“ I really jist at this moment dinna happen to have a single guinea aboot me, so ye needna go on wi’ your compliments ; but at hame in the kist,—the *arca*, as a body may say ”——

“ Poh ! I don’t want to borrow just now—except, indeed, your assistance in a matter of the highest importance. You have always been so kind, so obliging, that I am sure you wont refuse.”

“ Weel, say awa’, speak on ; *perge, puer*, as a body may say,” interrupted the major, who seemed resolved to shew what command of language he

had ; for he uniformly began his speeches in his vernacular, and translated them, though with an effort, into English, or any other tongue he chanced to recollect.

“ Did you see a lady near the Waterloo ? tall, graceful, timid ; by heavens, a shape to dream of, not to see ? ”

“ Then, what for did ye look at it ?—answer that if you please—*responde, s’il vous plait*.”

“ A creature so sweet, so beautiful ; ah, M’Toddy ! ”

“ What’s a’ this about. What’s the meaning of all this ? Is’t in some wild play aboot a woman—*une femme*,—a *femina*, as a body may say, you want my help ? Gae wa’ wi’ ye—be off with you,—*apage, Sathanas*, as a body may say—I’m owre auld in the horn for sic nonsense—*non mihi tantas*.”

“ I tell you, major, she is the loveliest creature in Europe. Such a foot—such shoulders—such a walk—by heavens ! I’ll shoot him as dead as Julius Cæsar.”

“ Who are you going to shoot ?—is’t a woman in man’s claes ? ” enquired the major, astonished.

“ I’ll shoot him—the cursed, fat, pudgy, beastly rascal, her husband. I’ve never seen her face, but ”——

“ Lord seff us !—heaven preserve us, as a body may say. Is that a respectable reason for shooting a man that you have never seen his wife’s face ? Come, come, be cool, John Chatterton—be cool ; *animum rege*, as a body may ”——

“ Cool ? a pretty thing for a steady

old stager like you, to tell me to be cool. I tell you, I've been insulted, threatened, quizzed, laughed at."

"Wha laughed at ye?" enquired the major.

"The woman. I'm certain, she must have laughed. How could she avoid it? I know she laughed at me; for though I couldn't see her face for the horrid veil she kept over it, I saw from the anxiety she was in to hide it, from the shaking of her whole figure, that she was in the convulsions of a suppressed titter. I'll shoot him as I would a partridge."

"But ye've nae license, sir, nor nae qualification either that I can see—for what did the honest man do?" said the major, amazed at the wrath of his companion.

"Do! He didn't actually call me a puppy, but he meant it. I know he did—I saw it in the twinkle of his light, prying, silly-looking eyes—the pucking up of his long, red, sneering lip."

"But ye canna fecht a man—you can't challenge a person, as a body may say, for having light eyes and long lips—what mair? *quid ultra?* as a body"—

"He asked me the way to the barracks."

"Weel, there's no great harm in that—*non nocet*, as a"—

"I told him the way, and offered to escort them there; I offered to be of any use to them in my power, for I knew every officer in garrison, you know, except our own regiment, that only came in to-day; and just when I was going to offer my arm to the lovely creature at his side, he said that they didn't need my guidance, that they did not desire my society—that he could shoot at a popinjay; now, what the devil *is* a popinjay?"

"I'm thinking jay is the English for some sort of a pyet—a tale-bearer, as a body may say—a blab."

"A blab!—by heavens, Major M'Toddy, I don't know what to say—if I thought the fellow really meant to insinuate any thing of that kind, I would horsewhip him though I met him in a church."

"Oho! so your conscience is pricked at last?—*mens sibi non conscia*, as a body may say," answered the major. "Noo, I want to speak to you on a point of great importance to yourself, my young friend, before you

get acquainted with the regiment. Hoo long have you been in the depot here, John Chatterton?"

"Eighteen months."

"Weel, man, that's a-year-and-a-half, and you must be almost a man noo."

The youth looked somewhat inclined to be angry at this mode of hinting that he was still rather juvenile—but the major went on.

"And you were engaged, six months ago, to the beauty you used to tell me so much about, Miss Hope of Oakside."

"Yes—yes—well?" replied the youth.

"And what for have ye broke off in such a sudden manner?—*unde rixa?* as a body may say."

"I broke off, Major M'Toddy? I tell you *she* broke off with me."

"Did she tell you so?" enquired the senior.

"No—do you think I would condescend to ask her? No; but doesn't every body know that she is married?"

"Have you seen the announcement in the papers?"

"I never look at the papers—but I tell you I know from the best authority, that she is either married, or is going to marry an old worn-out fellow of the name of Smith. A friend of Smith's told me so, the last time I came down by the coach."

"A man on the top of the coach told you that she was going to be married—that is, *in vulgum pargere voces*, as a body may say—capital authority! And what did you do then?"

"Sent her back her letters—with a tickler to herself on her conduct."

"And was that a'?—did you not write to any of her family?"

"No. Her eldest sister is a very delightful, sensible girl, and I am certain must have been as angry at Marion's behaviour as I was."

"And now her brother's come home to-day—you're sure to meet him—it'll be an awkward meeting."

"I can meet him or any man in England," replied the youth. "If there's any awkwardness about it, it sha'n't be on my side."

"Noo, John Chatterton, my young friend, I'm going to say some words to you that ye'll no like. Ye're very vain o' yourself—but maybe at your time o' life it's not a very great fault

to have a decent bump o' self-conceit; you're the best-hearted, most honourable-minded, pleasantest lad I know any where, and very like some nephews of my own in the Company's service: ye'll be a baronet when your father dies, and as rich as a Jew. But oh, John Chatterton, ye're an ass—a reg'lar donkey, as a body may say, to get into tiffs of passion, and send back a beautiful girl's letters, because some land-louping vagabond on the top of a coach told you some report or other about a Mr Smith?"——

"Captain Smith," said Chatterton, biting his lips; "he's a well known man; he was an ensign in this very regiment, succeeded to a large fortune, and retired: he's a very old man."

"He's a very fine fellow, and as gallant a soldier as ever lived," answered the major; "and if you think that a man of six or seven-and-thirty is ow'r auld to marry, by my troth, Mister Chatterton, I tak' the liberty to tell you that you labour under a very considerable mistake."

Chatterton looked at the irate face of his companion, in which the crow-feet of forty years were distinctly visible, and perceived that he had gone on a wrong tack.

"Well, but then, major, what the deuce right had she to marry without giving me notice of her intentions?"

"Set ye up, and push ye forrit!—marry come up! as a body may say—who made you the young lassie's guardian? If you were really engaged to her, why didn't you go to Oakside at once and find out the truth, and then go instantaneously and kick the fellow you met on the top of the coach, round and round the barrack yard, till there was not enough of him left to plant your boot on?"

The young man looked down as if a little ashamed of himself.

"Never mind, major," said he, "it can't be helped now; so do, like a good fellow, go and find out the little rascal who insulted me so horribly just now. It would be an immense satisfaction to pull his nose with a regulation glove on."

"But you must describe him, and tell me his name, for it would be a sad occurrence if I were to give your message to the wrong man."

"You can't mistake him; the most impudent-looking vulgarian in England. His name is Nicholas Clam,

living in some unheard-of district near the Regent's Park."

"And the lady is his wife, is she?"

"Of course. Who the devil would walk with such a fellow that wasn't obliged to do it by law?"

"Well, my young friend, I'll see what's to be done in this matter, and will bring you, most likely, a solemn declaration that he never shot at a popinjay in his life. And you're really going to end the conversation without asking me for a loan? You're not going to be like *Virtus, post nummos*, after the siller, as a body may say?"

"No, not to-day, thank you. The governor keeps me rather short just now, and won't come down handsome till I'm married; but"——

"So you've lost that and the girl too—the lass and the tocher, as a body may say—all by the lies of a black-guard on the top of a coach? Ye're a wild lad, John Chatterton, and so *vale, et memor esto mei—au revoir*, as a body may say."

The major turned away on warlike thoughts intent, that is to say, with the intention of finding out Mr Clam, and enquiring into the circumstances of the insult to his friend. Mr Chatterton was also on the point of hurrying off, when a gentleman, who had overheard the last sentence of the sonorous-voiced major's parting speech, stopped suddenly, as if struck by what was said, and politely addressed the youth.

"I believe, sir, I heard the name of Chatterton mentioned by the gentleman who has just left you?"

"Yes, he was speaking of him."

"Of your regiment, sir?"

"Yes, we have a man of that name," replied Mr Chatterton. "What the deuce can this fellow want?"

"I am extremely anxious to meet him," continued the stranger, "as I have some business with him of the highest importance."

"Oh, a dun, by Jupiter!" thought the young soldier. He looked at the stranger, a very well dressed gentlemanly man—too manlike for a tailor—too polished for a horse-dealer; his Wellingtons were brightly polished—he was perhaps his boot-maker. "Oh, you wish to see Mr Chatterton?" he said aloud.

"Very much," replied the stranger.

"I have some business with him that admits of no delay."

"An arrest at least," thought the youth. "I wish to heaven M'Toddy had not left me! Is it fair to ask," he continued, aloud, "of what nature your business is with Mr Chatterton? I am his most intimate acquaintance; whatever you say to me is sure to reach him."

"I must speak to him myself, sir," replied the stranger, coldly. "Where am I likely to find him?"

"Oh, most likely at the bankers," said the young man, by way of putting his questioner on the wrong scent. "He has just stepped into an immense fortune from a maiden aunt, and is making arrangements to pay off all his debts."

"There are some he will find it difficult to settle," replied the stranger with a sneer, "in spite of his newfound wealth."

"Indeed, sir! What an exorbitant Jew this fellow is; and yet I never signed any bond!"

"Yes, sir," continued the other, with a bitterer sneer than before, "and at the same time such as he can't deny. I have vouchers for every charge."

"Well, he will not dispute your charges. I daresay they are much the same as those of other people in the same situation with yourself."

"Are there others in that condition?" enquired the stranger; "what an unprincipled scoundrel!"

"Who, sir? How dare you apply such language to a gentleman?"

"I did not, sir, apply it to a gentleman; I applied it to Mr Chatterton."

"To me, sir! It was to me! I'm Mr Chatterton, sir; and now, out with your writ—whose suit? What's the amount? Is it Stulz or Dean?"

The stranger stepped back on this announcement, and politely but coldly lifted his hat.

"Oh, curse your politeness!" exclaimed the young man, in the extremity of anger. "Where's the bill?"

"I don't know your meaning, sir," answered the stranger, "in talking about writs and bills; but"—

"Why—are you not a tailor, or a bootmaker, or something of the kind? Don't you say you have claims on me, and don't you talk of charges with

vouchers, and heaven knows what? Come, let us hear. I'll give you a promissory note, and I daresay my friend Major M'Toddy will give me his security."

"I thought you had recently succeeded to a fortune, sir? but that, I suppose, was only another of your false and unfounded assertions. Do you know me, sir?"

"No—except that you are the most insulting scoundrel I ever met, and that I wish you were worth powder and shot."

"Let that pass, sir," continued the stranger, with a bitter smile. "Did you ever hear of Captain Smith, sir?"

"Of twenty, sir. I know fifteen Captain Smiths most intimately."

"But I happen to be one of the five unhonoured by your acquaintance. You are acquainted with Mrs Smith, sir?"

"I'm acquainted with three-and-twenty, sir. What then?"

"I was in hopes, that the recollection of Oaksides would have induced you to treat her name with more respect."

Chatterton's brow grew dark with rage. "So, then," he said, lifting his hat with even more pride and coldness than his adversary—"so, then, you're the Captain Smith I have heard of, and it was no false report? I am delighted, sir, to see you here, and to know that you are a gentleman, that I may, without degradation to her Majesty's commission, put a bullet or two into your body. Your insulting conduct deserves chastisement, sir, and it shall have it."

"With all my heart," replied Captain Smith; "the pleasure of calling you to account was the object of my visit. I accept your challenge—only wondering that you have spirit and honour enough left to resent an intentional affront. Can we meet to-night?"

"Certainly. I shall send a friend to you in half an hour. He is gone on a similar message to another person already; and I will let you know at what hour I shall be disengaged."

"Agreed," said Captain Smith; and the enemies, after a deep and formal bow on either side, pursued their way in different directions.

CHAPTER III.

In the meanwhile Mr Nicholas Clam, and the lady leaning on his arm, had proceeded in silence, for the lady's thoughts were so absorbed that she paid no attention to the many prefatory coughs with which her companion was continually clearing his throat. He thought of fifty different ways of commencing a conversation, and putting an end to the rapid pace they were going at. But onward still hurried the lady, and breathless, tired, disconcerted, and very much perplexed, Mr Clam was obliged to continue at her side.

"This all comes of Mrs Moss writing a book," he muttered, "and being a philosophical character. What business had she to go publishing all that wonderful big volume above my mantel-piece—'Woman's Dignity; developed in Dialogues?' Without that she never would have found out that I could not be a sympathizing companion without the advantages of travel, and I never should have left number four, to be quarrelled with by every whipper-snapper of a soldier, and dragged to death by a woman unknown—a synonymous personage, as Mrs M. would say—that I encountered in a coach. 'Pon my word, ma'am," he added aloud, driven to desperation by fear of apoplexy from the speed they were hurrying on with, "this is carrying matters a little too far, or a great deal too fast at least. Will you let me ask you one question, ma'am?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the lady; "but oh, do not delay!"

"But I must delay though, for who do you think can have breath enough both to speak and run? And now, will you tell me, ma'am, what all this is about—why that young soldier and I were forced to quarrel—what you came down from London for, and what you are going to do at the barracks?"

"You will hear it all, sir; you shall know all when we arrive. But do not harrow my feelings at present, I beseech you. It may all end well, if we are in time; but if not!"

The look of the lady, and her tone as she said this, did not by any means contribute to Mr Clam's satisfaction. However, he perceived at once that

further attempts to penetrate the mystery would be useless, and he kept musing on the strangeness of the circumstance, as profoundly puzzled as before. On getting into the barrack-yard, the lady muffled herself in her veil more closely than ever, and asked one of the soldiers she met in the archway, if Captain Hope "was in his room?"

"He's not come ashore yet, ma'am," said the soldier; "we expect him every moment with the last detachment from the transport."

"Not come yet?" exclaimed the lady; "which way will they march in?"

"Up the Main Street, and across the drawbridge," said the soldier, goodnaturedly.

"I wished to see him—to see him alone. Oh, how unfortunate he is not arrived!"

"Now, 'pon my word," muttered Mr Clam, "this is by no means a favourable specimen of woman's dignity developed in dialogues. I wish my infernal thirst for knowledge and swelling-out the intellect hadn't led me into an acquaintance with a critter so desperate fond of the soldiers; and Captain Hope, too! Oh, I see how it is—this here lady, in spite of all her veils and pretences, is no better than she should be; or rather, a great deal worse. Think of Mrs M. falling into hysterics about a Captain Hope! It's a case of a breach of promise. What should we do now, ma'am?" he said, anxious to disengage himself, and a little piqued at the want of confidence his advances had hitherto been received with. "If you'll tell me the whole story, I shall be able to advise"——

"Oh, you will know it all ere long. Soldier," she said to the man who had answered her former questions, "is there any lady in the barrack—the wife of one of the officers?"

"There's our colonel, ma'am—at least the colonel's wife, ma'am; she's inspecting the regiment's baggage in the inner court."

"Come, come!" said the lady hurriedly, on hearing this, and again Mr Clam was forced along. In the inner court a stout lady, dressed in a man's hat and a green riding-habit without

the skirts, was busily employed in taking the numbers of an amazing quantity of trunks and boxes, and seeing that all was right, with the skill and quickness of the guard of a heavy coach. She looked up quickly when she saw Mr Clam and his companion approach.

"I hope you will pardon me, madam, for addressing you," said the latter, dropping Mr Clam's arm, and lifting her veil.

"Be quick about it," said the colonel's wife; "I've no time to put off. Hand down that box, No. 19, H. G.," she continued to a sergeant who was perched on the top of the luggage.

"I wished to see you on a very interesting subject, madam."

"Love, I'll bet a guinea—who has deserted you now?—that green chest, Henicky, No. 34."

"There is an officer in this regiment of the name of Chatterton?"

"Yes; he's one of my young men, though I've not seen him yet. What then?"

"Can I speak to you for a minute alone?"

"If it's on regimental business, I shall listen to you, of course; but if it's some nonsensical love affair, you must go to Colonel Sword. I never trouble myself about such matters."

"If I could see Colonel Sword, madam——"

"Why can't you see him? Go into the commandant's room. You'll find him rocking the cradle of Tippoo Wellington, my youngest son! That other box, Henicky, L. M. And who is this old man with you?" continued Mrs Sword. "Your attorney, I suppose? See that you aren't ducked at the pump before you get out, old man; for I allow no lawyers inside these walls."

"Ma'am?" enquired Mr Clam, bewildered at the sudden address of the officer in command.

"It's a fact, as you'll find; so, make haste, young woman, and Sword will settle your business."

"Captain Hope is not come on shore yet, I believe?" said the lady.

"Charlie Hope? No! he's bringing the men and baggage. Has *he* deserted you too? Go to Sword, I tell you; and let your legal friend retreat without beat of drum. How many chests is this, Henicky?"

The Amazonian Mrs Sword proceeded with her work, and Mr Clam stood stupefied with surprise. His companion, in the mean time, proceeded as directed to the commandant's house, and in a short time found herself in presence of Colonel Sword.

The colonel was a tall thin man, with a very pale face, and a very hooked nose. He was not exactly rocking the cradle of Tippoo Wellington, as supposed by his wife, but he was reposing in an easy attitude, with his head thrown back, and his feet thrown forward, and his hands deeply ensconced in his pockets. The apparition of a stranger roused him in a moment. He was as indefatigable in politeness, as his wife had been in her regimental duties.

"I was in hopes of finding my brother, Captain Hope, in the barracks, sir," she began; "but as I am disappointed, I throw myself on your indulgence, in requesting a few minutes' private conversation."

"A sister of Captain Hope? delighted to see you, my dear—did you see Mrs Sword as you came in?"

"For a minute, but she was busy, and referred me to you."

"She's very good, I am sure," said the colonel.—"How can I be of use?"

"I have a sister, Colonel Sword, very thoughtless, and very young. She became acquainted about a year ago with Mr Chatterton of your regiment—they were engaged—all the friends on both sides approved of the match, and all of a sudden Mr Chatterton wrote a very insulting letter, and withdrew from his engagement."

"The devil he did? Is your sister like you, my dear?"

"We are said to be like, but she is much younger—only eighteen."

"Then this Chatterton is an ass. Good God! what chances silly fellows throw away! And what would you have me do?"

"Prevent a duel, Colonel Sword. My brother is hot and fiery; Mr Chatterton is rash and headstrong. There will be enquiries, explanations, quarrels, and bloodshed. Oh, Colonel, help me to guard against so dreadful a calamity. I was anxious to see Charles, to tell him that the rupture was on Marion's side—that she had taken a dislike to Chatterton. We have kept it secret from every

body yet. I haven't even told my husband."

"You're married, then?"

"To Captain Smith, once of this regiment."

"Ah, an old friend. Give me your hand, my dear—we must keep those wild young fellows in order. If I see them look at each other, I'll put them both in arrest. But what can be the meaning of Chatterton's behaviour? I hear such good reports of him from all hands! M'Toddy writes me he is the finest young man in the corps."

"I can't pretend to guess. He merely returned all my sister's letters, and wished her happy in her new position."

"What position was that?"

"A very unhappy one. She has been ill and nervous ever since."

"So she liked the rascal. Strange creatures you girls are! Well, I'll do my best. I'll give my wife a hint of it, and you may depend on it, if she takes it in hand, there will be no quarrelling under her—I mean under my command. If you go towards the harbour, you'll most likely encounter your brother. In the meantime, I will go to Chatterton, and take all necessary precautions. And Captain Smith knows nothing of this?"

"Nothing.—He was on a visit at Oakside, my sister's home, and I took the opportunity of his absence, to run down and explain matters to Charles. I must return to town immediately; for if I am missed, my husband will make enquiries, and he will be more difficult to pacify than my brother." So saying, they parted after a warm shake of the hand—but great events had occurred in the meantime in the barrack-yard.

"Who is that young woman?" said the Colonel's wife, to our astonished friend Mr Clam. "Have you lost your tongue, sir?—who is she, I say?"

"If you were to draw me with horses, I couldn't tell you, ma'am—'pon my solemn davit," said Mr Clam.

"Oh, you won't tell, won't you?" returned the lady, cocking her hat, and leaving the mountain of baggage to the care of her friend Sergeant Henicky. "I tell you, sir, I insist on knowing; and if you don't confess this moment, I shall perhaps find means to make you."

"Me, ma'am? How is it possible for me to confess, when I tell you I know nothing about her? I travelled with her from London in the coach—I am very likely to get shot by a young soldier on her account—brought her here at a rate that has taken away all my breath—and know no more about her than you do."

"A likely story!—but it won't do for me, sir; no, sir—I see you are an attorney—ready to prosecute some of my poor young men for breach of promise; but we stand no nonsense of that kind in the gallant Sucking Pigeons. So, trot off, old man, and take your decoy-duck with you, or I think its extremely likely you'll be tost in a blanket. Do you hear?—go for your broken-hearted Desdemona, and double-quick out of the yard. I'll teach a set of lawyers to come playing the Jew to my young men. They shall jilt every girl in England if they think proper, and serve them right too—and no pitiful green-bag rascal shall trouble them about such trifles—right about face—march!"

"Madam," said Mr Clam, in the extremity of amazement and fear, "did you ever happen to read 'Woman's Dignity, developed in Dialogues?' It's written by my friend, Mrs Moss, No. 5, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park—in fact, she's my next-door neighbour—a clever woman, but corpulent, very corpulent—you never met with 'Woman's Dignity, developed in Dialogues?'"

"Woman's idiocy, enveloped in petticoats! Who the devil cares about woman, or her dignity either? I never could bear the contemptible wretches. No—give me a man—a good, stout-hearted, front-rank man—there's some dignity there—with the eye glaring, nostril widening, bayonet fixed, and double-quick the word, against the enemies' line. But woman's dignity!—let her sit and sew—work squares for ottomans, or borders for chair-bottoms—psha!—beat a retreat, old man, or you'll be under the pump in two minutes. I'll teach you to talk nonsense about your women—I will—as sure as my name is Jane Sword and I command the Sucking Pigeons!"

"Pigeons don't suck, ma'am. Mrs M. lent me book of nat'ral history!"

"You'll find they'll bite, tho'—Henicky, take a corporal's guard, and"—

"Oh no, for heaven's sake, ma'am!" exclaimed Mr Clam. "Your servant, ma'am. I'm off this moment."

The unhappy victim of Mrs Moss's advice to travel for the improvement of his mind, thought it best to follow the orders of the military lady in the riding-habit, and retired as quickly as he could from the barrack-yard. But, on arriving at the outer archway, shame, or curiosity, or some other feeling, made him pause. "Am I to go away," he thought, "after all, without finding out who the lady is, or what business brought her here—what she knows about Chatterton—and what she wants with Hope? There's a mystery in it all. Mrs M. would never forgive me if I didn't find it out. I'll wait for the pretty critter—for she is a pretty critter, in spite of her not telling me her story—I think I never saw such eyes in my life. Yes—I'll wait." Mr Clam accordingly stopped short, and looked sharply all round, to watch if his fair companion was coming. She was still detained in the colonel's room.

"Will you pardon me for addressing a stranger, sir?" said a gentleman, politely bowing to Mr Clam.

"Oh, if it's to ask what o'clock it is, or when the coach starts, or any thing like that, I shall be happy to answer you, sir, if I can," replied Mr Clam, whose liking for new acquaintances had not been much increased by the events of the day.

"I should certainly not have taken the liberty of applying to you," continued the stranger, "if it had not been under very peculiar circumstances."

"Are they very peculiar, sir?" enquired Mr Clam.

"Yes—as you shall have explained to you some other time."

"Oh, you won't tell them now, won't you? Here's another mystery. 'Pon my word, sir, so many queer things happen in this town, that I wish I had never come into it. I came down only to-day per coach"—

"That's fortunate, sir; if you are a stranger here, your service to me will be greater."

"What is it you want? My neighbour in No. 5—a very talented woman, but big, uncommonly big—says in her

book, never purchase the offspring of the sty enveloped in canvass—which means, never meddle with any thing you don't know."

"You shall know all—but I must first ask, if you are satisfied, will you be my friend in a troublesome matter in which I am a party?"

"Oh, you're in a troublesome matter too, are you?—as for me, I came down from London with such a critter, so pretty, so gentle, such a perfect angel to look at!"

"Oh, I don't wish to have your confidence in such affairs. I am pressed for time," replied the stranger, smiling.

"But I tell you, I am trying to find out what the matter is that you need my help in."

"I beg pardon. I thought you were telling me an adventure of your own"—

"Well sir, this beautiful critter asked my help, just as you're doing—dragged me hither and thither, first asking for one soldier, then another."

"And finally, smiling very sweetly on yourself. I know their ways"—said the stranger.

"Do you, now? Not joking?—Oh lord! the sooner the better, for such lips to smile with, are not met with every day. Well sir, then there came up a puppy fellow of the name of Chatterton."

"Oh, Chatterton!" said the stranger; "that is curious."

"And insulted us, either her or me, I forget which; but I blew him up, and he said he would send a friend to me"—here a new thought seemed to strike Mr Clam—his countenance assumed a very anxious expression—"you're not his friend, sir?" he asked.

"No sir; far from it. He is the very person with whom I have the quarrel."

"You've quarrelled with him too? Another breach of promise?—a wild dog that Chatterton."

"Another breach! I did not know that that was *your* cause of quarrel."

"Nor I; 'pon my solemn davit, I'm as ignorant as a child of what my quarrel is about; all that I know is, that my beautiful companion seemed to hate the sight of him."

"Then I trust you won't refuse me your assistance, since you have insults of your own to chastise. I ex-

pect his message every moment. My name is Captain Smith."

"And mine, Nicholas Clam, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Welling"—

"Then, gentlemen," said Major M'Toddy, lifting his hat, "I'm a lucky man—*fortunatus nimium*, as a body may say, to find you both together; for I am charged with an invitation to you from my friend Mr Chatterton."

"Oh! he wants to make it up, does he, and asks us to dinner? No. I won't go," said Mr Clam.

"Then you know the alternative, I suppose!" said the Major.

"To pay for my own dinner at the inn," replied Mr Clam; "of course I know that."

The Major threw a glance at Mr Clam, which he would probably have taken the trouble to translate into two or three languages, although it was sufficiently intelligible without any explanations, but he had no time. He turned to Captain Smith, and said:—

"I'm very sorry, Captain Smith, to make your acquaintance on such a disagreeable occasion. I've heard so much of you from mutual friends, that I feel as if I had known you myself, *quod facit per alium facit per se*—I'm Major M'Toddy of this regiment."

"I have long wished to know you, Major, and I hope even this matter need not extend any of its bitterness to us."

The gentlemen here shook hands very cordially—

"Well, that's a rum way," said Mr Clam, "of asking a fellow to go out and be shot at. But this whole place is a mystery. I'll listen, however, and find out what this is all about."

"And noo, Captain Smith, let me say a word in your private ear."

"Privateer! that's a sort of ship," said Mr Clam.

"I hate eaves-droppers," continued the Major, with another glance at Mr Clam—"odi profanum vulgus, as a body may say—and a minute's talk will maybe explain matters."

"I doubt the power of a minute's talk for any such purpose," said Captain Smith, with a smile; "but," going a few yards further from Mr Clam at the same time—"I shall listen to you with pleasure."

"Weel, then, I canna deny—*convenio*, as a body may say—that in the

first instance, you played rather a severe trick on Mr Chatterton."

"I play a trick!" exclaimed Captain Smith; "I don't understand you. But proceed, I beg. I will not interrupt you."

"But then, on the other hand, it's not to be denied that Mr Chatterton's method of showing his anger was highly reprehensible."

"His anger, Major M'Toddy!"

"'Deed ay, just his anger—*ira furor brevis*—and it's really very excusable in a proud-spirited young man to resent his being jilted in such a sudden and barefaced manner."

"He jilted! but again I beg pardon—go on."

"Nae doubt—*sine dubio*, as a body may say—the lassie had a right to change her mind; and if she thought proper to prefer you to him, I canna see what law, human or divine"—

"Does the puppy actually try to excuse himself on so base a calumny as that Marion preferred me? Major M'Toddy, I am here to receive your message; pray deliver it, and let us settle this matter as soon as possible."

"What's the calumny?" said the major. "You wadna have me to believe, Captain Smith, that the lady does not prefer you to him?"

"Now perhaps she does, for she has sense enough and pride enough, I hope, to despise him; but never girl was more attached to a man in the world than she to Chatterton. Her health is gone—she has lost the liveliness of youth. No, no—I am much afraid, in spite of all that has passed, she is fond of the fellow yet."

"How long have you suspected this?" enquired the major.

"For some time; before my marriage, of course, I had not such good opportunities of judging as I have had since."

"Of course, of course," said the major, in a sympathizing tone; "it's a bad business. But if you had these suspicions before, what for did you marry?"

"Why? Do you think things of that sort should hinder a man from marrying the girl he likes? Mrs Smith regrets it as much as I do."

"Then what for did she not tell Chatterton she was going to marry you?"

"What right had he to know, sir?"

"A vera good right, I think; or if

he hadna, I wad like to know wha had?"

"There, sir, we differ in opinion. Will you deliver your message, name your place and hour, and I shall meet you. I shall easily get a friend in this town, though I thought it better at one time to apply to a civilian; but I fear," he added, with a smile, "my friend Mr Clam will scarcely do."

"I really dinna ken—I positively don't know, as a body may say, how to proceed in this matter. In the first place, if your wife is over fond of Chatterton."

"My wife, sir?"

"'Deed ay—*placens uxor*, as a body may say—I say if your wife continues to like Chatterton, you had better send a message to him, and not he to you."

"So I would, if she gave me occasion, Major M'Toddy; but if your friend boasts of any thing of that kind, his conduct is still more infamous and intolerable than I thought it."

"But your ainsel—your own self told me so this minute."

"You mistake, sir. I say that Marion Hope, my wife's sister, is still foolish enough to like him."

"Your wife's sister! You didna marry Chatterton's sweetheart?"

"No, sir—her elder sister."

"Oh, lord, if I had my fingers round the thrapple o' that leein' scoundrel on the tap of the coach! Gie me your hand, Captain Smith—it's all a mistake. I'll set it right in two minutes. Come with me to Chatterton's rooms—ye'll make him the happiest man in England. He's wud wi' love—mad with affection, as a body may say. He thought you had run off with his sweetheart, and it was only her sister!"

Captain Smith began to have some glimmerings of the real state of the case; and Mr Clam was on the point of going up to where they stood to make further enquiries for the improvement of his mind, when his travelling companion, again deeply veiled, laid her hand on his arm.

"Move not for your life!" she said.

"I'm not agoing to move, ma'am."

"Let them go," she continued; "we can get down by a side street. If they see me, I'm lost."

"Lost again! The mystery grows deeper and deeper."

"One of these is my husband."

Mr Clam dropt her arm. "A married woman, and running after captains and colonels! Will you explain a little, ma'am, for my head is so puzzled, that hang me if I know whether I stand on my head or my heels?"

"Not now—sometime or other you will perhaps know all; but come with me to the beach—all will end well."

"Will it?—then I hope to heaven it will end soon, for an hour or two more of this will kill me."

The two gentlemen, in the meantime, had disappeared, and Mr Clam was on the eve of being hurried off to the harbour, when a young officer came rapidly towards them.

"Charles!" cried the lady, and put her arms round his neck.

"There she goes!" said Mr Clam—"another soldier!—She'll know the whole army soon."

"Mary!" exclaimed the soldier—"so good, so kind of you to come to receive me."

"I wished to see you particularly," she said, "alone, for one minute."

The brother and sister retired to one side, leaving Mr Clam once more out of ear-shot.

"More whispering!" muttered that disappointed gentleman. "This can never enlarge the intellect or improve the mind. Mrs M. is a humbug—not a drop of information can I get for love or money. Nothing but whisperings here, closetings there—all that comes to my share is threats of shootings and duckings under pumps. I'll go back to Waterloo Place this blessed night, and burn 'Woman's Dignity' the moment I get home."

"Then let us go to Chatterton's rooms," said the young officer, giving his arm to his sister; "I have no doubt he will explain it all, and I shall be delighted to see your husband."

"She's going to see her husband! She's the wickedest woman in England," said Mr Clam, who caught the last sentence.

"Still here?" said a voice at his ear—"lurking about the barracks!"

He looked round and saw the irate features of the tremendous Mrs Sword. He made a rapid bolt and disappeared, as if he had a pulk of Cossacks in full chase at his heels.

The conversation of the good-natured Colonel Sword with Chatterton had opened that young hero's eyes so

entirely to the folly of his conduct, that it needed many encouraging speeches from his superior to keep him from sinking into despair.—“That I should have been such a fool,” he said, “as to think that Marion would prefer any body to me!” Such was the style of his soliloquy, from which it will be perceived, that in spite of his discovery of his stupidity, he had not entirely lost his good opinion of himself—“to think that she would marry an old fellow of thirty-six! What will she think of me! How lucky I did not write to my father that I had broken matters off. Do you think she’ll ever forgive me, colonel?”

“Forgive you, my dear fellow?” said the colonel; “girls, as Mrs Sword says, are such fools, they’ll forgive any thing.”

“And Captain Smith!—a fine gentlemanly fellow—the husband of Marion’s sister—I have insulted him—I must fight him, of course.”

“No fighting here, young man; you must apologize if you’ve done wrong; if not, he must apologize to you; Mrs Sword would never look over a duel between two Sucking Pigeons.”

“Then I must apologize.”

“Ye canna have a better chance—you can’t have a better opportunity, as a body may say,” said the bilingual major, entering the room, “for here’s Captain Smith ready to accept it.”

“With all his heart, I assure you,” said that gentleman, shaking Chatterton’s hand; “so I beg you’ll say no more about it.”

“This is all right—just as it should be,” said the Colonel. “Captain Smith, you’ll plead poor Chatterton’s cause with the offended lady.”

“Perhaps the culprit had better be his own advocate—he will find the court very favourably disposed; and as the judge is herself at the Waterloo hotel”——

“Marion here!” exclaimed Chatterton; “good heavens, what an atrocious ass I have been!”

“She is indeed,” replied the Captain. I knew she would be anxious to receive her brother Charles on his landing, and as I had wormed out from her the circumstances of this lover’s quarrel”——

“*Amantium ira amoris reintegratio est*—as a body may say,” interposed Major M’Toddy.

“And was determined to enquire into it, I thought that the pretence of welcoming Captain Hope would allay any suspicion of my intention; and so, with her good mother’s permission, I brought her down, leaving my wife in Henley Street”——

“Where she didn’t long remain,” said no other than Captain Charles Hope, himself leading in Mrs Smith, the mysterious travelling acquaintance of Mr Clam.

“Do you forgive me,” she said to her husband, “for coming down without your knowledge?”

“I suppose I must,” said Captain Smith, laughing, “on condition that you pardon me for the same offence?”

“And noo, then,” said Major M’Toddy, “I propose that we all, together and singly, *conjunctim ac separatim*—as a body may say—go down instanter to the Waterloo Hotel. We can arrange every thing there better than here, for we must hear the other side—*audi alteram partem*, as a body may say.”

“This will be a regular *jour de nocce*, as you would say, Major,” remarked Colonel Sword, giving his arm to Mrs Smith.

“It’s a *nos non nobis*, poor auld bachelors—as a body may say,” replied the Major, and the whole party proceeded to the hotel.

Mr Clam, on making his escape from the fulminations of Mrs Sword, had been rejoiced to see his carpet-bag still resting against the wall under the archway of the inn, as he had left it when he first arrived.

“Waiter!” he cried; and the same long-haired individual in the blue coat, with the napkin over his arm, came to his call.

“Is there any coach to London this evening?”

“Yes, sir—at half-past six.”

“Thank heaven!” exclaimed Mr Clam, “I shall get out of this infernal town. Waiter!”

“Yes, sir.”

“I came from London to-day with a lady—close veiled, all muffled up. She is a married woman, too—more shame for her.”

“Yes, sir. Do you dine before you go, sir?” said the waiter, not attending to Mr Clam’s observations.

“No. Her husband doesn’t know she’s here; but, waiter, Mr Chatterton does.” Mr Clam accompanied

this piece of information with a significant wink, which, however, made no sensible impression on the waiter's mind.

"Yes, Chatterton does; for you may depend on it, by this time he's found out who she is."

"Yes, sir. Have you secured a place, sir?"

"Now, she wouldn't have her husband know she is here for the world."

"Outside or in, sir? The office is next door"—continued the waiter.

"Then, there's a tall gentleman, who speaks with a curious accent. I wonder who the deuce *he* can be."

"No luggage but this, sir? Porter will take it to the office, sir."

"Nor that dreadful he-woman in the hat—who the mischief can *she* be? What had Chatterton done?—who is the husband?—who is the lady? Waiter, is there a lunatic asylum here?"

"No, sir. We've a penitentiary."

"Then, 'pon my davit, the young woman"——

But Mr Clam's observation, whatever it was—and it was evidently not very complimentary to his travelling companion—was interrupted by the entrance of the happy party from Chatterton's rooms.

Mr Clam looked first at the colonel and Captain Hope, and Mrs Smith—but they were so busy in their own conversation, that they did not observe him. Then followed Major M'Toddy, Captain Smith, and Mr Chatterton.

"Here's our civil friend," said the Major—"amicus noster, as a body may say."

"Oh, by Jove!" said Mr Chatterton, "I ought to teach this fellow a lesson in natural history."

"He's the scientific naturalist that called you popinjay," continued the major—"ludit convivia miles, as a body may say."

"He's the fellow that refused to be my friend, and told me some foolish story of his flirtations with a lady he met in the coach," added Captain Smith.

"Gentlemen," said Mr Clam, "I'm

here in search of information; will you have the kindness to tell me what we have all been fighting, and quarrelling, and whispering, and threatening about for the last two hours? My esteemed and talented neighbour, the author of 'Women's Dignity developed in Dialogues'——

"May gang to the deevil," interposed Major M'Toddy—"abeat in malam crucem, as a body may say—We've no time for havers, *i præ, sequar*, as a body may say. What's the number of her room?"

"No. 14," said the Captain, and the three gentlemen passed on.

"Her room!" said Mr Clam, "another lady! Waiter!"

"Yes sir."

"I'll send you a post-office order for five shillings, if you'll find out all this, and let me know the particulars—address to me, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London. I've done every thing in my power to gain information according to the advice of Mrs M., but it's of no use. Let me know as soon as you discover any thing, and I'll send you the order by return of post."

"Coach is coming, sir," said the waiter.

"And I'm going; and very glad I am to get out of the town alive. And as to the female banditti in the riding habit, with all the trunks and boxes; if you'll let me know"——

"The coach can't wait a moment, sir."

Mr Clam cast a despairing look as he saw his last hope of finding out the mystery disappear. He stepped into the inside of the coach——

"Coachman," he said, with his foot on the step—"There's no lady inside, is there?"

"No, sir."

"Then drive on; if there had been, I wouldn't have travelled a mile with her." The roll of the coach drowned the remainder of Mr Clam's eloquence; and it is much feared that his enquiries have been unsuccessful to the present day.

THE EAST AND SOUTH OF EUROPE.

WE have a very considerable respect for the writer of the *Tour* of which we are about to give extracts in the following pages. The Marquis of Londonderry is certainly no common person. We are perfectly aware that he has been uncommonly abused by the Whigs—which we regard as almost a necessary tribute to his name; that he has received an ultra share of libel from the Radicals—which we regard as equally to his honour; and that he is looked on by all the neutrals, of whatever colour, as a personage too straightforward to be managed by a bow and a smile. Yet, for all these things, we like him the better, and wish, as says the old song—

“We had within the realm
Five hundred good as he.”

He is a straightforward, manly, and high-spirited noble, making up his mind without fee or reward, and speaking it with as little fear as he made it up; managing a large and turbulent population with that authority which derives its force from good intention; constant in his attendance on his parliamentary duty; plain-spoken there, as he is every where; and possessing the influence which sincerity gives in every part of the world, however abounding in polish and place-hunting.

His early career, too, has been manly. He was a soldier, and a gallant one. His mission to the Allied armies, in the greatest campaign ever made in Europe, showed that he had the talents of council as well as of the field; and his appointment as ambassador to Vienna, gave a character of spirit, and even of splendour, to British diplomacy which it had seldom exhibited before, and which, it is to be hoped, it may recover with as little delay as possible.

We even like his employment of his superfluous time. Instead of giving way to the fooleries of fashionable life, the absurdities of galloping after hares and foxes, for months together, at Melton, or the patronage of those

scenes of perpetual knavery which belong to the race-course, the Marquis has spent his vacations in making tours to the most remarkable parts of Europe. It is true that Englishmen are great travellers, and that our nobility are in the habit of wandering over the Continent. But the world knows no more of their discoveries, if they make such, or of their views of society and opinions of governments, if they ever take the trouble to form any upon the subject, than of their notions of the fixed stars. That there are many accomplished among them, many learned, and many even desirous to acquaint themselves with what Burke called “the mighty modifications of the human race,” beginning with a land within fifteen miles of our shores, and spreading to the extremities of the earth, we have no doubt. But in the countless majority of instances, the nation reaps no more benefit from their travels than if they had been limited from Bond Street to Berkeley Square. This cannot be said of the Marquis of Londonderry. He travels with his eyes open, looking for objects of interest, and recording them. We are not now about to give him any idle panegyric on the occasion. We regret that his tours are so rapid, and his journals so brief. He passes by many objects which we should wish to see illustrated, and turns off from many topics on which we should desire to hear the opinions of a witness on the spot. But we thank him for what he has given; hope that he will spend his next autumn and many others as he has spent the former; and wish him only to write more at large, to give us more characters of the rank with which he naturally associates, draw more contrasts between the growing civilization of the European kingdoms and our own; and, adhering to his own straightforward conceptions, and telling them in his own sincere style, give us an annual volume as long as he lives.

Steam-boats and railways have produced one curious effect, which no

one anticipated. Of all *levellers* they are the greatest. Their superiority to all other modes of travelling crowds them with the peer as well as the peasant. Cabinets, and even queens, now abandon their easy, but lazy, equipages for the bird-like flight of iron and fire, and though the "special train" still sounds exclusive, the principle of commixture is already there, and all ranks will sweep on together.

The Marquis, wisely adopting the bourgeois mode of travelling, set forth from the Tower Stairs, on a lovely morning at the close of August 1840. Fifty years ago, the idea of a general, an ambassador, and a peer, with his marchioness and suite, embarking on board the common conveyance of the common race of mankind, would have been regarded as an absolute impossibility; but the common sense of the world has now decided otherwise. Speed and safety are wisely judged to be valuable compensations for state and seclusion; and when we see majesty itself, after making the experiment of yachts and frigates, quietly and comfortably return to its palace on board a steamer, we may be the less surprised at finding the Marquis of Londonderry and his family making their way across the Channel in the steamer *Giraffe*. Yet it is to be remarked, that though nothing can be more miscellaneous than the passengers, consisting of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Yankee; of Jews, Turks, and heretics; of tourists, physicians, smugglers, and all the other diversities of idling, business, and knavery; yet families who choose to pay for them, may have separate cabins, and enjoy as much privacy as is possible with specimens of all the world within half-an-inch of their abode.

The voyage was without incident; and after a thirty hours' passage, the *Giraffe* brought them to the Brill and Rotterdam. It has been an old observation that the Dutch clean every thing but themselves; and nothing can be more matter of fact than that the dirtiest thing in a house in Holland is generally the woman under whose direction all this scrubbing has been accomplished. The first aspect of Rotterdam is strongly in favour of the people. It exhibits very considerable neatness for a seaport—the Wapping of the kingdom; paint and even gild-

ing is common on the outsides of the shops. The shipping, which here form a part of the town furniture, and are to be seen every where in the midst of the streets, are painted with every colour of the rainbow, and carved and ornamented according to such ideas of taste in sculpture as are prevalent among Dutchmen; and the whole exhibits a good specimen of a people who have as much to struggle with mud as if they had been born so many eels, and whose conceptions of the real colour of the sky are even a shade darker than our own.

The steam-boats also form a striking feature, which utterly eluded the wisdom of our ancestors. There are here, bearing all colours, from all the Rhenish towns, smoking and suffocating the Dutch, flying past their hard-working, slow-moving craft; and bringing down, and carrying away, cargoes of every species of mankind. The increase of Holland in wealth and activity since the separation from Belgium, the Marquis regards as remarkable; and evidently having no *pénchant* for our cousin Leopold, he declares that Rotterdam is at this moment worth more solid money than Antwerp, Brussels, and, he believes, "all Leopold's kingdom together."

At Antwerp, he happened to arrive at the celebration of the fête in honour of Rubens. "To commemorate the painter may be all very well," he observes; "but it is not very well to see a large plaster-of-Paris statue erected on a lofty pedestal, and crowned with laurels, while the whole population of the town is called out for fourteen days together, to indulge in idleness and dissipation, merely to announce that Rubens was a famed *Dutch* painter in times long past." We think it lucky for the Marquis that he had left Antwerp before he called Rubens a Dutch painter. We are afraid that he would have hazarded a summary application of the Lynch law of the Flemish avengers of their country.

"If such celebrations," says the Marquis, "are proper, why not do equal honour to a Shakspeare, a Pitt, a Newton, or any of those illustrious men by whose superior intelligence society has so greatly profited?" The obvious truth is, that such "celebrations" are not to our taste; that there is something burlesque, to our ideas, in this useless honour; and that we

think a bonfire, a discharge of squibs, or even a discharge of rhetoric, and a display of tinsel banners and buffoonery, does not supply the most natural way of reviving the memory of departed genius. At the same time, they have their use, where they do not create their ridicule. On the Continent, life is idle; and the idlers are more harmlessly employed going to those pageants, than in the gin-shop. The finery and the foolery together also attract strangers, the idlers of other towns; it makes money, it makes conversation, it makes amusement, and it kills time. Can it have better recommendations to ninety-nine hundredths of mankind?

In 1840, when this tour was written, all the politicians of the earth were deciding, in their various coffee-houses, what all the monarchs were to do with the Eastern question. Stopford and Napier were better employed, in battering down the fortifications of Acre, and the politicians were soon relieved from their care of the general concerns of Europe. England settled this matter as she had often done before, and by the means which she has always found more natural than protocols. But a curious question is raised by the Marquis, as to the side on which Belgium might be inclined to stand in case of an European struggle; his opinion being altogether for the English alliance.

"France could undoubtedly at first seize possession of a country so close to her empire as to be in fact a province. But still, with Antwerp and other fortresses, Holland in the rear, and Hanover and Germany at hand, and, above all, England, aiding perhaps with a British army, the independence of King Leopold's throne and kingdom might be more permanently secured by adhering to the Allies, than if he linked himself to Louis Philippe, in whose power alone, in case of non-resistance to France, he would ever afterwards remain; and far better would it be, in my opinion, for this founder of a Belgian monarchy, if he would achieve for his dynasty an honourable duration, to throw himself into the arms of the many, and reap advantages from all, than to place his destiny at the mercy of the future rulers of France."

No doubt this is sound advice; and if the decision were to depend on himself, there can be as little doubt that he would be wiser in accepting the

honest aid of England, than throwing his crown at the feet of France. But he reigns over a priest-ridden kingdom, and Popery will settle the point for him on the first shock. His situation certainly is a singular one; as the uncle of the Queen of England, and the son-in-law of the King of France, he seems to have two anchors dropped out, either of which might secure a throne in ordinary times. But times that are *not* ordinary may soon arise, and then he must cut both cables and trust to his own steerage. If coldness is prudence, and neutrality strength, he may weather the storm; but it would require other qualities to preserve Belgium.

Brussels was full of English. The Marquis naturally talks in the style of one accustomed to large expenditure. The chief part of the English residents in Brussels, are families "who live there on three or four thousand a-year—far better as to luxuries and education than they could in England for half as much more." He evidently thinks of three or four thousand a-year, as others might think of as many hundreds. But if any families, possessed of thousands a-year, are living abroad for the mere sake of *cheaper* luxuries and *cheaper* education, we say, more shame for them. We even can conceive nothing more selfish and more contemptible. Every rational luxury is to be procured in England by such an income. Every advantage of education is to be procured by the same means. We can perfectly comprehend the advantages offered by the cheapness of the Continent to large families with narrow incomes; but that the opulent should abandon their country, their natural station, and their duties, simply to drink champagne at a lower rate, and have cheaper dancing-masters, we must always regard as a scandalous dereliction of the services which every man of wealth and rank owes to his tenantry, his neighbours, and his nation. Of course, we except the traveller for curiosity; the man of science, whose object is to enlarge his knowledge; and even the man of rank, who desires to improve the minds of his children by a view of continental wonders. Our reprobation is, of the habit of living abroad, and living there for the vulgar and unmanly purpose of

self-indulgence or paltry avarice. Those absentees have their reward in profligate sons, and foreignized daughters, in giving them manners ridiculous to the people of the Continent, and disgusting to their countrymen—morals adopting the grossness of continental life, and general habits rendered utterly unfit for a return to their country, and, of course, for any rational and meritorious conduct, until they sink into the grave.

The Marquis, who in every instance submitted to the rough work of the road, took the common conveyance by railroad to Liege. It has been a good deal the custom of our late tourists to applaud the superior excellence of the continental railroads. Our noble traveller gives all this praise the strongest contradiction. He found their inferiority quite remarkable. The materials, all of an inadequate nature, commencing with their uncouth engine, and ending with their ill-contrived double seats and carriages for passengers. The attempts made at order and regularity in the arrangements altogether failed. Every body seemed in confusion. The carriages are of two sorts—the first class, and the *char-à-banc*. The latter are all open; the people sit back to back, and face to face, as they like, and get at their places by scrambling, squeezing, and altercation. Even the Marquis had a hard fight to preserve the seats which he had taken for his family. At Malines, the train changes carriages. Here a curious scene occurred. An inundation of priests poured into all the carriages. They came so thick that they were literally thrown back by their attempt to squeeze themselves in; “and their cocked hats and black flowing robes gave them the appearance of ravens with their wide-spreading wings, hovering over their prey in the vehicles.”

Travelling, like poverty, brings one acquainted with strange companions; and, accustomed as the Marquis was to foreign life, one railway traveller evidently much amused him. This was a personage who stretched himself at full length on a seat opposite the ladies, “his two huge legs and thighs clothed in light blue, with long Spanish boots, and heavy silver spurs, formed the foreground of his extended body. A black satin waistcoat, overlaid with gold-chains, a black velvet

Spanish cloak and hat, red beard and whiskers, and a face resembling the Saracen's on Snow-Hill, completed his *ensemble*.” He was probably some travelling mountebank apeing the Spanish grandee.

Aix-la-Chapelle exhibited a decided improvement on the City of the Congress five-and-twenty years ago. The principal streets were now paved, with fine *trottoirs*, the buildings had become large and handsome, and the hotels had undergone the same advantageous change. From Liege to Cologne the country exhibited one boundless harvest. The vast cathedral of Cologne at last came in sight, still unfinished, though the process of building has gone on for some hundred years. The extraordinary attempt which has been made, within the last few months, to unite Protestantism with Popery, in the completion of this gigantic building, will give it a new and unfortunate character in history. The union is impossible, though the confusion is easy, and the very attempt to reconcile them only shows to what absurdities men may be betrayed by political theories, and to what trivial and temporary objects the highest interests of our nature may be sacrificed. Cologne, too, is rapidly improving. The free navigation of the Rhine has done something of this, but the free passage of the English has done a great deal more. A perpetual stream of British travellers, flowing through Germany, benefits it, not merely by their expenditure, but by their habits. Where they reside for any length of time, they naturally introduce the improvements and conveniences of English life. Even where they but pass along, they demand comforts, without which the native would have plodded on for ever. The hotels are gradually provided with carpets, fire-places, and a multitude of other matters essential to the civilized life of England; for if civilization depends on bringing the highest quantity of rational enjoyment within the reach of general society, England is wholly superior in civilization to the shivering splendours of the Continent. Foreigners are beginning to learn this; and those who are most disposed to scoff at our taste, are the readiest to follow our example.

The streets of Cologne, formerly dirty and narrow, and the houses, old

and tumbling down, have given way to wide spaces, handsome edifices, and attractive shops. The railway, which we have lent to the Continent, will shortly unite Brussels, Liege, and Cologne, and the three cities will be thereby rapidly augmented in wealth, numbers, and civilization.

The steam-boats on the Rhine are in general of a good description. The arrangements are convenient, considering that at times there are two hundred passengers, and that among foreigners the filthy habit of smoking, with all its filthy consequences, is universal; but, below decks, the party, especially if they take the *pavillion* to themselves, may escape this abomination. The Rhine has been too often described to require a record here; but the rapturous nonsense which the Germans pour forth whenever they write about the national river, offends truth as much as it does taste. The larger extent of this famous stream is absolutely as dull as a Dutch pond. The whole run from the sea to Cologne is flat and fenny. As it approaches the hill country it becomes picturesque, and its wanderings among the fine declivities of the Rheingate exhibit beautiful scenery. The hills, occasionally topped with ruins, all of which have some original (or invented) legend of love or murder attached to them, indulge the romance of which there is a fragment or a fibre in every bosom; and the general aspect of the country, as the steam-boat breasts the upward stream, is various and luxuriant. But the German architecture is fatal to beauty. Nothing can be more *barbarian* (with one or two exceptions) than the whole range of buildings, public and private, along the Rhine; gloomy, huge, and heavy—whether palace, convent, or chateau, they have all a prison-look; and if some English philanthropist, in pity to the Teutonic taste, would erect one or two “English villas” on the banks of the Rhine, to give the Germans some idea of what architecture ought to be, he would render them a national service, scarcely inferior to the introduction of carpets and coal-fires.

Johannisberg naturally attracts the eye of the English traveller, whose cellar has contributed so largely to its cultivation. This mountain-vineyard had been given by Napoleon to Kellerman; but Napoleon's gifts were as

precarious as himself, and the Johannisberg fell into hands that better deserved it. At the peace of 1814 it was presented by the Emperor Francis to the great statesman who had taught his sovereign to set his foot on the neck of the conqueror of Vienna. The mountain is terraced, clothed with vineyards, and forms a very gay object to those who look up to it from the river. The view from the summit of the hill is commanding and beautiful, but its grape is *unique*. The chief portion of the produce goes amongst the principalities and powers of the Continent; yet as the Englishman must have his share of all the good things of the earth, the Johannisberg wine finds its way across the Channel, and John Bull satisfies himself that he shares the luxury of Emperors.

The next *lion* is Ehrenbreitstein, lying on the right bank of the Rhine, the most famous fortress of Germany, and more frequently battered, bruised, and demolished, than any other work of nature or man on the face of the globe. It has been always the first object of attack in the French invasions, and, with all its fortifications, has always been taken. The Prussians are now laying out immense sums upon it, and evidently intend to make it an indigestible morsel to the all-swallowing ambition of their neighbours; but it is to be hoped that nations are growing wiser—a consummation to which they are daily arriving by growing poorer. Happily for Europe, there is not a nation on the Continent which would not be bankrupt in a single campaign, provided England closed her purse. In the last war she was the general paymaster: but that system is at an end; and if she is wise, she will never suffer another shilling of hers to drop into the pocket of the foreigner.

The Prussians have formed an entrenched camp under cover of this great fortress, capable of containing 120,000 men. They are obviously right in keeping the French as far from Berlin as they can; but those enormous fortresses and entrenched camps are out of date. They belonged to the times when 30,000 men were an army, and when campaigns were spent in sieges. Napoleon changed all this, yet it was only in imitation of Marlborough, a hundred years before. The great duke's march to Ba-

varia, leaving all the fortresses behind him, was the true tactic for conquest. He beat the army in the field, and then let the fortresses drop one by one into his hands. The change of things has helped this bold system. Formerly there was but one road through a province—it led through the principal fortress—all the rest was mire and desolation. Thus the fortress must be taken before a gun or a wagon could move. Now, there are a dozen roads through every province—the fortress may be passed out of gun-shot in all quarters—and the “grand army” of a hundred and fifty thousand men marches direct on the capital. The *têtes-du-pont* on the Niemen, and the entrenched camp which it had cost Russia two years to fortify, were turned in the first march of the French; and the futility of the whole costly and rather timorous system was exhibited in the fact, that the crowning battle was fought within hearing of Moscow.

Beyond Mayence the Rhine reverts to its former flatness, the hills vanish, the shores are level, but the southern influence is felt, and the landscape is rich.

Wisbaden is the next stage of the English—a stage at which too many stop, and from which not a few are glad to escape on any terms. The Duke of Nassau has done all in his power to make his watering-place handsome and popular, and he has succeeded in both. The Great Square, containing the assembly-room, is a very showy specimen of ducal taste. Its colonnades and shops are striking, and its baths are in the highest order. Music, dancing, and promenading form the enjoyment of the crowd, and the gardens and surrounding country give ample indulgence for the lovers of air and exercise. The vice of the place, as of all continental scenes of amusement, is gambling. Both sexes, and all ages, are busy at all times in the mysteries of the gaming-table. Dollars and florins are constantly changing hands. The bloated German, the meagre Frenchman, the sallow Russian, and even the placid Dutchman, hurry to those tables, and continue at them from morning till night, and often from night till morning. The fair sex are often as eager and miserable as the rest. It is impossible to doubt that this passion is

fatal to more than the purse. Money becomes the price of every thing; and, without meaning to go into discussion on such topics, nothing can be clearer than that the female gambler, in this frenzy of avarice, inevitably forfeits the self-respect which forms at least the outwork of female virtue. Though the ancient architecture of Germany is altogether dungeon-like, yet they can make pretty imitations. The summer palace of the duke at Biberach might be adopted in lieu of the enormous fabrics which have cost such inordinate sums in our island. “The circular room in the centre of the building is ornamented with magnificent marble pillars. The floor is also of marble. The galleries are stuccoed, with gold ornaments encrusted upon them. From the middle compartment of the great hall there are varied prospects of the Rhine, which becomes studded here with small islands: and the multitudinous orange, myrtle, cedar, and cypress trees on all sides render Biberach a most enchanting abode.”

The Marquis makes some shrewd remarks on the evident attention of the Great Powers to establish an interest among the little sovereignties of Germany. Thus, Russia has married “her eldest daughter to an adopted Bavarian. The Cesarowitch is married to a princess of Darmstadt,” &c. He might have added Louis Philippe, who is an indefatigable advocate of marrying and giving in marriage. Austria is extending her olive branches as far as she can; and all princes, now having nothing better to do, are following her example.

Yet, we altogether doubt that family alliances have much weight in times of trouble. Of course, in times of peace, they may facilitate the common business of politics. But, when powerful interests appear on the stage, the matrimonial tie is of slender importance; kindred put on their coats-of-mail, and, like Francis of Austria and his son-in-law Napoleon, they throw shot and shell at each other without any ceremony. It is only in poetry that Cupid is more powerful than either Mammon or Mars.

The next lion is Frankfurt—a very old lion, ’tis true, but one of the noblest cities of Germany, connected with high recollections, and doing honour, by its fame, to the spirit of

commerce. Frankfort has been always a striking object to the traveller; but it has shared, or rather led the way to the general improvement. Its shops, streets, and public buildings all exhibit that march, which is so much superior to the "march of mind," pangenysed by our rabble orators—the march of industry, activity, and invention; Frankfort is one of the liveliest and pleasantest of continental residences.

But the Marquis is discontented with the inns; which, undoubtedly, are places of importance to the sojourner—perhaps of much more importance than the palaces. He reckons them by a "sliding scale;" which, however, is a descending one—Holland bad, Belgium worse, Germany the third degree of comparison. Some of the inns in the great towns are stately; but it unluckily happens that the masters and mistresses of those inns are to the full as stately, and that, after a bow or curtsy at the door to their arriving guests, all their part is at an end. The master and mistress thenceforth transact their affairs by deputy. They are sovereigns, and responsible for nothing. The *garçons* are the cabinet, and responsible for every thing; but they, like superior personages, shift their responsibility upon any one inclined to take it up; and all is naturally discontent, disturbance, and discomfort. We wonder that the Marquis has not mentioned the German *table-d'hôte* among his annoyances; for he dined at it. Nothing, in general, can be more adverse to the quiet, the ease, or the good-sense of English manners. The *table-d'hôte* is essentially vulgar; and no excellence of *cuisine*, or completeness of equipment, can prevent it from exhibiting proof of its original purpose, namely—to give a cheap dinner to a miscellaneous rabble.

German posting is on a par with German inns, which is as much as to say that it is detestable, even if the roads were good. The roughness, mire, and continual ascents and descents of the roads, try the traveller's patience. The only resource is sleep; but even that is denied by the continual groanings of a miserable French horn, with which the postilion announces his approach to every village.

"Silence, ye wolves, while tipsy Mein-Herr howls,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls."

The best chance of getting a tolerable meal in the majority of these roadside houses, is, to take one's own provisions, carry a cook, if we can, and, if not, turn cooks ourselves; but the grand hotels are too "grand" for this, and they insist on supplying the dinner, for which the general name is *cochonnerie*, and with perfect justice.

On the 12th of September, the Marquis and his family arrived at Nuremberg, where the Bavarian court were assembled, in order to be present at a Camp of Exercise. To the eye of an officer who had been in the habit of seeing the armies of the late war, the military spectacle could not be a matter of much importance, for the camp consisted of but 1800 men. But he had been a comrade of the king, when prince-royal, during the campaigns of 1814 and 1815; and, as such, had helped (and not slightly) to keep the tottering crown on the brow of Bavaria. He now sent to request the opportunity of paying his respects; but Germany, absurd in many things, is especially so in point of etiquette. Those miraculous productions of Providence, the little German sovereigns, live on etiquette, never abate an atom of their opportunities of convincing inferior mortals that they are of a super-eminent breed; and, in part, seem to have strangely forgotten that salutary lesson which Napoleon and his captains taught them, in the days when a republican brigadier, or an imperial aid-de-camp, though the son of a tailor, treated their "Serene Highnesses" and "High Mightinesses" with as little ceremony as the thoroughly beaten deserved from the conquerors. In the present instance, the little king did *not* choose to receive the gallant soldier, whom, in days of difficulty, he had been rejoiced to find at his side; and the ground assigned was, that the monarch received none but in uniform; the Marquis having mentioned, that he must appear in plain clothes, in consequence of dispatching his uniform to Munich, doubtless under the idea of attending the court there in his proper rank of a general officer.

The Marquis was angry, and the

fragment of his reply which we give, was probably as unpalatable a mis-sive as the little king had received since the days of Napoleon.

"My intention was, to express my respect for his majesty, in taking this opportunity to pay my court to him, in the interesting recollection of the kindly feelings which he deigned to exhibit to me and my brother at Vienna, when Prince Royal of Bavaria.

"I had flattered myself, that as the companion-in-arms of the excellent Marshal Wrede in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, his majesty would have granted this much of remembrance to an individual, without regard to uniform; or, at least, would have done me the honour of a private audience. I find, however, that I have been mistaken, and I have now only to offer my apologies to his majesty.

"The flattering reception which I have enjoyed in other courts, and the idea that this was connected with the name and services of the individual, and not dependent on the uniform, was the cause of my indiscretion. As my profound respect for his majesty was the sole feeling which led me towards Munich, I shall not *delay a moment* in quitting his majesty's territory."

If his majesty had been aware that this Parthian arrow would have been shot at him, he would have been well advised in relaxing his etiquette.

In the vicinity where this trifling transaction occurred, is the *locale* of an undertaking which will probably outlast all the little diadems of all the little kings. This is the canal by which it is proposed to unite the Rhine, the Mayne, and the Danube; in other words, to make the longest water communication in the world, through the heart of Europe; by which the Englishman embarking at London-bridge, may arrive at Constantinople in a travelling palace, with all the comforts—nay, all the luxuries of life, round him; his books, pictures, furniture, music, and society; and all this, while sweeping through some of the most magnificent scenery of the earth, safe from surge or storm, sheltered from winter's cold and summer's sun, rushing along at the rate of a couple of hundred miles a-day, until he finds himself in the Bosphorus,

with all the glories of the City of the Sultans glittering before him.

This is the finest speculation that was ever born of this generation of wonders, steam; and if once realized, must be a most prolific source of good to mankind. But the Germans are an intolerably tardy race in every thing, but the use of the tongue. They harangue, and mystify, and magnify, but they will not act; and this incomparable design, which, in England, would join the whole power of the nation in one unanimous effort, languishes among the philosophists and prognosticators of Germany, finds no favour in the eyes of its formal courts, and threatens to be lost in the smoke of a tobacco-saturated and slumber-loving people.

But the chief monument of Bavaria is the Val Halla, a modern temple designed to receive memorials of all the great names of Germany. The idea is kingly, and so is the temple; but it is built on the model of the Parthenon—evidently a formidable blunder in a land whose history, habits, and genius, are of the north. A Gothic temple or palace would have been a much more suitable, and therefore a finer conception. The combination of the palatial, the cathedral, and the fortress style, would have given scope to superb invention, if invention was to be found in the land; and in such an edifice, for such a purpose, Germany would have found a truer point of union, than it will ever find in the absurd attempt to mix opposing faiths, or in the nonsense of a rebel Gazette, and clamorous Gazetteers.

Still the Bavarian monarch deserves the credit of an unrivalled zeal to decorate his country. He is a great builder, he has filled Munich with fine edifices, and called in the aid of talents from every part of Europe, to stir up the flame, if it is to be found among his drowsy nation.

The Val Halla is on a pinnacle of rising ground, about a hundred yards from the Danube, from whose bank the ascent is by a stupendous marble staircase, to the grand portico. The columns are of the finest white stone, and the interior is completely lined with German marbles. Busts of the distinguished warriors, poets, statesmen, and scholars, are to be placed in niches round the walls, but *not* till they are dead. A curious arrange-

ment is adopted with respect to the living: Persons of any public note may send their busts, while living, to the Val Halla, where they are deposited in a certain chamber, a kind of marble purgatory or limbo. When they die, a jury is to sit upon them, and if they are fortunate enough to have a verdict in their favour, they take their place amongst these marble immortals. As the process does not occur until the parties are beyond the reach of human disappointment, they cannot feel the worse in case of failure; but the vanity which tempts a man thus to declare himself deserving of perpetual renown, by the act of sending his bust as a candidate, is perfectly *foreign*, and must be continually ridiculous.

The temple has been inaugurated or consecrated by the king in person, within the last month. He has made a speech, and dedicated it to German fame for ever. He certainly has had the merit of doing what ought to have been long since done in every kingdom of Europe; what a slight retrenchment in every royal expenditure would have enabled every sovereign to set on foot; and what could be done most magnificently, would be most deserved, and ought to be done without delay, in England.

At Ratisbon, the steam navigation on the Danube begins, taking passengers and carriages to Linz, where the Austrian steam navigation commences, completing the course down the mighty river. The former land-journey from Ratisbon to Vienna generally occupied six days. By the steam-boat, it is now accomplished in forty-eight hours, a prodigious saving of space and time. The Bavarian boats are smaller than those on the Rhine, owing to the shallows on the upper part of the river, but they are well managed and comfortable. The steamer is, in fact, a floating hotel, where every thing is provided on board, and the general arrangements are exact and convenient. The scenery in this portion of the river is highly exciting.—“The Rhine, with its hanging woods and multitudinous inhabited castles, affords a more cultivated picture; but in the steep and craggy mountains of the Danube, in its wild outlines and dilapidated castles, the imagination embraces a bolder range. At one time the river

is confined within its narrowest limits, and proceeds through a defile of considerable altitude, with overhanging rocks menacing destruction. At another it offers an open, wild archipelago of islands. The mountains have disappeared, and a long plain bounds on each side of the river its barren banks.”

The steam-boats stop at Neudorf, a German mile from Vienna. On his arrival, the Marquis found the servants and carriages of Prince Esterhazy waiting for him, and quarters provided at the Swan Hotel, until one of the prince's palaces could be prepared for his reception. The importance of getting private quarters on arriving at Vienna is great, the inns being all indifferent and noisy. They have another disqualification not less important—they seem to be intolerably dear. The Marquis's accommodations, though on a *third* story of the Swan, cost him eight pounds sterling a-day. This he justly characterizes as extravagant, and says he was glad to remove on the third day, there being an additional annoyance, in a club of the young nobles at the Swan, which prevented a moment's quiet. The *cuisine*, however, was particularly good, and the house, though a formidable affair for a family, is represented as desirable for a “bachelor”—we presume, a rich one.

Vienna has had her share in the general improvement of the Continent. She has become commercial, and her streets exhibit shops with gilding, plate-glass, and showy sign-boards, in place of the very old, very barbarous, and very squalid, displays of the last century. War is a rough teacher, but it is evidently the only one for the Continent. The foreigner is as bigoted to his original dinginess and discomfort, as the Turk to the Koran. Nothing but fear or force ever changes him. The French invasions were desperate things, but they swept away a prodigious quantity of the cobwebs which grow over the heads of nations who will not use the broom for themselves. Feudalities and follies a thousand years old were trampled down by the foot of the conscript; and the only glimpses of common-sense which have visited three-fourths of Europe in our day, were let in through chinks made by the French bayonet. The French were the grand improvers of every

thing, though only for their own objects. They made high roads for their own troops, and left them to the Germans; they cleared the cities of streets loaded with nuisances of all kinds, and taught the natives to live without the constant dread of pestilence; they compelled, for example, the Portuguese to wash their clothes, and the Spaniards to wash their hands. They proved to the German that his ponderous fortifications only brought bombardments on his cities, and thus induced him to throw down his crumbling walls, fill up his muddy ditches, turn his barren glacis into a public walk, and open his wretched streets to the light and air of heaven. Thus Hamburgh, and a hundred other towns, have put on a new face, and almost begun a new existence. Thus Vienna is now thrown open to its suburbs, and its suburbs are spread into the country.

The first days were given up to dinner at the British ambassador's, (Lord Beauvale's,) at the Prussian ambassador's, and at Prince Metternich's. Lord Beauvale's was "nearly private. He lived on a second floor, in a fine house, of which, however, the lower part was understood to be still unfurnished. His lordship sees but few people, and seldom gives any grand receptions, his indifferent health being the reason for living privately." However, on this point the Marquis has his own conceptions, which he gives with a plainness perfectly characteristic, and very well worth being remembered.

"I think," says he, "that an ambassador of England, at an imperial court, with *eleven thousand pounds* per annum! should *not* live as a private gentleman, nor consult solely his own ease, unmindful of the sovereign he represents. A habit has stolen in among them of adopting a spare *menage*, to augment *private fortune when recalled!* This is wrong. And when France and Russia, and even Prussia, entertain constantly and very handsomely; our embassies and legations, generally speaking, are niggardly and shut up."

However the Lord Beauvale and his class may relish this honesty of opinion, we are satisfied that the British public will perfectly agree with the Marquis. A man who receives L.11,000 a-year to show hospitality

and exhibit state, ought to do both. But there is another and a much more important point for the nation to consider. Why should eleven thousand pounds a-year be given to any ambassador at Vienna, or at any other court of the earth? Cannot his actual diplomatic functions be amply served for a tenth of the money? Or what is the actual result, but to furnish, in nine instances out of ten, a splendid sinecure to some man of powerful interest, without any, or but slight, reference to his faculties? Or is there any necessity for endowing an embassy with an enormous income of this order, to provide dinners, and balls, and a central spot for the crowd of loungers who visit their residences; or to do actual mischief by alluring those idlers to remain absentees from their own country? We see no possible reason why the whole ambassadorial establishment might not be cut down to salaries of fifteen hundred a-year. Thus, men of business would be employed, instead of the relatives of our cabinets; dinner-giving would not be an essential of diplomacy; the ambassador's house would not be a centre for all the rambles and triflers who preferred a silly and lavish life abroad to doing their duty at home; and a sum of much more than a hundred thousand pounds a-year would be saved to the country. Jonathan acts the only rational part on the subject. He gives his ambassador a sum on which a private gentleman can live, and no more. He has not the slightest sense of giving superb feasts, furnishing huge palaces, supplying all the rambling Jonathans with balls and suppers, or astonishing John Bull by the tinsel of his appointments. Yet he is at least as well served as others. His man is a man of business; his embassy is no showy sinecure; his ambassador is no showy sinecurist. The office is an understood step to distinction at home; and the man who exhibits ability here, is sure of eminence on his return. We have not found that the American diplomacy is consigned to mean hands, or inefficient, or despised in any country.

The relative value of money, too, makes the folly still more extravagant. In Vienna, L.11,000 a-year is equal to twice the sum in England. We thus virtually pay L.22,000 a-year for Austrian diplomacy. In

France about the same proportion exists. But in Spain, the dollar goes as far as the pound in England. There L.10,000 sterling would be equivalent to L.40,000 here. How long is this waste to go on? We remember a strong and true *exposé*, made by Sir James Graham, on the subject, a few years ago; and we are convinced that, if he were to take up the topic again, he would render the country a service of remarkable value; and, moreover, that if he does not, it will be taken up by more strenuous, but more dangerous hands. The whole system is one of lavish absurdity.

The Russian ambassador's dinner "was of a different description. Perfection in *cuisine*, wine, and attendance. Sumptuousness in liveries and lights; the company, about thirty, the *élite* of Vienna."

But the most interesting of those banquets, from the character of the distinguished giver, was Prince Metternich's. The prince was residing at his "Garten," (villa) two miles out of town. He had enlarged his house of late years, and it now consisted of three, one for his children, another for his own residence, and a third for his guests. This last was "really a fairy edifice, so contrived with reflecting mirrors, as to give the idea of being transparent. It was ornamented with rare malachite, porphyry, jasper, and other vases, presents from the sovereigns of Europe, besides statues, and copies of the most celebrated works of Italy.

The Marquis had not seen this eminent person since 1823, and time had played its part with his countenance; the smile was more languid, the eye less illumined, the person more slight than formerly, the hair of a more silvery hue, the features of his expressive face more distinctly marked; the erect posture was still maintained, but the gait had become more solemn; and when he rose from his chair, he had no longer his wonted elasticity.

But this inevitable change of the exterior seems to have no effect on the "inner man." "In the Prince's conversation I found the same talent, the unrivalled *esprit*. The fluency and elocution, so entirely his own, were as graceful, and the memory was as perfect, as at any former period."

This memorable man is fond of

matrimony; his present wife, a daughter of Count Zichy Ferraris, being his third. A son of the second marriage is his heir, and he has by his present princess two boys and a girl. The Princess seems to have alarmed her guest by her vivacity; for he describes her in the awful language with which the world speaks of a confirmed *blue*:—"Though not so handsome as her predecessor, she combines a *very spirited* expression of countenance, with a clever conversation, a versatility of genius, and a wit rather satirical than humorous, which makes her *somewhat formidable* to her acquaintance." We dare say that she is a very showy tigress.

The Marquis found Vienna less gay than it was on his former visit. It is true that he then saw it in the height of the Congress, flushed with conquest, glittering with all kinds of festivity; and not an individual in bad spirits in Europe, but Napoleon himself. Yet in later times the court has changed; "the Emperor keeps singularly aloof from society; the splendid court-days are no more; the families are withdrawing into coteries; the beauties of former years have lost much of their brilliancy, and a new generation equal to them has not yet appeared."

This is certainly not the language of a young marquis; but it is probably not far from the estimate which every admirer of the sex makes, *after* a five-and-twenty years' absence. But he gallantly defends them against the sneer of that cleverest of her sex, Lady Wortley Montagu, a hundred years ago; her verdict being, "That their costume disfigured the natural ugliness with which Heaven had been pleased to endow them." He contends, however, that speaking within the last twenty (he probably means *five-and-twenty*) years, "Vienna has produced some of the handsomest women in the world: and in frequenting the public walks, the Prater, and places of amusement, you meet as many bewitching countenances, especially as to eyes, hair, and *tournure*, as in any other capital whatever."

We think the Marquis fortunate; for we must acknowledge, that in our occasional rambles on the Continent, we *never* saw beauty in a German visage. The rotundity of the countenance, the coarse colours, the stunted nose, and the thick lip, which consti-

tute the general mould of the native physiognomy, are to us the very antipodes of beauty. Dress, diamonds, rouge, and lively manners, may go far, and the ball-room may help the deception; but we strongly suspect that where beauty casually appears in society, we must look for its existence only among foreigners to Teutschland. The general state of intercourse, even among the highest circles, is dull. There are few houses of rank where strangers are received; the animation of former times is gone. The ambassadors live retired. The monarch's state of health makes him averse to society. Prince Metternich's house is the only one constantly open; "but while he remains at his Garten, to trudge there for a couple of hours' general conversation, is not very alluring." Still, for a family which can go so far to look for cheap play-houses and cheap living, Vienna is a convenient capital.

But Austria has one quality, which shows her common sense in a striking point of view. She abhors change. She has not a radical in her whole dominions, except in jail—the only place fit for him. The agitations and vexations of other governments stop at the Austrian frontier. The people have not made the grand discovery, that universal suffrage is meat and drink, and annual parliaments lodging and clothing. They labour, and live by their labour; yet they have as much dancing as the French, and better music. They are probably the richest and most comfortable population of Europe at this hour. Their country has risen to be the protector of Southern Europe; and they are making admirable highways, laying down railroads, and building steam-boats, ten times as fast as the French, with all their regicide plots, and a revolution threatened once-a-month by the calendar of patriotism. "Like the great Danube, which rolls through the centre of her dominions, the course of her ministry and its tributary branches continue, without any deviation from its accustomed channel." The comparison is a good one, and what can be more fortunate than such tranquillity?

The two leading ministers, the government in effect, are Metternich and Kollowrath; the former the Foreign Minister, the latter the Minister of the

Interior. They are understood to be of different principles; the latter leaning to the "Movement," or, more probably, allowing himself to be thought to do so, for the sake of popularity. But Metternich is the true head. A Conservative from the beginning, sagacious enough to see through the dupery of the pretended friends of the human race, and firm enough to crush their hypocrisy—Metternich is one of those statesmen, of whom men of sense never could have had two opinions—a mind which stamped itself from the beginning as a leader, compelled by circumstances often to yield, but never suffering even the most desperate circumstances to make it despair. He saw where the strength of Europe lay, from the commencement of the Revolutionary war; and, guided by the example of Pitt, he laboured for a general European alliance. When he failed there, he husbanded the strength of Austria for the day of struggle, which he knew would come; and when it came, his genius raised his country at once from a defeated dependency of France, into the arbiter of Europe. While this great man lives, he ought to be supreme in the affairs of his country. But in case of his death, General Fiquelmont, the late ambassador to Russia, has been regarded as his probable successor. He is a man of ability and experience, and his appointment to the court of St Petersburg was probably intended to complete that experience, in the quarter to which Austria, by her new relations, and especially by her new navigation of the Danube, must look with the most vigilant anxiety.

The Austrian army is kept up in very fine condition; but nearly all the officers distinguished in the war are dead, and its present leaders have to acquire a name. It is only to be hoped that they will never have the opportunity. The regimental officers are generally from a higher class than those of the other German armies.

After remaining for a fortnight at Vienna, the Marquis paid a visit to his friend Prince Esterhazy.

This nobleman, long known and much-esteemed in England, is equally well known to be a kind of monarch in Hungary. Whatever novelist shall write the "Troubles of rank and

riches," should take the prince for his hero. He has eight or nine princely mansions scattered over the empire, and in each of them it is expected, by his subjects of the soil, that his highness should reside.

The Marquis made a round of the principal of those mansions. The first visit was to a castle in the neighbourhood of Vienna, which the prince has modernized into a magnificent villa. Here all is constructed to the taste of a statesman only eager to escape the tumult of the capital, and pining to refresh himself with cooling shades and crystal streams. All is verdure, trout streams, leafy walks, water blue as the sky above it, and the most profound privacy and seclusion.

After a "most exquisite entertainment" here, the Marquis and his family set out early next morning to visit Falkenstein. Every castle in this part of the world is historical, and derives its honours from a Turkish siege. Falkenstein, crowning the summit of a mountain of granite, up which no carriage can be dragged but by the stout Hungarian horses trained to the work, has been handsomely bruised by the Turkish balls in its day; but it is now converted into a superb mansion; very grand, and still more curious than grand; for it is full of relics of the olden time, portraits of the old warriors of Hungary, armour and arms, and all the other odd and pompous things which turn an age of barbarism into an age of romance. The prince and princess are hailed and received at the castle as king and queen. A guard of soldiers of the family, which the Esterhazy have the sovereign right to maintain, form the garrison of this palatial fortress, and it has a whole establishment of salaried officials within. The next expedition was to two more of those mansions—Esterhazy, built by one of the richest princes of the house, and Eisenstadt. The former resembles the imperial palace at Schonbrun, but smaller. The prince is fitting it up gorgeously in the Louis XIV.th style. Here he has his principal studs for breeding horses; but Eisenstadt outshone all the chateaus of this superb possessor. The splendours here were regal: Two hundred chambers for guests—a saloon capable

of dining a thousand people—a battalion of the "Esterhazy Guard" at the principal entrances; all paid from the estate. To this all the ornamental part was proportioned—conservatory and greenhouses on the most unrivalled scale—three or four hundred orange-trees alone, throwing the Duke of Northumberland's gardens into eclipse, and stimulating his Grace of Devonshire even to add new greens and glories to Chatsworth.

On his return to Vienna, the Marquis was honoured with a private interview by the emperor—a remarkable distinction, as the ambassador was informed "that the emperor was too well acquainted with the Marquis's services to require any presentation, and desired that he might come alone." He was received with great politeness and condescension. Next day he had an interview with Prince Metternich, who, with graceful familiarity, took him over his house in Vienna, to show him its improvements since the days of Congress. He remarks it as a strange point in the character of this celebrated statesman, how minutely he sometimes interests himself in mere trifles, especially where art and mechanism are concerned. He had seen him one evening remain for half an hour studiously examining the construction of a musical clock. The Prince then showed his *cabinet de travail*, which he had retained unchanged. "Here," said he, "is a spot which is exactly as it was the last day you saw it." Its identity had been rigidly preserved, down to the placing of its paper and pencils. All was in the same order. The Prince evidently, and justly, looked on those days as the glory of his life.

We regret that the conversation of so eminent a person could not be more largely given; for Metternich is less a statesman than statemanship itself. But one remark was at once singularly philosophical and practical. In evident allusion to the miserable tergiversations of our Whig policy a couple of years since, he said, "that throughout life, he had always acted on the plan of adopting the *best determination on all important subjects*. That to this point of view he had steadfastly adhered; and that, in the indescribable workings of time and circumstances, it had *always hap-*

pened to him that matters were brought round to the very spot, from which, owing to the folly of misguided notions or inexperienced men, they had for a time taken their departure." This was in 1840, when the Whigs ruled us; it must be an admirable maxim for honest men, but it must be perpetually thwarting the oblique. To form a view on principle, and to adhere to it under all difficulties, is the palpable way to attain great ultimate success; but the paltry and the selfish, the hollow and the intriguing, have neither power nor will to look beyond the moment; they are not steering the vessel to a harbour; they have no other object than to keep possession of the ship as long as they can, and let her roll wherever the gale may carry her.

After all, one grows weary of every thing that is to be had for the mere act of wishing. Difficulty is essential to enjoyment. High life is as likely to tire on one's hands as any other. The Marquis, giving all the praise of manners and agreeability to Vienna, sums up all in one prodigious yawn. "The same evenings at Metternich's, the same lounges for making purchases and visits on a morning, the same idleness and fatigue at night, the searching and arid climate, and the clouds of execrable fine dust"—all conspiring to tell the great of the earth that they can escape *ennui* no more than the little.

On leaving Vienna, he wrote a note of farewell to the Prince, who returned an answer, of remarkable elegance—a mixture of the pathetic and the playful. His note says that he has no chance of going to see any body, for he is like a coral fixed to a rock—both must move together. He touches lightly on their share in the great war, "which is now becoming a part of those times which history itself names heroic;" and concludes by recommending him on his journey to the care of an officer of rank, on a mission to Turkey—"Car il sçait le Turc, aussi bien que nous deux ne le savons pas." With this Voltairism he finishes, and gives his "Dieu protège."

We now come to the Austrian steam passage. This is the boldest effort which Austria has ever made, and its effects will be felt through every generation of her mighty empire. The

honour of originating this great design is due to Count Etienne Zecheny, a Hungarian nobleman, distinguished for every quality which can make a man a benefactor to his country. The plan of this steam-navigation is now about ten years old. The Marquis justly observes, that nothing more patriotic was ever projected; and it is mainly owing to this high-spirited nobleman that the great advantage is now enjoyed of performing, in ten or twelve days, the journey to the capital of Turkey, which some years ago could be achieved only by riding the whole way, and occupying, by couriers, two or three weeks. The chief direction of the company is at Vienna. It had, at the time of the tour, eighteen boats, varying from sixty to one hundred horse-power, and twenty-four more were to be added within the year. Some of these were to be of iron.

But the poverty of all foreign countries is a formidable obstacle to the progress of magnificent speculations like those. The shares have continued low, the company has had financial difficulties to encounter, and the popular purse is tardy. However, the prospect is improving, the profits have increased; and the Austrian archdukes and many of the great nobles having lately taken shares, the steam-boats will probably become as favourite as they are necessary. But all this takes time; and as by degrees the "disagreeables" of the voyage down the Danube will be changed into agreeables, we shall allude no more to the noble traveller's voyage, than to say, that on the 4th of November, a day of more than autumnal beauty, his steamer anchored in the Bosphorus.

Here we were prepared for a burst of description. But the present describer is a matter-of-fact personage; and though he makes no attempt at poetic fame, has the faculty of telling what he saw, with very sufficient distinctness. "I never experienced more disappointment," is his phrase, "than in my first view of the Ottoman capital. I was bold enough at once to come to the conclusion, that what I had heard or read was overcharged. The most eminent of the describers, I think, could never have been on the spot." Such is the plain language of the last authority.

"The entrance of the Tagus, the Bay of Naples, the splendid approach to the grand quays of St Petersburg, the Kremlin, and view of Moscow, all struck me as far preferable to the scene at the entrance of the Bosphorus."

He admits, that in the advance to the city up this famous channel, there are many pretty views, that there is a line of handsome residences in some parts, and that the whole has a good deal the look of a "drop-scene in a theatre;" still he thinks it poor in comparison of its descriptions, the outline low, feeble, and rugged, and that the less it is examined, probably the more it may be admired. Even the famous capital fares not much better. "In point of fine architectural features, monuments of art, and magnificent structures, (excepting only the great Mosques,) the chisel of the mason, the marble, the granite, Constantinople is more destitute than any other great capital. But then, you are told that these objects are not in the style and taste of the people. Be it so; but then do not let the minds of those who cannot see for themselves be led away by high-wrought and fallacious descriptions of things which do not exist." The maxim is a valuable one, and we hope that the rebuke will save the reading public from a heap of those "picturesque" labours, which really much more resemble the heaviest brush of the scene-painter, than the truth of nature.

But if art has done little, nature has done wonders for Constantinople. The site contains some of the noblest elements of beauty and grandeur; mountain, plain, forest, waters; its position is obviously the key of Europe and Asia Minor—even of more, it is the point at which the north and south meet; by the Bosphorus it commands the communication of the Black Sea, and with it, of all the boundless region, once Scythia, and now Russia and Tartary; by the Dardanelles, it has the most immediate command over the Mediterranean, the most important sea in the world. Russia, doubtless, may be the paramount power of the Black Sea; the European nations may divide the power of the Mediterranean; but Constantinople, once under the authority of a monarch, or a government, adequate to its natural faculties, would

be more directly the sovereign of both seas, than Russia, with its state machinery in St Petersburg, a thousand miles off, or France a thousand miles, or England more nearly two thousand miles. This dominion will never be exercised by the ignorant, profligate, and unprincipled Turk; but if an independent Christian power should be established there, in that spot lie the materials of empire. In the fullest sense, Constantinople, uniting all the high-roads between east and west, north and south, is the centre of the living world. We are by no means to be reckoned among the theorists who calculate day by day on the fall of Turkey. In ancient times the fall of guilty empires was sudden, and connected with marked evidences of guilt. But those events were so nearly connected with the fortunes of the Jewish people, that the suddenness of the catastrophe was essential to the lesson. The same necessity exists no longer, the Chosen People are now beyond the lesson, and nations undergo suffering, and approach dissolution, by laws not unlike those of the decadence of the human frame; the disease makes progress, but the evidence scarcely strikes the eye, and the seat of the distemper is almost beyond human investigation. The jealousy of the European powers, too, protects the Turk. But he must go down—Mahometanism is already decaying. Stamboul, its headquarters, will not survive its fall; and a future generation will inevitably see Constantinople the seat of a Christian empire, and that empire, not improbably, only the forerunner of an empire of Palestine.

The general view of Constantinople is superb. A bridge has been thrown across the "Golden Horn," connecting its shores; and from this the city, or rather the four cities, spread out in lengthened stateliness before the eye. From this point are seen, to the most striking advantage, the two mountainous elevations on which Constantinople and Pera are built, and other heights surrounding. A communication subsists across the "Golden Horn," not only by water and the bridge, but also by the road, which by the land is a distance of five or six miles. Viewing Constantinople as a whole, it strikes one as larger by far than Paris or London, but they are both larger. The reason of the

deception being, that here the eye embraces a larger space.

The Turks never improve anything. The distinction between them and the Europeans is, that the latter think of conveniences, the former only of luxuries. The Turks, for example, build handsome pavilions, plant showy gardens, and erect marble fountains to cool them in marble halls. But they never mend a high-road—they never even make one. Now and then a bridge is forced on them by the necessity of having one, or being drowned; but they never repair that bridge, nor sweep away the accumulated abomination of their streets, nor do any thing that it is possible to leave undone.

Pera is the quarter in which all the Christians even of the highest rank live: the intercourse between it and Constantinople is, of course, perpetual, yet perhaps a stone has not been smoothed in the road since the siege of the city. From Pera were the most harassing trips down rugged declivities on horseback, besides the awkwardness of the passage in boats.

One extraordinary circumstance strikes the stranger, that but one sex seems to exist. The dress of the women gives no idea of the female form, and the whole population seems to be male.

The masses of people are dense, and among them the utmost silence in general prevails. About seven or eight at night the streets are cleared, and their only tenants are whole hosts of growling, hideous dogs; or a few Turks gliding about with paper lanterns; these, too, being the only lights in the streets, if streets they are to be called, which are only narrow passes, through which the vehicles can scarcely move.

The dogs are curious animals. It is probable that civilization does as much injury to the lower tribes of creation, as it does good to man. If it polishes our faculties, it enfeebles their instincts. The Turkish dog, living nearly as he would have done in the wilderness, exhibits the same sagacity, amounting to something of government. For instance, the Turkish dogs divide the capital into quarters, and each set has its own; if an adventurous or an ambitious dog enters the quarters of his neighbours, the whole pack in possession set upon him at once, and he is expelled by hue

and cry. They also know how to conduct themselves according to times and seasons. In the daytime, they ramble about, and suffer themselves to be kicked with impunity; but at night the case is different: they are the majority—they know their strength, and insist on their privileges. They howl and growl then at their own discretion, fly at the accidental stranger with open mouth, attack him singly, charge him *en masse*, and nothing but a stout bludgeon, wielded by a strong arm, can save the passenger from feeling that he is in the kingdom of his four-footed masters.

The Marquis arrived during the Ramazan, when no Turk eats, drinks, or even smokes, from sunrise to sunset. Thus the Turk is a harder faster than the papist. The moment the sun goes down, the Turk rushes to his meal and his pipe, “not eating but devouring, not inhaling but wallowing in smoke.” At the Bajazet colonnade, where the principal Turks rush to enjoy the night, the lighted coffee-houses, the varieties of costume, the eager crowd, and the illumination of myriads of paper lanterns, make a scene that revives the memory of Oriental tales.

Every thing in Turkey is unlike any thing in Europe. In the bazar, instead of the rapid sale and dismissal in our places of traffic, the Turkish dealer, in any case of value, invites his applicant into his shop, makes him sit down, gives him a pipe, smokes him into familiarity—hands him a cup of coffee, and drinks him into confidence; in short, treats him as if they were a pair of ambassadors appointed to dine and bribe each other—converses with, and cheats him.

But the Marquis regards the bazars as contemptible places, says that they are not to be compared with similar establishments at Petersburg or Moscow, and recommends whatever purchases are made, to be made at one's own quarters, “where you escape being jostled, harangued, smoked, and poisoned with insufferable smells.”

One of the curious features of the sojourn at Constantinople, is the presentation to the Ministers and the Sultan. Redschid Pasha appointed to see the Marquis at three o'clock, *à la Turque*—which, as those Orientals

always count from the sunset, means eight o'clock in the evening.

He was led in a kind of procession to the Minister, received in the customary manner, and had the customary conversation on Constantinople, England, the war, &c. Then, a dozen slaves entered, and universal smoking began. "When the cabinet was so full of smoke that one could hardly see," the attendants returned, and carried away the pipes. Then came a dropping fire of conversation, then coffee; then sherbet, which the guest pronounced good, and "thought the most agreeable part of the ceremonial." The Minister spoke French fluently, and, after an hour's visit, the ceremony ended—the pasha politely attending his visiter through the rooms. The next visit was to Achmet Pasha, who had been in England at the time of the Coronation—had been ambassador at Vienna for some years—spoke French fluently—was a great friend of Prince and Princess Metternich, and, besides all this, had married one of the Sultan's sisters. The last honour was said to be due to his immense wealth. It seems that the "course of true love" does not run more smoothly in Turkey than elsewhere—for the young lady was stated to be in love with the commander-in-chief, an older man, but possessing more character. Achmet was now Minister of Commerce, and in high favour. He kept his young wife at his country house, and she had not been seen since her marriage. When asked permission for ladies to visit her, he always deferred it "till next spring, when," said he, "she will be civilized." The third nocturnal interview was more picturesque—it was with the young Sultana's flame, the Seraskier, (commander-in-chief.) His residence is at the Porte, where he has one of the splendid palaces.

"You enter an immense court, with his stables on one side and his harem on the other. A regiment of guards was drawn up at the entrance, and two companies were stationed at the lower court. The staircase was filled with soldiers, slaves, and attendants of different nations. I saw Greeks, Armenians, Slavonians, Georgians, all in their native costume; and dark as were the corridors and entrance, by the flashes of my flambeaux through the mist, the scene struck me as much

more grand and imposing than the others. The Seraskier is a robust, soldier-like man, with a fierce look and beard, and an agreeable smile." The Minister was peculiarly polite, and showed him through the rooms and the war department, exhibiting, amongst the rest, his military council, composed of twenty-four officers, sitting at that moment. They were of all ranks, and chosen, as it was said, without any reference as to qualification, but simply by favour. The Turks still act as oddly as ever. A friend of the Marquis told him, that he had lately applied to the Seraskier to promote a young Turkish officer. A few days after, the officer came to thank him, and said, that though the Seraskier had not given him the command of a regiment, he had given him "the command of a ship." The true wonder is, that the Turks have either ships or regiments. But there is a fine quantity of patronage in this department—the number of clerks alone being reckoned at between seven and eight hundred.

The opinions of the Marquis on Mediterranean politics are worth regarding, because he has had much political experience in the highest ranks of foreign life—because from that experience he is enabled to give the opinions of many men of high name and living influence, and because he is an honest man, speaking sincerely, and speaking intelligibly. He regards the preservation of Turkey as the first principle of all English diplomacy in the east of Europe, and considers our successive attempts to make a Greek kingdom, and our sufferance of an Egyptian dynasty, as sins against the common peace of the world. Thus, within a few years, Greece has been taken away; Egypt has not merely been taken away, but rendered dangerous to the Porte; the great Danubian provinces, Moldavia and Wallachia, have been taken away, and thus Russia has been brought to the banks of the Danube. Serbia, a vast and powerful province, has followed, and is now more Russian than Turkish; and while those limbs have been torn from the great trunk, and that trunk is still bleeding from the wounds of the late war, it is forced to more exhausting efforts, the less power it retains. But, with respect to Russia, he does not look upon her force and

her ambition with the alarm generally entertained of that encroaching and immense power. He even thinks that, even if she possessed Constantinople, she could not long retain it.

As all this is future, and of course conjectural, we may legitimately express our doubts of any authority on the subject. That Russia does not think with the Marquis is evident, for all her real movements for the last fifty years have been but preliminaries to the seizure of Turkey. Her exhibitions in all other quarters have been mere disguises. She at one time displays a large fleet in the Baltic, or at another sends an army across Tartary; but she never attempts any thing with either, except the excitement of alarm. But it is in the direction of Turkey that all the solid advances are made. There she always finishes her hostility by making some solid acquisition. She is now carrying on a wasteful war in the Caucasus; its difficulty has probably surprised herself, but she still carries it on; and let the loss of life and the expenditure of money be what they will, she will think them well encountered if they end in giving her the full possession of the northern road into Asia Minor. Russia, in possession of Constantinople, would have the power of inflicting dreadful injuries on Europe. If she possessed a responsible government, her ambition might be restrained by public opinion; or the necessity of appealing to the national representatives for money—of all checks on war the most powerful, and in fact the grand operative check, at this moment, on the most restless of European governments, France. But with her whole power, her revenues, and her military means completely at the disposal of a single mind, her movements, for either good or evil, are wholly dependent on the caprice, the ambition, or the absurdity of the individual on the throne. The idea that Russia would weaken her power by the possession of Constantinople, seems to us utterly incapable of proof. She has been able to maintain her power at once on the Black Sea, seven hundred miles from her capital; on the Danube, at nearly the same distance, and on the Vistula, pressing on the Prussian frontier. In Constantinople she would have the most magnificent fortress in the world, the command of the head of the Me-

diterranean, Syria, and inevitably Egypt. By the Dardanelles, she would be wholly inaccessible; for no fleet could pass, if the batteries on shore were well manned. The Black Sea would be simply her wet-dock, in which she might build ships while there was oak or iron in the north, and build them in complete security from all disturbance; for all the fleets of Europe could not reach them through the Bosphorus, even if they had forced the Dardanelles—that must be the operation of an army in the field. On the north, Russia is almost wholly invulnerable. The Czar might retreat until his pursuers perished of fatigue and hunger. The unquestionable result of the whole is, that Russia is the real terror of Europe. France is dangerous, and madly prone to hostilities; but France is open on every side, and experience shows that she never can resist the combined power of England and Germany. It is strong evidence of our position, that she has never *ultimately* triumphed in any war against England; and the experience of the last war, which showed her, with all the advantages of her great military chief, her whole population thrown into the current of war, and her banner followed by vassal kings, only the more consummately overthrown, should be a lesson to her for all ages. But Russia has never been effectually checked since the reign of Peter the Great, when she first began to move. Even disastrous wars have only hastened her advance; keen intrigue has assisted military violence, and when we see even the destruction of Moscow followed by the final subjugation of Poland, we may estimate the sudden and fearful superiority which she would be enabled to assume, with her foot standing on Constantinople, and her arm stretching at will over Europe and Asia. Against this tremendous result there are but two checks, the preservation of the Osmanli government by the jealousy of the European states, and the establishment of a Greek empire at Constantinople: the former, the only expedient which can be adopted for the moment, but in its nature temporary, imperfect, and liable to intrigue: the latter, natural, secure, and lasting. It is to this event that all the rational hopes of European politicians

should be finally directed. Yet, while the Turk retains possession we must adhere to him; for treaties must be rigidly observed, and no policy is safe that is not strictly honest. But if the dynasty should fail, or any of those unexpected changes occur which leave great questions open, the formation of a Greek empire ought to be contemplated as the true, and the only, mode of effectually rescuing Europe from the most formidable struggle that she has ever seen. But the first measure, even of temporary defence, ought to be the fortification of Constantinople. It is computed that the expense would not exceed a million and a half sterling.

The Marquis, by a fortunate chance for a looker-on, happened to be in the Turkish capital at the time when the populace were all exulting at the capture of Acre. It was admitted that the British squadron had done more in rapidity of action, and in effect of firing, than it was supposed possible for ships to accomplish, and all was popular admiration and ministerial gratitude. In addition to the lighting of the mosques for the Ramazan, Pera and Constantinople were lighted up, and the whole scene was brilliant. Constant salvoes were fired from the ships and batteries during the day, and at night, of course, all was splendour on the seven hills of the great city.

On the "Seraskier's Square," two of the Egyptian regiments taken at Beyrout defiled before the commander-in-chief. The Turkish bands in garrison moved at their head. The prisoners marched in file; and, having but just landed from their prison-ships, looked wretchedly. Having a red woollen bonnet, white jackets, and large white trowsers, they looked like an assemblage of "cricketers." The men were universally young, slight made, and active, with sallow cheeks, many nearly yellow, orange, and even black; still, if well fed and clothed, they would make by no means bad light troops. The Turks armed and clothed them forthwith, and scattered them among their regiments; a proceeding which shows that even the Turk is sharing the general improvement of mankind. Once he would have thrown them all into the Bosphorus.

From this professional display, the

Marquis adjourned to the "Grand Promenade," where the sultanas see the world, unseen themselves, in their carriages. "Though," as he writes, "I never had an opportunity of *verifying* any thing like Miss Pardoe's anecdote of the 'sentries being ordered to face about when presenting arms,' rather than be permitted to gaze on the *tempting* and *forbidden* fruit; but, on the contrary, witnessed soldiers escorting all the sultanas' carriages: it is nevertheless true, that a gruff attendant attacked and found fault with me for daring to raise my eyes to a beautiful Turkish woman, whom it was quite impossible I could admire beyond her forehead and two large black eyes, eyebrows, and lashes, which glanced from under her yashmack." But the Marquis has no mercy on the performances of poor Miss Pardoe.

The sultana-mother was a personage of high importance at this time, from her supposed influence over her son. Her equipage was somewhat European—a chariot, with hammer-cloth, (apparently lately received from Long-Acre.) The coachman drove four large bay horses, with a plurality of reins. There were attendants, running Turks, and guards before to clear the way. Two open barouches, ornamented after the manner of the country, followed; and the rear of the sultanas' procession was closed by arebas (or covered and gilded vans) full of women and slaves.

But the most characteristic display of all is the "Cabinet." "On the side of this drive is a long colonnade of shops; and, at the bottom of it, a *barber's*, in which all the ministers of the divan and the pasha assemble! They sit on cushions in grand conclave and conference; and, while affecting to discuss the affairs of the state, the direction of their eyes, and their signs to the recumbent houris in the carriages, show their thoughts to be directed to other objects."

What should we think of the chancellor, the premier, and the three secretaries of state, sitting in council at a fruiterer's in Regent Street, and nodding to the ladies as they pass? But this is not all. The sultan, in his kiosk, sits at one end of the drive, inspecting the whole panorama. Still, it is not yet complete; at the lower end of the colonnade there is a wo-

man-market, where each slave, attended by a duenna, passes and parades, casting her languishing eyes through the files of lounging officers and merchants, who crowd this part of the promenade. All this is essentially Turkish, and probably without any thing like it in the world besides.

The beauty of the Turkish women is still a matter of dispute. When beauty is an object of unlimited purchase, its frequency will be probably found a safe admission. But Turkish women occasionally unveil, and it is then generally discovered that the veil is one of their principal charms. They have even been described as merely good-humoured looking "fatties"—a sufficiently humble panegyric. Lord Londonderry gives it as his opinion, that they are "not generally handsome, but all well-built and well-grown, strong, and apparently healthy. Their eyes and eyebrows are invariably fine and expressive; and their hair is, beyond measure, superior to that of other nations. The thickness of its braidings and plaits, and the masses that are occasionally to be seen, leave no doubt of this."

Long and luxuriant tresses belong to all the southern nations of Europe, and seem to be the results of heat of climate; and there are few facts in physiology more singular than the sudden check given to this luxuriance on the confines of Negroland. There, with all predisposing causes for its growth, it is coarse, curled, and never attains to length or fineness of any kind. The Georgians and Circassians were once the boast of the harem; but the war and the predominance of the Russian power in the Caucasus, have much restricted this detestable national traffic—a circumstance said to be much to the regret of both parents and daughters; the former losing the price, and the latter losing the preferment, to which the young beauties looked forward as to a certain fortune. But later experience has told the world, that the charms of those Armidas were desperately exaggerated by Turkish romance and European credulity; that the general style of Circassian features, though fair, is Tartarish, and that the Georgian is frequently coarse and of the deepest brown, though with larger eyes than the Circassian, which are small, and like

those of the Chinese. The accounts written by ladies visiting the harems are to be taken with the allowance due to showy dress, jewels, cosmetics, and the general effect of a prepared exhibition, scarcely less than theatrical. It is scarcely possible that either the human face or form can long preserve symmetry of any kind in a life almost wholly destitute of exercise, in the confined air of their prison, and in the full indulgence of their meals. Activity, animation, and grace—the great constituents of all true beauty—must soon perish in the harem.

The Marquis (an excellent judge of a horse) did not much admire the steeds of the pashas. On a visit to the Seraskier's stables, the head groom brought out fourteen, with light Tartars on them to show their points. Their stables were miserable. The horses were without stalls or litter, in a dark, ill-paved barn. They were heavily covered with rugs. Three or four were very fine Arabs; but the rest were of Turkish blood, with large heads, lopped ears, and thick necks, of indifferent action, and by no means desirable in any shape.

The interview with the Sultan was the last, and was interesting and characteristic. The Marquis had naturally expected to find him in the midst of pomp. Instead of all this, on entering a common French-carpeted room, he perceived, on an ordinary little French sofa, the sovereign cross-legged, and alone; two small sofas, half-a-dozen chairs, and several wax-lights, were all the ornaments of this very plain saloon. But the Sultan was diamonded all over, and fully made amends for the plainness of his reception-room. As to his person, Abdul-Mehjid is a tall fallow youth of nineteen or twenty, with a long visage, but possessing fine eyes and eyebrows, so that, when his face is lighted up, it is agreeable and spiritual.

We must now close our sketch of those diversified and pleasant volumes. We regret to hear that their distinguished and active author has lately met with a severe accident in following the sports of his country; but we are gratified with the hope of his recovery, and the hope, too, of seeing him undertake more excursions, and narrate them with equal interest, truth, and animation.

THE CURSE OF GLENCOE.*

BY B. SIMMONS.

The fair calm eve on wood and wold
Shone down with softest ray,
Beneath the sycamore's red leaf
The mavis trill'd her lay,
Murmur'd the Tweed afar, as if
Complaining for the day.

And evening's light, and wild-bird's
song,
And Tweed's complaining tune;
And far-off hills, whose restless pines
Were beckoning up the moon—
Beheld and heard, shed silence through
A lofty dim saloon.

The fruits of mellow autumn glow'd
Upon the ebon board;
The blood that grape of Burgundy
In other days had pour'd,
Gleam'd from its crystal vase—but all
Untasted stood the hoard.

Two guests alone sat listlessly
That lavish board beside;
The one a fair-haired stripling, tall,
Blithe-brow'd and eager-ey'd,
Caressing still two hounds in leash,
That by his chair abide.

Right opposite, in musing mood,
A stalwart man was placed,
With veteran aspect, like a tower
By war, not time, defaced,
Whose shatter'd walls exhibit Power
Contending still with Waste.

And as the ivy's sudden veil
Will round the fortress spring,
Some grief unfading o'er that brow
Its shadow seemed to fling,
And made that stalwart man's whole
air
A sad and solemn thing.

And so they sat, both Youth and
Years,
An hour without a word—
The pines that beckon'd up the moon
Their arms no longer stirr'd,
And through the open windows wide
The Tweed alone was heard.

The elder's mood gave way at last,
Perhaps some sudden whine
Of the lithe quest-hounds startled him,
Or timepiece striking nine;
"Fill for thyself, forgotten Boy,"
He said, "and pass the wine."

"A churlish host I ween am I
To thee, who, day by day,
Thus comest to cheer my solitude
With converse frank and gay,
Or tempt me with thy dogs to course
The moorlands far away.

"But still the fit returns"——he
paused,
Then with a sigh resumed,
"Remember'st thou how once be-
neath,
Yon chestnut, when it bloom'd,
Thou ask'd'st me why I wore the air
Of spirit disentomb'd;

"And why, apart from man, I chose
This mansion grim and hoary,
Nor in my ancient lineage seem'd,
Nor ancient name, to glory?
I shunn'd thy questions then—now
list,
And thou shalt hear the story—

"With a brief preface, and thro' life
Believe its warning true—
That they who (save in righteous
cause)
Their hands with blood imbrue—
Man's sacred blood—avenging heaven
Will long in wrath pursue.

"A curse has fallen upon my race;
The Law once given in fire,
While Sinai trembled to its base,
That curse inflicted dire,
To VISIT STILL UPON THE SON,
THE OFFENCES OF THE SIRE.

"My fathers strong, of iron hand,
Had hearts as iron hard,
That never love nor pity's touch,
From ruthless deeds bebarr'd.

* The tale that follows is founded upon an incident that occurred some little time before the American War, to Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, whose grandfather, the Laird of Glenlyon, was the officer in King William's service who commanded at the slaughter of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. The anecdote is told in Colonel David Stewart's valuable history of the Highland Regiments. Edin, 1822.

And well they held their Highland
glen,
Whatever factions warr'd.

Till the sole wealth bequeathed me
was
A mother fearing God.

"When Stuart's great but godless
race

Dissolved like thinnest snow
Before bright Freedom's face, my clan,
The Campbells, served their foe.
—Boy—'twas my grandsire" (soft he
said)

"Commanded at Glencoe."

The stripling shrank, nor quite sup-
press'd

His startled bosom's groan;
Forward and back the casements huge
By sudden gust were blown,
And at the sound one dreaming hound
Awaken'd with a moan.

"Glencoe—ay, well the word may
stir,

The stoutest heart with fear,
Or burn with monstrous shame the
face

Of man from year to year,
As long as Scotland's girdling rocks
The roar of seas shall hear.

"Enough—Glenlyon redly earn'd
The curse he won that night,
When rising from the social hearth
He gave the word to smite,
And all was shriek and helplessness,
And massacre and flight.

"And such a flight!—O, outraged
Heaven,
How could'st thou, since, have
smiled?

A fathom deep the frozen snow
Lay horrid on the wild,
Where fled to perish youth and age,
And wife and feeble child.

"My couch is soft—yet dreams will
still

Convert that couch to snow,
And in my slumbers shot and shout
Are ringing from Glencoe."

That stalwart man arose and paced
The chamber to and fro,
While to his brow the sweat-drop
sprung
Like one in mortal throe.

* * * *

"Glenlyon died, be sure, as die
All desperate men of blood,
And from my sire (his son) our lands
Departed sod by sod,

"She rear'd me in that holy fear,
In stainless honour's love,
And from the past she warn'd me,
Whate'er my fate should prove,
To shrink from bloodshed as a sin
All human sins above.

"I kept the precept;—by the sword
Compell'd to win me bread,
A soldier's life of storm and strife
For forty years I led,
Yet ne'er by this reluctant arm
Has friend or foeman bled.

"But still I felt Glencoe's dark curse
My head suspended o'er,
—Look, this reluctant hand, for all,
Is red with human gore!"
Again that white-lipp'd man arose
And strode the echoing floor.

* * * *

"A prosperous course through life
was mine
On rampart, field, and wave,
Though more my warrior skill than
deeds,
Command and fortune gave.
Years roll'd away, and I prepared
To drop the weary glaive.

"'Twas when beyond th' Atlantic
foam,
To check encroaching France,
Our war spread wide, and, on his tide,
In many a martial glance,
St Lawrence saw grey Albyn's plumes
And Highland pennons dance.

"E'en while I waited for the Chief,
By whom relieved at last,
Heart-young, though time-worn, I was
free

To hail my country's blast—
That on a sentry, absent found,
The doom of death was pass'd.

"Poor RONALD BLAIR! a fleet foot
Ne'er track'd through Morvern moss
The wind-hoof'd deer; nor swim-
mer's arm

More wide the surge could toss
Than his, for whom dishonour's hand
Now dug the griesly fosse.

"Suspicion of those hunter tribes,
Along whose giant screen
Of shadowy woods our host encamp'd,
The early cause had been

Of rule, that none of Indian race
Should come our lines within.

"The law was kept, yet, far away,
Amid the forests' glade,
The fair-hair'd warriors of the North
Woo'd many a dusky maid,
Who charm'd, perhaps, not less be-
cause
In Nature's garb array'd.

"And warm and bright as southern
night,
When all is stars and dew,
Was that dark girl, who, to the banks,
Where lay her light canoe,
Lured Ronald's footsteps, day by day,
What time the sun withdrew.

"Far down the stream she dwelt,
'twould seem,
Yet stream nor breeze could bar
Her little boat, that to a nook,
Dark with the pine-tree's spar,
Each evening Ronald saw shoot up
As constant as a star.

"Alone she came—she went alone :—
She came with fondest freight
Of maize and milky fruits and furs
Her lover's eyes to greet ;
She went—ah, 'twas her bosom then,
Not bark, that bore the weight !

"How fast flew time to hearts like
theirs !
The ruddy summer died,
And Arctic frosts must soon enchain
St Lawrence' mighty tide ;
But yet awhile the little boat
Came up the river-side.

"One night while from their northern
lair
With intermittent swell,
The keen winds grumbled loud and
long,
To Ronald's turn it fell
Close to the shore to keep the lines,
A lonely sentinel.

"'Twas now the hour was wont to
bring
His Indian maid ; and hark !
As constant as a star it comes,
That small love-laden bark,
It anchors in the cove below—
She calls him through the dark.

"He dared not answer, dared not stir,
Where Discipline had bound him ;
Nor was there need—led by her heart
The joyous girl has found him ;

She understands it not, nor cares,
Her raptured arms are round him.

"He kiss'd her face—he breathed low
Those brook-like, murmuring words
That, without meaning, speak out all
The heart's impassion'd chords,
The truest language human lip
To human lip affords.

"He pointed towards the distant camp,
Her clasping arms undid,
And show'd that till the morrow's sun
Their meeting was forbid ;
She went—her eyes in tears—he call'd,
And kiss'd them from the lid.

"She went—he heard her far below
Unmoor her little boat ;
He caught the oars' first dip that sent
It from the bank afloat ;
Next moment, down the tempest swept
With an all-deafening throat.

"Loud roar'd the storm, but louder
still
The river roar'd and rose,
Tumbling its angry billows, white
And huge as Alpine snows ;
Yet clear through all, one piercing cry
His heart with terror froze.

"She shrieks, and calls upon the name
She learn'd to love him by ;
The waves have swamp'd her little
boat—
She sinks before his eye !
And he must keep his dangerous post,
And leave her there to die !

"One moment's dreadful strife—Love
wins ;
He plunges in the water ;
The moon is out, his strokes are stout,
The swimmer's arm has caught her,
And back he bears, with gasping
heart,
The Forest's matchless daughter !

"'Twas but a chance!—her life is
gain'd,
And his is gone—for, lo !
The picquet round has come, and
found,
Left open to the foe,
The dangerous post that Ronald kept
So short a time ago.

"They met him bearing her—he
scorn'd
To palter or to plead ;
Arrested—bound—ere beat of drum,
The Judgment-court decreed

That Ronald Blair should with his life
Pay forfeit for his deed.

“He knew it well—that deed involved
Such mischief to the host,
While prowling spy and open foe
Watch’d every jealous post,
That, of a soldier’s crimes, it call’d
For punishment the most.

“On me, as senior in command,
The charge I might not shun
Devolved, to see the doom of death
Upon the culprit done.
The place—a league from camp; the
hour—
The morrow’s evening sun.

“Meanwhile some touches of the tale
That reach’d the distant tent
Of Him who led the war in Chief,
Won justice to relent.
That night, in private, a REPRIEVE
Unto my care was sent,

“With secret orders to pursue
The sentence to the last,
And when the prisoner’s prayer was
o’er,
And the death-fillet past,
But not till then, to read to him
That Pardon for the past.

“The morrow came; the evening sun
Was sinking red and cold,
When Ronald Blair, a league from
camp
We led, erect and bold,
To die the soldier’s death, while low
The funeral drum was roll’d.

“With arms reversed, our plaided
ranks
The distance due retire,
The fatal musqueteers advance
The signal to require:
“*Till I produce this kerchief blue,
Be sure withhold your fire.*”

“His eyes are bound—the prayer is
said—
He kneels upon his bier;
So dread a silence sank on all,
You might have heard a tear

Drop to the earth. My heart beat
quick
With happiness and fear,

“To feel conceal’d within my vest
A parting soul’s relief!
I kept my hand on that REPRIEVE
Another moment brief;
Then drew it forth, but with it drew,
O God! the handkerchief.

“He fell!—and whether He or I
Had died I hardly knew—
But when the gusty forest breeze
Aside the death-smoke blew,
I heard those bearing off the dead,
Proclaim that there were *two*.

“They said that as the volley ceased,
A low sob call’d them where
They found an Indian maiden dead,
Clasping in death’s despair
One feather from a Highland plume
And one bright lock of air.

“I’ve long forgot what follow’d, save
That, standing by his bier,
I shouted out the words some fiend
Was whispering in my ear—
“My race is run—the curse of *Heaven*
And of Glencoe is here!” *

“From that dark hour all hope to me,
All *human* hope was gone;
I shrank from life a branded man—
I sought my land alone,
And of a stranger’s purchased halls
I joy’d to make my own.

“Thou’st known me long as Camp-
bell—now
Thou know’st the Campbell’s story,
And why, apart from man, I chose
This mansion grim and hoary,
Nor in my ancient lineage seem’d,
Nor ancient name, to glory.

“Though drear my lot, yet, noble
boy,
Not always I repine;
Come, wipe those watery drops away
That in thine eyelids shine;
Fill for thyself,” the old man said,
“Once more, and pass the wine.”

* Such was his exclamation, as repeated in the History before referred to. Colonel Campbell always imputed the unfortunate occurrence that clouded the evening of his life to the share his ancestor had in the disastrous affair of Glencoe.

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT.

A MONOLOGUE.

Now glory to our Councillors, that true and trusty band—
And glory to each gallant heart that loathes its fatherland ;
And glory evermore to those who the battle first began,
For the cause of just fraternity, and the equal rights of man.

Ye citizens of Mary-le-bone ! 'twas yours to point the way
How freemen best might mock the laws which none but slaves obey ;
How classic fanes should rise to mark the honour that we owe
To all who hated Church and King, and planned their overthrow.

O fresh and bright shone reason's light through superstition's gloom,
When one and all ye heard the call of honest Joseph Hume ;
When listening to his flowing words, than honey-dew more sweet,
Ye sate, dissolved in holy tears, at that Gamaliel's feet !

How touchingly he spoke of those now gather'd to their rest,
By knaves and laws upbraided, but by righteous patriots bless'd ;
How brightly gleamed his eagle eye, as he poured his ancient grudge
On that foul throng that wrought them wrong—on Jury and on Judge !

Well may ye boast among the host of patriots tried and true,
That to your bold humanity the foremost place is due ;
Yet others follow fast behind, though ye have led the van,
In the cause of just fraternity, and the equal rights of man !

Dun-Edin's civic Councillors come closely in your wake,
They, too, can feel for injured truth, and blush for Scotland's sake ;
Well have they wiped the stain away, affix'd in former years
Upon the citizens of France, and on their bold compeers.

Let women moan and maunder against the glorious time,
When France arose in all her might, when loyalty was crime ;
When prison shambles stream'd with blood, and red the gutters ran,
In the cause of just fraternity, and the equal rights of man !

When piled within the crazy boats, chain'd closely to the beam,
By hundreds the aristocrats sank in the sullen stream ;
When age and sex were no respite, and merrily and keen,
From morning until night, rush'd down the clanking guillotine.

'Tis ours to render homage, where homage most is due—
Now glory be to DANTON, and to his valiant crew—
And glory to those mighty shades, who never stoop'd to spare,
The virtuous regicides of France, and the hero, ROBESPIERRE.

But greater glory still to those, who strove within our land,
To hoist the cap of liberty, and bare the British brand,
To drag our ancient Parliament from its place of honour down,
To ride rough-shod upon the Lords, and spit upon the Crown.

What though the bigots of the bench declared their treason vile—
What though they languish'd slowly in the felon's distant isle—
Shall we, the children of Reform, withhold our just applause
From those who loved the people, and, of course, despised the laws ?

We'll rear a stately monument—we'll build it fair and high,
And on the porch this graven verse shall greet the passers-by—

"IN HONOUR OF THE MARTYRS WHO THE BATTLE FIRST BEGAN,
FOR THE CAUSE OF JUST FRATERNITY, AND THE EQUAL RIGHTS OF MAN!"

'Twill be a proud memorial, when we have pass'd away,
Of old Dun-Edin's loyalty, and the Civic Council's sway;
And it shall stand while earth is green and skies are summer blue,
Eternal as the sleep of those who fell at Peterloo!

Were I a chosen Councillor—a tetrarch of the town,
I'd drag from off their pedestals these Tory statues down;
I'd make a universal sweep of all that serves to show
How vilely the aristocrats have used us long ago.

The column rear'd to victory in that detested war,
When the Tricolor went down before our flag at Trafalgar;
The column that hath taught our sons to mutter Nelson's name,
I'd level straightway with the dust, and with it sink our shame.

Yes! in that place a classic fane should stand where Nelson's stood,
With new baptismal cognizance from famous THISTLEWOOD;
His bust should in the centre shine, and round it, placed on guard,
The effigies of HATFIELD, INGS, and of the good DESPARD.

There's Pitt, the Lar of Frederick Street—O shame to us and ours!
Was it not he whose policy struck back the Gallic powers?
Was it not he whose iron hand so ruthlessly kept down
The tide of bold democracy, and saved the British crown?

I'd fetch him from his lofty perch; I'd dash him on the stones;
I'd serve the lifeless bronze the same as I'd have served his bones;
And on the empty stance I would in radiant metal show,
A bolder and a braver man—the patriot PAPINEAU.

Down, down, I say, with George the Fourth!—for him there's no delay;
Let all askance direct their glance, for virtue's sake, we pray;
So says our new Pygmalion, the purist of the town,
'Twere shame that he compelled should be, in passing, to look down.

Let's find another statue of the brave old English breed,
A worthy of an earlier age—a champion good at need;
No cause were then to seem ashamed, though slaves might feel afraid,
When emancipated bondsmen bow'd to the image of JACK CADE.

There's room enough where Royal Charles sits stiffly in the Square,
To rear a double effigy—Why not of BURKE and HARE?
Though not in freedom's cause they died, remember'd let it be,
That science has its martyrdom, as well as liberty.

A monument to Walter Scott!—A monument forsooth!
What has that bigot done for us, for freedom, or for truth?
He always back'd the Cavalier against the Puritan,
And sneer'd at just fraternity, and the equal rights of man.

What good to us have ever done his Legends of Montrose,
Of Douglas and of dark Dundee, the fellest of our foes?
What care we for the Border chiefs, or for the Stuart line,
Or the thralldom of the people in "the days of auld langsyne?"

Men dream'd not of equality in days so darkly wild,
Nor was the peasant's bantling *then* mate for the baron's child;
But we've learn'd another lesson since the golden age drew near,
And working men may keep the wall, and jostle prince and peer.

Ye fools! take down your monument—or rear it, if ye will,
But choose another effigy that lofty niche to fill.
None better, say ye? Pause awhile, and I will tell you one,
Who never bent the servile knee at altar or at throne.

No fond illusions dull'd *his* eye, no tales of wither'd eld;
No childish faith was *his* to trust aught save what he beheld;
No sovereignty would he allow save Reason's rightful reign;
No laws save those of Nature's code—and such was THOMAS PAINE.

Place him within your Gothic arch, the only fit compeer
Of those whose martyr monument the Council seek to rear;
Since traitors to the laws of man may boldly look abroad,
Towards the image of their friend who broke the laws of God.

Since anarchy must have its meed, let's leave no statue here,
That might from other lips than ours provoke a cynic sneer:
If temples must be built to crime, we'll worship there alone,
Nor leave a mark of loyalty or honour in the stone.

Then glory to our Councillors, that true and trusty band—
And glory to each gallant heart that loathes its fatherland;
And glory evermore to those who the battle first began,
For the cause of just fraternity, and the equal rights of man!

TASTE AND MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

PART I.

THE heart of an Englishman must ever swell with pride as he contemplates his country's greatness. He looks around him, and his eye every where meets with the signs of increasing opulence and prosperity, while his ear is filled with the busy hum of an industrious, and, despite the idle babblings of the ignorant, and the empty declamation of interested, selfish, and disappointed men, a contented population, happy in the enjoyment of comfort, beyond that of the labouring classes of most other countries. He visits her marts, her harbours, and her ports—men of all nations are met together there—fleets of rich argosies are ever arriving and departing—and myriads of steamers flit to and fro, happily now engaged in promoting the arts of peace, but ready at a moment's notice to become the defenders of his country's shores, and, as recent events have shown the world, able also to carry war and devastation along the coasts of her enemies, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. He explores the seats of her manufactures; there he beholds vast edifices teeming with crowds of work-people, occupied in supplying the wants of mankind.

In short, wherever he bends his steps, all are usefully employed—industry, enterprise, and perseverance, are found throughout the land. He also feels it no vain boast to be a denizen of that small isle, whose inhabitants, by their own proper energy, have extended their dominion over a territory on which the sun never sets—peopled by upwards of two hundred million souls—consisting of colonies, nations, and people, differing from each other in form of person, complexion, habits, manners, and in language—elements apparently the most discordant and heterogeneous, yet firmly knit and bound into one vast glorious empire, which, successfully resisting the rudest shocks, often assaulted, ever victorious, and, thanks to the bravery of her warriors, and the wisdom of those who now guide her councils, having defeated alike the open attacks and the secret machinations of her enemies, at this moment constitutes the most powerful state of ancient or modern times—abounding in wealth, and rejoicing in freedom, beyond all other nations of the earth.

He glories also in the intellectual pre-eminence of his country. Her

victories by sea and land attest the genius of her captains; her institutions bear witness to the sagacity of her lawgivers and her statesmen. Her railroads, docks, canals, and other public works, bear the marks of superior intelligence acting for the general good. His countrymen were the first to press steam into the active service of mankind. By the genius of Watt and his successors, a power, before destructive and uncontrollable, has been rendered the mighty agent of man's will, the supplier of his wants, and the minister of his convenience. Through their inventions, steam has become, as it were, the breath, the life, of a noble animal of man's creation, untiring in its ceaseless labours, irresistible in its tremendous strength; and, when its maker chooses to endow it with powers of motion, fleetier also than the wind, but of imposing might and majesty as it pursues its headlong course; and yet, withal, checked by a single touch, yielding a perfect obedience to the hand of its ruler, and submissive to the slightest intimation of his will. In the walks of science, literature, and philosophy, he finds equal reason to be proud of his country. Splendid discoveries in every branch of science meet him as he enquires; and but a few years have passed away since the death of one—Sir Humphry Davy—of whom it is scarce too much to say, that he revolutionized a great science by his discoveries, or that, by the power of his single intellect, he dived deeper into the hidden mysteries of the material world than all preceding generations had been able to penetrate. In short, an Englishman finds his country possessed of warriors, statesmen, philosophers, historians, poets, and authors, in every branch of literature, who are the admiration of the whole civilized world. In all these, England stands proudly pre-eminent, the first, the very first, among the nations. It is much to be able to feel this, but an Englishman would fain feel even more than this; his noble ambition is to see his country first in every thing; he would have her pre-eminent alike in the fine arts and those pursuits which distinguish the recreations and amusements of a refined and polished people, as in the more useful arts of life.

But here the pleasing portion of the picture ceases—

“Ogni medaglia ha il suo rovescio,”

every medal has its obverse, says the Italian proverb; and the comparatively low rank which his country occupies in this new field of view, is a melancholy contemplation for an Englishman. He finds that, in general, things are judged of only by the measure of their practical utility, and that the beautiful and the useful are usually deemed to be incompatible; thereby affording, however reluctantly we may admit it, at least some justification of Napoleon's celebrated and bitter reproach, that we are a nation of shopkeepers. It would seem, in truth, that we do not possess that quick perception of the beautiful which is enjoyed by the more excitable and imaginative sons of the south. In painting, we believe we possess a school second to none of modern art. But, beautiful as their works may be, can we place our Reynolds, Lawrence, Hogarth, and Gainsborough, in competition with Raphael, Corregio, Rubens, or Claude? In sculpture also, can Westmacott, or even Chantrey—we speak with reverence of the illustrious dead—be compared with Michael Angelo or Giovanni de Bologna? When pressed on these topics, the candid Englishman must, with a sigh, confess his country's inferiority. Architecture also, with a few exceptions, has long been our reproach. We judge of the degree of civilization and refinement to which ancient Greece and Rome attained, by the beauty and elegance of their mutilated remains. We find their temples, even in ruins, beautiful beyond the day-dream of our modern architects; some of them, till bold and sacrilegious hands despoiled them, adorned with sculptures which, surviving the destruction of the people who raised them, the wanton rage of barbarous enemies, and the inroads of the elements for near two thousand years, still remain, in their decay, the wonder and admiration of the world, the models of modern sculptors, and the greatest treasures of art a nation can possess.

In the lapse of ages, perhaps, England, in her turn, may be deserted, her mines exhausted, her edifices ruined, her existence as a nation terminated. The site of her vast metropolis may once more become an undulating verdant plain, intersected by a tidal river; and, perhaps, nothing

may remain outwardly to show the curious traveller where the ancient city stood. The pristine abode of man upon the earth, may again be thickly peopled, and civilization may have rolled back to the south, its ancient source. Then may history or tradition vaguely tell of powerful nations who once flourished in the north; their very existence doubted, perhaps, by all, and by many disbelieved. Some day, perchance, one whom accident or curiosity may have brought to the shores of ancient Britain, may wend his weary way along the bank of the noblest river of the land. On a mound a little higher than the rest, something on which the hand of man had evidently been employed may attract his attention, and stimulate him to search among the tangled weeds and brushwood which grow around. The discovery of a marble fragment may, perhaps, eventually lead to the uncovering of one of those statues which now grace the interior of our St Paul's, on the site of which the stranger had unconsciously been exploring. Or, suppose the traveller to have bent his steps in a north-easterly direction, towards the foot of that gentle slope which terminates at the base of the heights of Highgate and of Hampstead. Suppose him, by some strange chance, to stumble upon that incomparable specimen of modern sculpture which stands on high at King's-Cross, lifted up, in order, we presume, to enable the good citizens duly to feast their eyes upon its manifold perfections, as they daily hie them to and fro between their western or suburban retreats and the purlieus of King Street or Cheapside. What estimate would the stranger form of the taste or skill of those who placed on its pedestal the statue we have first supposed him to have found? It avails not to disguise the truth. What that truth may be, we leave to the intelligence of the reader to divine. But what would be the effect of the other discovery we have imagined? The traveller would turn away, convinced that history or tradition gave false accounts of the power and genius of the ancient inhabitants of the land on which he trod, that their glory was a dream, their civilization a delusion, their proficiency in the arts a fable. For the honour of our country, let us

hope that the figure of which we speak may not be suffered much longer to disgrace a leading thoroughfare of our metropolis. It has already stood some eight or ten years, a melancholy monument of English taste and English art in the nineteenth century.

For the attainment of excellence in the higher branches of art, as has been well observed by an intelligent foreigner, M. Passavant, it is requisite that a people should possess deep poetic feeling, and that art should not be considered among them as a thing of separate nature, but that it should interweave itself with the ties of social life, and be employed in adding beauty to its nearest, dearest interests. Now, the English, he continues, are more disposed to an active than to a contemplative life. They possess, it must be owned, a character of much earnestness and energy; yet, from the earliest times, their attention has been more directed to the cultivation of the mechanical arts and the sciences appertaining to them, than to those nobler branches of art which flourish spontaneously in a more contemplative nation. This characteristic disposition, and the physical activity necessarily connected with it, have been by some ascribed to the influence of our climate, to our moist and heavy atmosphere, and clouded skies, to counteract the influence of which, and to preserve a counterbalancing buoyancy of mind and body, an active habit of life is requisite. But this hypothesis is untenable; for Flanders, with a similar climate, and flourishing likewise by means of its native industry, affords sufficient proof how little these circumstances are prejudicial to the cultivation of the fine arts. Perhaps a better reason may be found in the wide difference which is observable between the national habits of our countrymen and those of the people among whom the arts have been cultivated with the greatest success. In those countries where the beautiful was felt, where the arts were objects of national importance, where a people assembled to award the palm between rival sculptors; and also, in comparatively modern times, when a reigning monarch did not disdain to pick up a painter's pencil, and a whole city mourned an artist's death, and paid honours to his remains; all the

rank, wealth, genius, talent, taste, and intelligence of the people were concentrated in one grand focus. Among the states of ancient Greece and modern Italy, the city was in fact the nation; and at Athens, Rome, Venice, and Florence, was collected all of genius, taste, and talent, the people as a body possessed. The mental qualities were thereby rendered more acute, and the tastes and manners of the people more refined and cultivated, by constant intercourse and communication with each other. This refinement was shared by all classes, and the lower taking pattern from the higher, the whole mass was learned. In England, the very reverse of this takes place. Here, for the most part, those alone frequent our towns, whose doom it is to labour for their bread; they have no leisure from the engrossing pursuits of wealth; business, like a jealous mistress, leaves them no time for other objects. In spite of various disadvantages of soil and climate, the taste for rural pursuits seems part and parcel of our nature, and that species of the genus *homo*, the country gentleman, seems peculiar to our island. Till within a few years, the great majority of this class, whose abundant wealth and leisure might seem to constitute them the peculiar patrons of the arts, seldom or never frequented even the metropolis, but for generations remained fixed and immovable in the place of their forefathers, rooted to the soil as one of their old oaks. "His guns, dogs, and horses, were the things the squire held most dear." Hunting, shooting, and other sports, formed not only the amusements of his leisure hours, but the business of his life. His intercourse with the world confined to a narrow circle of acquaintance, all of the same tastes and pursuits with himself, he could learn or know no others. Generous pursuits, hospitable, liberal, and open hearted, hating alike poachers and dissenters, possessed of many virtues, avoiding many a crime, discharging the duties, as well as exercising the rights of property; exemplary in all the relations of life, a good father, a tender husband, a kind master, an indulgent landlord, a blessing to himself and those around him, he lived and died the *Squire Western* of his day, without that refinement and cultivation of the tastes and mental

powers which the more polished inhabitants of the metropolis insensibly contract. Sure there were many to whom this does not apply, many who combined the "gifts" of both a town and country life. But, nevertheless, such was the great bulk of that class, among whom, had London been England, as even in our own time Paris is or was France, the beautiful would not probably have been so much neglected.

So occupied have the great mass of our countrymen been in the pursuit of wealth, that all that did not directly contribute to this end has been uniformly rejected as useless. A familiar example of the truth of this observation may be seen in the numerous factories and other buildings erected for commercial purposes, in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In buildings of this class, all embellishment and ornament, however simple, which good taste, had it been consulted, might have suggested, to relieve the wearying straightness of outline, or the plain dull flatness of these large ponderous masses of brick and mortar, have been neglected, or rejected, probably as not increasing its productive powers, and therefore unworthy of consideration. Such has been the general principle. But this neglect has at length recoiled upon the heads of its promoters. As long as the world was content to take our manufactures as we chose to make them—when, no other nation having entered the lists with us, we were without competitors, and absolute masters of the commerce of the world, this make-all save-all principle was undoubtedly the most effective. But now, when our manufacturers meet with the keenest competition in every market; when a suicidal export of machinery enables the foreigner immediately to benefit by every mechanical discovery, or improvement in machinery, that is made by our engineers, the case is wholly altered, and the English manufacturer finds out the grievous mistake that he has made. Beauty of design has at length become of paramount importance, and the beautiful, so long neglected, is now avenged. The public taste has advanced too fast. Since the introduction of foreign goods, such as silks and other ornamental fabrics, the inferiority of our native designs

for these materials has become manifest to all. We are credibly informed, that there now exists a regular organized system, viz. supply of French designs to our manufacturers; that from these designs all their ideas are borrowed and all their patterns taken, and that, in fact, scarcely a single pattern of purely home invention is worked in a season. The manufacturers are, however, now roused from their lethargy, and great efforts are made to remedy the evil. Schools of design are established, and copyright of design has just been conferred by act of parliament. In some of our commercial towns, large rooms or galleries are opened to the mechanic, where he may study the beautiful and ideal from casts and models of the antique. Pictures also are occasionally exhibited for his instruction. These are indeed great and praiseworthy efforts, in which utilitarianism has assumed a new character, and found a new field of action. These novel institutions, not organized and supported from a pure abstract love of the arts ostensibly promoted by them, but from dire necessity created by successful competition in the more elegant branches of manufacture, in which the exercise of taste and fancy is required, may eventually produce great general results; years, however, must necessarily elapse before their benefits can be felt.

We have hitherto purposely abstained from any allusion to music and musical taste, for the purpose of showing, that music is not the only fruit of civilization which has not as yet arrived at maturity among us; and also for the purpose of ascertaining, whether there might not be some general causes in operation, which affect, in an equal degree, every branch of the more intellectual refinements of civilized life. In this case, the low standard of musical taste and science which will hereafter become the subject of more particular observation, cannot be attributed solely to causes which relate exclusively to music, but must be considered as one amongst other results of general principles. If there be any truth in the foregoing speculations, they apply more particularly to music, and musical taste and science, than to the fine arts, to which we have hitherto confined our observations. Music is peculiarly a

social pursuit. It can be cultivated only among the haunts of men. The taste deteriorates, and the mental standard of excellence which each possesses, is lowered when really good music is seldom or never heard. By "the million," it can be heard only while mixing with the world at large; the performer can acquire his mastery over the instrument, at the cost of much time and labour, and he can maintain this mastery, and the purity of his style, only where he can compare himself with others of acknowledged excellence. This can be done only where men congregate in large and populous cities, where the want of amusement is best supplied; the recluse or the solitary man can be no musician.

It may seem anomalous at first sight, and we can well conceive it to be objected to our argument, that it is impossible, that while architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, should have been comparatively neglected, that literature, in all its branches, should be so highly esteemed among us. Milton, and more especially Shakespeare, have never lost one tittle of their value; nay, even at this moment, there are three rival editions of Shakespeare's works in the course of publication. Many volumes of poetry put in their claim to immortality every year. Novel after novel appears each to elbow its predecessor out of the public mind, and be in its turn forgotten. It is easy to imagine, that to many it may appear a paradox in the history of the human race, that a people should exist, endowed by nature with a high degree of poetic feeling, having, as Mr Hallam observes, produced more eminent original poets than any other nation can boast, and attaching a high value to literary talent of every description, but, nevertheless, whose attainments in the fine arts during a thousand years of national existence, should never have passed mediocrity. This apparent inconsistency, however, lies only on the surface. The language of true poetry is understood by all; it strikes home: however rude the thoughts, however uncultivated the understanding, the heart can feel; and it is to the heart the poet speaks; and even in the rudest ages of mankind his power was acknowledged. Voltaire has remarked, that "amusement is one of the wants of man."

Novels are taken up to amuse the vacant hour—in this consists their use. They are read without effort—the mind lies fallow as they are perused, and no study is required, no cultivation of any taste is necessary, to place this amusement within reach. With music and the fine arts, this is not so. The taste for these pursuits requires cultivation; and in order to estimate and appreciate them correctly, the judgment must be formed by a process of education, far different from that which enables all who read to value our poets and authors in the various departments of literature.

On examining the records of mankind, it will be found that this has been the ordinary succession of events in the history of civilization; and that poetry and oratory, the more independent efforts of the human mind, appear in the earlier stages of society, and that by them man is first distinguished as an intellectual and rational creature.

Of Egyptian literature, we know nothing. The destruction of the library of the Ptolemies may be the principal cause of our ignorance. The gigantic remains of this people, and the manner in which they worked in a stone which no modern tool will touch, show that among them the useful arts were considerably advanced. We have, however, abundant evidence of the small degree of proficiency in the fine arts. Their sculptors are characterized by Flaxman as “mere beginners,” or “laborious mechanics;” their works as “lifeless forms, menial vehicles of an idea.” When Egyptian art ended, then Grecian art began. It appears, however, to have made but little progress down to the time of Homer; and Dædalus and his disciple Eudæus are, we believe, the only artists of that early period whose fame has survived. These sculptors worked in wood, and by their proficiency we may form a pretty accurate idea of the state of art in Greece when Homer wrote. The works of Dædalus are described by Pausanias as rude and uncomely in aspect. In his Grecian tour, Pausanias twice makes mention of a statue of Hercules by Dædalus, from which circumstance it would appear to have been held in high estimation. On this statue Flaxman observes—“In the British Museum, as well as in other collec-

tions in Europe, are several small bronzes of a naked Hercules, whose right arm, holding a club, is raised to strike; whilst his left is extended, bearing a lion's skin as a shield. From the style of extreme antiquity in these statues—from the rude attempt at bold action, which was the peculiarity of Dædalus—the general adoption of this action in the early ages—the traits of savage nature in the face and figure, expressed with little knowledge, but strong feeling—by the narrow loins, turgid muscles of the breast, thighs, and calves of the legs, will all find reason to believe they are copied from the above-mentioned statue.” Greece, it must be owned, possessed musicians long anterior to Homer: Chiron the Centaur, regarded by the ancients as one of the inventors of medicine, botany, and chirurgery, who, when eighty-eight years of age, formed the constellations for the use of the Argonauts; Linus, the preceptor of Hercules, who added a string to the lyre, and is said to be the inventor of rhythm and melody; Orpheus, who also extended the scale of the lyre, and was the inventor and propagator of many arts and doctrines among the Greeks; and Musæus, the priest of Ceres, are all remembered as musicians, as well as poets, historians, and philosophers; characters which, in those days, were all combined in the same individuals. The ancients, indeed, appear to have used the term music in a much more extended sense than has been attached to it in modern times, and to have applied it to all the arts and sciences. But even if the ancient meaning of the term were identical with its modern signification, there may be good reason to suppose that their fame as musicians would principally survive. The memory of these first preceptors of mankind was long preserved as the general benefactors of their species. But while the other arts they taught advanced, it does not appear that music made any progress. Thus, they came chiefly to be remembered for that talent in which posterity had produced no equals. As poets they were once celebrated; but, eclipsed by the glory and splendour of the great historian of Troy, their poetical productions were forgotten; whilst, as musicians, unrivalled through many centuries, their skill was long remem-

bered as the most excellent the world had ever known. The arts of sculpture and painting appear to have remained even more stationary than music. For, while about the middle or latter end of the seventh century, B.C., the names of Archilochus and Terpander adorn the page of musical history, followed by many others, including Alcæus, Sappho, and Simonides, down to Pindar and his rival Corinna, the former of whom, according to the chronology of Dr Blair, died in 435 B.C. aged 86, it is evident, says Flaxman, "that sculpture was 800 years, from Dædalus to the time immediately preceding Phidias, in attaining a tolerable resemblance of the human form." It appears, therefore, that the greatest epic poem ever written had been read, appreciated, and admired, for nearly five centuries before the arts arrived at perfection. Then, indeed, there burst a flood of glory over ancient Greece, and names never to be forgotten were borne upon the tide. Contemporary with Pindar and Corinna were Phidias, Alcámenes, and many other sculptors, together with poets, philosophers, warriors, and statesmen; men whose names will rise superior to the lapse of time, and whose fame, like the rocky barriers of the ocean, on which the elements in vain expend their fury, will be of equal duration with the world itself.

Ancient Rome was indebted to others for all of the liberal arts and sciences she possessed. In the earlier periods of her existence, and before Greece had become known in Rome, Etruria was the instructress of her sons. When Greece had been subdued, and rendered a tributary province of the all-conquering city, her polished people, nevertheless, exercised an intellectual sovereignty over their masters. In the streets of Athens a singular spectacle was exhibited; *there* might be seen the conqueror learning of the vanquished; Romans, of exalted rank and unbounded power, had become the disciples of Grecian philosophers. Nevertheless, when Rome possessed orators and poets, each of whom has raised

"Monumentum ære perennius,"

in that the golden age of her existence, it does not appear, says Dr Burney, that "except Vitruvius, the

Romans had one architect, sculptor, painter, or musician; those who have been celebrated in the arts of Rome having been Asiatics or European Greeks, who came to exercise such arts among the Latins, as the Latins had not among themselves. This custom was continued under the successors of Augustus; and those Romans who were prevented, by more important concerns, from going into Greece, combined, in a manner, to bring Greece to Rome, by receiving into their service the most able professors of Greece and Asia in all the arts." Vitruvius, in the chapter on music inserted in his treatise on architecture, complains that "the science of music, in itself obscure, is particularly so to such as understand not the Greek language." This observation shows the low state of music at Rome at that time; indeed Vitruvius is said to be the first who has treated of music in the Latin tongue.

Modern Europe also furnishes another illustration and example of the truth of our proposition. When the mists of ignorance and superstition which had for centuries enveloped the world, had begun to clear away, and when Europe first attempted to throw off the errors of the Dark Ages, the arts were dead, and the only music known was that cultivated by the monks and clergy, as necessary to their profession, and the songs of the Troubadours. "The fame of the Troubadours," remarks Mr Hallam, "depends less on their positive excellence than on the darkness of preceding ages, the temporary sensation they excited, and their permanent influence on the state of European poetry." The intrinsic merit of the music of this period may be collected from the following observation of Dr Burney:—"However barbarous and wretched the melody and harmony of the secular songs of this period may have been, they were in both respects superior to the music of the church." The Troubadours flourished from the middle of the twelfth century till the latter end of the fourteenth century, when their dissolute and licentious habits caused them to be universally banished and proscribed. During the barbarism of these times, not only had the arts themselves been lost, but even the principles on which they rest had been forgotten. Italy, indeed, pos-

essed many ancient marbles, but they seemed to have lost their value; and it was not till the thirteenth century that any attempt to imitate these remains of antiquity was made. Nicola Pisano, about the year 1231, taking for his model an ancient sarcophagus at Pisa, which contained the remains of Beatrice, mother of the Countess Matilda, sculptured an urn—a feat in those days so extraordinary, as to have conferred upon him the title of Nicolas of the Urn. This artist, in the words of Lanzi, “was the first to see and follow light.” He was, however, more ambitious than successful, and was followed by his sons and others, in whose hands the art seems to have made no very rapid progress. The art of painting, in which there were no models in existence, was later in manifesting any improvement. It was not till after the year 1250 that, according to Vasari, some Greek painters were invited to Florence by the rulers of the city, for the express purpose of restoring the art to Florence, where it was rather wholly lost than degenerated. Cimabue, the reviver of painting, received instruction from the Greeks. He died in 1300. Fierce as the age in which he lived, says Lanzi, his Madonnas were without beauty, and his angels, even in the same picture, were all in the same attitude. To Cimabue succeeded his pupil, the famous Giotto, who died in 1337. With him the ruggedness of his master’s manner was softened down, and considerable advances made towards a better style. He was honourably received at many of the principal towns and cities of Italy, and may, perhaps, be considered as the real founder of their several schools; at all events, painters every where were long the imitators of Giotto. His faults partook also of the character of the age, and among other defects, the dry hardness of his works has given rise to an opinion, that he partly formed his style upon the works of the Pisani. Giotto and his school, indeed, conducted the art through infancy, but it still exhibited many signs of childhood, especially in chiaro-oscuro, and even more so in perspective. Figures sometimes appeared as if sliding from the canvass—buildings had not the true point of view, and foreshortening was only rudely attempted. Stefano Fiorentino, a grandson of Giotto, was

the first and only one of the school who endeavoured to grapple with this last difficulty, which he may be said to have perceived rather than overcome; his contemporaries, for the most part, evaded it, and concealed their deficiency as they could. Such is the summary of the merits of this school of art given by Lanzi, who dates the commencement of the first epoch of modern painting from the death of Giotto. In further illustration of the low state of art in the early part of the fourteenth century, it may be observed, that Lanzi also describes a great work of Masaccio, who flourished in the succeeding century, as “beautiful for those times;” and that it was not till the year 1410 that oil-painting was invented or improved by Van-Eyck.

From this sketch of the history of the arts of music, sculpture, and painting during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, will be seen their state and condition, when the great work of the immortal Dante took his country by surprise. The *Divina Commedia* was written about the year 1300. Its illustrious author, the creator of the national poetry of his country, died in 1321, leaving behind him Petrarch, who was crowned in the Capitol in 1341, and Boccaccio, who—though, as Byron said of Scott, he spoiled his poetry by writing better prose—was nevertheless a poet of no mean merit, and the probable inventor of the *ottava rima*. Two centuries after the last of these parents of modern literature had nearly elapsed, ere he who has been styled the Dante of the arts, Michael Angelo, and his contemporaries, among whom were Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, appeared upon the stage. Thus language, the first great want of man, the necessary instrument of reason, by which its possessor is distinguished from the rest of creation, the vehicle of human thoughts, the means by which man’s wants, desires, griefs, and joys, are communicated and made known, would seem to form the earliest object of his attention. He enriches and improves it, till it is rendered capable of expressing all the workings of his reason. This done, genius and invention are applied to other pursuits; and in many instances it may be, that the poet and the artist were but the creatures of the age which produced them. Had he lived

at a later period, Homer, the great sire of song, might perhaps have shone the Phidias or the Zeuxis of his day ; or, had his birth been anticipated two hundred years, the genius of " the Dante of the arts " might possibly have been displayed in works like those which have immortalized Dante Alighieri. It is, therefore, no inconsistency in the character of a people amongst whom poetry is passionately admired, and books of all kinds eagerly devoured, that the arts should be generally uncared-for and unknown. When another century has passed away, their history may tell another tale, and the powers of mind hitherto employed principally upon the physical sciences, may have achieved like triumphs in the liberal arts. That this may be the case, the past history of other nations affords every reason to hope. What man has done, man may, and doubtless *will*, do again.

In the earlier ages of the world, music, in its rudest, simplest form, is said to have stopped the flow of rivers, to have tamed wild beasts, and to have raised the walls of cities ; allegories which at least show the prodigious influence the art possessed over the inhabitants of infant Greece. In the course of time, love of the art was a national characteristic of this people ; and music became a specific in the hand of the physician, a fundamental principle of public education, and the medium of instruction in religion, morals, and the laws. The lyre may be said to have ruled Greece, the glorious and the free, with the same despotic sway with which the iron hand of tyranny has in our own day governed her. Discord and civil commotions arose among the Lacedæmonians ; Terpander came, and with his lyre at once appeased the angry multitude. Among the Athenians it was forbidden, under pain of death, to propose the conquest of the isle of Salamis ; but the songs of Solon raised a tumult amongst the people ; they rose, compelled the repeal of the obnoxious decree, and Salamis straightway fell. Was it found necessary to civilize a wild and extensive province ? Music was employed for this desirable object ; and Arcadia, before the habitation of a fierce and savage people, became famed as the abode of happiness and peace. Plutarch places the masters of tragedy—to which the modern opera bears a

great resemblance—on a level with the greatest captains : nor did the people fail in gratitude to their benefactors ; they held their memory in veneration. The lyre of Orpheus was transplanted to the skies, there to shine for countless ages ; and divine honours were paid to the name of Sappho.

The Greeks, although perhaps excelling all other nations in this, as in the other arts, are not the only people among whom music was cultivated and esteemed. Both China and Arabia are said to have felt its influence upon their customs, manners, and institutions. The musical traditions of China might seem to be but repetitions of the marvels of the Greeks. King-lun, Kovei, and Pinmonkia, are said to have arrested the flow of rivers, and to have caused the woods and forests, attracted by the melody of their performance, to crowd around. The Chinese are said to believe, that the ancient music of their country has drawn angels down from heaven, and conjured up from hell departed souls : they also believe that music can inspire men with the love of virtue, and cause them faithfully to fulfil their several duties. Confucius says, " to know if a kingdom be well governed, and if the customs of its inhabitants be bad or good, examine the musical taste which there prevails." There is still extant a curious document, which shows the importance which a ruler of this people attached to music, as a moral and political agent. We allude to a proclamation of the Emperor Ngaiti, who ascended the throne of the Celestial Empire in the year of the tenth æra 364. After complaining, that tender, artificial, and effeminate strains inspire libertinism, he proceeds, in severe terms, to order a reformation in these matters ; the first step to which, is a prohibition of every sort of music but that which serves for war, and for the ceremony Tido. The Arabs also appear to have held similar opinions as to the power of music. They boast of Ishac, Kathab Al Moussouly, Alfarabi, and other musicians, whom they relate to have worked miracles by their vocal and instrumental performances. With the Arabs, music was interwoven with philosophy ; and their wise men imagined a marvellous relation to exist between harmonious sounds and the opera-

tions of nature. Harmony was esteemed the panacea, or universal remedy, in mental and even bodily affections; in the tones of the lute were found medical recipes in almost all diseases. Upon one occasion, in the presence of the grand vizier, Alfarabi, accompanying his voice with an instrument, is related to have roused a large assembly to an extreme pitch of joyful excitement, from which he moved them to grief and tears, and then plunged all present into a deep sleep, none having the power to resist the enchantment of his performance.

The children of Israel cultivated music in the earliest periods of their existence as a people. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and his sister Miriam, the prophetess, assembled two choruses, one of men, and the other of women, with timbrels, who sang and danced. The facility with which the instruments were collected on the spot, and with which the choruses and dances were arranged and executed, necessarily implies a skill in these exercises, which must have been acquired long before, probably from the Egyptians. We have abundant evidence in Holy Writ, of the high estimation in which music was held among the Hebrews at a later period of their history. They also appear to have successfully applied it to the cure of diseases. The whole of David's power over the disorder of Saul may, without any miraculous intervention, be attributed to his skilful performance upon the harp. In 1st Samuel, c. xvi., we read that Saul's servants said unto him, "Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee: Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well." Saul having assented to this proposal, the son of Jesse the Bethlemiter was sent for, and stood before him. "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." So great were the esteem and love for music among this people when David as-

cended the throne, that we find that he appointed 4000 Levites to praise the Lord with instruments, (1. Chron. c. xxiii.) and that the number of those that were *cunning* in song, was two hundred four score and eight, (c. xxv.) Solomon is related by Josephus to have made 200,000 trumpets, and 40,000 instruments of music, to praise God with. In the 2d chapter of Ecclesiastes, music is mentioned by Solomon among the vanities and follies in which he found no profit, in terms which show how generally a cultivated taste was diffused among his subjects. "I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." Many other passages of similar import might be quoted from the sacred writings, and among others, some from which it would appear that musicians marched in the van of the Jewish armies, and not unfrequently contributed to the victory by the animation of their strains; and that music was the universal language of joy and lamentation. There is, however, one portion of Holy Writ, which, from the highly interesting testimony it incidentally bears to the love of music which prevailed in Jerusalem, and the skill of her inhabitants, we cannot forbear to notice. We allude to the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion. As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein. For they that led us away captive required of us there a song and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion." From the facts here narrated, we may judge how great was the attachment of the Jewish people for the musical art; their beloved city sacked, their temple plundered and destroyed, their homes desolate, in the midst of danger and despair, deserted by their God, surrounded by infuriated enemies, (Isaiah, xiii. 16.) nevertheless their harps were not forgotten. From this beautiful and pathetic lamentation, it would also appear that the repute of Hebrew musicians was far extended. No sooner had they arrived in the land of their captivity, than the Chaldean conqueror required of them a song and melody in their heaviness, demanding *one of the songs of Sion*. The fame of the

captives must have long preceded them, for, according to Dr Burney, the art was then declining in Judea.

In the physical sciences, we have surpassed the nations who excelled in music; in war we have equalled their most glorious feats; in poetry and oratory we are not inferior. Shall not our future history also tell of triumphs in the tuneful art? We believe, that sooner or later, the time will surely come when our country in her turn will boast of masters in the art, whose memories will ever be preserved and hallowed. But whatever the future may bring forth, the marvellous accounts of the powers of ancient music will meet with little indulgence from modern scepticism. At present such effects are unknown among us, and therefore unintelligible. Among the early Greeks, for many centuries, the several characters of poet, musician, lawgiver, and philosopher, were combined in the same individual; and it is probable that the music of that period consisted principally of recitative or musical declamation. This species of composition, so utterly neglected and unknown to the English school, possesses great powers of expression, both when in its simple form and when accompanied. A modern example of the effects it is capable of is recorded by Tartini. He relates, in the following terms, as one of many similar instances which had come under his observation:—"In the 14th year of the present century, (the 18th,) in the opera they were performing at Ancona, there was at the beginning of the 3d act a line of recitative, unaccompanied by any instruments but the bass, by which, equally among the professors and the audience, was raised such and so great a commotion of mind, that all looked in one another's

faces, on account of the evident change of colour which took place in each. The effect was not that of grief, (I very well remember that the words expressed indignation,) but that of a certain congealing and coldness of the blood, which completely disturbed the mind. Thirteen times was the drama repeated, and the same effect always followed universally; a palpable sign of which was the deep previous silence with which the audience prepared themselves to enjoy its effects.*

The line of recitative has unfortunately not been preserved; nor is it known what the opera, or whose the music, which produced an effect which may not be inaptly described in the words of Byron:—

"An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which made the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse."

The music of Alessandro Scarlatti was then current and universally popular in Italy. This composer was particularly famous for the excellence of his recitative; and his general merit may be judged of by the fact, that he is placed by Arteaga, in his work on the revolutions of the musical drama in Italy, among the early authors belonging to the period which he terms the golden age of Italian music. On these grounds, we may reasonably conclude, that he was the composer of that terrible line of recitative.

We have ourselves also witnessed a somewhat similar example of the powers of Italian recitative. Many of our readers, doubtless, have witnessed Pasta's wonderful performance in *Anna Bolena*, who also may remember Anna's exclamation, "*Giudici ad Anna! ad Anna giudici!*" when Henry's intention of bringing her to trial is first made known to her. Such was the fearful tone, of mingled horror,

* We may refer to this hereafter, and to show that *we* at least are not guilty of exaggeration, we subjoin the passage in the original Italian, from which it will be seen that our translation is as literal as possible.

"L'anno quatuor-decimo del secolo presente, nel dramma che si rappresentava in Ancona, v'era, su'l principio dell'atto terzo, una riga di recitativo, non accompagnato da altri stromenti che dal basso; per cui, tanto in noi professori quanto negli ascoltanti, si destava una tale e tanta commozione di animo, che tutti si guardavano in faccia l'un l'altro, per la evidente mutazione di colore che si faceva in ciascheduno di noi. L'effetto non era di pianto (mi ricordo benissimo che le parole erano di sdegno) ma di un certo rigore e freddo nel sangue, che di fatto turbava l'animo. Tredici volte si recito il dramma, e sempre segui l'effetto stesso universalmente: di che era segno palpabile il sommo previo silenzio, con cui l'uditorio tutto si apparecchiava a goderne l'effetto."

amaze, and wrathful indignation, with which that greatest queen of tragic song gave out these words, that, in a foreign land, we have on more than one occasion observed some of the audience, as these fiery accents burst forth upon them, to start, change colour, and almost shudder at the intensity of the conflicting passions she exhibited. Much, nay most, of this was undoubtedly owing to the genius of the songstress. We do but mention these examples, to show how perfect a medium of musical expression and dramatic effect, good recitative becomes, when adequately performed. Still, the wonders related of ancient music—wonders not confined to one age, one people, or to one quarter of the globe, but, on the contrary, commencing at a remote period of man's history, including Jews, Chinese, Arabs, and Greeks, amongst whose records their memory is preserved—will meet with a cold assent from most; and perhaps few among us would be found bold enough to avow a belief in their reality. We have certainly no warrant for their truth in the powers or effects of our national music, and thus experience directly contradicts the testimony of antiquity.

On the same grounds, however, had no specimens of ancient handiwork been preserved, we might also have doubted the excellence and beauty of any of those works of art which, nevertheless, immortalized those by whose hands they were fashioned. Were not the Dying Gladiator now before us, it might, at this day, be deemed a monstrous supposition, that a statue of a dying man should have existed, in which there might be seen how much of life was left. Inferiority is ever sceptical and self-satisfied; it is only given to the really wise to know how much lies hidden from their view. Though the scope and object of all the imitative arts is the same, to dignify, elevate, and embellish nature—though the beauty of the ideal is the aim of the musician, equally as it is the aspiration of the poet, painter, and the sculptor, the character of these pursuits is in some respects essentially different. In the latter, material objects are imitated and embellished, the things themselves are bodily before the eyes, and the beauty and excellence of

the work will appear by comparison with nature herself. These arts also possess great landmarks of taste and skill, which speak the same language to all ages. Of the symmetry of the sculptor's chiselled forms, of the beauty of the poet's or the painter's pictures, we have a standard in nature's own originals, seldom, probably never, exhibiting the same concentration of refined and elevated beauty in one individual object, but, nevertheless, furnishing an accurate and never varying standard, for the exercise of the judgment; while the heart, that inner world, ever uniform and unchanging amid the manifold vicissitudes of human life, supplies a test by which the poet's thoughts and sentiments may be correctly tried. Thus, in the lapse of ages, the public taste has known no change; and though more than 2000 years have passed away, the works of ancient Greece are worshipped still.

It cannot, however, be imagined, that the music of those times could have among us the same influence it possessed of old. It is no new remark, that in no other branch of the imitative arts have the same rapid and successive changes occurred, as are observed to have taken place in music. From this fact, the following question naturally arises, whether there are any fixed first principles of art, by adhering to which, music might be produced which would please equally all ages and amongst all people; or, in other words, whether the pleasure which music brings, is the result of education, habit, or association, or an inherent and necessary effect of any particular succession or combination of sounds. We have thrown together the following observations of Rousseau, which occur in several different portions of his essay on the origin of languages, and which, though not made with reference to this question, nevertheless appear to us conclusive upon it. "As the feelings which a beautiful picture excites are not caused by mere colour, so the empire which music possesses over our souls is not the work of sound alone. All men love to listen to sweet sounds; but if this love be not quickened by such melodious inflexions as are familiar to the hearer, it cannot be converted into pleasure. Melody, such as, to our taste, may be

most beautiful, will have little effect upon the ear which is unaccustomed to it; it is a language of which we must possess a dictionary. Sounds in a melody do not operate as mere sounds, but as signs of our affections and our feelings; it is thus they excite the emotions they express, and whose image we there recognize. If this influence of our sensations is not owing to moral causes, how is it that we are so sensitive where a barbarian would feel nothing? How is it that our most touching airs would be but so much empty noise to the ear of a Carribee? All require the kind of melody whose phrases they can understand; to an Italian, his country's airs are necessary; to a Turk, a Turkish melody; each is affected only by those accents with which he is familiar. In short, he must understand the language that is spoken to him." This reasoning seems to show that there are no principles or rules of art, by following which music would be produced of that inherent beauty which would intrinsically command universal admiration.

This being so, music is at the mercy of many circumstances, the influence of which is felt, in some degree, even in those arts whose principles have long been fixed and ascertained, and whose rules are not merely conventional. The love of novelty, which the weariness caused by a constant repetition of the same musical phrase or idea renders more *exigant* in this than in other arts, the want or impossibility of having any classic examples which might fix the taste or guide the studies of the novice, are doubtless among the causes of these frequent changes. The style of the leading singer of the day often forms and rules the passing taste, and even characterizes the works of contemporary composers. Music is often composed purposely for the singer; his intonation, his peculiarities, his very mannerisms, are borne in mind. Not merely sounds, but *his* sounds, are the vehicles of the composer's thoughts, the medium through which alone the composer's ideas can be adequately expressed. In the next generation, when performer and composer are dead and gone, all that is left of this their *mutual* work, once the object of universal admiration, becomes comparatively unintelligible. The melody,

the harmony, indeed, remain, but they are a body without a soul; the fire and genius of him who lighted up the whole, who realized and brought home to the hearer the *whole* creation of the composer's imagination, are no more. The manner of the performance, therefore, being, as it were, part and parcel of the very music, and a necessary ingredient of the excellence of the composition, to judge of the merit of the whole from the qualities of the portion which is left, would be to judge of the beauty of the Grecian Helen by the aspect or appearance of her lifeless remains. On looking at the greater portion of the music by the execution of which Catalani raised herself to the highest pinnacle of fame, we are compelled to the conclusion, that in the singer lay the charm. The effects said to have been produced by Handel's operas are now inconceivable and unintelligible, so "mechanical and dull" do these works appear, "beyond mere simplicity and traits of melody." Handel, in one species of composition, wrote *down* to the singers of his time. Whoever examines the bass songs of that period, will perceive that they were composed for inflexible and unwieldy voices, possessing a large and heavy volume of tone, but incapable of executing any but simple passages, constructed according to an ascertained routine of intervals. Lord Mount-Edgcombe truly conjectured, that Mozart was led to make the bass so prominent a part in the *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by writing for a particular singer. The part of Figaro was, in fact, composed for Benucci. The sparkling brilliancy of Rossini would perhaps never have been so fully developed, had not the skill and flexibility of voice possessed by the singer David, for whom he wrote, enabled him to indulge it to the uttermost. The characters thus imparted to the music of the day are necessarily perishable and evanescent, to be again superseded by later artists, whose excellences or peculiarities will again lead to like results. Thus change succeeds change; the judgment of the public is led by the composer and the performer, who, mutually deferring to each other, often mould at will the taste of their countrymen. We, of course, speak only of those whose talent, science, and ability, have constituted them the masters of their art.

formance. Very different from this is the style of Dr Arnold. We will endeavour to exhibit a just idea of his views, so far as they regard the true character of history, the manner in which it should be studied, and the events by which his theory is illustrated. To study history as it should be studied, much more to write history as it should be written, is a task which may dignify the most splendid abilities, and occupy the most extended life.

Lucian in one of his admirable treatises, ridicules those who imagine that any one who chooses may sit down and write history as easily as he would walk or sleep, or perform any other function of nature,

"Thought, to the man that never-thinks,
may seem

As natural as when asleep to dream."

From the remarks of this greatest of all satirists, it is manifest that, in his days, history had been employed, as it has in ours, for the purposes of slander and adulation. He selects particularly a writer who compared, in his account of the Persian wars, the Roman emperor to Achilles, his enemy to Thersites; and if Lucian had lived in the present day, he would have discovered that the race of such writers was not extinguished. He might have found ample proofs that the detestable habit still prevails of interweaving the names of our contemporaries among the accounts of former centuries, and thus corrupting the history of past times into a means of abuse and flattery for the present. This is to degrade history into the worst style of a Treasury pamphlet, or a daily newspaper. It is a fault almost peculiar to this country.

We are told in one of these works, for instance, that the "tones of Sir W. Follett's voice are silvery"—a proposition that we do not at all intend to dispute; nor would it be easy to pronounce any panegyric on that really great man in which we should not zealously concur; but can it be necessary to mention this in a history of the eighteenth century? Or can any thing be more trivial or offensive, or totally without the shadow of justification, than this forced allusion to the "ignorant present time," in the midst of what ought to be an unbiased narrative of events that affected former generations? We do not know

whether the author of this ingenious allusion borrowed the idea from the advertisements in which our humbler artists recommend their productions to vulgar notice; or whether it is the spontaneous growth of his own happy intellect: but plagiarized or original, and however adapted it may be to the tone and keeping of his work, its insertion is totally irreconcilable with the qualities that a man should possess who means to instruct posterity. When gold is extracted from lead, or silver from tin, such a writer may become an historian. "Forget," says Lucian, "the present, look to future ages for your reward; let it be said of you that you are high-spirited, full of independence, that there is nothing about you servile or fulsome."

Modern history is now exclusively to be considered. Modern history, separated from the history of Greece and Rome, and the annals of barbarous emigration, by the event which above all others has influenced, and continues still to influence, after so many centuries, the fate of Europe—the fall of the Western Empire—the boundary line which separates modern from ancient history, is not ideal and capricious, but definite and certain. It can neither be advanced nor carried back. Modern history displays a national life still in existence. It commences with that period in which the great elements of separate national existence now in being—race, language, institutions, and religion—can be traced in simultaneous operation. To the influences which pervaded the ancient world, another, at first scarcely perceptible, for a time almost predominant, and even now powerful and comprehensive, was annexed. In the fourth century of the Christian era, the Roman world comprised Christianity, Grecian intellect, Roman jurisprudence—all the ingredients, in short, of modern history, except the Teutonic element. It is the infusion of this element which has changed the quality of the compound, and leavened the whole mass with its peculiarities. To this we owe the middle ages, the law of inheritance, the spirit of chivalry, and the feudal system, than which no cause more powerful ever contributed to the miseries of mankind. It filled Europe not with men but slaves; and the tyranny under which the people groaned was the more intolerable, as it

was wrought into an artificial method, confirmed by law, established by inveterate custom, and even supported by religion. In vain did the nations cast their eyes to Rome, from whom they had a right to claim assistance, or at least sympathy and consolation. The appeal was useless. The living waters were tainted in their source. Instead of health they spread abroad infection—instead of giving nourishment to the poor, they were the narcotics which drenched in slumber the consciences of the rich. Wretched forms, ridiculous legends, the insipid rhetoric of the Fathers, were the substitutes for all generous learning. The nobles enslaved the body; the hierarchy put its fetters on the soul. The growth of the public mind was checked and stunted, and the misery of Europe was complete. The sufferer was taught to expect his reward in another world; their oppressor, if his bequests were liberal, was sure of obtaining consolation in this, and the kingdom of God was openly offered to the highest bidder. But to the causes which gave rise to this state of things, we must trace our origin as a nation.

With the Britons whom Cæsar conquered, though they occupied the surface of our soil, we have, nationally speaking, no concern; but when the white horse of Hengist, after many a long and desperate struggle, floated in triumph or in peace from the Tamar to the Tweed, our existence as a nation, the period to which we may refer the origin of English habits, language, and institutions, undoubtedly begins. So, when the Franks established themselves west of the Rhine, the French nation may be said to have come into being. True, the Saxons yielded to the discipline and valour of a foreign race; true, the barbarous hordes of the Elbe and the Saal were not the ancestors, as any one who travels in the south of France can hardly fail to see, of the majority of the present nation of the French: but the Normans and Saxons sprang from the same stock, and the changes worked by Clovis and his warriors were so vast and durable, (though, in comparison with their conquered vassals, they were numerically few,) that with the invasion of Hengist in the one case, and the battle of Poitiers in the other, the modern history of both countries may not improperly be said

to have begun. To the student of that history, however, one consideration must occur, which imparts to the objects of his studies an interest emphatically its own. It is this: he has strong reason to believe that all the elements of society are before him. It may indeed be true that Providence has reserved some yet unknown tribe, wandering on the banks of the Amour or of the Amazons, as the instrument of accomplishing some mighty purpose—humanly speaking, however, such an event is most improbable. To adopt such an hypothesis, would be in direct opposition to all the analogies by which, in the absence of clearer or more precise motives, human infirmity must be guided. The map of the world is spread out before us; there are no regions which we speak of in the terms of doubt and ignorance that the wisest Romans applied to the countries beyond the Vistula and the Rhine, when in Lord Bacon's words "the world was altogether home-bred." When Cicero jested with Trebatius on the little importance of a Roman jurist among hordes of Celtic barbarians, he little thought that from that despised country would arise a nation, before the blaze of whose conquests the splendour of Roman Empire would grow pale; a nation which would carry the art of government and the enjoyment of freedom to a perfection, the idea of which, had it been presented to the illustrious orator, stored as his mind was with all the lore of Grecian sages, and with whatever knowledge the history of his own country could supply, would have been consigned by him, with the glorious visions of his own Academy, to the shady spaces of an ideal world. Had he, while bewailing the loss of that freedom which he would not survive, disfigured as it was by popular tumult and patrician insolence—had he been told that a figure far more faultless was one day to arise amid the unknown forests and marshes of Britain, and to be protected by the rude hands of her barbarous inhabitants till it reached the full maturity of immortal loveliness—the eloquence of Cicero himself would have been silenced, and, whatever might have been the exultation of the philosopher, the pride of the Roman would have died within him. But we can anticipate no simi-

lar revolution. The nations by which the world is inhabited are known to us; the regions which they occupy are limited; there are no fresh combinations to count upon, no reserves upon which we can depend;—there is every reason to suppose that, in the great conflict with physical and moral evil, which it is the destiny of man to wage, the last battalion is in the field.

The course to be adopted by the student of modern history is pointed out in the following pages; and the remarks of Dr Arnold on this subject are distinguished by a degree of good sense and discrimination which it is difficult to overrate. Vast indeed is the difference between ancient and modern annals, as far as relates to the demand upon the student's time and attention. Instead of sailing upon a narrow channel, the shores of which are hardly ever beyond his view, he launches out upon an ocean of immeasurable extent, through which the greatest skill and most assiduous labour are hardly sufficient to conduct him—

“Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere
cœlo,

Nec meminisse viæ, mediâ Palinurus in
undâ.”

Instead of a few great writers, the student is beset on all sides by writers of different sort and degree, from the light memorialist to the great historian; instead of two countries, two hemispheres are candidates for his attention; and history assumes a variety of garbs, many of which were strangers to her during the earlier period of her existence. To the careful study of many periods of history, not extending over any very wide portion of time, the labour of a tolerably long life would be inadequate. The unpublished Despatches of Cardinal Granvelle at Besançon, amount to sixty volumes. The archives of Venice (a mine, by the way, scarcely opened) fill a large apartment. For printed works it may be enough to mention the Benedictine editions and Munatoris Annals, historians of the dark and middle ages, relating to two countries only, and two periods. All history, therefore, however insatiable may be the intellectual *boulimia* that devours him, can never be a proper object of curiosity to any man. It is natural enough that the first effect produced by this discovery on the

mind of the youthful student should be surprise and mortification; nor is it before the conviction that his researches, to be valuable, must be limited, forces itself upon him, that he concentrates to some particular period, and perhaps to some exclusive object, the powers of his undivided attention. When he has thus put an end to his desultory enquiries, and selected the portion of history which it is his purpose to explore, his first object should be to avail himself of the information which other travellers in the same regions have been enabled to collect. Their mistakes will teach him caution; their wanderings will serve to keep him in the right path. Weak and feeble as he may be, compared with the first adventurers who have visited the mighty maze before him, yet he has not their difficulties to encounter, nor their perils to apprehend. The clue is in his hands which may lead him through the labyrinth in which it has been the lot of so many master-spirits to wander—

“And find no end, in boundless mazes
lost.”

But it is time to hear Dr Arnold:—

“To proceed, therefore, with our supposed student's course of reading. Keeping the general history which he has been reading as his text, and getting from it the skeleton, in a manner, of the future figure, he must now break forth excursively to the right and left, collecting richness and fulness of knowledge from the most various sources. For example, we will suppose that where his popular historian has mentioned that an alliance was concluded between two powers, or a treaty of peace agreed upon, he first of all resolves to consult the actual documents themselves, as they are to be found in some one of the great collections of European treaties, or, if they are connected with English history, in Rymer's *Fœdera*. By comparing the actual treaty with his historian's report of its provisions, we get, in the first place, a critical process of some value, inasmuch as the historian's accuracy is at once tested: but there are other purposes answered besides. An historian's report of a treaty is almost always an abridgement of it; minor articles will probably be omitted, and the rest condensed, and stripped of all their formal language. But our object now being to reproduce to ourselves, so far as it is possible, the very life of the period which we are studying, minute particulars help

Greece—it is difficult for us, aided as our imagination may be by the works of our modern writers, to conceive. But Raleigh, whom he quotes afterwards, is indeed a striking instance of that combination of actual experience with speculative knowledge which all should aim at, but which it seldom happens that one man in a generation is fortunate enough to obtain.

From the sixteenth century, the writers of history begin to assume a different character from that of their predecessors. During the middle ages, the elements of society were fewer and less diversified. Before that time the people were nothing. Popes, emperors, kings, nobles, bishops, knights, are the only materials about which the writer of history cared to know or enquire. Perhaps some exception to this rule might be found in the historians of the free towns of Italy; but they are few and insignificant. After that period, not only did the classes of society increase, but every class was modified by more varieties of individual life. Even within the last century, the science of political economy has given a new colouring to the thoughts and actions of large communities, as the different opinions held by its votaries have multiplied them into distinct and various classes. Modern historians, therefore, may be divided into two classes; the one describing a state of society in which the elements are few; the other the times in which they were more numerous. As a specimen of the first order, he selects Bede. Bede was born in 674, fifty years after the flight of Mahomet from Mecca. He died in 755, two or three years after the victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens. His ecclesiastical history, in five books, describes the period from Augustine's arrival in Kent, 597.

Dr Arnold's dissertation on Bede involves him in the discussion of a question on which much skill and ability have been exercised. We allude to the question of miracles. "The question," says he, "in Bede takes this form—What credit is to be attached to the frequent stories of miracles or wonders which occur in his narrative?" He seizes at once upon the difficulty, without compromise or evasion. He makes a distinction between a wonder and a miracle: "to say that all recorded wonders are false,

from those recorded by Herodotus to the latest reports of animal magnetism, would be a boldness of assertion wholly unjustifiable." At the same time he thinks the character of Bede, added to the religious difficulty, may incline us to limit miracles to the earliest times of Christianity, and refuse our belief to all which are reported by the historians of subsequent centuries. He then proceeds to consider the questions which suggest themselves when we read Matthew Paris, or still more, any of the French, German, or Italian historians of the same period:—

"The thirteenth century contains in it, at its beginning, the most splendid period of the Papacy, the time of Innocent the Third; its end coincides with that great struggle between Boniface the Eighth and Philip the Fair, which marks the first stage of its decline. It contains the reign of Frederick the Second, and his long contest with the popes in Italy; the foundation of the orders of friars, Dominican and Franciscan; the last period of the crusades, and the age of the greatest glory of the schoolmen. Thus, full of matters of interest as it is, it will yet be found that all its interest is more or less connected with two great questions concerning the church; namely, the power of the priesthood in matters of government and in matters of faith; the merits of the contest between the Papacy and the kings of Europe; the nature and character of that influence over men's minds which affected the whole philosophy of the period, the whole intellectual condition of the Christian world."—P. 138.

The pretensions and corruptions of the Church are undoubtedly the chief object to which, at this period, the attention of the reader must be attracted. "Is the church system of Innocent III. in faith or government the system of the New Testament?" Is the difference between them inconsiderable, such as may be accounted for by the natural progress of society, or does the rent extend to the foundation? "The first century," says Dr Arnold, "is to determine our judgment of the second and of all subsequent centuries. It will not do to assume that the judgment must be interpreted by the very practices and opinions, the merits of which it has to try." As a specimen of the chroniclers, he selects Philip de Comines, almost the last great writer of his class. In him is

exemplified one of the peculiar distinctions of attaching to modern history the importance of attending to genealogies.

"For instance, Comines records the marriage of Mary, duchess of Burgundy, daughter and sole heiress of Charles the Bold, with Maximilian, archduke of Austria. This marriage, conveying all the dominions of Burgundy to Maximilian and his heirs, established a great independent sovereign on the frontiers of France, giving to him on the north, not only the present kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, but large portions of what is now French territory, the old provinces of Artois and French Flanders, French Hainault and French Luxemburg; while on the east it gave him Franche Comté, thus yielding him a footing within the Jura, on the very banks of the Saône. Thence ensued in after ages, when the Spanish branch of the house of Austria had inherited this part of its dominions—the long contests which deluged the Netherlands with blood, the campaigns of King William and Luxembourg, the nine years of efforts, no less skilful than valiant, in which Marlborough broke his way through the fortresses of the iron frontier. Again, when Spain became in a manner French by the accession of the House of Bourbon, the Netherlands reverted once more to Austria itself; and from thence the powers of Europe advanced, almost in our own days, to assail France as a republic; and on this ground, on the plains of Fleurus, was won the first of those great victories which, for nearly twenty years, carried the French standards triumphantly over Europe. Thus the marriage recorded by Comines has been working busily down to our very own times: it is only since the settlement of 1814, and that more recent one of 1830, that the Netherlands have ceased to be effected by the union of Charles the Bold's daughter with Maximilian of Austria."—P. 148.

Again, in order to understand the contest which Philip de Comines records between a Frenchman and a Spaniard for the crown of Naples, we must go back to the dark and bloody page in the annals of the thirteenth century, which relates the extinction of the last heir of the great Swabian race of Hohenstauffen by Charles of Anjou, the fit and unrelenting instrument of Papal hatred—the dreadful expiation of that great crime by the Sicilian Vespers, the establishment of the House of Anjou in Sicily, the crimes and misfortunes of Queen Joanna, the new contest occasioned by her adoption—all these events must

be known to him who would understand the expedition of Charles VIII. The following passage is an admirable description of the reasons which lend to the pages of Philip de Comines a deep and melancholy interest:—

"The Memoirs of Philip de Comines terminate about twenty years before the Reformation, six years after the first voyage of Columbus. They relate, then, to a tranquil period immediately preceding a period of extraordinary movement; to the last stage of an old state of things, now on the point of passing away. Such periods, the lull before the burst of the hurricane, the almost oppressive stillness which announces the eruption, or, to use Campbell's beautiful image—

'The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below,'—

are always, I think, full of a very deep interest. But it is not from the mere force of contrast with the times that follow, nor yet from the solemnity which all things wear when their dissolution is fast approaching—the interest has yet another source; our knowledge, namely, that in that tranquil period lay the germs of the great changes following, taking their shape for good or for evil, and sometimes irreversibly, while all wore an outside of unconsciousness. We, enlightened by experience, are impatient of this deadly slumber; we wish in vain that the age could have been awakened to a sense of its condition, and taught the infinite preciousness of the passing hour. And as, when a man has been cut off by sudden death, we are curious to know whether his previous words or behaviour indicated any sense of his coming fate, so we examine the records of a state of things just expiring, anxious to observe whether, in any point, there may be discerned an anticipation of the great future, or whether all was blindness and insensibility. In this respect, Comines' Memoirs are striking from their perfect unconsciousness: the knell of the middle ages had been already sounded, yet Comines has no other notions than such as they had tended to foster; he describes their events, their characters, their relations, as if they were to continue for centuries. His remarks are such as the simplest form of human affairs gives birth to; he laments the instability of earthly fortune, as Homer notes our common mortality, or in the tone of that beautiful dialogue between Solon and Croesus, when the philosopher assured the king, that to be rich was not necessarily to be happy. But, resembling Herodotus in his simple morality, he is utterly unlike him in another point; for whilst Herodotus speaks freely and honestly of all men, without re-

us to do this; nay, the very formal enumeration of titles, and the specification of towns and districts in their legal style, help to realize the time to us, if it be only from their very particularity. Every common history records the substance of the treaty of Troyes, May 1420, by which the succession to the crown of France was given to Henry V. But the treaty in itself, or the English version of it which Henry sent over to England to be proclaimed there, gives a far more lively impression of the triumphant state of the great conqueror, and the utter weakness of the poor French king, Charles VI., in the ostentatious care taken to provide for the recognition of his formal title during his lifetime, while all real power is ceded to Henry, and provision is made for the perpetual union hereafter of the two kingdoms under his sole government.

"I have named treaties as the first class of official instruments to be consulted, because the mention of them occurs unavoidably in every history. Another class of documents, certainly of no less importance, yet much less frequently referred to by popular historians, consists of statutes, ordinances, proclamations, acts, or by whatever various names the laws of each particular period happen to be designated. *That the Statute Book has not been more habitually referred to by writers on English history*, has always seemed to me matter of surprise. Legislation has not perhaps been so busy in every country as it has been with us; yet every where, and in every period, it has done something. Evils, real or supposed, have always existed, which the supreme power in the nation has endeavoured to remove by the provisions of law. And under the name of laws I would include the acts of councils, which form an important part of the history of European nations during many centuries; provincial councils, as you are aware, having been held very frequently, and their enactments relating to local and particular evils, so that they illustrate history in a very lively manner. Now, in these and all the other laws of any given period, we find in the first place, from their particularity, a great additional help towards becoming familiar with the times in which they were passed; we learn the names of various officers, courts, and processes; and these, when understood, (and I suppose always the habit of reading nothing without taking pains to understand it,) help us, from their very number, to realize the state of things then existing; a lively notion of any object depending on our clearly seeing some of its parts, and the more we people it, so to speak, with

distinct images, the more it comes to resemble the crowded world around us. But in addition to this benefit, which I am disposed to rate in itself very highly, every thing of the nature of law has a peculiar interest and value, *because it is the expression of the deliberate mind of the supreme government of society*; and as history, as commonly written, records so much of the passionate and unreflecting part of human nature, we are bound in fairness to acquaint ourselves with its calmer and better part also."

The inner life of a nation will be determined by its end, that end being the security of its highest happiness, or, as it is "conceived and expressed more piously, a setting forth of God's glory by doing his appointed work." The history of a nation's internal life is the history of its institutions and its laws. Here, then, it is that we shall find the noblest lessons of history; here it is that we must look for the causes, direct and indirect, which have modified the characters, and decided the fate of nations. To this imperishable possession it is that the philosopher appeals for the corroboration of his theory, as it is to it also that the statesman ought to look for the regulation of his practice. Religion, property, science, commerce, literature, whatever can civilize and instruct rude mankind, whatever can embellish life in its more advanced condition, even till it exhibit the wonders of which it is now the theatre, may be referred to this subject, and are comprised under this denomination. The importance of history has been the theme of many a pen, but we question whether it has ever been more beautifully described than in the following passage:—

"Enough has been said, I think, to show that history contains no mean treasures; that, as being the biography of a nation, it partakes of the richness and variety of those elements which make up a nation's life. Whatever there is of greatness in the final cause of all human thought and action, God's glory and man's perfection, that is the measure of the greatness of history. Whatever there is of variety and intense interest in human nature, in its elevation, whether proud as by nature, or sanctified as by God's grace; in its suffering, whether blessed or unblessed, a martyrdom or a judgment; in its strange reverses, in its varied adventures, in its yet more varied powers, its courage and

its patience, its genius and its wisdom, its justice and its love, that also is the measure of the interest and variety of history. The treasures indeed are ample, but we may more reasonably fear whether we may have strength and skill to win them."

In passing we may observe, after Dr Arnold, that the most important bearing of a particular institution upon the character of a nation is not always limited to the effect which is most obvious; few who have watched the proceedings in our courts of justice can doubt that, in civil cases, the interference of a jury is often an obstacle, and sometimes an insurmountable obstacle, to the attainment of justice. Dr Arnold's remarks on this subject are entitled to great attention:—

"The effect," he says, "of any particular arrangement of the judicial power, is seen directly in the greater or less purity with which justice is administered; but there is a further effect, and one of the highest importance, in its furnishing to a greater or less portion of the nation one of the best means of moral and intellectual culture—the opportunity, namely, of exercising the functions of a judge. I mean, that to accustom a number of persons to the intellectual exercise of attending to, and weighing, and comparing evidence, and to the moral exercise of being placed in a high and responsible situation, invested with one of God's own attributes, that of judgment, and having to determine with authority between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, is to furnish them with very high means of moral and intellectual culture—in other words, it is providing them with one of the highest kinds of education. And thus a judicial constitution may secure a pure administration of justice, and yet fail as an engine of national cultivation, when it is vested in the hands of a small body of professional men, like the old French parliaments. While, on the other hand, it may communicate the judicial office very widely, as by our system of juries, and thus may educate, if I may so speak, a very large portion of the nation, but yet may not succeed in obtaining the greatest certainty of just legal decisions. I do not mean that our jury system does not succeed, but it is conceivable that it should not. So, in the same way, different arrangements of the executive and legislative powers should be always regarded in this twofold aspect—as effecting their direct objects, good government and good legislation; and as educating the nation more or less exten-

sively, by affording to a greater or less number of persons practical lessons in governing and legislating."

History is an account of the common purpose pursued by some one of the great families of the human race. It is the biography of a nation; as the history of a particular sect, or a particular body of men, describes the particular end which the sect or body was instituted to pursue, so history, in its more comprehensive sense, describes the paramount object which the first and sovereign society—the society to which all others are necessarily subordinate—endeavours to attain. According to Dr Arnold, a nation's life is twofold, external and internal. Its external life consists principally in wars. "Here history has been sufficiently busy. The wars of the human race have been recorded when every thing else has perished."

Mere antiquarianism, Dr Arnold justly observes, is calculated to contract and enfeeble the understanding. It is a pedantic love of detail, with an indifference to the result, for which alone it can be considered valuable. It is the mistake, into which men are perpetually falling, of the means for the end. There are people to whom the tragedies of Sophocles are less precious than the Scholiast on Lycophrion, and who prize the speeches of Demosthenes chiefly because they may fling light on the dress of an Athenian citizen. The same tendency discovers itself in other pursuits. Oxen are fattened into plethoras to encourage agriculture, and men of station dress like grooms, and bet like blacklegs, to keep up the breed of horses. It is true that such evils will happen when agriculture is encouraged, and a valuable breed of horses cherished; but they are the consequences, not the cause of such a state of things. So the disciples of the old philosophers drank hemlock to acquire pallid countenances—but they are as far from obtaining the wisdom of their masters by this adventitious resemblance, as the antiquarian is from the historian. To write well about the past, we must have a vigorous and lively perception of the present. This, says Dr Arnold, is the merit of Mitford. It is certainly the only one he possesses; a person more totally unqualified for writing history at all—to say nothing of the history of

wanted, to enable them to conquer the world—a general and a ruler like himself. There was wanted a master hand to restore and maintain peace at home, and to concentrate and direct the immense military resources of France against her foreign enemies. And such an one appeared in Napoleon. Pacifying La Vendée, receiving back the emigrants, restoring the church, remodelling the law, personally absolute, yet carefully preserving and maintaining all the great points which the nation had won at the Revolution, Napoleon united in himself, not only the power, but the whole will of France; and that power and will were guided by a genius for war such as Europe had never seen since Cæsar. The effect was absolutely magical. In November 1799, he was made First Consul; he found France humbled by defeats, his Italian conquests lost, his allies invaded, his own frontier threatened. He took the field in May 1800, and in June the whole fortune of the war was changed, and Austria driven out of Lombardy by the victory of Marengo. Still the flood of the tide rose higher and higher, and every successive wave of its advance swept away a kingdom. Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June 1812, gathered his army at Dresden—that mighty host, unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now, what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? by whom was it checked, and resisted, and put down? By none, and by nothing, but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe that victorious advance to Moscow, and the utter humiliation of the retreat, as the language of the prophet with respect to the advance and subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib. ‘When they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses,’ applies almost literally to that memorable night of frost, in which twenty thousand horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken. Human instruments, no doubt, were employed in the remainder of the work; nor would I deny to Germany and to Prussia the glories of the year 1813, nor to England the honour of her victories in Spain, or of the crowning victory of Waterloo. But at the distance of thirty years, those who lived in the time of danger and remember its magnitude, and now calmly review what there was in human strength to avert it, must acknowledge, I think, beyond all controversy, that the deliverance of Europe from the dominion of Napoleon was effected neither by Rus-

sia, nor by Germany, nor by England, but by the hand of God alone.”

The question, whether some races of men possess an inherent superiority over others, is mooted by Dr Arnold, in his dissertation on military science. Without laying down any universal rule, it may be stated that such a superiority can be predicated of no European nation. Frederick the Great defeated the French at Rosbach, as easily as Napoleon overcame the Prussians at Jena. If Marlborough was uniformly successful, William III. was always beaten by Luxembourg, and the Duke of Cumberland by D’Etrées and Saxe. It seems, therefore, a fair inference, that no civilized European nation possesses over its neighbours that degree of superiority which greater genius in the general, or greater discipline in the troops of its antagonists, will not be sufficient to counteract. The defeat of the Vendéans in France, by the soldiers of the garrison of Mentz; and the admirable conduct of our own Sepoys under British generals, are, no doubt, strong instances to show the prodigious importance of systematic discipline. Still, we cannot quite coincide with Dr Arnold’s opinion on this subject. We are quite ready to admit—who, indeed, for a moment would deny?—in military as well as in all other subjects, the value of professional attainments and long experience. We cannot, however, consider them superior to those great qualities of our nature which discipline may regulate and embellish, but which it can never destroy or supersede. As every man is bound to form his own opinion on religious matters, though he may not be a priest, every man is obliged to defend his country when invaded, though he may not be a soldier. Nor can the miseries which such a state of things involves, furnish any argument against its necessity. All war must be attended with misfortunes, which freeze the blood and make the soul sick in their contemplation; but these very misfortunes deter those who wield the reins of empire from appealing wantonly to its determination. The resistance of Saragossa was not the less glorious, it does not the less fire the heart of every reader with a holy and passionate enthusiasm, because it was not conducted

according to the strict forms of military tactics, because citizens and even women participated in its fame. The inextinguishable hatred of the Spanish nation for its oppressor—which wore down the French armies, which no severities, no violence, no defeat, could subdue—will be, as long as time shall last, a terrible lesson to ambitious conquerors. They will learn that there is in the fury of an insulted nation a danger which the most exquisite military combinations cannot remove, which the most perfectly served artillery cannot sweep away, before which all the bayonets, and gunpowder, and lines of fortification in the world are useless—and compared with which the science of the commander is pedantry, and strategy but a word. They will discover that something more than mechanical power, however great—something more than the skill of the practised officer, or the instinct of well-trained soldiers, are requisite for success—where every plain is a Marathon, and every valley a Thermopylæ.

Would to God that the same reproach urged against the Spanish nation—that they defended their native soil irregularly—that they fought like freemen rather than like soldiers—that they transgressed the rules of war by defending one side of a street while the artillery of the enemy, with its thousand mouths, was pouring death upon them from the other—that they struggled too long, that they surrendered too late, that they died too readily, could have been applied to Poland—one fearful instance of success would have been wanting to encourage the designs of despotism!

Some of the rights of war are next considered—that of sacking a town taken by assault, and of blockading a town defended, not by the inhabitants, but by a military garrison—are next examined;—in both these cases the penalty falls upon the innocent. The Homeric description of a town taken by assault, is still applicable to modern warfare:—

ἄνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δὲ τε πῦρ
ἀμαθύνει
τέκνα δὲ τ' ἄλλοι ἀγούσι, βαθύζωνους
τε γυναῖκας.

The unhappy fate of Genoa is thus beautifully related—

“Some of you, I doubt not, remember Genoa; you have seen that queenly city

with its streets of palaces, rising tier above tier from the water, girdling with the long lines of its bright white houses the vast sweep of its harbour, the mouth of which is marked by a huge natural mole of rock, crowned by its magnificent lighthouse tower. You remember how its white houses rose out of a mass of fig and olive and orange trees, the glory of its old patrician luxury. You may have observed the mountains, behind the town, spotted at intervals by small circular low towers; one of which is distinctly conspicuous where the ridge of the hills rises to its summit, and hides from view all the country behind it. Those towers are the forts of the famous lines, which, curiously resembling in shape the later Syracusan walls enclosing Epipalæ, converge inland from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down—the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern, on that of the Bisagno—till they meet, as I have said, on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table land, running off towards the interior, at the distance, as well as I remember, of between two and three miles from the outside of the city. Thus a very large open space is enclosed within the lines, and Genoa is capable therefore of becoming a vast intrenched camp, holding not so much a garrison as an army. In the autumn of 1799, the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa—the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena; and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without—every thing was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians;

spect of persons, Philip de Comines praises his master Louis the Eleventh as one of the best of princes, although he witnessed not only the crimes of his life, but the miserable fears and suspicions of his latter end, and has even faithfully recorded them. In this respect Philip de Comines is in no respect superior to Froissart, with whom the crimes committed by his knights and great lords never interfere with his general eulogies of them: the habit of deference and respect was too strong to be broken, and the facts which he himself relates to their discredit, appear to have produced on his mind no impression."

We now enter upon a period which may be called the modern part of modern history, the more complicated period, in contradistinction to the more simple state of things which, up to this moment, has occupied the student's attention. It is impossible to read, without deep regret, the passage in which Dr Arnold speaks of his intention—"if life and health be spared him, to enter into minute details; selecting some one country as the principal subject of his enquiries, and illustrating the lessons of history for the most part from its particular experience."

He proceeds, however, to the performance of the task immediately before him. After stating that the great object, the *τελειότατον τέλος*, of history is that which most nearly touches the inner life of civilized man, he pauses for a while at the threshold before he enters into the sanctuary, and undoubtedly some external knowledge is requisite before we penetrate into its recesses: we want some dwelling-place, as it were, for the mind, some local habitation in which our ideas may be arranged, some topics that may be firmly grasped by the memory, and on which the understanding may confidently rest; and thus it is that geography, even with a view to other purposes, must engross, in the first instance, a considerable share of our attention. The sense in which Dr Arnold understands a knowledge of geography, is explained in the following luminous and instructive commentary:—

"I said that geography held out one hand to geology and physiology, while she held out the other to history. In fact, geology and physiology themselves are closely connected with history. For instance, what lies at the bottom of that

question which is now being discussed every where, the question of the corn-laws, but the geological fact that England is more richly supplied with coal-mines than any other country in the world? what has given a peculiar interest to our relations with China, but the physiological fact, that the tea-plant, which is become so necessary to our daily life, has been cultivated with equal success in no other climate or country? what is it which threatens the permanence of the union between the northern and southern states of the American confederacy, but the physiological fact, that the soil and climate of the southern states render them essentially agricultural, while those of the northern states, combined with their geographical advantages as to sea-ports, dispose them no less naturally to be manufacturing and commercial? The whole character of a nation may be influenced by its geology and physical geography. But for the sake of its mere beauty and liveliness, if there were no other consideration, it would be worth our while to acquire this richer view of geography. Conceive only the difference between a ground-plan and a picture. The mere plan geography of Italy gives us its shape, as I have observed, and the position of its towns; to these it may add a semicircle of mountains round the northern boundary to represent the Alps, and another long line stretching down the middle of the country to represent the Apennines. But let us carry on this a little further, and give life and meaning and harmony to what is at present at once lifeless and confused. Observe, in the first place, how the Apennine line, beginning from the southern extremity of the Alps, runs across Italy to the very edge of the Adriatic, and thus separates naturally the Italy proper of the Romans from Cisalpine Gaul. Observe again, how the Alps, after running north and south, where they divide Italy from France, turn then away to the eastward, running almost parallel to the Apennines, till they too touch the head of the Adriatic, on the confines of Istria. Thus between these two lines of mountains there is enclosed one great basin or plain; enclosed on three sides by mountains, open only on the east to the sea. Observe how widely it spreads itself out, and then see how well it is watered. One great river flows through it in its whole extent, and this is fed by streams almost unnumbered, descending towards it on either side, from the Alps on the one side, and from the Apennines on the other. Who can wonder that this large and rich and well-watered plain should be filled with flourishing cities, or that it should have been contended for so often by successive invaders?

Then descending into Italy proper, we find the complexity of its geography quite in accordance with its manifold political division. It is not one simple central ridge of mountains, leaving a broad belt of level country on either side between it and the sea, nor yet is it a chain rising immediately from the sea on one side, like the Andes in South America, and leaving room, therefore, on the other side for wide plains of table-land, and rivers with a sufficient length of course to become at last great and navigable. It is a back-bone thickly set with spines of unequal length, some of them running out at regular distances parallel to each other, but others twisted so strangely that they often run for a long way parallel to the back-bone, or main ridge, and interlace with one another in a maze almost inextricable. And, as if to complete the disorder, in those spots where the spines of the Apennines, being twisted round, run parallel to the sea and to their own central chain, and thus leave an interval of plain between their bases and the Mediterranean, volcanic agency has broken up the space thus left with other and distinct groups of hills of its own creation, as in the case of Vesuvius, and of the Alban hills near Rome. Speaking generally then, Italy is made up of an infinite multitude of valleys pent in between high and steep hills, each forming a country to itself, and cut off by natural barriers from the others. Its several parts are isolated by nature, and no art of man can thoroughly unite them. Even the various provinces of the same kingdom are strangers to each other; the Abruzzi are like an unknown world to the inhabitants of Naples, inasmuch, that when two Neapolitan naturalists, not ten years since, made an excursion to visit the Majella, one of the highest of the central Apennines, they found there many medicinal plants growing in the greatest profusion, which the Neapolitans were regularly in the habit of importing from other countries, as no one suspected their existence within their own kingdom. Hence arises the romantic character of Italian scenery: the constant combination of a mountain outline and all the wild features of a mountain country, with the rich vegetation of a southern climate in the valleys. Hence too the rudeness, the pastoral simplicity, and the occasional robber habits, to be found in the population; so that to this day you may travel in many places for miles together in the plains and valleys without passing through a single town or village; for the towns still cluster on the mountain sides, the houses nestling together on some scanty ledge, with cliffs rising above them and sinking down abruptly below them,

the very '*congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis*' of Virgil's description, which he even then called '*antique walls*,' because they had been the strongholds of the primeval inhabitants of the country, and which are still inhabited after a lapse of so many centuries, nothing of the stir and movement of other parts of Europe having penetrated into these lonely valleys, and tempted the people to quit their mountain fastnesses for a more accessible dwelling in the plain.

"I have been led on further than I intended, but I wished to give an example of what I meant by a real and lively knowledge of geography, which brings the whole character of a country before our eyes, and enables us to understand its influence upon the social and political condition of its inhabitants. And this knowledge, as I said before, is very important to enable us to follow clearly the external revolutions of different nations, which we want to comprehend before we penetrate to what has been passing within."

This introductory discussion is followed by a rapid sketch of the different struggles for power and independence in Europe during the three last centuries. The general tendency of this period has been to consolidate severed nations into great kingdoms; but this tendency has been checked when the growth of any single power has become excessive, by the combined efforts of other European nations. Spain, France, England, and Austria, all in their turns have excited the jealousy of their neighbours, and have been attacked by their confederate strength. But in 1793 the peace of Europe was assailed by an enemy still more dangerous and energetic—still more destructive—we doubt whether in the English language a more vivid description is to be found of the evil, its progress, and its termination, than Dr Arnold has given in the following passage:—

"Ten years afterwards there broke out by far the most alarming danger of universal dominion, which had ever threatened Europe. The most military people in Europe became engaged in a war for their very existence. Invasion on the frontiers, civil war and all imaginable horrors raging within, the ordinary relations of life went to wreck, and every Frenchman became a soldier. It was a multitude numerous as the hosts of Persia, but animated by the courage and skill and energy of the old Romans. One thing alone was wanting, that which Pyrrhus said the Romans

and, by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting trade, right and left along the Riviera, was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realize the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied; and the storehouses began to be drawn upon; and no fresh supply, or hope of supply, appeared.

"Winter passed away and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belts of mountains, and open to the full rays of the southern sun. Spring returned and clothed the hill-sides within the lines with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens by its liveliness and softness, when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object; ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road-sides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distresses of the people; but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese, and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering and most miserable death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes, husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me, that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on, till in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plain of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure. Other horrors which occurred besides during this blockade, I pass over; the agonizing death of twenty thousand innocent and helpless persons requires nothing to be added to it.

"Now, is it right that such a tragedy as this should take place, and that the laws of

war should be supposed to justify the authors of it? Conceive having been an officer in Lord Keith's squadron at that time, and being employed in stopping the food which was being brought for the relief of such misery. For the thing was done deliberately; the helplessness of the Genoese was known; their distress was known; it was known that they could not force Massena to surrender; it was known that they were dying daily by hundreds; yet week after week, and month after month, did the British ships of war keep their iron watch along all the coast; no vessel nor boat laden with any article of provision could escape their vigilance. One cannot but be thankful that Nelson was spared from commanding at this horrible blockade of Genoa.

"Now, on which side the law of nations should throw the guilt of most atrocious murder, is of little comparative consequence, or whether it should attach it to both sides equally; but that the deliberate starving to death of twenty thousand helpless persons should be regarded as a crime in one or both of the parties concerned in it, seems to me self-evident. The simplest course would seem to be, that all non-combatants should be allowed to go out of a blockaded town, and that the general who should refuse to let them pass, should be regarded in the same light as one who were to murder his prisoners, or who were to be in the habit of butchering women and children. For it is not true that war only looks to the speediest and most effectual way of attaining its object; so that, as the letting the inhabitants go out would enable the garrison to maintain the town longer, the laws of war authorize the keeping them in and starving them. Poisoning wells might be a still quicker method of reducing a place; but do the laws of war therefore sanction it? I shall not be supposed for a moment to be placing the guilt of the individuals concerned in the two cases which I am going to compare, on an equal footing; it would be most unjust to do so—for in the one case they acted, as they supposed, according to a law which made what they did their duty. But, take the cases themselves, and examine them in all their circumstances; the degree of suffering inflicted—the innocence and helplessness of the sufferers—the interests at stake—and the possibility of otherwise securing them; and if any man can defend the lawfulness in the abstract of the starvation of the inhabitants of Genoa, I will engage also to establish the lawfulness of the massacres of September."

We rejoice to find that the great authority of Colonel W. Napier—an

authority of which posterity will know the value—is arrayed on the side of those who think that war, the best school, as after all it must often be, of some of our noblest virtues, need not be always the cause of such atrocities.

This enquiry shows us how the centre of external movement in Europe has varied; but it is not merely to the territorial struggle that our attention should be confined—mighty principles, Christian truth, civil freedom, were often partially at issue on one side, or on the other, in the different contests which the gold and steel of Europe were set in motion to determine; hence the necessity of considering not only the moral power, but the economical and military strength of the respective countries. It requires no mean share of political wisdom to mitigate an encounter with the financial difficulties by which every contest is beset. The evils of the political and social state of France were brought to a head by the dilapidation of its revenues, and occasioned, not the Revolution itself, but the disorders by which it was accompanied. And more than half of our national revenue is appropriated to the payment of our own debt; in other words, every acre of land, besides the support of its owner and the actual demands of the State, is encumbered with the support of two or three persons who represent the creditors of the nation; and every man who would have laboured twelve hours, had no national debt existed, is now obliged to toil sixteen for the same remuneration: such a state of things may be necessary, but it certainly requires investigation.

Other parts of the law of nations, the maritime law especially, require improvement. Superficial men are apt to overlook the transcendent importance of error on these subjects, by which desolation may be spread from one quarter of the globe to the other. As no man can bear long the unanimous disapprobation of his fellows, no nation can long set at defiance the voice of a civilized world. But we return to history in military operations. A good map is essential to this study. For instance, to understand the wars of Frederick the Great, it is not enough to know that he was defeated at Kolin, Hochkirchen, and Cunersdorf—that he was vic-

torious at Rosbach, Lowositz, Zorndorf, and Prague—that he was opposed by Daun, and Laudohn, and Soltikoff—we must also comprehend the situation of the Prussian dominions with regard to those of the allies—the importance of Saxony as covering Prussia on the side of Austria—the importance of Silesia as running into the Austrian frontier, and flanking a large part of Bohemia, should also be considered—this will alone enable us to account for Frederick's attack on Saxony, and his pertinacity in keeping possession of Silesia; nor should it be forgotten, that the military positions of one generation are not always those of the next, and that the military history of one period will be almost unintelligible, if judged according to the roads and fortresses of another. For instance, St Dizier in Champagne, which arrested Charles the Fifth's invading army, is now perfectly untenable—Turin, so celebrated for the sieges it has sustained, is an open town, while Alexandria is the great Piedmontese fortress. The addition of Paris to the list of French strongholds, is, if really intended, a greater change than any that has been enumerated. This discussion leads to an allusion to mountain warfare, which has been termed the poetry of the military art, and of which the struggle in Switzerland in 1799, when the eastern part of that country was turned into a vast citadel, defended by the French against Suwaroff, is a most remarkable instance, as well as the most recent. The history by General Mathieu Dumas of the campaign in 1799 and 1800, is referred to as containing a good account and explanation of this branch of military science.

The internal history of Europe during the three hundred and forty years which have elapsed since the middle ages, is the subject now proposed for our consideration. To the question—What was the external object of Europe during any part of this period? the answer is obvious, that it was engaged in resisting the aggression of Spain, or France, or Austria. But if we carry our view to the moral world, do we find any principle equally obvious, and a solution as satisfactory? By no means. We may, indeed, say, with apparent precision, that during the earliest part of this epoch, Europe

was divided between the champions and antagonists of religion, as, during its latter portion, it was between the enemies and supporters of political reformation. But a deeper analysis will show us that these names were but the badges of ideas, always complex, sometimes contradictory—the war-cry of contending parties, by whom the reality was now forgotten, or to whom, compared with other purposes, it was altogether subordinate.

Take, for instance, the exercise of political power. Is a state free in proportion to the number of its subjects who are admitted to rank among its citizens, or to the degree in which its recognised citizens are invested with political authority? In the latter point of view, the government of Athens was the freest the world has ever seen. In the former it was a most exclusive and jealous oligarchy. "For a city to be well governed," says Aristotle in his *Politics*, "those who share in its government must be free from the care of providing for their own support. This," he adds, "is an admitted truth."

Again, the attentive reader can hardly fail to see that, in the struggle between Pompey and Cæsar, Cæsar represented the popular as Pompey did the aristocratical party, and that Pompey's triumph would have been attended, as Cicero clearly saw, by the domination of an aristocracy in the shape most oppressive and intolerable. The government of Rome, after several desperate struggles, had degenerated into the most corrupt oligarchy, in which all the eloquence of Cicero was unable to kindle the faintest gleam of public virtue. Owing to the success of Cæsar, the civilized world exchanged the dominion of several tyrants for that of one, and the opposition to his design was the resistance of the few to the many.

Or we may take another view of the subject. By freedom do we mean the absence of all restraint in private life, the non-interference by the state in the details of ordinary intercourse? According to such a view, the old government of Venice and the present government of Austria, where debauchery is more than tolerated, would be freer than the Puritan commonwealths in North America, where dramatic representations were prohi-

bited as impious, and death was the legal punishment of fornication.

These are specimens of the difficulties by which we are beset, when we endeavour to obtain an exact and faithful image from the troubled medium through which human affairs are reflected to us. Dr Arnold dwells on this point with his usual felicity of language and illustration.

"This inattention to altered circumstances, which would make us be Guelfs in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, because the Guelf cause had been right in the eleventh or twelfth, is a fault of most universal application in all political questions, and is often most seriously mischievous. It is deeply seated in human nature, being, in fact, no other than an exemplification of the force of habit. It is like the case of a settler, landing in a country overrun with wood and undrained, and visited therefore by excessive falls of rain. The evil of wet, and damp, and closeness, is besetting him on every side; he clears away the woods, and he drains his land, and he, by doing so, mends both his climate and his own condition. Encouraged by his success, he perseveres in his system; clearing a country is with him synonymous with making it fertile and habitable; and he levels, or rather sets fire to, his forests without mercy. Meanwhile, the tide is turned without his observing it; he has already cleared enough, and every additional clearance is a mischief; damp and wet are no longer the evil most to be dreaded, but excessive drought. The rains do not fall in sufficient quantity; the springs become low, the rivers become less and less fitted for navigation. Yet habit blinds him for a long while to the real state of the case; and he continues to encourage a coming mischief in his dread of one that is become obsolete. We have been long making progress on our present tack; yet if we do not go about now, we shall run ashore. Consider the popular feeling at this moment against capital punishments; what is it but continuing to burn the woods, when the country actually wants shade and moisture? Year after year, men talked of the severity of the penal code, and struggled against it in vain. The feeling became stronger and stronger, and at last effected all, and more than all, which it had at first vainly demanded; yet still, from mere habit, it pursues its course, no longer to the restraining of legal cruelty, but to the injury of innocence and the encouragement of crime, and encouraging that worse evil—a sympathy with wickedness justly punished, rather than with the law, when

ther of God or man, unjustly violated. So men have continued to cry out against the power of the Crown after the Crown had been shackled hand and foot; and to express the greatest dread of popular violence long after that violence was exhausted, and the anti-popular party was not only rallied, but had turned the tide of battle, and was victoriously pressing upon its enemy."

The view which Dr Arnold gives of the parties in England during the sixteenth century—that great epoch of English genius—is remarkable for its candour and moderation. He considers the distinctions which then prevailed in England as political rather than religious, "inasmuch as they disputed about points of church government, without any reference to a supposed priesthood; and because even those who maintained that one or another form was to be preferred, because it was of divine appointment, were influenced in their interpretation of the doubtful language of the Scriptures by their own strong persuasion of what that language could not but mean to say."

And he then concludes by the unanswerable remark, that in England, according to the theory of the constitution during the sixteenth century, church and state were one. The proofs of this proposition are innumerable—not merely the act by which the supremacy was conferred on Henry VIII.—not merely the powers, almost unlimited, in matters ecclesiastical, delegated to the king's vicegerent, that vicegerent being a layman—not merely the communion established by the sole authority of Edward VI.—without the least participation in it by any bishop or clergyman; but the still more conclusive argument furnished by the fact, that no point in the doctrine, discipline, or ritual of our church, was established except by the power of Parliament, and the power of Parliament alone—nay, more, that they were established in direct defiance of the implacable opposition of the bishops, by whom, being then Roman Catholics, the English Church, on the accession of Elizabeth, was represented—to which the omission of the names of the Lords Spiritual in the Act of Uniformity, which is said to be enacted by the "Queen's Highness," with the assent of the Lords and Com-

mons in Parliament assembled, is a testimony, at once unanswerable and unprecedented. We have dwelt with the more anxiety on this part of Dr Arnold's work, as it furnishes a complete answer to the absurd opinions concerning the English Church, which it has been of late the object of a few bigots, unconsciously acting as the tools of artful and ambitious men, to propagate, and which would lead, by a direct and logical process, to the complete overthrow of Protestant faith and worship. Such, then, being the state of things "recognized on all hands, church government was no light matter, but one which essentially involved in it the government of the state; and the disputing the Queen's supremacy, was equivalent to depriving her of one of the most important portions of her sovereignty, and committing half of the government of the nation to other hands."

At the accession of Henry VIII., the most profound tranquillity prevailed over England. The last embers of those factions by which, during his father's reign, the peace of the nation had been disturbed rather than endangered, were quenched by the vigilance and severity of that able monarch; during the wars of the Roses, the noblest blood in England had been poured out on the field or on the scaffold, and the wealth of the most opulent proprietors had been drained by confiscation. The parties of York and Lancaster were no more—the Episcopal and Puritan factions were not yet in being—every day diminished the influence of the nobles—the strength of the Commons was in its infancy—the Crown alone remained, strong in its own prerogative, stronger still in the want of all competitors. Crime after crime was committed by the savage tyrant who inherited it; he was ostentatious—the treasures of the nation were lavished at his feet; he was vindictive—the blood of the wise, the noble, and the beautiful, was shed, like water, to gratify his resentment; he was rapacious—the accumulations of ancient piety were surrendered to glut his avarice; he was arbitrary—and his proclamations were made equivalent to acts of Parliament; he was fickle—and the religion of the nation was changed to gratify his lust. To all this the English people submitted, as to some divine infliction, in silence and

consecration—the purses, lives, liberties, and consciences of his people were, for a time, at his disposal. During the times of his son and his eldest daughter, the general aspect of affairs was the same. But, though the hurricane of royal caprice and bigotry swept over the land, seemingly without resistance, the sublime truths which were the daily subject of controversy, and the solid studies with which the age was conversant, penetrated into every corner of the land, and were incorporated with the very being of the nation. Then, as the mist of doubt and persecution which had covered Mary's throne cleared away, the intellect of England, in all its health, and vigour, and symmetry, stood revealed in the men and women of the Elizabethan age:—

“To say,” observes Dr Arnold, “that the Puritans were wanting in humility because they did not acquiesce in the state of things which they found around them, is a mere extravagance, arising out of a total misapprehension of the nature of humility, and of the merits of the feeling of veneration. All earnestness and depth of character is incompatible with such a notion of humility. A man deeply penetrated with some great truth, and compelled, as it were, to obey it, cannot listen to every one who may be indifferent to it, or opposed to it. There is a voice to which he already owes obedience, which he serves with the humblest devotion, which he worships with the most intense veneration. It is not that such feelings are dead in him, but that he has bestowed them on one object, and they are claimed for another. To which they are most due is a question of justice; he may be wrong in his decision, and his worship may be idolatrous; but so also may be the worship which his opponents call upon him to render. If, indeed, it can be shown that a man admires and reverences nothing, he may be justly taxed with want of humility; but this is at variance with the very notion of an earnest character; for its earnestness consists in its devotion to some one object, as opposed to a proud or contemptuous indifference. But if it be meant that reverence in itself is good, so that the more objects of veneration we have the better is our character, this is to confound the essential difference between veneration and love. The excellence of love is its universality; we are told that even the highest object of all cannot be loved if inferior objects are hated.”

Opinions, in the meanwhile, not
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very favourable to established authority in the state, and marked by a rooted antipathy to ecclesiastical pretensions, were rapidly gaining proselytes in the nation, and even at the court. But the prudence and spirit of Elizabeth, and, still more, the great veneration and esteem for that magnanimous princess, which were for many years the ruling principle—we might almost say, the darling passion—of Englishmen, enabled her to keep at bay the dangerous animosities which her miserable successor had neither dexterity to conciliate nor vigour to subdue. In his time the cravings, moral and intellectual, of the English nation discovered themselves in forms not to be mistaken—some more, some less formidable to established government; but all announcing that the time was come when concession to them was inevitable. No matter whether it was the Puritan who complained of the rags of popery, or the judge who questioned the prerogative of the sovereign, or the patriot who bewailed the profligate expenditure of James's polluted court, or the pamphleteer whom one of our dramatists has described so admirably, or the hoarse murmur of the crowd execrating the pusillanimous murder of Raleigh—whosoever the voice might be, whatever shape it might assume, petition, controversy, remonstrance, address, impeachment, libel, menace, insurrection, the language it spoke was uniform and unequivocal; it demanded for the people a share in the administration of their government, civil and ecclesiastical—it expressed their determination to make the House of Commons a reality.

The observations that follow are fraught with the most profound wisdom, and afford an admirable exemplification of the manner in which history should be read by those who wish to find in it something more than a mere register of facts and anecdotes:—

“Under these circumstances there were now working together in the same party many principles which, as we have seen, are sometimes perfectly distinct. For instance the popular principle, that the influence of many should not be overborne by that of one, was working side by side with the principle of movement, or the desire of carrying on the work of the Reformation to the furthest possible point, and not only the desire of completing the

Reformation, but that of shaking off the manifold evils of the existing state of things, both political and moral. Yet it is remarkable that the spirit of intellectual movement stood as it were hesitating which party it ought to join: and as the contest went on, it seemed rather to incline to that party which was most opposed to the political movement. This is a point in the state of English party in the seventeenth century which is well worth noticing, and we must endeavour to comprehend it.

"We might think, *a priori*, that the spirit of political, and that of intellectual, and that of religious movement, would go on together, each favouring and encouraging the other. But the spirit of intellectual movement differs from the other two in this, that it is comparatively one with which the mass of mankind have little sympathy. Political benefits all men can appreciate; and all good men, and a great many more than we might well dare to call good, can appreciate also the value, not of all, but of some religious truth which to them may seem all: the way to obtain God's favour and to worship Him aright, is a thing which great bodies of men can value, and be moved to the most determined efforts if they fancy that they are hindered from attaining to it. But intellectual movement in itself is a thing which few care for. Political truth may be dear to them, so far as it effects their common well-being; and religious truth so far as they may think it their duty to learn it; but truth abstractedly, and because it is truth, which is the object, I suppose, of the pure intellect, is to the mass of mankind a thing indifferent. Thus the workings of the intellect come even to be regarded with suspicion as unsettling: we have got, we say, what we want, and we are well contented with it; why should we be kept in perpetual restlessness, because you are searching after some new truths which, when found, will compel us to derange the state of our minds in order to make room for them. Thus the democracy of Athens was afraid of and hated Socrates; and the poet who satirized Cleon, knew that Cleon's partizans, no less than his own aristocratical friends, would sympathize with his satire when directed against the philosophers. But if this hold in political matters, much more does it hold religiously. The two great parties of the Christian world have each their own standard of truth, by which they try all things: Scripture on the one hand, the voice of the church on the other. To both, therefore, the pure intellectual movement is not only unwelcome, but they dislike it. It will question what they will

not allow to be questioned; it may arrive at conclusions which they would regard as impious. And, therefore, in an age of religious movement particularly, the spirit of intellectual movement soon finds itself proscribed rather than countenanced."

In the extract which follows, the pure and tender morality of the sentiment vies with the atmosphere of fine writing that invests it. The passage is one which Plato might have envied, and which we should imagine the most hardened and successful of our modern apostates cannot read without some feeling like contrition and remorse. Fortunate indeed were the youth trained to virtue by such a monitor, and still more fortunate the country where such a duty was confided to such a man:—

"I have tried to analyze the popular party: I must now endeavour to do the same with the party opposed to it. Of course an anti-popular party varies exceedingly at different times; when it is in the ascendant, its vilest elements are sure to be uppermost: fair and moderate, —just men, wise men, noble-minded men, —then refuse to take part with it. But when it is humbled, and the opposite side begins to imitate its practices, then again many of the best and noblest spirits return to it, and share its defeat though they abhorred its victory. We must distinguish, therefore, very widely, between the anti-popular party in 1640, before the Long Parliament met, and the same party a few years, or even a few months, afterwards. Now, taking the best specimens of this party in its best state, we can scarcely admire them too highly. A man who leaves the popular cause when it is triumphant, and joins the party opposed to it, without really changing his principles and becoming a renegade, is one of the noblest characters in history. He may not have the clearest judgment, or the firmest wisdom; he may have been mistaken, but, as far as he is concerned personally, we cannot but admire him. But such a man changes his party not to conquer but to die. He does not allow the caresses of his new friends to make him forget that he is a sojourner with them, and not a citizen: his old friends may have used him ill, they may be dealing unjustly and cruelly: still their faults, though they may have driven him into exile, cannot banish from his mind the consciousness that with them is his true home: that their cause is habitually just and habitually the weaker, although now

bewildered and led astray by an unwonted gleam of success. He protests so strongly against their evil that he chooses to die by their hands rather than in their company; but die he must, for there is no place left on earth where his sympathies can breathe freely; he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere is intolerable. This man is no renegade, no apostate, but the purest of martyrs: for what testimony to truth can be so pure as that which is given uncheered by any sympathy; given not against friends, amidst un pitying or half-rejoicing enemies. And such a martyr was Falkland!

"Others who fall off from a popular party in its triumph, are of a different character; ambitious men, who think that they become necessary to their opponents and who crave the glory of being able to undo their own work as easily as they had done it: passionate men, who, quarrelling with their old associates on some personal question, join the adversary in search of revenge; vain men, who think their place unequal to their merits, and hope to gain a higher on the opposite side: timid men, who are frightened as it were at the noise of their own guns, and the stir of actual battle—who had liked to dally with popular principles in the parade service of debating or writing in quiet times, but who shrink alarmed when both sides are become thoroughly in earnest: and again, quiet and honest men, who never having fully comprehended the general principles at issue, and judging only by what they see before them, are shocked at the violence of their party, and think that the opposite party is now become innocent and just, because it is now suffering wrong rather than doing it. Lastly, men who rightly understand that good government is the result of popular and anti-popular principles blended together, rather than of the mere ascendancy of either; whose aim, therefore, is to prevent either from going too far, and to throw their weight into the lighter scale: wise men and most useful, up to the moment when the two parties are engaged in actual civil war, and the question is— which shall conquer? For no man can pretend to limit the success of a party, when the sword is the arbitrator: he who wins in that game does not win by halves: and therefore the only question then is, which party is on the whole the best, or rather perhaps the least evil; for as one must crush the other, it is at least desirable that the party so crushed should be the worse."

Dr Arnold—rightly, we hope—as-

sumes, that in lectures addressed to Englishmen and Protestants, it is unnecessary to vindicate the principles of the Revolution; it would, indeed, be an affront to any class of educated Protestant freemen, to argue that our present constitution was better than a feudal monarchy, or the religion of Tillotson superior to that of Laud—in his own words; "whether the doctrine and discipline of our Protestant Church of England, be not better and truer than that of Rome." He therefore supposes the Revolution complete, the Bill of Rights and the Toleration Act already passed, the authority of King William recognized in England and in Scotland, while in Ireland the party of King James was still predominant. He then bids us consider the character and object of the parties by which Great Britain was then divided; on the side of the Revolution were enlisted the great families of our aristocracy, and the bulk of the middle classes. The faction of James included the great mass of country gentlemen, the lower orders, and, (after the first dread of a Roman Catholic hierarchy had passed away,) except in a very few instances, the parochial and teaching clergy; civil and religious liberty was the motto of one party—hereditary right and passive obedience, of the other. As the Revolution had been bloodless, it might have been supposed that its reward would have been secure, and that our great deliverer would have been allowed to pursue his schemes for the liberty of Europe, if not without opposition, at least without hostility. But the old Royalist party had been surprised and confounded, not broken or altogether overcome. They rallied—some from pure, others from selfish and sordid motives—under the banner to which they had been so long accustomed; and, though ultimately baffled, they were able to place in jeopardy, and in some measure to fling away the advantages which the blood and treasure of England had been prodigally lavished to obtain.

The conquest of Ireland was followed by that terrible code against the Catholics, the last remnant of which is now obliterated from our statute-book. It is singular that this savage proscription should have been the work of the party at whose head stood the champion of toleration.

The account which Mr Burke has given of it, and for the accuracy of which he appeals to Bishop Burnet, does not entirely coincide with the view taken by Dr Arnold. Mr Burke says—

“A party in this nation, enemies to the system of the Revolution, were in opposition to the government of King William. They knew that our glorious deliverer was an enemy to all persecution. They knew that he came to free us from slavery and Popery, out of a country where a third of the people are contented Catholics, under a Protestant government. He came, with a part of his army composed of those very Catholics, to overset the power of a Popish prince. Such is the effect of a tolerating spirit, and so much is liberty served in every way, and by all persons, by a manly adherence to its own principles. Whilst freedom is true to itself, every thing becomes subject to it, and its very adversaries are an instrument in its hands.

“The party I speak of (like some amongst us who would disparage the best friends of their country) resolved to make the King either violate his principles of toleration, or incur the odium of protecting Papists. They, therefore, brought in this bill, and made it purposely wicked and absurd, that it might be rejected. The then court-party discovering their game, turned the tables on them, and returned their bill to them stuffed with still greater absurdities, that its loss might lie upon its original authors. They, finding their own ball thrown back to them, kicked it back again to their adversaries. And thus this act, loaded with the double injustice of two parties, neither of whom intended to pass what they hoped the other would be persuaded to reject, went through the legislature, contrary to the real wish of all parts of it, and of all the parties that composed it. In this manner these insolent and profligate factions, as if they were playing with balls and counters, made a sport of the fortunes and the liberties of their fellow-creatures. Other acts of persecution have been acts of malice. This was a subversion of justice from wantonness.”

| Whether Dr Arnold's theory be applicable or not to this particular

case, it furnishes but too just a solution of Irish misgovernment in general. It is, that excessive severity toward conquered rebels, is by no means inconsistent with the principles of free government, or even with the triumph of a democracy. The truth of this fact is extorted from us by all history, and may be accounted for first, by the circumstance, that large bodies of men are less affected than individuals, by the feelings of shame and a sense of responsibility; and, secondly, that conduct the most selfish and oppressive, the mere suspicion of which would be enough to brand an individual with everlasting infamy, assumes, when adopted by popular assemblies, the air of statesmanlike wisdom and patriotic inflexibility. The main cause of the difference with which the lower orders in France and England regarded the Revolution in their respective countries, is to be found in the different nature of the evils which they were intended to remove. The English Revolution was merely political—the French was social also; the benefits of the Bill of Rights, great and inestimable as they were, were such as demanded some knowledge and reflection to appreciate—they did not come home directly to the business and bosom of the peasant; it was only in rare and great emergencies that he could become sensible of the rights they gave, or of the means of oppression they took away: while the time-honoured dwellings of the Cavendishes and Russells were menaced and assailed, nothing but the most senseless tyranny could render the cottage insecure; but the abolition of the seigniorial rights in France, free communication between her provinces, equal taxation, impartial justice—these were blessings which it required no economist to illustrate, and no philosopher to explain. Every labourer in France, whose sweat had flowed for the benefit of others, whose goods had been seized by the exactors of the Taille and the Gabelle,* the fruits of whose soil had been wasted because he was

* “*Taille and the Gabelle.*” Sully thus describes these fertile sources of crime and misery:—“*Taille, source principale d'abus et de vexations de toute espèce, sans sa repartition et sa perception. Il est bien à souhaiter, mais pas à espérer, qu'on change un jour en entier le fond de cette partie des revenus. Je mets la Gabelle de niveau avec la Taille. Je n'ai jamais rien trouvé de si bizarrement tyrannique que de faire*

not allowed to sell them at the neighbouring market, whose domestic happiness had been polluted, or whose self-respect had been lowered by injuries and insults, all retribution for which was hopeless, might well be expected to value these advantages more than life itself. But when the principles of the Revolution were triumphant, and the House of Brunswick finally seated on the throne of this country, it remains to be seen what were, during the eighteenth century, the fruits of this great and lasting victory. The answer is a melancholy one. Content with what had been achieved, the nation seems at once to have abandoned all idea of any further moral or intellectual progress. In private life the grossest ignorance and debauchery were written upon our social habits, in the broadest and most legible characters. In public life, we see chicanery in the law, apathy in the Church, corruption in Parliament, brutality on the seat of justice; trade burdened with a great variety of capricious restrictions; the punishment of death multiplied with the most shocking indifference; the state of prisons so dreadful, that imprisonment—which might be, and in those days often was, the lot of the most innocent of mankind—became in itself a tremendous punishment; the press virtually shackled; education every where wanted, and no where to be found.

The laws that were passed resemble the edicts of a jealous, selfish, and even vindictive oligarchy, rather than institutions adopted for the common welfare, by the representatives of a free people. Turn to any of the works which describe the manners of the age, from the works of Richardson or Fielding, to the bitter satire of Churchill and the melancholy remonstrances of Cowper, and you are struck with the delineation of a state and manners, and a tone of feeling which, in the present day, appears scarcely credible. "‘Sdeath, madam, do you threaten me with the law?" says Lovelace to the victim of his calculating and sordid violence. Throughout the volumes of these great writers, the features

perpetually recur of insolence, corruption, violence, and debauchery in the one class, and of servility and cunning in the other. It is impossible for the worst quality of an aristocracy—nominally, to be sure, subject to the restraint of the law, but practically, almost wholly exempt from its operation—to be more clearly and more fearfully represented. The South Sea scheme, the invasion of Scotland, the disgraceful expeditions on the coast of France; the conduct of Lord George Sackville at Minden, the miserable attempt on Carthage, the loss of Minore, the convention of Closterseven, the insecurity of the high-roads, nay, of the public streets in the metropolis itself, all serve to show the deplorable condition into which the nation was fast sinking, abroad and at home, when the "Great Commoner" once more aroused its energies, concentrated its strength, and carried it to a higher pinnacle of glory than it has ever been the lot even of Great Britain to attain. Yet this effect was transient—the progress of corruption was checked, but the disease still lurked in the heart, and tainted the life-blood of the community. The orgies of Medmenham Abbey, the triumphs of Wilkes, and the loss of America, bear fatal testimony to the want of decency and disregard of merit in private as well as public life which infected Great Britain, polluting the sources of her domestic virtues, and bringing disgrace upon her arms and councils during the greater part of the eighteenth century. It is with a masterly review of this period of our history that Dr Arnold closes his analysis of the three last centuries. His remaining lecture is dedicated to the examination of historical evidence—a subject on which it is not our present intention to offer any commentary.

To trace effects to their causes, is the object of all science; and by this object, as it is accomplished or incomplete, the progress of any particular science must be determined. The order of the moral is in reality as immutable as the laws of the physical world; and human actions are linked to their consequences by a necessity as inex-

orable as that which controls the growth of plants or the motion of the earth, though the connexion between cause and effect is not equally discernible. The depression of the nobles and the rise of the commons in England, after the statutes of alienation, were the result of causes as infallible in their operation as those which regulate the seasons and the tides. Repeated experiments have proved beyond dispute, that gold is heavier than iron. Is the superior value of gold to iron a fact more questionable? Yet is value a quality purely moral, and absolutely dependent on the will of man. The events of to-day are bound to those of yesterday, and those of to-morrow will be bound to those of to-day, no less certainly than the harvest of the present year springs from the grain which is the produce of former harvests. When by a severe and diligent analysis we have ascertained all the ingredients of any phenomenon, and have separated it from all that is foreign and adventitious, we know its true nature, and may deduce a general law from our experiment; for a general law is nothing more than an expression of the effect produced by the same cause operating under the same circumstances. In the reign of Louis XV., a Montmorency was convicted of an atrocious murder. He was punished by a short imprisonment in the Bastille. His servant and accomplice was, for the same offence at the same time, broken alive upon the wheel. Is the proposition, that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, more certain than the ruin of a system under which such a state of things was tolerated? How, then, does it come to pass, that the same people who cling to one set of truths reject the other with obstinate incredulity? Cicero shall account for it:—"Sensus nostros non parens, non nutrix, non poeta, non scena depravat; animis omnes tenduntur insidiæ." The discoveries of physical science, in the present day at least, allow little scope to prejudice and inclination. Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative, agree, that fire will burn and water suffocate; nay, no tractarian, so far as we know, has ventured to call in question the truths established by Cuvier and La Place. But every proposition in moral or political science en-

lists a host of feelings in zealous support or implacable hostility; and the same system, according to the creed and prepossessions of the speaker, is put forward as self-evident, or stigmatized as chimerical. One set of people throw corn into the river and burn mills, in order to cheapen bread—another vote that sixteen shillings are equal to twenty-one, in order to support public credit—proceedings in no degree more reasonable than a denial that two and two make four, or using gunpowder instead of water to stop a conflagration. Again, in physical science, the chain which binds the cause to its effect is short, simple, and passes through no region of vapour and obscurity; in moral phenomena, it is long hidden and intertwined with the links of ten thousand other chains, which ramify and cross each other in a confusion which it requires no common patience and sagacity to unravel. Therefore it is that the lessons of history, dearly as they have been purchased, are forgotten and thrown away—therefore it is that nations sow in folly and reap in affliction—that thrones are shaken, and empires convulsed, and commerce fettered by vexatious restrictions, by those who live in one century, without enabling their descendants to become wiser or richer in the next. The death of Charles I. did not prevent the exile of James II., and, in spite of the disasters of Charles XII., Napoleon tempted fortune too often and too long. It is not, then, by the mere knowledge of separate facts that history can contribute to our improvement or our happiness; it would then exchange the character of philosophy treated by examples, for that of sophistry misleading by empiricism. The more systematic the view of human events which it enables us to gain, the more nearly does it approach its real office, and entitle itself to the splendid panegyric of the Roman statesman—"Historia, testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis."

But while we insist upon the certainty of those truths which a calm examination of history confirms, and the sure operation of those general laws by which Providence in its wisdom has ordained that the affairs of this lower world shall be controlled—

let it not be supposed that we for a moment doubt the truth which Demosthenes took such pains to inculcate upon his countrymen, that fortune in human affairs is for a time omnipotent. That fortune, which "erring men call chance," is the name which finite beings must apply to those secret and unknown causes which no human sagacity can penetrate or comprehend.

What depends upon a few persons, observes Mr Hume, is to be ascribed to chance; what arises from a great number, may often be accounted for by known and determinate causes; and he illustrates this position by the instance of a loaded die, the bias of which, however it may for a short time escape detection, will certainly in a great number of instances become predominant. The issue of a battle may be decided by a sunbeam or a cloud of dust. Had an heir been born to Charles II. of Spain—had the youthful son of Monsieur De Bouillé not fallen asleep when Louis XVI. entered Varennes—had Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, been stopped by an English cruizer—how different would have been the face of Europe. The *poco di piu* and *poco di meno* has, in such contingencies, an unbounded influence. The trade-winds are steady enough to furnish grounds for the most accurate calculation; but will any man in our climate venture to predict from what quarter, on any particular day, the wind may chance to blow?

Therefore, in forming our judgment of human affairs, we must apply a "Lesbian rule," instead of one that is inflexible. Here it is that the line is drawn between science, and the wisdom which has for its object the administration of human affairs. The masters of science explore a multitude of phenomena to ascertain a single cause; the statesman and legislator, engaged in pursuits "hardliest reduced to axiom," examine a multitude of causes to explain a solitary phenomenon. The investigations, however, to which such questions lead, are singularly difficult, as they require an accurate analysis of the most complicated class of facts which can possibly engross our attention, and to the complete examination of which the faculties of any one man must be inadequate. The finest specimens of such enquiries which we possess are the

works of Adam Smith and Montesquieu. The latter, indeed, may be called a great historian. He sought in every quarter for his account of those fundamental principles which are common to all governments, as well as of those peculiarities by which they are distinguished one from another. The analogy which reaches from the first dim gleam of civility to the last and consummate result of policy and intelligence, from the law of the Salian Franks to the Code Napoleon, it was reserved for him to discover and explain. He saw that, though the shape into which the expression of human thought and will was moulded as the family became a tribe, and the tribe a nation, might be fantastic and even monstrous—that the staple from which it unrolled itself must be the same. Treading in the steps of Vico, he more than realized his master's project, and in his immortal work (which, with all its faults, is a magnificent and as yet unrivalled, trophy of his genius, and will serve as a landmark to future enquirers when its puny critics are not known enough to be despised) he has extracted from a chaos of casual observations, detached hints—from the principles concealed in the intricate system of Roman jurisprudence, or exposed in the rules which barely held together the barbarous tribes of Gaul and Germany—from the manners of the polished Athenian, and from the usages of the wandering Tartar—from the rudeness of savage life, and the corruptions of refined society—a digest of luminous and coherent evidence, by which the condition of man, in the different stages of his social progress, is exemplified and ascertained. The loss of the History of Louis XI.—a work which he had projected, and of which he had traced the outline—is a disappointment which the reader of modern history can never enough deplore.

The province of science lies in truths that are universal and immutable; that of prudence in second causes that are transient and subordinate. What is universally true is alone necessarily true—the knowledge that rests in particulars must be accidental. The theorist disdains experience—the empiric rejects principle. The one is the pedant who read Hannibal a lecture on the art of war; the

other is the carrier who knows the road between London and York better than Humboldt, but a new road is prescribed to him and his knowledge becomes useless. This is the state of mind La Fontaine has described so perfectly in his story of the "Cierge."

"Un d'eux, voyant la brique au feu endurcie

Vaincre l'effort des ans, il eut la même envie ;

Et nouvel Empédocle, aux flammes condamné

Par sa pure et propre folie,
Il se lança dedans—ce fût mal raisonné,
Le Cierge ne savait grain de philosophie."

The mere chemist or mathematician will apply his truths improperly; the man of detail, the mere empiric, will deal skilfully with particulars, while to all general truths he is insensible. The wise man, the philosopher in action, will use the one as a stepping-stone to the other, and acquire a vantage-ground from whence he will command the realms of practice and experience.

History teems with instances that—although the general course of the human mind is marked out, and each succeeding phasis in which it exhibits itself appears inevitable—the human race cannot be considered, as Vico and Herder were, perhaps, inclined to look upon it, as a mass without intelligence, traversing its orbit according to laws which it has no power to modify or control. On such an hypothesis, Wisdom and Folly, Justice and Injustice, would be the same, followed by the same consequences and subject to the same destiny—no certain laws establishing invariable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end; the feelings, faculties, and instincts of man would be useless in a world where the wise was always as the foolish, the just as the unjust, where calculation was impossible, and experience of no avail.

Man is no doubt the instrument, but the unconscious instrument, of Providence; and for the end they propose to themselves, though not for the result which they attain, nations as well as individuals are responsible. Otherwise, why should we read or speak of history? it would be the feverish dream of a distempered imagination,

full of incoherent ravings, a disordered chaos of antagonist illusions—

——— "A tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But on the contrary, it is in history that the lessons of morality are delivered with most effect. The priest may provoke our suspicion—the moralist may fail to work in us any practical conviction; but the lessons of history are not such as vanish in the fumes of unprofitable speculation, or which it is possible for us to mistrust, or to deride. Obscure as the dispensations of Providence often are, it sometimes, to use Lord Bacon's language—"pleases God, for the confutation of such as are without God in the world, to write them in such text and capital letters that he who runneth by may read it—that is, mere sensual persons which hasten by God's judgments, and never tend or fix their cogitations upon them, are nevertheless in their passage and race urged to discern it." In all historical writers, philosophical or trivial, sacred or profane, from the meagre accounts of the monkish chronicler, no less than from the pages stamped with all the indignant energy of Tacitus, gleams forth the light which, amid surrounding gloom and injustice, amid the apparent triumph of evil, discovers the influence of that power which the heathens personified as Nemesis. Her tread, indeed, is often noiseless—her form may be long invisible—but the moment at length arrives when the measure of forbearance is complete; the echoes of her step vibrate upon the ear, her form bursts upon the eye, and her victim—be it a savage tyrant, or a selfish oligarchy, or a hypocritical church, or a corrupt nation—perishes.

"Come quei che va di notte,
Che porta il lume dietro, e a se non giova,
Ma dopo se fa le persone dotte."

And as in daily life we rejoice to trace means directed to an end, and proofs of sagacity and instinct even among the lower tribes of animated nature, with how much greater delight do we seize the proofs vouchsafed to us in history of that eternal law, by which the affairs of the universe are governed? How much more do we rejoice to find that the order to

which physical nature owes its existence and perpetuity, does not stop at the threshold of national life—that the moral world is not *fatherless*, and that man, formed to look before and after, is not abandoned to confusion and insecurity?

Fertile and comprehensive indeed is the domain of history, comprising the whole region of probabilities within its jurisdiction—all the various shapes into which man has been cast—all the different scenes in which he has been called upon to act or suffer; his power and his weakness, his folly and his wisdom, his virtues in their meridian height, his vices in the lowest abyss of their degradation, are displayed before us, in their struggles, vicissitudes, and infinitely diversified combinations: an inheritance beyond all price—a vast repository of fruitful and immortal truths. There is nothing so mean or so dignified; nothing so obscure or so glorious; no question so abstruse, no problem so subtle, no difficulty so arduous, no situation so critical, of which we may not demand from history an account and elucidation. Here we find all that the toil, and virtues, and sufferings, and genius, and experience, of our species have laboured for successive generations to accumulate and pre-

serve. The fruit of their blood, of their labour, of their doubts, and their struggles, is before us—a treasure that no malignity can corrupt, or violence take away. And above all, it is here that, when tormented by doubt, or startled by anomalies, stung by disappointment, or exasperated by injustice, we may look for consolation and encouragement. As we see the same events, that to those who witnessed them must have appeared isolated and capricious, tending to one great end, and accomplishing one specific purpose, we may learn to infer that those which appear to us most extraordinary, are alike subservient to a wise and benevolent dispensation. Poetry, the greatest of all critics has told us, has this advantage over history, that the lessons which it furnishes are not mixed and confined to particular cases, but pure and universal. Studied, however, in this spirit, history, while it improves the reason, may satisfy the heart, enabling us to await with patience the lesson of the great instructor, Time, and to employ the mighty elements it places within our reach, to the only legitimate purpose of all knowledge—"The advancement of God's glory, and the relief of man's estate."

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. V.

THE VICTORY FEAST.

[THIS noble lyric is perhaps the happiest of all those poems in which Schiller has blended the classical spirit with the more deep and tender philosophy which belongs to modern romance. The individuality of the heroes introduced is carefully preserved. The reader is every where reminded of Homer; and yet, as a German critic has observed, *there is an under current of sentiment* which betrays the thoughtful *Northern* minstrel. This detracts from the art of the Poem viewed as an imitation, but constitutes its very charm as an original composition. Its inspiration rises from a source purely Hellenic, but the streamlets it receives at once adulterate and enrich, or (to change the metaphor) it has the costume and the gusto of the Greek, but the toning down of the colours betrays the German.]

THE stately walls of Troy had sunken,
 Her towers and temples strew'd the soil;
 The sons of Hellas, victory-drunken,
 Richly laden with the spoil,
 Are on their lofty barks reclin'd
 Along the Hellespontine strand;
 A gleesome freight the favouring wind
 Shall bear to Greece's glorious land;
 And gleesome sounds the chaunted strain,
 As towards the household altars, now,
 Each bark inclines the painted prow—
 For Home shall smile again!

And there the Trojan women, weeping,
 Sit ranged in many a length'ning row;
 Their heedless locks, dishevell'd, sweeping
 Adown the wan cheeks worn with woe.
 No festive sounds that peal along,
 Their mournful dirge can overwhelm;
 Through hymns of joy one sorrowing song
 Commingled, wails the ruin'd realm.
 "Farewell, beloved shores!" it said,
 "From home afar behold us torn,
 By foreign lords as captives borne—
 Ah, happy are the Dead!"

And Calchas, while the altars blaze,
 Invokes the high gods to their feast!
 On Pallas, mighty or to raise
 Or shatter cities, call'd the Priest—
 And Him, who wreathes around the land
 The girdle of his watery world,
 And Zeus, from whose almighty hand
 The terror and the bolt are hurl'd.
 Success at last awards the crown—
 The long and weary war is past;
 Time's destined circle ends at last—
 And fall'n the Mighty Town!

The Son of Atreus, king of men,
 The muster of the hosts survey'd,
 How dwindled from the thousands, when
 Along Scamander first array'd!

With sorrow and the cloudy thought,
 The Great King's stately look grew dim—
 Of all the hosts to Ilion brought,
 How few to Greece return with him!
 Still let the song to gladness call,
 For those who yet their home shall greet!—
 For them the blooming life is sweet:
 Return is not for all!

Nor all who reach their native land
 May long the joy of welcome feel—
 Beside the household gods may stand
 Grim Murther with awaiting steel;
 And they who 'scape the foe, may die
 Beneath the foul familiar glaive.
 Thus He† to whose prophetic eye
 Her light the wise Minerva gave:—
 "Ah! blest whose hearth, to memory true,
 The goddess keeps unstain'd and pure—
 For woman's guile is deep and sure,
 And Falsehood loves the New!"

The Spartan eyes his Helen's charms,
 By the best blood of Greece recaptured;
 Round that fair form his glowing arms—
 (A second bridal)—wreath enraptured.
 "Woe waits the work of evil birth—
 Revenge to deeds unblest is given!
 For watchful o'er the things of earth,
 The eternal Council-Halls of Heaven.
 Yes, ill shall ever ill repay—
 Jove to the impious hands that stain
 The Altar of Man's Hearth, again
 The doomer's doom shall weigh!"

"Well they, reserved for joy to day,"
 Cried out Oileus' valiant son,
 "May laud the favouring gods who sway
 Our earth, their easy thrones upon;
 Without a choice they mete our doom,
 Our woe or welfare Hazard gives—
 Patroclus slumbers in the tomb,
 And all unharm'd Thersites lives.
 While luck and life to every one
 Blind Fate dispenses, well may they
 Enjoy the life and luck to day
 By whom the prize is won!

"Yes, war will still devour the best!—
 Brother, remember'd in this hour!
 His shade should be in feasts a guest,
 Whose form was in the strife a tower!
 What time our ships the Trojan fired,
 Thine arm to Greece the safety gave—
 The prize to which thy soul aspired,
 The crafty wrested from the brave.†

* Ulysses.

† Need we say to the general reader, that Oileus here alludes to the strife between Ajax and Ulysses, which has furnished a subject to the Greek tragic poet, who has depicted, more strikingly than any historian, that intense emulation for glory, and that

Peace to thine ever-holy rest—
 Not thine to fall before the foe!
 Ajax alone laid Ajax low:
 Ah—wrath destroys the best!”

To his dead sire—(the Dorian king)—
 The bright-hair'd Pyrrhus,* pours the wine:—
 “Of every lot that life can bring,
 My soul, great Father, prizes thine.
 Whate'er the goods of earth, of all,
 The highest and the holiest—FAME!
 For when the Form in dust shall fall,
 O'er dust triumphant lives the Name!
 Brave Man, thy light of glory never
 Shall fade, while song to man shall last;
 The Living soon from earth are pass'd,
 ‘THE DEAD—ENDURE FOR EVER!’”

“While silent in their grief and shame,
 The conquer'd hear the conqueror's praise,”
 Quoth Tydeus' son, “let Hector's fame,
 In me, his foe, its witness raise!
 Who, battling for the altar-hearth,
 A brave defender, bravely fell—
 It takes not from the victor's worth,
 If honour with the vanquish'd dwell.
 Who falleth for the altar-hearth,
 A rock and a defence laid low,
 Shall leave behind him, in the foe,
 The lips that speak his worth!”

Lo, Nestor now, whose stately age
 Through threefold lives of mortals lives!—
 The laurel'd bowl, the kingly sage
 To Hector's tearful mother gives.
 “Drink—in the draught new strength is glowing,
 The grief it bathes forgets the smart!
 O Bacchus! wond'rous boons bestowing,
 Oh how thy balsam heals the heart!
 Drink—in the draught new vigour gloweth,
 The grief it bathes forgets the smart—
 And balsam to the breaking heart,
 The healing god bestoweth.

“As Niobe, when weeping mute,
 To angry gods the scorn and prey,
 But tasted of the charmed fruit,
 And cast despair itself away;
 So, while unto thy lips, its shore,
 This stream of life enchanted flows,
 Remember'd grief, that stung before,
 Sinks down to Lethè's calm repose.
 So, while unto thy lips, its shore,
 The stream of life enchanted flows—
 Drown'd deep in Lethè's calm repose,
 The grief that stung before!”

mortal agony in defeat, which made the main secret of the prodigious energy of the Greek character? The poet, in taking his hero from the Homeric age, endowed him with the feelings of the Athenian republicans he addressed.

* Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles.

Seized by the god—behold the dark
 And dreaming Prophetess* arise!
 She gazes from the lofty bark,
 Where Home's dim vapour wraps the skies—
 "A vapour, all of human birth!
 As mists ascending, seen and gone,
 So fade earth's great ones from the earth,
 And leave the changeless gods alone!
 Behind the steed that skirts away,
 Or on the galley's deck—sits Care!
 To-morrow comes—and Life is where?
 At least—we'll live to-day!"

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.—A BALLAD.

[Hinrichs properly classes this striking ballad (together with the yet grander one of the "Fight with the Dragon") amongst those designed to depict and exalt the virtue of Humility. The source of the story is in Ægidius Tschudi—a Swiss chronicler—and Schiller (who, as Hinrichs suggests,) probably met with it in the researches connected with the compositions of his drama, "William Tell," appears to have adhered, with much fidelity, to the original narrative.]

At Aachen, in imperial state,
 In that time-hallow'd hall renown'd,
 At solemn feast King Rudolf sate,
 The day that saw the hero crown'd!
 Bohemia and thy Palgrave, Rhine,
 Give this the feast, and that the wine;
 The Arch Electoral Seven,
 Like choral stars around the sun,
 Gird him whose hand a world has won,
 The anointed choice of Heaven.

In galleries raised above the pomp,
 Press'd crowd on crowd, their panting way;
 And with the joy-resounding tromp,
 Rang out the million's loud hurra!
 For closed at last the age of slaughter,
 When human blood was pour'd as water—
 Law dawns upon the world! †
 Sharp Force no more shall right the wrong,
 And grind the weak to crown the strong—
 War's carnage-flag is furl'd!

In Rudolf's hand the goblet shines—
 And gaily round the board look'd he;
 "And proud the feast, and bright the wines,
 My kingly heart feels glad to me!
 Yet where the lord of sweet desire,
 Who moves the heart beneath the lyre,
 And dulcet Sound Divine?
 Dear from my youth the craft of song,
 And what as knight I loved so long,
 As Kaiser, still be mine."

* Cassandra.

† Literally, "A judge (*ein richter*) was again upon the earth." The word substituted in the translation, is introduced in order to recall to the reader the sublime name given, not without justice, to Rudolf of Hapsburg, viz., "THE LIVING LAW."

Lo, from the circle bending there,
 With sweeping robe the Bard appears,
 As silver, white his gleaming hair,
 Bleach'd by the many winds of years :
 " And music sleeps in golden strings—
 The minstrel's hire, the Love he sings ;
 Well known to him the ALL
 High thoughts and ardent souls desire !—
 What would the Kaiser from the lyre
 Amidst the banquet-hall ? "

The Great One smiled—" Not mine the sway—
 The minstrel owns a loftier power—
 A mightier king inspires the lay—
 Its hest—THE IMPULSE OF THE HOUR ! "
 As through wide air the tempests sweep,
 As gush the springs from mystic deep,
 Or lone untrodden glen ;
 So from dark hidden fount within,
 Comes SONG, its own wild world to win
 Amidst the souls of men ! "

Swift with the fire the minstrel glow'd,
 And loud the music swept the ear :—
 " Forth to the chase a Hero rode,
 To hunt the bounding chamois-deer :
 With shaft and horn the squire behind ;—
 Through greensward meads the riders wind—
 A small sweet bell they hear.
 Lo, with the Host, a holy man,—
 Before him strides the sacristan,
 And the bell sounds near and near.

The noble hunter down-inclined
 His reverent head and soften'd eye,
 And honour'd with a Christian's mind
 The Christ who loves humility !
 Loud through the pasture, brawls and raves
 A brook—the rains had fed the waves,
 And torrents from the hill.
 His sandal shoon the priest unbound,
 And laid the Host upon the ground,
 And near'd the swollen rill !

" What wouldst thou, priest ? " the Count began,
 As, marvelling much, he halted there.
 " Sir Count, I seek a dying man,
 Sore hungering for the heavenly fare.
 The bridge that once its safety gave,
 Rent by the anger of the wave,
 Drifts down the tide below.
 Yet barefoot now, I will not fear
 (The soul that seeks its God, to cheer)
 Through the wild wave to go ! "

He gave that priest the knightly steed,
 He reach'd that priest the lordly reins,
 That he might serve the sick man's need,
 Nor slight the task that heaven ordains.
 He took the horse the squire bestrode ;
 On to the chase the hunter rode,
 On to the sick the priest !
 And when the morrow's sun was red,
 The servant of the Saviour led
 Back to its lord the beast,

"Now Heaven forefend," the hero cried,
 "That e'er to chase or battle more
 These limbs the sacred steed bestride,
 That once my Maker's image bore!
 But not for sale or barter given;
 Henceforth its Master is the Heaven—
 My tribute to that King,
 From whom I hold as fiefs, since birth,
 Honour, renown, the goods of earth,
 Life, and each living thing."

"So may the God who faileth never
 To hear the weak and guide the dim,
 To thee give honour here and ever,
 As thou hast duly honour'd Him!
 Far-famed ev'n now through Switzerland
 Thy generous heart and dauntless hand;
 And fair from thine embrace
 Six daughters bloom—six crowns to bring—
 Blest as the Daughters of a KING—
 The Mothers of a RACE!"

The mighty Kaisar heard amazed;
 His heart was in the days of old:
 Into the minstrel's eyes he gazed—
 That tale the Kaisar's own had told.
 Yes, in the bard, the priest he knew,
 And in the purple veil'd from view
 The gush of holy tears.
 A thrill through that vast audience ran,
 And every heart the godlike man,
 Revering God, reveres!

THE WORDS OF ERROR.

Three errors there are, that for ever are found
 On the lips of the good, on the lips of the best;
 But empty their meaning and hollow their sound—
 And slight is the comfort they bring to the breast.
 The fruits of existence escape from the clasp
 Of the seeker who strives but these shadows to grasp—
 So long as Man dreams of some Age in *this* life
 When the Right and the Good will all evil subdue;
 For the Right and the Good lead us ever to strife,
 And wherever they lead us, the Fiend will pursue.
 And (till from the earth borne, and stifled at length)
 The earth that he touches still gifts him with strength!*
 So long as Man fancies that Fortune will live,
 Like a bride with her lover, united with Worth;
 For her favours, alas! to the mean she will give—
 And Virtue possesses no title to earth!
 That Foreigner wanders to regions afar,
 Where the lands of her birthright immortally are!

* This simile is nobly conceived, but expressed somewhat obscurely. As Hercules contended in vain against Antæus, the Son of Earth,—so long as the Earth gave her giant offspring new strength in every fall,—so the soul contends in vain with evil—the natural earth-born enemy, while the very contact of the earth invigorates the enemy for the struggle. And as Antæus was slain at last, when Hercules lifted him from the earth and strangled him while raised aloft, so can the soul slay the enemy, (the desire, the passion, the evil, the earth's offspring,) when bearing it from earth itself, and stifling it in the higher air.

So long as Man dreams that, to mortals a gift,
 The Truth in her fulness of splendour will shine;
 The veil of the goddess no earth-born may lift,
 And all we can learn is—to guess and divine!
 Dost thou seek, in a dogma, to prison her form?
 The spirit flies forth on the wings of the storm!

O, Noble Soul! fly from delusions like these,
 More heavenly belief be it thine to adore;
 Where the Ear never hearkens, the Eye never sees,
 Meet the rivers of Beauty and Truth evermore!
 Not *without* thee the streams—there the Dull seek them;—No!
 Look *within* thee—behold both the fount and the flow!

THE WORDS OF BELIEF.

Three Words will I name thee—around and about,
 From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
 But they had not their birth in the being without,
 And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
 And all worth in the man shall for ever be o'er
 When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is made FREE!—Man, by birthright, is free,
 Though the tyrant may deem him but born for his tool.
 Whatever the shout of the rabble may be—
 Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—
 Still fear not the Slave, when he breaks from his chain,
 For the Man made a Freeman grows safe in his gain.

And VIRTUE is more than a shade or a sound,
 And Man may her voice, in this being, obey;
 And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
 Yet ever again to the godlike way.
 Though *her* wisdom *our* wisdom may not perceive,
 Yet the childlike spirit can still believe.

And a God there is!—over Space, over Time,
 While the Human Will rocks, like a reed, to and fro,
 Lives the Will of the Holy—A Purpose Sublime,
 A Thought woven over creation below;
 Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
 But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit!

Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about
 From the lip to the lip, full of meaning they flee;
 Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
 But a voice from within must their oracle be;
 And never all worth in the Man can be o'er,
 Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

A rain-flood from the mountain-riven,
 It leaps, in thunder, forth to Day,
 Before its rush the crags are driven—
 The oaks uprooted, whirl'd away—
 Aw'd, yet in awe all wildly glad'ning,

The startled wanderer halts below;
 He hears the rock-born waters mad'ning,
 Nor wits the source from whence they go,—
 So, from their high, mysterious Founts along,
 Stream on the silene'd world the Waves of Song!

Knit with the threads of life, for ever,
 By those dread Powers that weave the woof,—
 Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
 Whose breast has mail to music proof?
 Lo, to the Bard, a wand of wonder
 The Herald* of the Gods has given:
 He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
 Or lifts it breathless up to heaven—
 Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
 Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As, when the halls of Mirth are crowded,
 Portentous, on the wanton scene—
 Some Fate, before from wisdom shrouded,
 Awakes and awes the souls of Men—
 Before that Stranger from ANOTHER,
 Behold how THIS world's great ones bow—
 Mean joys their idle clamour smother,
 The mask is vanish'd from the brow—
 And from Truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurl'd,
 Fly all the craven Falsehoods of the World!

So, rapt from every care and folly,
 When spreads abroad the lofty lay,
 The Human kindles to the Holy,
 And into Spirit soars the Clay!
 One with the Gods the Bard: before him
 All things unclean and earthly fly—
 Hush'd are all meaner powers, and o'er him
 The dark fate swoops unharmed by;
 And while the Soother's magic measures flow,
 Smooth'd every wrinkle on the brows of Woe!

Even as a child that, after pining
 For the sweet absent mother—hears
 Her voice—and, round her neck entwining
 Young arms, vents all his soul in tears;—
 So, by harsh custom far estranged,
 Along the glad and guileless track,
 To childhood's happy home, unchanged,
 The swift song wafts the wanderer back—
 Snatch'd from the coldness of unloving Art
 To Nature's mother arms—to Nature's glowing heart!

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Honour to Woman! To her it is given
 To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
 All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir—
 In the veil of the Graces her beauty concealing,
 She tends on each altar that's hallow'd to Feeling,
 And keeps ever-living the fire!

* Hermes.

From the bounds of Truth careering,
 Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
 With each hasty impulse veering,
 Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
 And his heart, contented never,
 Greeds to grapple with the Far,
 Chasing his own dream for ever,
 On through many a distant Star!

But Woman with looks that can charm and enchain,
 Lureth back at her beck the wild truant again,
 By the spell of her presence beguil'd—
 In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
 And modest the manners by Nature bestow'd
 On Nature's most exquisite child!

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
 Foe to foe, the angry strife;
 Man the Wild One, never resting,
 Roams along the troubled life;
 What he planneth, still pursuing;
 Vainly as the Hydra bleeds,
 Crest the sever'd crest renewing—
 Wish to wither'd wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being, reposes,
 And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses—
 Whose sweets to her culture belong.
 Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
 The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
 And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong, and prond, and self-dependeing,
 Man's cold bosom beats alone;
 Heart with heart divinely blending,
 In the love that Gods have known,
 Souls' sweet interchange of feeling,
 Melting tears—he never knows,
 Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
 Arms against a world of foes.

Alive, as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
 If woo'd by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
 Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
 Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
 How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
 How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labour;
 Might to right the Statute gave;
 Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
 Where the Mede reign'd—see the Slave!
 Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
 Prowls the War-lust, rude and wild;
 Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
 Where the vanish'd Graces smil'd.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth—
 Of the Senses she charmeth, the sceptre she swayeth;
 She lulls, as she looks from above,
 The Discord whose Hell for its victims is gaping,
 And blending awhile the for-ever escaping,
 Whispers Hate to the Image of Love!

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Who comes?—why rushes fast and loud,
 Through lane and street the hurtling crowd,
 Is Rhodes on fire?—Hurrah!—along
 Faster and fast storms the throng!
 High towers a shape in knightly garb—
 Behold the Rider and the Barb!
 Behind is dragg'd a wondrous load;
 Beneath what monster groans the road?
 The horrid jaws—the Crocodile,
 The shape the mightier Dragon, shows—
 From Man to Monster all the while—
 The alternate wonder glancing goes.

Shout thousands, with a single voice,
 “Behold the Dragon, and rejoice,
 Safe roves the herd, and safe the swain!
 Lo!—there the Slayer—here the Slain!
 Full many a breast, a gallant life,
 Has waged against the ghastly strife,
 And ne'er return'd to mortal sight—
 Hurrah, then, for the Hero Knight!”
 So to the Cloister, where the vow'd
 And peerless Brethren of St John
 In conclave sit—that sea-like crowd,
 Wave upon wave, goes thundering on.

High o'er the rest, the chief is seen—
 There wends the Knight with modest mien;
 Pours through the galleries raised for all
 Above that Hero-council Hall,
 The crowd—And thus the Victor One:—
 “Prince—the knight's duty I have done.
 The Dragon that devour'd the land
 Lies slain beneath thy servant's hand;
 Free, o'er the pasture, rove the flocks—
 And free the idler's steps may stray—
 And freely o'er the lonely rocks,
 The holier pilgrim wends his way!”

A lofty look the Master gave,
 “Certes,” he said; “thy deed is brave;
 Dread was the danger, dread the fight—
 Bold deeds bring fame to vulgar knight;
 But say, what sways with holier laws
 The knight who sees in Christ his cause,
 And wears the cross?”—Then every cheek
 Grew pale to hear the Master speak;
 But nobler was the blush that spread
 His face—the Victor's of the day—
 As bending lowly—“Prince,” he said;
 “His noblest duty—TO OBEY!”

“And yet that duty, son,” replied
 The chief, “methinks thou hast denied;
 And dared thy sacred sword to wield
 For fame in a forbidden field.”
 “Master, thy judgment, howsoe'er
 It lean, till all is told, forbear—

Thy law in spirit and in will,
 I had no thought but to fulfil.
 Not rash, as some, did I depart
 A Christian's blood in vain to shed ;
 But hoped by skill, and strove by art,
 To make my life avenge the dead.

“ Five of our Order, in renown
 The war-gems of our saintly crown,
 The martyr's glory bought with life ;
 'Twas then thy law forbade the strife.
 Yet in my heart there gnaw'd, like fire,
 Proud sorrow, fed with stern desire :
 In the still visions of the night,
 Panting, I fought the fancied fight ;
 And when the morrow glimmering came,
 With tales of ravage freshly done,
 The dream remember'd, turn'd to shame,
 That night should dare what day should shun.

“ And thus my fiery musings ran—
 ‘ What youth has learn'd should nerve the man ;
 How lived the great in days of old,
 Whose Fame to time by bards is told—
 Who, heathens though they were, became
 As gods—upborne to heaven by fame ?
 How proved they best the hero's worth ?
 They chased the monster from the earth—
 They sought the lion in his den—
 They pierced the Cretan's deadly maze—
 Their noble blood gave humble men
 Their happy birthright—peaceful days.

“ ‘ What ! sacred, but against the horde
 Of Mahound, is the Christian's sword ?
 All strife, save one, should he forbear ?
 No ! earth itself the Christian's care—
 From every ill and every harm,
 Man's shield should be the Christian's arm.
 Yet art o'er strength will oft prevail,
 And mind must aid where heart may fail ! ’
 Thus musing, oft I roam'd alone,
 Where wont the Hell-born Beast to lie ;
 Till sudden light upon me shone,
 And on my hope broke victory !

“ Then, Prince, I sought thee with the prayer
 To breathe once more my native air ;
 The license given—the ocean past—
 I reach'd the shores of home at last.
 Scarce hail'd the old beloved land,
 Than huge, beneath the artist's hand,
 To every hideous feature true,
 The Dragon's monster-model grew.
 The dwarf'd, deformed limbs upbore
 The lengthen'd body's ponderous load ;
 The scales the impervious surface wore,
 Like links of burnish'd harness, glow'd.

“ Life-like, the huge neck seem'd to swell,
 And widely, as some porch to hell,
 You might the horrent jaws survey,
 Griesly, and greeding for their prey.

Grim fangs an added terror gave,
 Like crags that whiten through a cave.
 The very tongue a sword in seeming—
 The deep-sunk eyes in sparkles gleaming.
 Where the vast body ends, succeed
 The serpent spires around it roll'd—
 Woe—woe to rider, woe to steed,
 Whom coils as fearful e'er enfold!

“All to the awful life was done—
 The very hue, so ghastly, won—
 The grey, dull tint:—the labour ceased,
 It stood—half reptile and half beast!
 And now began the mimic chase;
 Two dogs I sought, of noblest race,
 Fierce, nimble, fleet, and wont to scorn
 The wild bull's wrath and levell'd horn;
 These, docile to my cheering cry,
 I train'd to bound, and rend, and spring,
 Now round the Monster-shape to fly,
 Now to the Monster-shape to cling!

“And where their gripe the best assails,
 The belly left unsheath'd in scales,
 I taught the dexterous hounds to hang
 And find the spot to fix the fang;
 Whilst I, with lance and mailèd garb,
 Launch'd on the beast mine Arab barb.
 From purest race that Arab came,
 And steeds, like men, are fired by fame.
 Beneath the spur he chafes to rage;
 Onwards we ride in full career—
 I seem, in truth, the war to wage—
 The monster reels beneath my spear!

“Albeit, when first the *destrier** eyed
 The laidly thing, it swerved aside,
 Snorted and rear'd—and even they,
 The fierce hounds, shrank with startled bay;
 I ceased not, till, by custom bold,
 After three tedious moons were told,
 Both barb and hounds were train'd—nay, more,
 Fierce for the fight—then left the shore!
 Three days have fled since I prest
 (Return'd at length) this welcome soil,
 Nor once would lay my limbs to rest,
 Till wrought the glorious crowning toil.

“For much it moved my soul to know
 The unslack'ning curse of that grim foe.
 Fresh rent, mens' bones lay bleach'd and bare
 Around the hell-worm's swampy lair;
 And pity nerved me into steel:—
 Advice?—I had a heart to feel,
 And strength to dare! So, to the deed.—
 I call'd my squires—bestrode my steed,
 And with my stalwart hounds, and by
 Lone secret paths, we gaily go
 Unseen—at least by human eye—
 Against a worse than human foe!

* War-horse.

"Thou know'st the sharp rock—steep and hoar?—
 The abyss?—the chapel glimmering o'er?
 Built by the Fearless Master's hand,
 The fane looks down on all the land.
 Humble and mean that house of prayer—
 Yet God hath shrined a wonder there:—
 Mother and Child, to whom of old
 The Three Kings knelt with gifts, behold!
 By three times thirty steps, the shrine
 The pilgrim gains—and faint, and dim,
 And dizzy with the height, divine
 Strength on the sudden springs to him!

"Yawns wide within that holy steep
 A mighty cavern dark and deep—
 By blessed sunbeam never lit—
 Rank foetid swamps engirdle it;
 And there by night, and there by day,
 Ever at watch, the fiend-worm lay,
 Holding the Hell of its abode
 Fast by the hallow'd House of God.
 And when the pilgrim gladly ween'd
 His feet had found the healing way,
 Forth from its ambush rush'd the fiend,
 And down to darkness dragg'd the prey.

"With solemn soul, that solemn height
 I clomb, ere yet I sought the fight—
 Kneeling before the cross within,
 My heart, confessing, clear'd its sin.
 Then, as befits the Christian knight,
 I donn'd the spotless surplice white,
 And, by the altar, grasp'd the spear:—
 So down I strode with conscience clear—
 Bade my leal squires afar the deed,
 By death or conquest crown'd, await—
 Leapt lightly on my lithesome steed,
 And gave to God his soldier's fate!

"Before me wide the marshes lay—
 Started the hounds with sudden bay—
 Aghast the swerving charger slanting
 Snorted—then stood abrupt and panting—
 For curling there, in coiled fold,
 The Unutterable Beast behold!
 Lazily basking in the sun,
 Forth sprang the dogs. The fight's begun!
 But lo! the hounds in cowering fly
 Before the mighty poison-breath—
 A yell, most like the jackall's cry,
 Howl'd, mingling with that wind of death!

"No halt—I gave one cheering sound,
 Lustily springs each dauntless hound—
 Swift as the dauntless hounds advance,
 Whirringly skirrs my stalwart lance—
 Whirringly skirrs; and from the scale
 Bounds, as a reed aslant the mail.
 Onward—but no!—the craven steed
 Shrinks from his lord in that dread need—

Smitten and scared before that eye
Of basilisk horror, and that blast
Of death, it only seeks to fly—
And half the mighty hope is past!

“A moment, and to earth I leapt;
Swift from its sheath the falchion swept;
Swift on that rock-like mail it plied—
The rock-like mail the sword defied:
The monster lash'd its mighty coil—
Down hurl'd—behold me on the soil!
Behold the hell-jaws gaping wide—
When lo! they bound—the flesh is found;
Upon the scaleless parts they spring!
Springs either hound;—the flesh is found—
It roars; the blood-dogs cleave and cling!

“No time to foil its fast'ning foes—
Light, as it writhed, I sprang, and rose;
The all-unguarded place explored,
Up to the hilt I plunged the sword—
Buried one instant in the blood—
The next, upsprang the bubbling flood!
The next, one Vastness spread the plain—
Crush'd down—the victor with the slain;
And all was dark—and on the ground
My life, suspended, lost the sun,
Till waking—lo my squires around—
And the dead foe!—my tale is done.”

Then burst, as from a common breast,
The eager land so long supprest—
A thousand voices, choral-blending,
Up to the vaulted dome ascending—
From groined roof and banner'd wall,
Invisible echoes answering all—
The very Brethren, grave and high,
Forget their state, and join the cry.
“With laurel wreaths his brows be crown'd,
Let throng to throng his triumph tell;
Hail him all Rhodes!”—the Master frown'd,
And raised his hand—and silence fell.

“Well,” said that solemn voice, “thy hand
From the wild-beast hath freed the land.
An idol to the People be!
A foe our Order frowns on thee!
For in thy heart, superb and vain,
A hell-worm laidlier than the slain,
To discord which engenders death,
Poisons each thought with baleful breath!
That hell-worm is the stubborn Will—
Oh! What were man and nations worth
If each his own desire fulfil,
And law be banish'd from the earth?

“*Valour* the Heathen gives to story—
Obedience is the Christian's glory;
And on that soil our Saviour-God
As the meek low-born mortal trod.
We the Apostle-knights were sworn
To laws thy daring laughs to scorn—

Not fame, but duty to fulfil—
 Our noblest offering—man's wild will.
 Vain-glory doth thy soul betray—
 Begone—thy conquest is thy loss:
 No breast too haughty to obey,
 Is worthy of the Christian's cross!"

From their cold awe the crowds awaken,
 As with some storm the halls are shaken;
 The noble brethren plead for grace—
 Mute stands the doom'd, with downward face;
 And mutely loosen'd from its band
 The badge, and kiss'd the Master's hand,
 And meekly turn'd him to depart:
 A moist eye follow'd, "To my heart
 Come back, my son!"—the Master cries:
 "Thy grace a harder fight obtains;
 When Valour risks the Christian's prize,
 Lo, how Humility regains!"

[In the ballad just presented to the reader, Schiller designed, as he wrote to Goethe, to depict the old Christian chivalry—half-knightly, half-monastic. The attempt is strikingly successful; and, even in so humble a translation, the unadorned simplicity and earnest vigour of a great poet, enamoured of his subject, may be sufficiently visible to a discerning critic. "The Fight of the Dragon" appears to us the most spirited and nervous of all Schiller's ballads, with the single exception of "The Diver;" and if its interest is less intense than that of the matchless "Diver," and its descriptions less poetically striking and effective, its interior meaning or philosophical conception is at once more profound and more elevated. The main distinction, indeed, between the ancient ballad and the modern, as revived and recreated by Goethe and Schiller, is, that the former is a simple narrative, and the latter a narrative which conveys some intellectual idea—some dim, but important truth. The one has but the good faith of the minstrel, the other the high wisdom of the poet. In "The Fight of the Dragon," is expressed the moral of that humility which consists in self-conquest—even merit may lead to vain-glory—and, after vanquishing the fiercest enemies without, Man has still to contend with his worst foe,—the pride or disobedience of his own heart. "Every one," as a recent and acute, but somewhat over-refining critic has remarked, "has more or less—his own 'fight with the Dragon,'—his own double victory (without and within) to achieve." The origin of this poem is to be found in the Annals of the Order of Malta—and the details may be seen in Vertot's History. The date assigned to the conquest of the Dragon is 1342. Helion de Villeneuve was the name of the Grand Master—that of the Knight, Dieu-Donné de Gozon. Thevenot declares, that the head of the monster, (to whatever species it really belonged,) or its effigies, was still placed over one of the gates of the city in his time.]

REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. PART II.

HAVING shown that the standard of Taste is in the Truth of Nature, and that this truth is in the mind, Sir Joshua, in the Eighth Discourse, proceeds to a further development of the principles of art. These principles, whether poetry or painting, have their foundation in the mind; which by its sensitive faculties and intellectual requirements, remodels all that it receives from the external world, vivifying and characterizing all with itself, and thus bringing forth into light the more beautiful but latent creations of nature. The "activity and restlessness" of the mind seek satisfaction from curiosity, novelty, variety, and contrast. Curiosity, "the anxiety for the future, the keeping the event suspended," he considers to be exclusively the province of poetry, and that "the painter's art is more confined, and has nothing that corresponds with, or perhaps is equivalent to, this power and advantage of leading the mind on, till attention is totally engaged. What is done by painting must be done at one blow; curiosity has received at once all the satisfaction it can have." Novelty, variety, and contrast, however, belong to the painter. That poetry has this power, and operates by more extensively raising our curiosity, cannot be denied; but we hesitate in altogether excluding this power from painting. A momentary action may be so represented, as to elicit a desire for, and even an intimation of its event. It is true that curiosity cannot be satisfied, but it works and conjectures; and we suspect there is something of it in most good pictures. Take such a subject as the "Judgment of Solomon:" is not the "event suspended," and a breathless anxiety portrayed in the characters, and freely acknowledged by the sympathy of the spectator? Is there no mark of this "curiosity" in the "Cartoon of Pisa?" The trumpet has sounded, the soldiers are some half-dressed, some out of the water, others bathing; one is anxiously looking for the rising of his companion, who has just plunged in, and we see but his hands above the water; the very range of rocks, behind which the danger is shown to come, tends to excite our curiosity; we form conjectures of the enemy, their number,

nearness of approach, and from among the manly warriors before us form episodes of heroism in the great intimated epic: and have we not seen pictures by Rembrandt, where "curiosity" delights to search unsatisfied and unsatiated into the mysteries of colour and chiaro-scuro, receding further as we look into an atmosphere pregnant with all uncertain things? We think we have not mistaken the President's meaning. Mr Burnet appears to agree with us: though he makes no remark upon the power of raising curiosity, yet it surely is raised in the very picture to which we presume he alludes, Raffaello's "Death of Ananias;" the event, in Sapphira, is intimated and suspended. "Though," says Mr Burnet, "the painter has but one page to represent his story, he generally chooses that part which combines the most illustrative incidents with the most effective denouement of the event. In Raffaello we often find not only those circumstances which precede it, *but its effects upon the personages introduced after the catastrophe.*"

There is, however, a natural indolence of our disposition, which seeks pleasure in repose, and the resting in old habits, which must not be too violently opposed by "variety," "reanimating the attention, which is apt to languish under a continual sameness;" nor by "novelty," making "more forcible impression on the mind than can be made by the representation of what we have often seen before;" nor by "contrasts," that "rouse the power of comparison by opposition."

The mind, then, though an active principle, having likewise a disposition to indolence, (might we have said repose?) limits the quantity of variety, novelty, and contrast which it will bear;—these are, therefore, liable to excesses. Hence arise certain rules of art, that in a composition objects must not be too scattered and divided into many equal parts, that perplex and fatigue the eye, at a loss where to find the principal action. Nor must there be that "absolute unity," "which, consisting of one group or mass of light only, would be as defective as an heroic poem without episode, or any collateral incidents to recreate the mind with that variety which it always requires." Sir Joshua

instances Rembrandt and Poussin, the former as having the defect of "absolute unity," the latter the defect of the dispersion and scattering his figures without attention to their grouping. Hence there must be "the same just moderation observed in regard to ornaments;" for a certain repose must never be destroyed. Ornament in profusion, whether of objects or colours, does destroy it; and, "on the other hand, a work without ornament, instead of simplicity, to which it makes pretensions, has rather the appearance of poverty." "We may be sure of this truth, that the most ornamental style requires repose to set off even its ornaments to advantage." He instances, in the dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, Shakspeare's purpose of repose—the mention of the martlets' nests, and that "where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate;" and the practice of Homer, "who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life. The writers of every age and country, where taste has begun to decline, paint and adorn every object they touch; are always on the stretch; never deviate or sink a moment from the pompous and the brilliant."*

Novelty, Variety, and Contrast are required in Art, because they are the natural springs that move the mind to attention from its indolent quiescence; but having moved, their duty is performed—the mind of itself will do the rest; they must not act prominent parts. In every work there must be a simplicity which binds the whole toge-

ther, as a whole; and whatever comes not within that girdle of the graces, is worse than superfluous—it draws off and distracts the attention which should be concentrated. Besides that simplicity which we have spoken of—and we have used the word in its technical sense, as that which keeps together and makes one thing of many parts—there is a simplicity which is best known by its opposite, affectation; upon this Sir Joshua enlarges. "Simplicity, being a negative virtue, cannot be described or defined." But it is possible, even in avoiding affectation, to convert simplicity into the very thing we strive to avoid. N. Poussin—whom, with regard to this virtue, he contrasts with others of the French school—Sir Joshua considers, in his abhorrence of the affectation of his countrymen, somewhat to approach it, by "what in writing would be called pedantry." Du Piles is justly censured for his recipe of grace and dignity. "If," says he, "you draw persons of high character and dignity, they ought to be drawn in such an attitude that the portraits must seem to speak to us of themselves, and as it were to say to us, 'Stop, take notice of me—I am the invincible king, surrounded by majesty.' 'I am the valiant commander who struck terror every where,' 'I am that great minister, who knew all the springs of politics.' 'I am that magistrate of consummate wisdom and probity.'" This is indeed affectation, and a very vulgar notion of greatness. We are reminded of Part-ridge, and his admiration of the over-acting king. All the characters in thus seeming to say, would be little

* Could Sir Joshua now be permitted to visit his own Academy, and our exhibitions in general, he would be startled at the excess of ornament, in defiance of his rule of repose, succeeding the slovenliness of his own day. Whatever be the subject, history, landscape, or familiar life, it superabounds both in objects and colour. In established academies, the faults of genius are more readily adopted than their excellences; they are more vulgarly perceptible, and more easy of imitation. We have, therefore, less hesitation in referring the more ambitious of our artists to this prohibition in Sir Joshua's Discourse. The greater the authority the more injurious the delinquency. We therefore adduce as examples, works of our most inventive and able artist, his "Macbeth" and his "Hamlet"—they are greatly overloaded with the faults of superabundance of ornament, and want unity; yet are they works of great power, and such as none but a painter of high genius could conceive or execute. In a more fanciful subject, and where ornament was more admissible, he has been more fortunate, and even in the multiplicity of his figures and ornaments, by their grouping and management, he has preserved a seeming moderation, and has so ordered his composition that the wholeness, the simplicity, of his subject is not destroyed. The story is told, and admirably—as Sir Joshua says, "at one blow." We speak of his "Sleeping Beauty." We see at once that the prince and princess are the principal, and they are united by that light

indeed. Not so Raffaele and Titian understood grace and dignity. Simplicity he holds to be "our barrier against that great enemy to truth and nature, affectation, which is ever clinging to the pencil, and ready to drop and poison every thing it touches." Yet that, "when so very inartificial as to seem to evade the difficulties of art, is a very suspicious virtue." Sir Joshua dwells much upon this, because he thinks there is a perpetual tendency in young artists to run into affectation, and that from the very terms of the precepts offered them. "When a young artist is first told that his composition and his attitudes must be contrasted; that he must turn the head contrary to the position of the body, in order to produce grace and animation; that his outline must be undulating and swelling, to give grandeur; and that the eye must be gratified with a variety of colours; when he is told this with certain animating words of spirit, dignity, energy, greatness of style, and brilliancy of tints, he becomes suddenly vain of his newly-acquired knowledge, and never thinks he can carry those rules too far. It is then that the aid of simplicity ought to be called in to correct the exuberance of youthful ardour." We may add that hereby, too, is shown the danger of particular and practical rules; very few of the kind are to be found in the "Discourses." Indeed the President points out, by examples from Raffaele, the good effect of setting aside these academical rules. We suspect that they are never less wanted than when they give direction to atti-

tudes and forms of action. He admits that, in order "to excite attention to the more manly, noble, and dignified manner," he had perhaps left "an impression too contemptuous of the ornamental parts of our art." He had, to use his own expression, bent the bow the contrary way to make it straight. "For this purpose, then, and to correct excess or neglect of any kind, we may here add, that it is not enough that a-work be learned—it must be pleasing." Pretty much as Horace had said of poetry,

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, *dulcia* sunt."

To which maxim the Latin poet has unconsciously given the grace of rhyme—

"Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto."

He again shows the danger of particular practical rules.—"It is given as a rule by Fresnoy, that '*the principal figure of a subject must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish it from the rest.*' A painter who should think himself obliged strictly to follow this rule, would encumber himself with needless difficulties; he would be confined to great uniformity of composition, and be deprived of many beauties which are incompatible with its observance. The meaning of this rule extends, or ought to extend, no further than this: that the principal figure should be immediately distinguished at the first glance of the eye; but there is no necessity that the principal light should fall on the principal

and fainter fairy chain, intimating, yet not too prominently, the magic under whose working and whose light the whole scene is; nothing can be better conceived than the prince—there is a largeness in the manner, a breadth in the execution of the figure that considerably dignifies the story, and makes him, the principal, a proper index of it. The many groups are all episodes, beautiful in themselves, and in no way injure the simplicity. There is novelty, variety, and contrast in not undue proportion, because that simplicity is preserved. Even the colouring, (though there is too much white,) and *chiaro-scuro*, with its gorgeousness, is in the stillness of repose, and a sunny repose, too, befitting the "Sleeping Beauty." Mr MacIise has succeeded best where his difficulty and danger were greatest, and so it ever is with genius. It is not in such subjects alone that our artists transgress Sir Joshua's rule; we too often see portraits where the dress and accessories obtrude—there is too much lace and too little expression—and our painters of views follow the fashion most unaccountably.—ornament is every where; we have not a town where the houses are not "turned out of windows," and all the furniture of every kind piled up in the streets; and as if to show a pretty general bankruptcy, together with the artist's own poverty, you would imagine an auction going on in every other house, by the Turkey carpets and odds and ends hanging from the windows. We have even seen a "Rag Fair" in a turnpike road,

figure, or that the principal figure should be in the middle of the picture." He might have added that it is the very place where generally it ought not to be. Many examples are given; we could have wished he had given a plate from any one in preference to that from Le Brun. Felebein, in praising this picture, according to preconceived recipe, gives Alexander, who is in shade, the principal light. "Another instance occurs to me where equal liberty may be taken in regard to the management of light. Though the general practice is to make a large mass about the middle of the picture surrounded by shadow, the reverse may be practised, and *the spirit of the rule be preserved.*" We have marked in italics the latter part of the sentence, because it shows that the rule itself must be ill-defined or too particular. Indeed, we receive with caution all such rules as belong to the practical and mechanical of the art. He instances Paul Veronese. "In the great composition of Paul Veronese, the 'Marriage of Cana,' the figures are for the most part in half shadow. The great light is in the sky; and indeed the general effect of this picture, which is so striking, is no more than what we often see in landscapes, in small pictures of fairs and country feasts: but those principles of light and shadow, being transferred to a large scale, to a space containing near a hundred figures as large as life, and conducted, to all appearance, with as much facility, and with attention as steadily fixed upon *the whole together*, as if it were a small picture immediately under the eye, the work justly excites our admiration, the difficulty being increased as the extent is enlarged." We suspect that *the rule*, when it attempts to direct beyond the words Sir Joshua has marked in italics, refutes itself, and shackles the student. Infinite must be the modes of composition, and as infinite the modes of treating them in light and shadow and colour. "Whatever mode of composition is adopted, every variety and license is allowable." All that is absolutely necessary is, that there be no confusion or distraction, no conflicting masses—in fact, that the picture tell its tale at once and effectually. A very good plate is given by Mr Burnet of the "Marriage of Cana," by Paul Veronese. Sir

Joshua avoids entering upon rules that belong to "the detail of the art." He meets with combatants, as might have been expected, where he is thus particular. We will extract the passage which has been controverted, and to oppose the doctrine of which, Gainsborough painted his celebrated "Blue Boy."

"Though it is not my *business* to enter into the detail of our art, yet I must take this opportunity of mentioning one of the means of producing that great effect which we observe in the works of the Venetian painters, as I think it is not generally known or observed, that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm mellow colour, yellow red or yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; and for this purpose a small proportion of cold colours will be sufficient. Let this conduct be reversed; let the light be cold, and the surrounding colours warm, as we often see in the works of the Roman and Florentine painters, and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious." Le Brun and Carlo Maratti are censured as being "deficient in this management of colours." The "Bacchus and Ariadne," now in our National Gallery, has ever been celebrated for its harmony of colour. Sir Joshua supports his theory or rule by the example of this picture: the red of Ariadne's scarf, which, according to critics, was purposely given to relieve the figure from the sea, has a better object. "The figure of Ariadne is separated from the great group, and is dressed in blue, which, added to the colour of the sea, makes that quantity of cold colour which Titian thought necessary for the support and brilliancy of the great group; which group is composed, with very little exception, entirely of mellow colours. But as the picture in this case would be divided into two distinct parts, one half cold and the other warm, it was necessary to carry some of the mellow colours of the great group into the cold part of the picture, and a part of the cold into the great group; accordingly Titian gave Ariadne a red scarf, and to one of the Bacchantes a little blue

drapery." As there is no picture more splendid, it is well to weigh and consider again and again remarks upon the cause of the brilliancy, given by such an authority as Sir Joshua Reynolds. With regard to his rule, even among artists, "*adhuc sub judice lis est.*" He combats the common notion of relief, as belonging only to the infancy of the art, and shows the advance made by Coreggio and Rembrandt; though the first manner of Coreggio, as well as of Leonardo da Vinci and Giorgione, was dry and hard. "But these three were among the first who began to correct themselves in dryness of style, by no longer considering relief as a principal object. As these two qualities, relief and fulness of effect, can hardly exist together, it is not very difficult to determine to which we ought to give the preference." "Those painters who have best understood the art of producing a good effect, have adopted one principle that seems perfectly conformable to reason—that a part may be sacrificed for the good of the whole. Thus, whether the masses consist of light or shadow, it is necessary that they should be compact, and of a pleasing shape; to this end some parts may be made darker and some lighter, and reflections stronger than nature would warrant." He instances a "Moonlight" by Rubens, now, we believe, in the possession of Mr Rogers, in which Rubens had given more light and more glowing colours than we recognize in nature,—"*it might easily be mistaken, if he had not likewise added stars, for a fainter setting sun.*" We stop not to enquire if that harmony so praised, might not have been preserved had the resemblance to nature been closer. Brilliancy is produced. The fact is, the *practice* of art is a system of compensation. We cannot exactly in all cases represent nature,—we have not the means, but our means will achieve what, though *particularly* unlike, may, by itself or in opposition, produce similar effects. Nature does not present a varnished polished surface, nor that very transparency that our colours can give; but it is found that this transparency, in all its degrees, in conjunction and in opposition to opaque body of colour, represents the force of light and shade of nature, which is the principal object to attain. *The richness of nature is not the exact*

richness of the palette. The painter's success is in the means of compensation.

This Discourse concludes with observations on the Prize pictures. The subject seems to have been the Sacrifice of Iphigenia. All had copied the invention of Timanthes, in hiding the face of Agamemnon. Sir Joshua seems to agree with Mr Falconet, in a note in his translation of Pliny, who would condemn the painter, but that he copied the idea from the authority of Euripides; Sir Joshua considers it at best a trick, that can only with success be practised once. Mr Fuseli criticises the passage, and assumes that the painter had better reason than that given by Mr Falconet. Mr Burnet has added but two or three notes to this Discourse—they are unimportant, with the exception of the last, wherein he combats Sir Joshua's theory of the cold and warm colours. He candidly prints an extract of a letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence, who differs with him. It is so elegantly written that we quote the passage. Sir Thomas says,—"*Agreeing with you in so many points, I will venture to differ from you in your question with Sir Joshua. Infinitely various as nature is, there are still two or three truths that limit her variety, or, rather, that limit art in the imitation of her. I should instance for one the ascendancy of white objects, which can never be departed from with impunity, and again, the union of colour with light. Masterly as the execution of that picture is (viz. the Boy in a blue dress,) I always feel a never-changing impression on my eye, that the "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough is a difficulty boldly combated, not conquered. The light blue drapery of the Virgin in the centre of the "Notte" is another instance; a check to the harmony of the celestial radiance round it.*" "*Opposed to Sir Thomas's opinion,*" says Mr Burnet, "*I might quote that of Sir David Wilkie, often expressed, and carried out in his picture of the 'Chelsea Pensioners' and other works.*" It strikes us, from our recollection of the "*Chelsea Pensioners,*" that it is not at all a case in point; the blue there not being light but dark, and serving as dark, forcibly contrasting with warmer light in sky and other objects; the *colour* of blue is scarcely given, and is too dark to be allowed

to enter into the question. He adds, "A very simple method may be adopted to enable the student to perceive where the warm and red colours are placed by the great colourists, by his making a sketch of light and shade of the picture, and then touching in the warm colours with red chalk; or by looking on his palette at twilight, he will see what colours absorb the light, and those that give it out, and thus select for his shadows, colours that have the property of giving depth and richness." Unless the pictures are intended to be seen at twilight, we do not see how this can bear upon the question; if it does, we would notice what we have often observed, that at twilight blue almost entirely disappears, to such a degree that in a landscape where the blue has even been deep, and the sky by no means the lightest part of the picture, at twilight the whole landscape comes out too hard upon the sky, which with its colour has lost its tone, and become, with relation to the rest, by far too light. It is said that of all the pictures in the National Gallery, when seen at twilight, the Coreggios retire last—we speak of the two, the "Eccc Homo" and the "Venus, Mercury, and Cupid." In these there is no blue but in the drapery of the fainting mother, and that is so dark as to serve for black or mere shadow; the lighter blue close upon the neck is too small to affect the power of the picture. It certainly is a fact, that blue fades more than any colour at twilight, and, relatively speaking, leaves the image that contains it lighter. We should almost be inclined to ask the question, though with great deference to authority, is blue, when very light, necessarily cold; and if so, has it not an activity which, being the great quality of light, assimilates it with light, and thus takes in to itself the surrounding "radiance?" A very little positive warm colour, as it were set in blue, from whatever cause, gives it a surprising glow. We desire to see the theory of colours treated, not with regard to their corresponding harmony in their power one upon the other, nor in their light and shadow, but, if we may so express it, in their sentimentality—the effect they are capable of in moving the passions. We alluded to this in our last paper, and the more we consider

the subject, the more are we convinced that it is worth deeper investigation.

THE NINTH DISCOURSE is short, and general in its character; it was delivered at the opening of the Royal Academy in Somerset Place, October 16, 1780. It is an elegant address; raises the aim of the artist; and gives a summary of the origin of arts and their use. "Let us for a moment take a short survey of the progress of the mind towards what is, or ought to be, its true object of attention. Man in his lowest state has no pleasures but those of sense, and no wants but those of appetite; afterwards, when society is divided into different ranks, and some are appointed to labour for the support of others, those whom their superiority sets free from labour begin to look for intellectual entertainments. Thus, while the shepherds were attending their flocks, their masters made the first astronomical observations; so music is said to have had its origin from a man at leisure listening to the strokes of a hammer. As the senses in the lowest state of nature are necessary to direct us to our support, when that support is once secure, there is danger in following them further; to him who has no rule of action but the gratification of the senses, plenty is always dangerous. It is therefore necessary to the happiness of individuals, and still more necessary to the security of society, that the mind should be elevated to the idea of general beauty, and the contemplation of general truth; by this pursuit the mind is always carried forward in search of something more excellent than it finds, and obtains its proper superiority over the common sense of life, by learning to feel itself capable of higher aims and nobler enjoyments." This is well said. Again.—"Our art, like all arts which address the imagination, is applied to a somewhat lower faculty of the mind, which approaches nearer to sensuality, but through sense and fancy it must make its way to reason. For such is the progress of thought, that we perceive by sense, we combine by fancy, and distinguish by reason; and without carrying our art out of its natural and true character, the more we purify it from every thing that is gross in sense, in that proportion we

advance its use and dignity, and in proportion as we lower it to mere sensuality, we pervert its nature, and degrade it from the rank of a liberal art; and this is what every artist ought well to remember. Let him remember, also, that he deserves just so much encouragement in the state as he makes himself a member of it virtuously useful, and contributes in his sphere to the general purpose and perfection of society." Sir Joshua has been blamed by those who have taken lower views of art, in that he has exclusively treated of the Great Style, which neither he nor the academicians of his day practised; but he would have been unworthy the presidential chair had he taken any other line. His was a noble effort, to assume for art the highest position, to dignify it in its aim, and thus to honour and improve first his country, then all human kind. We rise from such passages as these elevated above all that is little. Those only can feel depressed who would find excuses for the lowness of their pursuits.

THE TENTH DISCOURSE.—Sir Joshua here treats of Sculpture, a less extensive field than Painting. The leading principles of both are the same; he considers wherein they agree, and wherein they differ. Sculpture cannot, "with propriety and best effect, be applied to many subjects." Its object is "form and character." It has "one style only,"—that one style has relation only to one style of painting, the Great Style, but that so close as to differ only as operating upon different materials. He blames the sculptors of the last age, who thought they were improving by borrowing from the ornamental, incompatible with its essential character. Contrasts, and the littlenesses of picturesque effects, are injurious to the formality its austere character requires. As in painting, so more particularly in sculpture, that imitation of nature which we call illusion, is in no respect its excellence, nor indeed its aim. Were it so, the Venus di Medici would be improved by colour. It contemplates a higher, a more perfect beauty, more an intellectual than sensual enjoyment. The boundaries of the art have been long fixed. To convey "sentiment and character, as exhibited by attitude, and expression

of the passions," is not within its province. Beauty of form alone, the object of sculpture, "makes of itself a great work." In proof of which are the designs of Michael Angelo in both arts. As a stronger instance:—"What artist," says he, "ever looked at the Torso without feeling a warmth of enthusiasm as from the highest efforts of poetry? From whence does this proceed? What is there in this fragment that produces this effect, but the perfection of this science of abstract form?" Mr Burnet has given a plate of the Torso. The expectation of deception, of which few divest themselves, is an impediment to the judgment, consequently to the enjoyment of sculpture. "Its essence is correctness." It fully accomplishes its purpose when it adds the "ornament of grace, dignity of character, and appropriated expression, as in the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and many others." Sir Joshua uses expression, as will be afterwards seen, in a very limited sense. It is necessary to lay down perfect correctness as its essential character; because, as in the case of the Apollo, many have asserted the beauty to arise from a certain incorrectness in anatomy and proportion. He denies that there is this incorrectness, and asserts that there never ought to be; and that even in painting these are not the beauties, but defects, in the works of Coreggio and Parmegiano. "A supposition of such a monster as Grace begot by Deformity, is poison to the mind of a young artist." The Apollo and the Discobolus are engaged in the same purpose—the one watching the effect of his arrow, the other of his discus. "The graceful, negligent, though animated air of the one, and the vulgar eagerness of the other, furnish a signal instance of the skill of the ancient sculptors in their nice discrimination of character. They are both equally true to nature, and equally admirable." Grace, character, and expression, are rather in form and attitude than in features; the general figure more presents itself; "it is there we must principally look for expression or character; *patuit in corpore vultus*." The expression in the countenances of the Laocoon and his two sons, though greater than in any other antique statues, is of pain only; and that is more expressed "by the

writhing and contortion of the body than by the features." The ancient sculptors paid but little regard to features for their expression, their object being solely beauty of form. "Take away from Apollo his lyre, from Bacchus his thyrsus and vine-leaves, and from Meleager the boar's head, and there will remain little or no difference in their characters." John di Bologna, he tells us, after he had finished a group, called his friends together to tell him what name to give it: they called it the "Rape of the Sabines." A similar anecdote is told of Sir Joshua himself, that he had painted the head of the old man who attended him in his studio. Some one observed that it would make a Ugolino. The sons were added, and it became the well-known historical picture from Dante. He comments upon the ineffectual attempts of modern sculptors to detach drapery from the figure, to give it the appearance of flying in the air; to make different plans on the same bas-relievos; to represent the effects of perspective; to clothe in a modern dress. For the first attempt he reprehends Bernini, who, from want of a right conception of the province of sculpture, never fulfilled the promise given in his early work of Apollo and Daphne. He was ever attempting to make drapery flutter in the air, which the very massiveness of the material, stone, should seem to forbid. Sir Joshua does not notice the very high authority for such an attempt—though it must be confessed the material was not stone, still it was sculpture, and multitudinous are the graces of ornament, and most minutely described—the shield of Hercules, by Hesiod; even the noise of the furies' wings is affected. The drapery of the Apollo he considers to have been intended more for support than ornament; but the mantle from the arm he thinks "answers a much higher purpose, by preventing that dryness of effect which would inevitably attend a naked arm, extended almost at full length; to which we may add, the disagreeable effect which would proceed from the body and arm making a right angle." He conjectures that Carlo Maratti, in his love for drapery, must have influenced the sculptors of the Apostles in the church of St John Lateran. "The weight

and solidity of stone was not to be overcome."

To place figures on different plans is absurd, because they must still appear all equally near the eye; the sculptor has not adequate means of throwing them back; and, besides, the thus cutting up into minute parts, destroys grandeur. "Perhaps the only circumstance in which the modern have excelled the ancient sculptors, is the management of a single group in basso-relievo." This, he thinks, may have been suggested by the practice of modern painters. The attempt at perspective must, for the same reason, be absurd; the sculptor has not the means for this "humble ambition." The ancients represented only the elevation of whatever architecture they introduced into their bas-reliefs, "which is composed of little more than horizontal and perpendicular lines." Upon the attempt at modern dress in sculpture, he is severe in his censure. "Working in stone is a very serious business, and it seems to be scarce worth while to employ such durable materials in conveying to posterity a fashion, of which the longest-existence scarcely exceeds a year;" and which, he might have added, the succeeding year makes ridiculous. We not only change our dresses, but laugh at the sight of those we have discarded. The gravity of sculpture should not be subject to contempt. "The uniformity and simplicity of the materials on which the sculptor labours, (which are only white marble,) prescribe bounds to his art, and teach him to confine himself to proportionable simplicity of design." Mr Burnet has not given a better note than that upon Sir Joshua's remark, that sculpture has but one style. He shows how strongly the ancient sculptors marked those points wherein the human figure differs from that of other animals. "Let us take, for example, the human foot; on examining, in the first instance, those of many animals, we perceive the toes either very long or very short in proportion; of an equal size nearly, and the claws often long and hooked inwards: now, in rude sculpture, and even in some of the best of the Egyptians, we find little attempt at giving a character of decided variation; but, on the contrary, we see

the foot split up with toes of an equal length and thickness; while, in Greek sculpture, these points characteristic of man are increased, that the affinity to animals may be diminished. In the Greek marbles, the great toe is large and apart from the others, where the strap of the sandal came; while the others gradually diminish and sweep round to the outside of the foot, with the greatest regularity of curve; the nails are short, and the toes broad at the points, indicative of pressure on the ground." Rigidity he considers to have been the character of the first epochs, changing ultimately as in the Elgin marbles, "from the hard characteristics of stone to the vivified character of flesh." He thinks Reynolds "would have acknowledged the supremacy of beautiful nature, uncontrolled by the severe line of mathematical exactness," had he lived to see the Elgin marbles. "The outline of life, which changes under every respiration, seems to have undulated under the plastic mould of Phidias." This is well expressed. He justly animadverted upon the silly fashion of the day, in lauding the vulgar imitation of the worsted stockings by Thom. The subjects chosen were most unfit for sculpture,—their only immortality must be in Burns. We do not understand his extreme admiration of Wilkie; in a note on parallel perspective in sculpture, he adduces Raffaele as an example of the practice, and closes by comparing him with Sir David Wilkie,—“known by the appellation of the Raffaele of familiar life,”—men perfect antipodes to each other! There is a proper eulogy on Chantrey, particularly for his busts, in which he commonly represented the eye. We are most anxious for the arrival of the ancient sculpture from Lycia, collected and packed for Government by the indefatigable and able traveller, Mr Fellowes.

THE ELEVENTH DISCOURSE is upon Genius, the particular genius of the painter in his power of seizing and representing nature, or his subject as a whole. He calls it the “genius of mechanical performance.” This, with little difference, is enforcing what has been laid down in former Discourses. Indeed, as far as precepts may be required, Sir Joshua had already performed his task; hence, there is

necessary repetition. Yet all is said well, and conviction perpetuates the impressions previously made. Character is something independent of minute detail; genius alone knows what constitutes this character, and practically to represent it, is to be a painter of genius. Though it be true that he “who does not at all express particulars expresses nothing; yet it is certain that a nice discrimination of minute circumstances, and a punctilious delineation of them, whatever excellence it may have, (and I do not mean to detract from it,) never did confer on the artist the character of genius.” The impression left upon the mind is not of particulars, when it would seem to be so; such particulars are taken out of the subject, and are each a whole of themselves. Practically speaking, as we before observed, genius will be exerted in ascertaining how to paint the “*nothing*” in every picture, to satisfy with regard to detail, that neither its absence nor its presence shall be noticeable.

Our pleasure is not in minute imitation; for, in fact, that is not true imitation, for it forces upon our notice that which naturally we do not see. We are not pleased with wax-work, which may be nearer reality; “we are pleased, on the contrary, by seeing ends accomplished by seemingly inadequate means.” If this be sound, we ought to be sensible of the inadequacy of the means, which sets aside at once the common notion that art is illusion. “The properties of all objects, as far as the painter is concerned with them, are outline or drawing, the colour, and the light and shade. The drawing gives the form, the colour its visible quality, and the light and shade its solidity:” in every one of these the habit of seeing as a whole must be acquired. From this habit arises the power of imitating by “dexterous methods.” He proceeds to show that the fame of the greatest painters does not rest upon their high finish. Raffaele and Titian, one in drawing the other in colour, by no means finished highly; but acquired by their genius an expressive execution. Most of his subsequent remarks are upon practice in execution and colour, in contradistinction to elaborate finish. Vasari calls Titian, “*giudizioso, bello, e stupendo*,” with regard to this power. He generalized by

colour, and by execution. "In his colouring, he was large and general." By these epithets, we think Sir Joshua has admitted that the great style comprehends colouring. "Whether it is the human figure, an animal, or even inanimate objects, there is nothing, however unpromising in appearance, but may be raised into dignity, convey sentiment, and produce emotion, in the hands of a painter of genius." He condemns that high finish which softens off. "This extreme softening, instead of producing the effect of softness, gives the appearance of ivory, or some other hard substance, highly polished. The value set upon drawings, such as of Correggio and Parmegiano, which are but slight, show how much satisfaction can be given without high finishing, or minute attention to particulars. "I wish you to bear in mind, that when I speak of a whole, I do not mean simply a *whole* as belonging to composition, but a *whole* with respect to the general style of colouring; a *whole* with regard to light and shade; and a *whole* of every thing which may separately become the main object of a painter. He speaks of a landscape painter in Rome, who endeavoured to represent every individual leaf upon a tree; a few happy touches would have given a more true resemblance. There is always a largeness and a freedom in happy execution, that finish can never attain. Sir Joshua says above, that even "unpromising" subjects may be thus treated. There is a painter commonly thought to have finished highly, by those who do not look into his manner, whose dexterous, happy execution was perhaps never surpassed; the consequence is, that there is "a largeness" in all his pictures. We mean Teniers. The effect of the elaborate work that has been added to his class of subjects, is to make them heavy and fatiguing to the eye. He praises Titian for the same large manner which he had given to his history and portraits, applied to his landscapes, and instances the back-ground to the "Peter Martyr." He recommends the same practice in portrait painting—the first thing to be attained, is largeness and general effect. The following puts the truth clearly. "Perhaps nothing that we can say will so clearly show the advantage and excellence of this faculty, as that

it confers the character of genius on works that pretend to no other merit, in which is neither expression, character, nor dignity, and where none are interested in the subject. We cannot refuse the character of genius to the 'Marriage' of Paolo Veronese, without opposing the general sense of mankind, (great authorities have called it the triumph of painting,) or to the Altar of St Augustine at Antwerp, by Rubens, which equally deserves that title, and for the same reason. Neither of these pictures have any interesting story to support them. That of Paolo Veronese is only a representation of a great concourse of people at a dinner; and the subject of Rubens, if it may be called a subject where nothing is doing, is an assembly of various saints that lived in different ages. The whole excellence of those pictures consists in mechanical dexterity, working, however, under the influence of that comprehensive faculty which I have so often mentioned."

The power of a *whole* is exemplified by the anecdote of a child going through a gallery of old portraits. She paid very little attention to the finishing, or naturalness of drapery, but put herself at once to mimic the awkward attitudes. "The censure of nature uninformed, fastened upon the greatest fault that could be in a picture, because it related to the character and management of the whole." What he would condemn is that substitute for deep and proper study, which is to enable the painter to conceive and execute every subject as a whole, and a finish which Cowley calls "laborious effects of idleness." He concludes this Discourse with some hints on method of study. Many go to Italy to copy pictures, and derive little advantage. "The great business of study is, to form a mind adapted and adequate to all times and all occasions, to which all nature is then laid open, and which may be said to possess the key of her inexhaustible riches."

Mr Burnet has supplied a plate of the Monk flying from the scene of murder, in Titian's "Peter Martyr," showing how that great painter could occasionally adopt the style of Michael Angelo in his forms. In the same note he observes, that Sir Joshua had forgotten the detail of this pic-

ture, which detail is noticed and praised by Algarotti, for its minute discrimination of leaves and plants, "even to excite the admiration of a botanist."—Sir Joshua said they were not there. Mr Burnet examined the picture at Paris, and found, indeed, the detail, but adds, that "they are made out with the same hue as the general tint of the ground, which is a dull brown," an exemplification of the rule, "*Ars est celare artem.*" Mr Burnet remarks, that there is the same minute detail in Titian's "*Bacchus and Ariadne.*"—He is right—we have noticed it, and suspected that it had lost the glazing which had subdued it. As it is, however, it is not important. Mr Burnet is fearful lest the authority of Sir Joshua should induce a habit of generalizing too much. He expresses this fear in another note. He says, "the great eagerness to acquire what the poet calls

‘That voluntary style,
Which careless plays, and seems to mock
at toil,’

and which Reynolds describes as so captivating, has led many a student to commence his career at the wrong end. They ought to remember, that even Rubens founded this excellence upon years of laborious and careful study. His picture of himself and his first wife, though the size of life, exhibits all the detail and finish of Holbein." Sir Joshua nowhere recommends *careless* style; on the contrary, he every where urges the student to laborious toil, in order that he may acquire that facility which Sir Joshua so justly calls captivating, and which afterwards Rubens himself did acquire, by studying it in the works of Titian and Paul Veronese; and singularly, in contradiction to his fears and all he would imply, Mr Burnet terminates his passage thus:—"Nor did he (Rubens) quit the dry manner of Otho Venius, till a contemplation of the works of Titian and Paul Veronese enabled him to display with rapidity those materials which industry had collected." It is strange to argue upon the abuse of a precept, by taking it at the wrong end.

THE TWELFTH DISCOURSE recurs likewise to much that had been before laid down. It treats of methods of study, upon which he had been con-

sulted by artists about to visit Italy. Particular methods of study he considers of little consequence; study must not be shackled by too much method. If the painter loves his art, he will not require prescribed tasks;—to go about which sluggishly, which he will do if he have another impulse, can be of little advantage. Hence would follow, as he admirably expresses it, "a reluctant understanding," and a "servile hand." He supposes, however, the student to be somewhat advanced. The boy, like other school-boys, must be under restraint, and learn the "Grammar and Rudiments" laboriously. It is not such who travel for knowledge. The student, he thinks, may be pretty much left to himself; if he undertake things above his strength, it is better he should run the risk of discouragement thereby, than acquire "a slow proficiency" by "too easy tasks." He has little confidence in the efficacy of method, "in acquiring excellence in any art whatever." Methodical studies, with all their apparatus, enquiry, and mechanical labour, tend too often but "to evade and shuffle off real labour—the real labour of thinking." He has ever avoided giving particular directions. He has found students who have imagined they could make "prodigious progress under some particular eminent master." Such would lean on any but themselves. "After the Rudiments are past, very little of our art can be taught by others." A student ought to have a just and manly confidence in himself, "or rather in the persevering industry which he is resolved to possess." Raffaello had done nothing, and was quite young, when fixed upon to adorn the Vatican with his works; he had even to direct the best artists of his age. He had a meek and gentle disposition, but it was not inconsistent with that manly confidence that insured him success—a confidence in himself arising from a consciousness of power, and a determination to exert it. The result is "*in perpetuum.*"—There are, however, artists who have too much self-confidence, that is ill-founded confidence, founded rather upon a certain dexterity than upon a habit of thought; they are like the improvisatori in poetry; and most commonly, as Metastasio acknowledged of himself, had much to unlearn, to acquire a habit

of thinking with selection. To be able to draw and to design with rapidity, is, indeed, to be master of the grammar of art; but in the completion, and in the final settlement of the design, the portfolio must again and again have been turned over, and the nicest judgment exercised. This judgment is the result of deep study and intenseness of thought—thought not only upon the artist's own inventions, but those of others. Luca Giordano and La Fage are brought as examples of great dexterity and readiness of invention—but of little selection; for they borrowed very little from others: and still less will any artist, that can distinguish between excellence and insipidity, ever borrow from them. Raffaello, who had no lack of invention, took the greatest pains to select; and when designing “his greatest as well as latest works, the Cartoons,” he had before him studies he had made from Masaccio. He borrowed from him “two noble figures of St Paul.” The only alteration he made was in the showing both hands, which he thought in a principal figure should never be omitted. Masaccio's work was well known; Raffaello was not ashamed to have borrowed. “Such men, surely, need not be ashamed of that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among artists, of receiving from the dead, and giving to the living, and perhaps to those who are yet unborn. The daily food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is found in the great works of his predecessors. ‘Serpens, nisi serpentem comederit, non fit draco.’” The fact is, the most self-sufficient of men are greater borrowers than they will admit, or perhaps know; their very novelties, if they have any, commence upon the thoughts of others, which are laid down as a foundation in their own minds. The common sense, which is called “common property,” is that stock which all that have gone before us have left behind them; and we are but admitted to the heirship of what they have acquired. Masaccio Sir Joshua considers to have been “one of the great fathers of modern art.” He was the first who gave largeness, and “discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterwards arrived.” It is enough to say of him, that Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Pietro Perugino, Raffaello, Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto,

Il Rosso, and Pierino del Vaga, formed their taste by studying his works. “An artist-like mind” is best formed by studying the works of great artists. It is a good practice to consider figures in works of great masters as statues which we may take in any view. This did Raffaello, in his “Sergius Paulus,” from Masaccio. Lest there should be any misunderstanding of this sort of borrowing, which he justifies, he again refers to the practice of Raffaello in this his borrowing from Masaccio. The two figures of St Paul, he doubted if Raffaello could have improved; but “he had the address to change in some measure without diminishing the grandeur of their character.” For a serene composed dignity, he has given animation suited to their employment. “In the same manner, he has given more animation to the figure of Sergius Paulus, and to that which is introduced in the picture of Paul preaching, of which little more than hints are given by Masaccio, which Raffaello has finished. The closing the eyes of this figure, which in Masaccio might be easily mistaken for sleeping, is not in the least ambiguous in the Cartoon. His eyes, indeed, are closed, but they are closed with such vehemence; that the agitation of a mind *perplexed in the extreme* is seen at the first glance; but what is most extraordinary, and I think particularly to be admired, is, that the same idea is continued through the whole figure, even to the drapery, which is so closely muffled about him, that even his hands are not seen: By this happy correspondence between the expression of the countenance and the disposition of the parts, the figure appears to think from head to foot. Men of superior talents alone are capable of thus using and adapting other men's minds to their own purposes, or are able to make out and finish what was only in the original a hint or imperfect conception. A readiness in taking such hints, which escape the dull and ignorant, makes, in my opinion, no inconsiderable part of that faculty of mind which is called genius.” He urges the student not even to think himself qualified to invent, till he is well acquainted with the stores of invention the world possesses; and insists that, without such study, he will not have learned to select from nature. He has more than once enforced this doctrine, because it is new.

He recommends, even in borrowing, however, an immediate recurrence to the model, that every thing may be finished from nature. Hence he proceeds to give some directions for placing the model and the drapery—first to impress upon the model the purpose of the attitude required—next, to be careful not to alter drapery with the hand, rather trusting, if defective, to a new cast. There is much in being in the way of accident. To obtain the freedom of accident Rembrandt put on his colours with his palette-knife; a very common practice at the present day. “Works produced in an accidental manner will have the same free unrestrained air as the works of nature, whose particular combinations seem to depend upon accident.” He concludes this Discourse by more strenuously insisting upon the necessity of ever having nature in view—and warns students by the example of Boucher, Director of the French Academy, whom he saw working upon a large picture, “without drawings or models of any kind.” He had left off the use of models many years. Though a man of ability, his pictures showed the mischief of his practice. Mr Burnet’s notes to this Discourse add little to the material of criticism; they do but reiterate in substance what Sir Joshua had himself sufficiently repeated. His object seems rather to seize an opportunity of expressing his admiration of Wilkie, whom he adduces as a parallel example with Raffaele of successful borrowing. It appears from the account given of Wilkie’s process, that he carried the practice much beyond Raffaele. We cannot conceive any thing *very* good coming from so very methodical a manner of setting to work. Would not the fire of genius be extinguished by the coolness of the process? “When he had fixed upon his subject, he thought upon *all* pictures of that class already in existence.” The after process was most elaborate. Now, this we should think a practice quite contrary to Raffaele’s, who more probably trusted to his own conception for the character of his picture as a whole, and whose borrowing was more of single figures; but, if of the whole manner of treating his subject, it is not likely that he would have thought of more than one work for his imitation. The fact is, Sir David Wilkie’s

pictures show that he did carry this practice too far—for there is scarcely a picture of his that does not show patches of imitations, that are not always congruous with each other; there is too often in one piece, a bit of Rembrandt, a bit of Velasquez, a bit of Ostade, or others. The most perfect, as a whole, is his “Chelsea Pensioners.” We do not quite understand the brew of study fermenting an accumulation of knowledge, and imagination exalting it. “An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and exalted by imagination;” this is very ambitious, but not very intelligible. He speaks of Wilkie attracting the attention of admirers and detractors. It is very absurd to consider criticism that is not always favourable, detraction. The following passage is well put. “We constantly hear the ignorant advising a student to study the great book of nature, without being biassed by what has been done by other painters; it is as absurd as if they would recommend a youth to learn astronomy by lying in the fields, and looking on the stars, without reference to the works of Kepler, Tycho Brahe, or of Newton.” There is indeed a world of cant in the present day, that a man must do all to his own unprejudiced reason, contemning all that has been done before him. We have just now been looking at a pamphlet on Materialism, (a pamphlet of most ambitious verbiage,) in which, with reference to all former education, we are “the slaves of prejudice;” yet the author modestly requires that minds—we beg his pardon, we have *no minds*—intellects must be *trained* to his mode of thinking, ere they can arrive at the truth and the perfection of human nature. If this training is prejudice in one set of teachers, may it not be in another? We continually hear artists recommend nature without “a prejudice in favour of old masters.” Such artists are not likely to eclipse the fame of those great men, the study of whose works has so long *prejudiced* the world.

THE THIRTEENTH DISCOURSE shows that art is not imitation, but is under the influence and direction of the imagination, and in what manner poetry, painting, acting, gardening, and architecture, depart from nature. However good it is to study the beauties of artists, this is only to know art through

them. The principles of painting remain to be compared with those of other arts, all of them with human nature. All arts address themselves only to two faculties of the mind, its imagination and its sensibility. We have feeling, and an instantaneous judgment, the result of the experience of life, and reasonings which we cannot trace. It is safer to trust to this feeling and judgment, than endeavour to control and direct art upon a supposition of what ought in reason to be the end or means. We should, therefore, most carefully store first impressions. They are true, though we know not the process by which the first conviction is formed. Partial and after reasoning often serves to destroy that character, the truth of which came upon us as with an instinctive knowledge. We often reason ourselves into narrow and partial theories, not aware that "*real principles of sound reason*, and of so much more weight and importance, are involved, and as it were lie hid, under the appearance of a sort of vulgar sentiment. Reason, without doubt, must ultimately determine every thing; at this minute it is required to inform us when that very reason is to give way to feeling." Sir Joshua again refers to the mistaken views of art, and taken too by not the poorest minds, "that it entirely or mainly depends on imitation." Plato, even in this respect, misleads by a partial theory. It is with "such a false view that Cardinal Bembo has chosen to distinguish even Raffaele himself, whom our enthusiasts honour with the name divine. The same sentiment is adopted by Pope in his epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller; and he turns the panegyric solely on imitation as it is a sort of deception." It is, undoubtedly, most important that the world should be taught to honour art for its highest qualities; until this is done, the profession will be a degradation. So far from painting being imitation, he proceeds to show that "it is, and ought to be, in many points of view, and strictly speaking, no imitation at all of external nature." Civilization is not the gross state of nature; imagination is the result of cultivation, of civilization; it is to this state of nature art must be more closely allied. We must not appeal for judgment upon art to those who

have not acquired the faculty to admire. The lowest style of all arts please the uncultivated. But, to speak of the unnaturalness of art—let it be illustrated by poetry, which speaks in language highly artificial, and "a construction of measured words, such as never is nor ever was used by man." Now, as there is in the human mind "a sense of congruity, coherence, and consistency," which must be gratified; so, having once assumed a language and style not adopted in common discourse, "it is required that the sentiments also should be in the same proportion raised above common nature." There must be an agreement of all the parts with the whole. He recognizes the chorus of the ancient drama, and the recitative of the Italian opera as natural, under this view. "And though the most violent passions, the highest distress, even death itself, are expressed in singing or recitative, I would not admit as sound criticism the condemnation of such exhibitions on account of their being unnatural." "Shall reason stand in the way, and tell us that we ought not to like what we know we do like, and prevent us from feeling the full effect of this complicated exertion of art? It appears to us that imagination is that gift to man, to be attained by cultivation, that enables him to rise above and out of his apparent nature; it is the source of every thing good and great, we had almost said of every virtue. The parent of all arts, it is of a higher devotion; it builds and adorns temples more worthy of the great Maker of all, and praises Him in sounds too noble for the common intercourse and business of life, which demand of the most cultivated that they put themselves upon a lower level than they are capable of assuming. So far, therefore, is a servile imitation from being necessary, that whatever is familiar, or in any way reminds us of what we see and hear every day, perhaps does not belong to the higher provinces of art, either in poetry or painting. The mind is to be transported, as Shakspeare expresses it, *beyond the ignorant present*, to ages past. Another and a higher order of beings is supposed, and to those beings every thing which is introduced into the work must correspond." He speaks of a picture by Jan Steen, the "*Sacrifice of Iphigenia*,"

wherein the common nature, with the silks and velvets, would make one think the painter had intended to burlesque his subject. "Ill taught reason" would lead us to prefer a portrait by Denner to one by Titian or Vandyke. There is an eloquent passage, showing that landscape painting should in like manner appeal to the imagination; we are only surprised that the author of this description should have omitted, throughout these Discourses, the greatest of all landscape painters, whose excellence he should seem to refer to by his language. "Like the poet, he makes the elements sympathize with his subject, whether the clouds roll in volumes, like those of Titian or Salvator Rosa—or, like those of Claude, are gilded with the setting sun; whether the mountains have hidden and bold projections, or are gently sloped; whether the branches of his trees shoot out abruptly in right angles from their trunks, or follow each other with only a gentle inclination. All these circumstances contribute to the general character of the work, whether it be of the elegant or of the more sublime kind. If we add to this the powerful materials of lightness and darkness, over which the artist has complete dominion, to vary and dispose them as he pleases—to diminish or increase them, as will best suit his purpose, and correspond to the general idea of his work; a landscape, thus conducted, under the influence of a poetical mind, will have the same superiority over the more ordinary and common views, as Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso" have over a cold prosaic narration or description; and such a picture would make a more forcible impression on the mind than the real scenes, were they presented before us." We have quoted the above passage, because it is wanted—we are making great mistakes in that delightful, and (may we not say?) that high branch of art. He pursues the same argument with regard to acting, and condemns the ignorant praise bestowed by Fielding on Garrick. Not an idea of deception enters the mind of actor or author. On the stage, even the expres-

sion of strong passion must be without the natural distortion and screaming voice. Transfer, he observes, acting to a private room, and it would be ridiculous. "Quid enim deformius, quum scenam in vitam transferre?" Yet he gives here a caution, "that no art can be grafted with success on another art." "If a painter should endeavour to copy the theatrical pomp and parade of dress and attitude, instead of that simplicity which is not a greater beauty in life than it is in painting, we should condemn such pictures, as painted in the meanest style." What will our academician, Mr Maclise, say of this remark? He then adduces gardening in support of his theory,—"nature to advantage dressed," "beautiful and commodious for the recreation of man." We cannot, however, go with Sir Joshua, who adds, that "so dressed, it is no longer a subject for the pencil of a landscape painter, as all landscape painters know." It is certainly unlike the great landscape he has described, but not very unlike Claude's, nor out of the way of his pencil. We have in our mind's eye a garden scene by Vander Heyden, most delightful, most elegant. It is some royal garden, with its proper architecture, the arch, the steps, and balustrades, and marble walks. The queen of the artificial paradise is entering, and in the shade with her attendants, but she will soon place her foot upon the prepared sunshine. Courtiers are here and there walking about, or leaning over the balustrades. All is elegance—a scene prepared for the recreation of pure and cultivated beings. We cannot say the picture is not landscape. We are sure it gave us ten times more pleasure than ever we felt from any of our landscape views, with which modern landscape painting has covered the walls of our exhibitions, and brought into disrepute our "annuals." He proceeds to architecture, and praises Vanburgh for his poetical imagination; though he, with Perrault, was a mark for the wits of the day.* Sir Joshua points to the façade of the Louvre, Blenheim, and Castle Howard, as "the fairest ornaments." He finishes this admiri-

* The reader will remember the supposed epitaph,

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

rable discourse with the following eloquent passage:—"It is allowed on all hands, that facts and events, however they may bind the historian, have no dominion over the poet or the painter. With us history is made to bend and conform to this great idea of art. And why? Because these arts, in their highest province, are not addressed to the gross senses; but to the desires of the mind, to that spark of divinity which we have within, impatient of being circumscribed and pent up by the world which is about us. Just so much as our art has of this, just so much of dignity, I had almost said of divinity, it exhibits; and those of our artists who possessed this mark of distinction in the highest degree, acquired from thence the glorious appellation of divine.

Mr Burnet's notes to this Discourse are not important to art. There is an amusing one on acting, that discusses the question of naturalness on the stage, and with some pleasant anecdotes.

THE FOURTEENTH DISCOURSE is chiefly occupied with the character of Gainsborough, and landscape painting. It has brought about him, and his name, a hornet's nest of critics, in consequence of some remarks upon a picture of Wilson's. Gainsborough and Sir Joshua, and perhaps in some degree Wilson, had been rivals. It has been said that Wilson and Gainsborough never liked each other. It is a well-known anecdote that Sir Joshua, at a dinner, gave the health of Gainsborough, adding "the greatest landscape painter of the age," to which Wilson, at whom the words were supposed to be aimed, dryly added, "and the greatest portrait painter too." We can, especially under circumstances, for there had been a coolness between the President and Gainsborough, pardon the too favourable view taken of Gainsborough's landscape pictures. He was unquestionably much greater as a portrait painter. The following account of the interview with Gainsborough upon his death-bed, is touching, and speaks well of both:—"A few days before he died he wrote me a letter, to express his acknowledgments for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which (he had been informed) I always spoke of him; and desired that he might see

me once before he died. I am aware how flattering it is to myself to be thus connected with the dying testimony which this excellent painter bore to his art. But I cannot prevail upon myself to suppress that I was not connected with him by any habits of familiarity. If any little jealousies had subsisted between us, they were forgotten in these moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence. Without entering into a detail of what passed at this last interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life was principally the regret of leaving his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were; which, he said, he flattered himself in his last works were in some measure supplied." When the Discourse was delivered, Raffaele Mengs and Pompeo Batoni were great names. Sir Joshua foretells their fall from that high estimation. Andrea Sacchi, and "*perhaps*" Carlo Maratti, he considers the "*ultimi Romanorum*." He prefers "the humble attempts of Gainsborough to the works of those regular graduates in the great historical style." He gives some account of the "customs and habits of this extraordinary man." Gainsborough's love for his art was remarkable. He was ever remarking to those about him any peculiarity of countenance, accidental combination of figures, effects of light and shade, in skies, in streets, and in company. If he met a character he liked, he would send him home to his house. He brought into his painting-room stumps of trees, weeds, &c. He even formed models of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which, magnified, became rocks, trees, and water. Most of this is the common routine of every artist's life; the modelling his landscapes in the manner mentioned, Sir Joshua himself seems to speak doubtingly about. It in fact shows, that in Gainsborough there was a poverty of invention; his scenes are of the commonest kind, such as few would stop to admire in nature; and, when we consider the wonderful variety that nature did present to him, it is strange that his

sketches and compositions should have been so devoid of beauty. He was in the habit of painting by night, a practice which Reynolds recommends, and thought it must have been the practice of Titian and Coreggio. He might have mentioned the portrait of Michael Angelo with the candle in his cap and a mallet in his hand. Gainsborough was ambitious of attaining excellence, regardless of riches. The style chosen by Gainsborough did not require that he should go out of his own country. No argument is to be drawn from thence, that travelling is not desirable for those who choose other walks of art—knowing that “the language of the art must be learned somewhere,” he applied himself to the Flemish school, and certainly with advantage, and occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyke. Granting him as a painter great merit, Sir Joshua doubts whether he excelled most in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures. Few now will doubt upon the subject—next to Sir Joshua, he was the greatest portrait painter we have had, so as to be justly entitled to the fame of being one of the founders of the English School. He did not attempt historical painting; and here Sir Joshua contrasts him with Hogarth, who did so injudiciously. It is strange that Sir Joshua should have characterised Hogarth as having given his attention to “the Ridicule of Life.” We could never see any thing ridiculous in his deep tragedies. Gainsborough is praised in that he never introduced “mythological learning” into his pictures. “Our late ingenious academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake, in a very admirable picture of a storm, which I have seen of his hand, many figures are introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by lightning: had not the painter injudiciously, (as I think,) rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo, who appears in the

sky with his bent bow, and that those figures should be considered as the children of Niobe.” This is the passage that gave so much offence; foolish admirers will fly into flame at the slightest spark—the question should have been, is the criticism just, not whether Sir Joshua had been guilty of the same error—but we like critics, the only true critics, who give their reason: and so did Sir Joshua. “To manage a subject of this kind a peculiar style of art is required; and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adopt the character of the landscape, and that too in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation. This is a very difficult adventure, and requires a mind thrown back two thousand years, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it. In the picture alluded to, the first idea that presents itself is that of wonder, at seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which Apollo is placed: for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him—they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of a human figure, and they do not possess, in any respect, that romantic character which is appropriated to such an object, and which alone can harmonize with poetical stories.” We presume Reynolds alludes to the best of the two Niobes by Wilson—that in the National Gallery. The other is villanously faulty as a composition, where loaf is piled upon loaf for rock and castle, and the tree is common and hedge-grown, for the purpose of making gates; but the other would have been a fine picture, not of the historical class—the parts are all common, the little blown about underwood is totally deficient in all form and character—rocks and trees, and they do not, as in a former discourse—Reynolds had laid down that they should—sympathize with the subject; then, as to the substance of the cloud, he is right—it is not voluminous, it is mere vapour. In the received adoption of clouds as supporting figures, they are, at least, pillowy, capacious, and round—here it is quite otherwise; and Sir Joshua might well call it a little Apollo, with that immense cloud above him, which is in fact too much a portrait of a cloud, too peculiar, too edgy, for any sub-

ject where the sky is not to be all in all. We do not say it is not fine and grand, and what you please; but it is not subordinate, it casts its lightning as from its own natural power, there was no need of a god's assistance.

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus;"

and the action does not take place in a "prepared" landscape. There is nothing to take us back to a fabled age. Reynolds is not unjust to Wilson's merits, for he calls it, notwithstanding this defect, "a very admirable picture;" which picture will, we suspect, in a few years lose its principal charm, if it has not lost it; the colour is sadly changing, there is now little aerial in the sky. It is said of Wilson, that he ridiculed the experiments of Sir Joshua, and spoke of using nothing but "honest linseed"—to which, however, he added varnishes and wax, as will easily be seen in those pictures of his which have so cracked—and now lose their colour. "Honest" linseed appears to have played him a sad trick, or he to have played a trick upon honest linseed. Sir Joshua, however, to his just criticism, adds the best precept, example—and instances two pictures, historical landscape, "Jacob's Dream"—which was exhibited a year or two ago in the Institution, Pall-Mall—by Salvatore Rosa, and the picture by Sebastian Bourdon, "The Return of the Ark from Captivity," now in the National Gallery. The latter picture, as a composition, is not perhaps good—it is cut up into too many parts, and those parts are not sufficiently poetical; in its hue, it may be appropriate. The other, "Jacob's Dream" is one of the finest by the master—there is an extraordinary boldness in the clouds, an uncommon grandeur, strongly marked, sentiment of angelic visitants. This picture has been recently wretchedly engraved in mezzotint; all that is in the picture firm and hard, is in the print soft, fuzzy, and disagreeable. Sir Joshua treats very tenderly the mistaken manner of Gainsborough in his late pictures, the "odd scratches and marks." "This chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic at a certain distance, assumes form, and all their parts seem to drop into their places, so that we can hardly refuse

acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and heavy negligence." The *heavy* negligence happily describes the fault of the manner. It is horribly manifest in that magnitude of vulgarity for landscape, the "Market Cart" in our National Gallery, and purchased at we know not what vast sum, and presented by the governors of the institution to the nation. We have a very high opinion of the genius of Gainsborough; but we do not see it in his landscapes, with very few exceptions. His portraits have an air of truth never exceeded, and that set off with great power and artistical skill; and his rustic children are admirable. He stands alone, and never has had a successful imitator. The mock sentimentality, the affected refinement, which has been added to his simple style by other artists, is disgusting in the extreme. Gainsborough certainly studied colour with great success. He is both praised and blamed for a lightness of manner and effect possessed "to an unexampled degree of excellence;" but "the sacrifice which he made, to this ornament of our art, was too great." We confess we do not understand Sir Joshua, nor can we reconcile "the *heavy* negligence" with this "lightness of manner." Mr Burnet, in one of his notes, compares Wilson with Gainsborough; he appears to give the preference to Wilson—why does he not compare Gainsborough with Sir Joshua himself? the rivalry should have been in portrait. There is a long note upon Sir Joshua's remarks upon Wilson's "Niobe." We are not surprised at Cunningham's "Castigation." He did not like Sir Joshua, and could not understand nor value his character. This is evident in his Life of the President. Cunningham must have had but an ill-educated classic eye when he asserted so grandiloquently,—"He rose at once from the tame insipidity of common scenery into natural grandeur and magnificence; his streams seem all abodes for nymphs, his hills are fit haunts for the muses, and his temples worthy of gods,"—a passage, we think, most worthy the monosyllable commonly used upon such occasions by the manly and simple-minded Mr Burnet. That Sir Joshua occasionally transgressed in his wanderings into

mythology, it would be difficult to deny; nor was it his only transgression from his legitimate ground, as may be seen in his "Holy Family" in the National Gallery. But we doubt if the critique upon his "Mrs Siddons" is quite fair. The chair and the footstool may not be on the cloud, a tragic and mysterious vapour reconciling the bodily presence of the muse with the demon and fatal ministers of the drama that attend her. Though Sir Joshua's words are here brought against him, it is without attention to their application in his critique, which condemned their form and character as not historical nor voluminous—faults that do not attach to the clouds, if clouds they must be in the picture (the finest of Sir Joshua's works) of Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse. It is not our business to enter upon the supposed fact, that Sir Joshua was jealous of Wilson; the one was a polished, the other perhaps a somewhat coarse man. We have only to see if the criticism be just. In this Discourse Sir Joshua has the candour to admit, that there were at one time jealousies between him and Gainsborough; there may have been between him and Wilson, but, at all events, we cannot take a just criticism as a proof of it, or we must convict him, and all others too, of being jealous of artists and writers whose works they in any manner censure.

THE FIFTEENTH DISCOURSE.—We come now to Sir Joshua's last Discourse, in which the President takes leave of the Academy, reviews his "Discourses," and concludes with recommending the study of Michael Angelo.

Having gone along with the President of the Academy in the pursuit of the principles of the art in these Discourses, and felt a portion of the enthusiasm which he felt, and knew so well how to impart to others, we come to this last Discourse, with a melancholy knowledge that it was the last; and reflect with pain upon that cloud which so soon interposed between Reynolds and at least the practical enjoyment of his art. He takes leave of the Academy affectionately, and, like a truth-loving man to the last, acknowledges the little contentions (in so softening a manner does he speak of the "rough hostility

of Barry," and "oppositions of Gainsborough") which "ought certainly," says he, "to be lost among ourselves in mutual esteem for talents and acquirements: every controversy ought to be—I am persuaded will be—sunk in our zeal for the perfection of our common art." "My age, and my infirmities still more than my age, make it probable that this will be the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you from this place." This last visit seemed to be threatened with a tragical end;—the circumstance showed the calm mind of the President; it was characteristic of the man who would die with dignity, and gracefully. A large assembly were present, of rank and importance, besides the students. The pressure was great—a beam in the floor gave way with a loud crash; a general rush was made to the door, all indiscriminately falling one over the other, except the President, who kept his seat "silent and unmoved." The floor only sunk a little, was soon supported, and Sir Joshua recommenced his Discourse.

"Justum et tenacem propositi
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

He compliments the Academy upon the ability of the professors, speaks with diffidence of his power as a writer, (the world has in this respect done him justice;) but that he had come not unprepared upon the subject of art, having reflected much upon his own and the opinions of others. He found in the art many precepts and rules, not reconcilable with each other. "To clear away those difficulties and reconcile those contrary opinions, it became necessary to distinguish the greater truth, as it may be called, from the lesser truth; the larger and more liberal idea of nature from the more narrow and confined: that which addresses itself to the imagination, from that which is solely addressed to the eye. In consequence of this discrimination, the different branches of our art to which those different truths were referred, were perceived to make so wide a separation, and put on so new an appearance, that they seemed scarcely to have proceeded from the same general stock. The different rules and regulations which presided over each department of art, followed of course;

every mode of excellence, from the grand style of the Roman and Florentine schools down to the lowest rank of still life, had its due weight and value—fitted to some class or other; and nothing was thrown away. By this disposition of our art into classes, that perplexity and confusion, which I apprehend every artist has at some time experienced from the variety of styles, and the variety of excellence with which he is surrounded, is, I should hope, in some measure removed, and the student better enabled to judge for himself what peculiarly belongs to his own particular pursuit." Besides the practice of art, the student must think, and speculate, and consider "upon what ground the fabric of our art is built." An artist suffers throughout his whole life, from uncertain, confused, and erroneous opinions. We are persuaded there would be fewer fatal errors were these Discourses more in the hands of our present artists—"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."—An example is given of the mischief of erroneous opinions. "I was acquainted at Rome, in the early part of my life, with a student of the French Academy, who appeared to me to possess all the qualities requisite to make a great artist, if he had suffered his taste and feelings, and I may add even his prejudices, to have fair play. He saw and felt the excellences of the great works of art with which we were surrounded, but lamented that there was not to be found that nature which is so admirable in the inferior schools,—and he supposed with Felebien, Du Piles, and other theorists, that such an union of different excellences would be the perfection of art. He was not aware that the narrow idea of nature, of which he lamented the absence in the works of those great artists, would have destroyed the grandeur of the general ideas which he admired, and which was indeed the cause of his admiration. My opinions being then confused and unsettled, I was in danger of being borne down by this plausible reasoning, though I remember I then had a dawning suspicion that it was not sound doctrine; and at the same time I was unwilling obstinately to refuse assent to what I was unable to confute." False and low views of art are now so commonly taken both in and out of the profession, that we have not hesitated to

quote the above passage; the danger Sir Joshua confesses he was in, is common, and demands the warning. To make it more direct we should add, "Read his Discourses." Again, without intending to fetter the student's mind to a particular method of study, he urges the necessity and wisdom of previously obtaining the appropriated instruments of art, in a first correct design, and a plain manly colouring, before any thing more is attempted. He does not think it, however, of very great importance whether or not the student aim first at grace and grandeur before he has learned correctness, and adduces the example of Parmegiano, whose first public work was done when a boy, the "St Eustachius" in the Church of St Petronius, in Bologna—one of his last is the "Moses breaking the Tables," in Parma. The former has grandeur and incorrectness, but "discovers the dawning of future greatness." In mature age he had corrected his defects, and the drawing of his Moses was equally admirable with the grandeur of the conception—an excellent plate is given of this figure by Mr Burnet. The fact is, the impulse of the mind is not to be too much restrained—it is better to give it its due and first play, than check it until it has acquired correctness—good sense first or last, and a love of the art, will generally insure correctness in the end; the impulses often checked, come with weakened power, and ultimately refuse to come at all; and each time that they depart unsatisfied, unemployed, take away with them as they retire a portion of the fire of genius. Parmegiano formed himself upon Michael Angelo: Michael Angelo brought the art to a "sudden maturity," as Homer and Shakspeare did theirs. "Subordinate parts of our art, and perhaps of other arts, expand themselves by a slow and progressive growth; but those which depend on a native vigour of imagination, generally burst forth at once in fulness of beauty." Correctness of drawing and imagination, the one of mechanical genius the other of poetic, undoubtedly work together for perfection—"a confidence in the mechanic produces a boldness in the poetic." He expresses his surprise that the race of painters, before Michael Angelo, never thought of transferring to painting the grandeur they

admired in ancient sculpture. "Raffaello himself seemed to be going on very contentedly in the dry manner of Pietro Perugino; and if Michael Angelo had never appeared, the art might still have continued in the same style." "On this foundation the Caracci built the truly great academical Bolognian school; of which the first stone was laid by Pellegrino Tibaldi." The Caracci called him "nostro Michael Angelo riformato." His figure of Polyphemus, which had been attributed to Michael Angelo in Bishop's "Ancient Statues," is given in a plate by Mr Burnet. The Caracci he considers sufficiently succeeded in the mechanical, not in "the divine part which addresses itself to the imagination," as did Tibaldi and Michael Angelo. They formed, however, a school that was "most respectable," and "calculated to please a greater number." The Venetian school advanced "the dignity of their style, by adding to their fascinating powers of colouring something of the strength of Michael Angelo." Here Sir Joshua seems to contradict his former assertion; but as he is here abridging, as it were, his whole Discourses, he cannot avoid his own observations. It was a point, however, upon which he was still doubtful; for he immediately adds—"At the same time it may still be a doubt, how far their ornamental elegance would be an advantageous addition to his grandeur. But if there is any manner of painting, which may be said to unite kindly with his (Michael Angelo's) style, it is that of Titian. His handling, the manner in which his colours are left on the canvass, appears to proceed (as far as that goes) from a congenial mind, equally disdainful of vulgar criticism. He is reminded of a remark of Johnson's, that Pope's Homer, had it not been clothed with graces and elegances not in Homer, would have had fewer readers, thus justifying by example and authority of Johnson, the graces of the Venetian school. Some Flemish painters at "the great era of our art" took to their country "as much of this grandeur as they could carry." It did not thrive, but "perhaps they contributed to prepare the way for that free, unconstrained, and liberal outline, which was afterwards introduced by Rubens, through the medium of the Venetian painters." The grandeur of style first discovered by

Michael Angelo passed through Europe, and totally "changed the whole character and style of design. His works excite the same sensation as the Epic of Homer. The Sybils, the statue of Moses, "come nearer to a comparison with his Jupiter, his demigods, and heroes; those Sybils and prophets being a kind of intermediate beings between men and angels. Though instances may be produced in the works of other painters, which may justly stand in competition with those I have mentioned, such as the 'Isaiah,' and 'Vision of Ezekiel,' by Raffaello, the 'St Mark' of Frate Bartolomeo, and many others; yet these, it must be allowed, are inventions so much in Michael Angelo's manner of thinking, that they may be truly considered as so many rays which discover manifestly the centre from whence they emanated." The style of Michael Angelo is so highly artificial that the mind must be cultivated to receive it; having once received it, the mind is improved by it, and cannot go very far back. Hence the hold this great style has had upon all who are most learned in art, and upon nearly all painters in the best time of art. As art multiplies, false tastes will arise; the early painters had not so much to unlearn as modern artists. Where Michael Angelo is not felt, there is a lost taste to recover. Sir Joshua recommends young artists to follow Michael Angelo as he did the ancient sculptors. "He began, when a child, a copy of a mutilated Satyr's head, and finished in his model what was wanting in the original." So would he recommend the student to take his figures from Michael Angelo, and to change, and alter, and add other figures till he has caught the manner. Change the purpose, and retain the attitude, as did Titian. By habit of seeing with this eye of grandeur, he will select from nature all that corresponds with this taste. Sir Joshua is aware that he is laying himself open to sarcasm by his advice, but asserts the courage becoming a teacher addressing students: "they both must equally dare, and bid defiance to narrow criticism and vulgar opinion." It is the conceited who think that art is nothing but inspiration; and such appropriate it in their own estimation; but it is to be learned,—if so, the right direction to it is of vast importance; and once in the right direction, labour and study will ac-

complish the better aspirations of the artist. Michael Angelo said of Raffaele, that he possessed not his art by nature but by long study. "Che Raffaele non ebbe quest' arte da natura, ma per longo studio." Raffaele and Michael Angelo were rivals, but ever spoke of each other with the respect and veneration they felt, and the true meaning of the passage was to the praise of Raffaele; those were not the days when men were ashamed of being laborious,—and Raffaele himself "thanked God that he was born in the same age with that painter."—"I feel a self-congratulation," adds Sir Joshua, "in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." They were his last words from the aca-

demical chair. He died about fourteen months after the delivery of this Discourse. Mr Burnet has given five excellent plates to this Discourse—one from Parmegiano, one from Tibaldi, one from Titian, one from Raffaele, and one from Michael Angelo. Mr Burnet's first note repeats what we have again and again elsewhere urged, the advantage of establishing at our universities, Oxford and Cambridge, Professorships of Painting—infinite would be the advantage to art, and to the public. We do not despair. Mr Burnet seems to fear incorrect drawing will arise from some passages, which he supposes encourages it, in these Discourses; and fearing it, very properly endeavours to correct the error in a note. We had intended to conclude this paper with some few remarks upon Sir Joshua, his style, and influence upon art, but we have not space. Perhaps we may fulfil this part of our intention in another number of *Maga*.

THE YOUNG GREY HEAD.

GRIEF hath been known to turn the young head grey—
 To silver over in a single day
 The bright locks of the beautiful, their prime
 Scarcely o'erpast: as in the fearful time
 Of Gallia's madness, that discrownèd head
 Serene, that on the accursed altar bled
 Miscall'd of Liberty. Oh! martyr'd Queen!
 What must the sufferings of that night have been—
That one—that sprinkled thy fair tresses o'er
 With time's untimely snow! But now no more
 Lovely, august, unhappy one! of thee—
 I have to tell an humbler history;
 A village tale, whose only charm, in sooth,
 (If any) will be sad and simple truth.

"Mother," quoth Ambrose to his thrifty dame—
 So oft our peasapt's use his wife to name,
 "Father" and "Master" to himself applied,
 As life's grave duties matronize the bride—
 "Mother," quoth Ambrose, as he faced the north,
 With hard-set teeth, before he issued forth
 To his day labour, from the cottage door—
 "I'm thinking that, to-night, if not before,
 There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton * roar?
 It's brewing up down westward; and look there,
 One of those sea-gulls! ay, there goes a pair;

* A fresh-water spring rushing into the sea called Chewton Bunny.

And such a sudden thaw ! If rain comes on,
As threats, the waters will be out anon.
That path by th' ford's a nasty bit of way—
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day."

"Do, mother, do!" the quick-ear'd urchins cried;
Two little lasses to the father's side
Close clinging, as they look'd from him, to spy
The answering language of the mother's eye.
There was denial, and she shook her head:
"Nay, nay—no harm will come to them," she said,
"The mistress lets them off these short dark days
An hour the earlier; and our Liz, she says,
May quite be trusted—and I know 'tis true—
To take care of herself and Jenny too.
And so she ought—she's seven come first of May—
Two years the oldest: and they give away
The Christmas bounty at the school to-day."

The mother's will was law, (alas for her
That hapless day, poor soul!) *She* could not err,
Thought Ambrose; and his little fair-hair'd Jane
(Her namesake) to his heart he hugg'd again,
When each had had her turn; she clinging so
As if that day she could not let him go.
But Labour's sons must snatch a hasty bliss
In nature's tend'rest mood. One last fond kiss,
"God bless my little maids!" the father said,
And cheerly went his way to win their bread.
Then might be seen, the playmate parent gone;
What looks demure the sister pair put on—
Not of the mother as afraid, or shy,
Or questioning the love that could deny;
But simply, as their simple training taught,
In quiet, plain straightforwardness of thought,
(Submissively resign'd the hope of play,)
Towards the serious business of the day.

To me there's something touching, I confess,
In the grave look of early thoughtfulness,
Seen often in some little childish face
Among the poor. Not that wherein we trace
(Shame to our land, our rulers, and our race!)
The unnatural sufferings of the factory child,
But a staid quietness, reflective, mild,
Betokening, in the depths of those young eyes,
Sense of life's cares, without its miseries.

So to the mother's charge, with thoughtful brow,
The docile Lizzy stood attentive now;
Proud of her years and of imputed sense,
And prudence justifying confidence—
And little Jenny, more *demurely* still,
Beside her waited the maternal will.
So standing hand in hand, a lovelier twain
Gainsb'rough ne'er painted: no—nor he of Spain,
Glorious Murillo!—and by contrast shown
More beautiful. The younger little one,
With large blue eyes, and silken ringlets fair,
By nut-brown Lizzy, with smooth parted hair,
Sable and glossy as the raven's wing,
And lustrous eyes as dark.

“Now, mind and bring
 Jenny safe home,” the mother said—“don’t stay
 To pull a bough or berry by the way :
 And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
 Your little sister’s hand, till you’re quite past—
 That plank’s so crazy, and so slippery
 (If not o’erflowed) the stepping-stones will be.
 But you’re good children—steady as old folk,
 I’d trust ye any where.” Then Lizzy’s cloak,
 A good grey duffle, lovingly she tied,
 And amply little Jenny’s lack supplied
 With her own warmest shawl. “Be sure,” said she,
 “To wrap it round and knot it carefully
 (Like this) when you come home ; just leaving free
 One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away—
 Good will to school, and then good right to play.”

Was there no sinking at the mother’s heart,
 When all equipt, they turn’d them to depart ?
 When down the lane, she watch’d them as they went
 Till out of sight, was no forefeeling sent
 Of coming ill ? In truth I cannot tell :
 Such warnings *have been sent*, we know full well,
 And must believe—believing that they are—
 In mercy then—to rouse—restrain—prepare.

And, now I mind me, something of the kind
 Did surely haunt that day the mother’s mind,
 Making it irksome to bide all alone
 By her own quiet hearth. Tho’ never known
 For idle gossipry was Jenny Gray,
 Yet so it was, that morn she could not stay
 At home with her own thoughts, but took her way
 To her next neighbour’s, half a loaf to borrow—
 Yet might her store have lasted out the morrow.
 —And with the loan obtain’d, she linger’d still—
 Said she—“My master, if he’d had his will,
 Would have kept back our little ones from school
 This dreadful morning ; and I’m such a fool,
 Since they’ve been gone, I’ve wish’d them back. But then
 It won’t do in such things to humour men—
 Our Ambrose specially. If let alone
 He’d spoil those wenches. But it’s coming on,
 That storm he said was brewing, sure enough—
 Well ! what of that ?—To think what idle stuff
 Will come into one’s head ! and here with you
 I stop, as if I’d nothing else to do—
 And they’ll come home drown’d rats. I must be gone
 To get dry things, and set the kettle on.”

His day’s work done, three mortal miles and more
 Lay between Ambrose and his cottage door.
 A weary way, God wot ! for weary wight !
 But yet far off, the curling smoke in sight
 From his own chimney, and his heart felt light.
 How pleasantly the humble homestead stood,
 Down the green lane by sheltering Shirley Wood !
 How sweet the wafting of the evening breeze
 In spring-time, from his two old cherry-trees
 Sheeted with blossom ! And in hot July,
 From the brown moor-track, shadowless and dry,

How grateful the cool covert to regain
Of his own *avenue*—that shady lane,
With the white cottage, in a slanting glow
Of sunset glory, gleaming bright below,
And jasmine porch, his rustic portico!

With what a thankful gladness in his face,
(Silent heart-homage—plant of special grace!)
At the lane's entrance, slackening oft his pace,
Would Ambrose send a loving look before;
Conceiting the caged blackbird at the door,
The very blackbird, strain'd its little throat
In welcome, with a more rejoicing note;
And honest Tinker! dog of doubtful breed,
All bristle, back, and tail, but "good at need,"
Pleasant his greeting to the accustomed ear;
But of all welcomes pleasantest, most dear,
The ringing voices, like sweet silver bells,
Of his two little ones. How fondly swells
The father's heart, as, dancing up the lane,
Each clasps a hand in her small hand again;
And each must tell her tale, and "say her say,"
Impeding as she leads, with sweet delay,
(Childhood's blest thoughtlessness!) his onward way.

And when the winter day closed in so fast,
Scarce for his task would dreary daylight last;
And in all weathers—driving sleet and snow—
Home by that bare, bleak moor-track must he go,
Darkling and lonely. Oh! the blessed sight
(His pole-star) of that little twinkling light
From one small window, thro' the leafless trees,
Glimmering so fitfully; no eye but his
Had spied it so far off. And sure was he,
Entering the lane, a steadier beam to see,
Ruddy and broad as peat-fed hearth could pour,
Streaming to meet him from the open door.
Then, tho' the blackbird's welcome was unheard—
Silenced by winter—note of summer bird
Still hail'd him from no mortal fowl alive,
But from the cuckoo-clock just striking five—
And Tinker's ear and Tinker's nose were keen—
Off started he, and then a form was seen
Dark'ning the doorway; and a smaller sprite,
And then another, peer'd into the night,
Ready to follow free on Tinker's track,
But for the mother's hand that held her back;
And yet a moment—a few steps—and there,
Pull'd o'er the threshold by that eager pair,
He sits by his own hearth, in his own chair;
Tinker takes post beside, with eyes that say,
"Master! we've done our business for the day."
The kettle sings, the cat in chorus purs,
The busy housewife with her tea-things stirs;
The door's made fast, the old stuff curtain drawn;
How the hail clatters! Let it clatter on.
How the wind raves and rattles! What cares he?
Safe housed, and warm beneath his own roof-tree,
With a wee lassie prattling on each knee.

Such was the hour—hour sacred and apart—
Warm'd in expectancy the poor man's heart.

Summer and winter, as his toil he plied,
 To him and his the literal doom applied,
 Pronounced on Adam. But the bread was sweet
 So earn'd, for such dear mouths. The weary feet
 Hope-shod, stept lightly on the homeward way ;
 So specially it fared with Ambrose Gray
 That time I tell of. He had work'd all day
 At a great clearing : vig'rous stroke on stroke
 Striking, till, when he stopt, his back seem'd broke,
 And the strong arm dropt nerveless. What of that?
 There was a treasure hidden in his hat—
 A plaything for the young ones. He had found
 A dormouse nest ; the living ball coil'd round
 For its long winter sleep ; and all his thought
 As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of nought
 But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
 And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise,
 When he should yield, by guess, and kiss, and prayer,
 Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

'Twas a wild evening—wild and rough. “ I knew,”
 Thought Ambrose, “ those unlucky gulls spoke true—
 And Gaffer Chewton never growls for nought—
 I should be mortal 'mazed now, if I thought
 My little maids were not safe housed before
 That blinding hail-storm—ay, this hour and more—
 Unless, by that old crazy bit of board,
 They've not passed dry-foot over Shallow-ford,
 That I'll be bound for—swollen as it must be . . .
 Well! if my mistress had been ruled by me . . .”
 But, checking the half-thought as heresy,
 He look'd out for the Home-Star. There it shone,
 And with a gladden'd heart he hasten'd on.

He's in the lane again—and there below,
 Streams from the open doorway that red glow,
 Which warms him but to look at. For his prize
 Cautious he feels—all safe and snug it lies—
 “ Down Tinker!—down, old boy!—not quite so free—
 The thing thou sniffest is no game for thee.—
 But what's the meaning?—no look-out to-night!
 No living soul a-stir!—Pray God, all's right!
 Who's flittering round the peat-stack in such weather?
 Mother!” you might have fell'd him with a feather
 When the short answer to his loud—“ Hillo!”
 And hurried question—“ Are they come?”—was—“ No.”

To throw his tools down—hastily unhook
 The old crack'd lantern from its dusty nook,
 And while he lit it, speak a cheering word,
 That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,
 Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
 To where a fearful foresight led him on.
 Passing a neighbour's cottage in his way—
 Mark Fenton's—him he took with short delay
 To bear him company—for who could say
 What need might be? They struck into the track
 The children should have taken coming back
 From school that day ; and many a call and shout
 Into the pitchy darkness they sent out,
 And, by the lantern light, peer'd all about,

In every road-side thicket, hole, and nook,
 Till suddenly—as nearing now the brook—
 Something brush'd past them. That was Tinker's bark—
 Unheeded, he had follow'd in the dark,
 Close at his master's heels, but, swift as light,
 Darted before them now. "Be sure he's right—
 He's on the track," cried Ambrose. "Hold the light
 Low down—he's making for the water. Hark!
 I know that whine—the old dog's found them, Mark."
 So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
 Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone!
 And all his dull contracted light could show
 Was the black void and dark swollen stream below.
 "Yet there's life somewhere—more than Tinker's whine—
 That's sure," said Mark. "So, let the lantern shine
 Down yonder. There's the dog—and, hark!"
 "Oh dear!"

And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
 Mock'd by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
 Into the stream leapt Ambrose, where he caught
 Fast hold of something—a dark huddled heap—
 Half in the water, where 'twas scarce knee-deep,
 For a tall man; and half above it, propp'd
 By some old ragged side-piles, that had stopt
 Endways the broken plank, when it gave way
 With the two little ones that luckless day!
 "My babes!—my lambkins!" was the father's cry.
 One little voice made answer—"Here am I!"
 'Twas Lizzy's. There she crouch'd, with face as white,
 More ghastly, by the flickering lantern-light,
 Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips, drawn tight,
 Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
 And eyes on some dark object underneath,
 Wash'd by the turbid water, fix'd like stone—
 One arm and hand stretch'd out, and rigid grown,
 Grasping, as in the death-gripe—Jenny's frock.
 There she lay drown'd. Could he sustain that shock,
 The doating father? Where's the unripen rock
 Can bide such blasting in its flintiest part
 As that soft sentient thing—the human heart?

They lifted her from out her wat'ry bed—
 Its covering gone, the lonely little head
 Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside—
 And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied,
 Leaving *that* free, about the child's small form,
 As was her last injunction—"fast and warm"—
 Too well obeyed—too fast! A fatal hold
 Affording to the serag by a thick fold
 That caught and pinn'd her in the river's bed,
 While through the reckless water overhead
 Her life-breath bubbled up.

"She might have lived
 Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
 The wretched mother's heart when she knew all.
 "But for my foolishness about that shawl—
 And Master would have kept them back the day;
 But I was wilful—driving them away
 In such wild weather!"

Thus the tortured heart
 Unnaturally against itself takes part,

Driving the sharp edge deeper of a woe
 Too deep already. They had raised her now,
 And parting the wet ringlets from her brow,
 To that, and the cold cheek, and lips as cold,
 The father glued his warm ones, ere they roll'd
 Once more the fatal shawl—her winding-sheet—
 About the precious clay. One heart still beat,
 Warm'd by *his heart's* blood. To his *only child*
 He turn'd him, but her piteous moaning mild
 Pierced him afresh—and now she knew him not.—
 “Mother!”—she murmur'd—“who says I forgot?
 Mother! indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold,
 And tied the shawl quite close—she can't be cold—
 But she won't move—we slipt—I don't know how—
 But I held on—and I'm so weary now—
 And it's so dark and cold! oh dear! oh dear!—
 And she won't move—if daddy was but here!”

* * * * *
 Poor lamb—she wander'd in her mind, 'twas clear—
 But soon the piteous murmur died away,
 And quiet in her father's arms she lay—
 They their dead burthen had resign'd, to take
 The living so near lost. For her dear sake,
 And one at home, he arm'd himself to bear
 His misery like a man—with tender care,
 Doffing his coat her shivering form to fold—
 (His neighbour bearing *that* which felt no cold,)
 He clasp'd her close—and so, with little said,
 Homeward they bore the living and the dead.

From Ambrose Gray's poor cottage, all that night,
 Shone fitfully a little shifting light,
 Above—below :—for all were watchers there,
 Save one sound sleeper.—*Her*, parental care,
 Parental watchfulness, avail'd not now.
 But in the young survivor's throbbing brow,
 And wandering eyes, delirious fever burn'd ;
 And all night long from side to side she turn'd,
 Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
 With now and then the murmur—“She won't move”—
 And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
 Shone on that pillow, passing strange the sight—
 That young head's raven hair was streak'd with white!
 No idle fiction this. Such things have been
 We know. And now *I tell what I have seen.*

Life struggled long with death in that small frame,
 But it was strong, and conquer'd. All became
 As it had been with the poor family—
 All—saving that which never more might be—
 There was an empty place—they were but three.

C.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND SIR OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir Oliver.—How many saints and Sions dost carry under thy cloak, lad? Ay, what dost groan at? What art about to be delivered of? Troth, it must be a vast and oddly-shapen piece of roguery which findeth no issue at such capacious quarters. I never thought to see thy face again. Prythee what, in God's name, hath brought thee to Ramsey, fair Master Oliver?

Oliver.—In His name verily I come, and upon His errand; and the love and duty I bear unto my godfather and uncle have added wings, in a sort, unto my zeal.

Sir Oliver.—Take 'em off thy zeal and dust thy conscience with 'em. I have heard an account of a saint, one Phil Neri, who in the midst of his devotions was lifted up several yards from the ground. Now I do suspect, Nol, thou wilt finish by being a saint of his order; and nobody will promise or wish thee the luck to come down on thy feet again, as he did. So! because a rabble of fanatics at Huntingdon have equipped thee as their representative in Parliament, thou art free of all men's houses, forsooth! I would have thee to understand, sirrah, that thou art fitter for the house they have chaired thee unto than for mine. Yet I do not question but thou wilt be as troublesome and unruly there as here. Did I not turn thee out of Hinchinbrook when thou wert scarcely half the rogue thou art latterly grown up to? And yet wert thou immeasurably too big a one for it to hold.

Oliver.—It repenteth me, O mine uncle! that in my boyhood and youth the Lord had not touched me.

Sir Oliver.—Touch thee! thou wast too dirty a dog by half.

Oliver.—Yea, sorely doth it vex and harrow me that I was then of ill conditions, and that my name—even your godson's—stank in your nostrils.

Sir Oliver.—Ha! polecat! it was not thy name, although bad enough, that stank first; in my house, at least.* But perhaps there are worse maggots in stancher mummeries.

Oliver.—Whereas in the bowels of your charity you then vouchsafed me forgiveness, so the more confidently may I crave it now in this my urgency.

Sir Oliver.—More confidently! What! hast got more confidence? Where didst find it? I never thought the wide circle of the world had within it another jot for thee. Well, Nol, I see no reason why thou shouldst stand before me with thy hat off, in the courtyard and in the sun, counting the stones of the pavement. Thou hast some knavery in thy head, I warrant thee. Come, put on thy beaver.

Oliver.—Uncle Sir Oliver! I know my duty too well to stand covered in the presence of so worshipful a kinsman, who, moreover, hath answered at baptism for my good behaviour.

Sir Oliver.—God forgive me for playing the fool before Him so presumptuously and unprofitably! Nobody shall ever take me in again to do such an absurd and wicked thing. But thou hast some left-hand business in the neighbourhood, no doubt, or thou wouldst never more have come under my archway.

Oliver.—These are hard times for them that seek peace. We are clay in the hand of the potter.

Sir Oliver.—I wish your potters sought nothing costlier, and dug in their own grounds for it. Most of us, as thou sayest, have been upon the wheel of these artificers; and little was left but rags when we got off. Sanctified folks are the cleverest skimmers in all Christendom, and their Jordan tans and constringes us to the averdupoise of mummies.

* See Forster's Life of Cromwell.

Oliver.—The Lord hath chosen his own vessels.

Sir Oliver.—I wish heartily He would pack them off, and send them anywhere on ass-back or cart, (cart preferably,) to rid our country of 'em. But now again to the point: for if we fall among the potsherders we shall hobble on but lamely. Since thou art raised unto a high command in the army, and hast a dragoon to hold yonder thy solid and stately piece of horse-flesh, I cannot but take it into my fancy that thou hast some commission of array or disarray to execute hereabout.

Oliver.—With a sad sinking of spirit, to the pitch well-nigh of swoounding, and with a sight of bitter tears, which will not be put back nor staid in anywise, as you bear testimony unto me, uncle Oliver.

Sir Oliver.—No tears, Master Nol, I beseech thee! Thou never art more pery than when it rains with thee. Wet days, among those of thy kidney, portend the letting of blood. What dost whimper at?

Oliver.—That I, that I, of all men living, should be put upon this work!

Sir Oliver.—What work, prythee?

Oliver.—I am sent hither by them who (the Lord in his lovingkindness having pity and mercy upon these poor realms) do, under his right hand, administer unto our necessities and righteously command us, *by the aforesaid as aforesaid* (thus runs the commission) hither am I deputed (woe is me!) to levy certain fines in this county, or shire, on such as the Parliament in its wisdom doth style malignants.

Sir Oliver.—If there is anything left about the house, never be over nice: dismiss thy modesty and lay hands upon it. In this county or shire, we let go the civet-bag to save the weazon.

Oliver.—O mine uncle and godfather! be witness for me.

Sir Oliver.—Witness for thee! not I indeed. But I would rather be witness than surety, lad, where thou art docketed.

Oliver.—From the most despised doth the Lord ever choose his servants.

Sir Oliver.—Then, faith! thou art his first butler.

Oliver.—Serving Him with humility, I may peradventure be found worthy of advancement.

Sir Oliver.—Ha! now if any devil speaks from within thee, it is thy own: he does not snifle: to my ears he speaks plain English. Worthy or unworthy of advancement, thou wilt attain it. Come in; at least for an hour's rest. Formerly thou knewest the means of setting the heaviest heart afloat, let it be sticking in what mud-bank it might: and my wet-dock at Ramsey is pretty near as commodious as that over-yonder at Hinchinbrook was erewhile. Times are changed, and places too! yet the cellar holds good.

Oliver.—Many and great thanks! But there are certain men on the other side of the gate, who might take it ill if I turn away and neglect them.

Sir Oliver.—Let them enter also, or eat their victuals where they are.

Oliver.—They have proud stomachs: they are recusants.

Sir Oliver.—Recusants of what? of beef and ale? We have claret, I trust, for the squeamish, if they are above the condition of tradespeople. But of course you leave no person of higher quality in the outer court.

Oliver.—Vain are they and worldly, although such wickedness is the most abominable in their cases. Idle folks are fond of sitting in the sun: I would not forbid them this indulgence.

Sir Oliver.—But who are they?

Oliver.—The Lord knows. May-be priests, deacons, and such like.

Sir Oliver.—Then, sir, they are gentlemen: And the commission you bear from the parliamentary thieves, to sack and pillage my mansion-house, is far less vexatious and insulting to me, than your behaviour in keeping them so long at my stable-door. With your permission, or without it, I shall take the liberty to invite them to partake of my poor hospitality.

Oliver.—But, uncle Sir Oliver! there are rules and ordinances whereby it must be manifested that they lie under displeasure—not mine—not mine—but my milk must not flow for them.

Sir Oliver.—You may enter the house or remain where you are at your option; I make my visit to these gentlemen immediately, for I am tired

of standing. If thou ever reachest my age,* Oliver! (but God will not surely let this be,) thou wilt know that the legs become at last of doubtful fidelity in the service of the body.

Oliver.—Uncle Sir Oliver! now that, as it seemeth, you have been taking a survey of the courtyard and its contents, am I indiscreet in asking your worship whether I acted not prudently in keeping the *men-at-belly* under the custody of the *men-at-arms*? This pestilence, like unto one I remember to have read about in some poetry of Master Chapman's,† began with the dogs and the mules, and afterwards crope up into the breasts of men.

Sir Oliver.—I call such treatment barbarous; their troopers will not let the gentlemen come with me into the house, but insist on sitting down to dinner with them. And yet, having brought them out of their colleges, these brutal half-soldiers must know that they are fellows.

Oliver.—Yea, of a truth are they, and fellows well met. Out of their superfluities they give nothing to the Lord or his Saints; no, not even stirrup or girth, wherewith we may mount our horses and go forth against those who thirst for our blood. Their eyes are fat, and they raise not up their voices to cry for our deliverance.

Sir Oliver.—Art mad? What stirrups and girths are hung up in college halls and libraries? For what are these gentlemen brought hither?

Oliver.—They have elected me, with somewhat short of unanimity, not indeed to be one of themselves, for of that distinction I acknowledge and deplore my unworthiness, nor indeed to be a poor scholar, to which, unless it be a very poor one, I have almost as small pretension, but simply to undertake awhile the heavier office of burser for them, to cast up their accounts; to overlook the scouring of their plate; and to lay a list thereof, with a few specimens, before those who fight the fight of the Lord, that his Saints, seeing the abasement of the proud and the chastisement of worldlymindedness, may rejoice.

Sir Oliver.—I am grown accustomed to such saints and such rejoicings. But, little could I have thought, threescore years ago, that the hearty and jovial people of England would ever join in so filching and stabbing a jocularity. Even the petticoated torch-bearers from rotten Rome, who lighted the faggots in Smithfield some years before, if more blustering and cocksy, were less bitter and vulturine. They were all intolerant, but they were not all hypocritical; they had not always "*the Lord*" in their mouths.

Oliver.—According to their own notions, they might have had at an outlay of a farthing.

Sir Oliver.—Art facetious, Nol? for it is as hard to find that out as any thing else in thee, only it makes thee look, at times, a little the grimmer and sourer.

But, regarding these gentlemen from Cambridge. Not being such as, by their habits and professions, could have opposed you in the field, I hold it unmilitary and unmanly to put them under any restraint, and so lead them away from their peaceful and useful occupations.

Oliver.—I always bow submissively before the judgment of mine elders; and the more reverentially when I know them to be endowed with greater wisdom, and guided by surer experience than myself. Alas! those collegians not only are strong men, as you may readily see if you measure them round the waistband, but boisterous and pertinacious challengers. When we, who live in the fear of God, exhorted them earnestly unto peace and brotherly love, they held us in derision. Thus far indeed it might be an advantage to us,

* Sir Oliver, who died in 1655, aged ninety-three, might, by possibility, have seen all the men of great genius, excepting Chaucer and Roger Bacon, whom England has produced from its first discovery down to our own times. Francis Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, and the prodigious shoal that attended these leviathans through the intellectual deep. Newton was but in his thirteenth year at Sir Oliver's death. Raleigh, Spenser, Hooker, Elliot, Selden, Taylor, Hobbes, Sidney, Shaftesbury, and Locke, were existing in his lifetime; and several more, who may be compared with the smaller of these.

† Chapman's *Homer*, first book.

teaching us forbearance and self-seeking, but we cannot countenance the evil spirit moving them thereunto. Their occupations, as you remark most wisely, might have been useful and peaceful, and had formerly been so. Why then did they gird the sword of strife about their loins against the children of Israel? By their own declaration, not only are they our enemies, but enemies the most spiteful and untractable. When I came quietly, lawfully, and in the name of the Lord, for their plate, what did they? Instead of surrendering it like honest and conscientious men, they attacked me and my people on horseback, with syllogisms and centhymemes, and the Lord knows with what other such gimcracks; such venomous and rankling old weapons as those who have the fear of God before their eyes are fain to lay aside. Learning should not make folks mockers—should not make folks malignants—should not harden their hearts. We came with bowels for them.

Sir Oliver.—That ye did! and bowels which would have stowed within them all the plate on board of a galloon. Tankards and wassil-bowls had stuck between your teeth, you would not have felt them.

Oliver.—We did feel them; some at least: perhaps we missed too many.

Sir Oliver.—How can these learned societies raise the money you exact from them, beside plate? dost think they can create and coin it?

Oliver.—In Cambridge, uncle Sir Oliver, and more especially in that college named in honour (as they profanely call it) of the blessed Trinity, there are great conjurors or chemists. Now the said conjurors or chemists not only do possess the faculty of making the precious metals out of old books and parchments, but out of the skulls of young lordlings and gentlefolks, which verily promise less. And this they bring about by certain gold wires fastened at the top of certain caps. Of said metals, thus devilishly converted, do they make a vain and sumptuous use; so that, finally, they are afraid of cutting their lips with glass. But indeed it is high time to call them.

Sir Oliver.—Well—at last thou hast some mercy.

Oliver (aloud.)—Cuffsatan Ramsbottom! Sadsoul Kiteclan! advance! Let every gown, together with the belly that is therein, mount up behind you and your comrades in good fellowship. And forasmuch as you at the country-places look to bit and bridle, it seemeth fair and equitable that ye should leave unto them, in full propriety, the mancipular office of discharging the account. If there be any spare beds at the inns, allow the doctors and dons to occupy the same—they being used to lie softly; and be not urgent that more than three lie in each—they being mostly corpulent. Let pass quietly and unproved any light bubble of pride or impetuosity, seeing that they have not alway been accustomed to the service of guards and ushers. The Lord be with ye!—Slow trot! And now, uncle Sir Oliver, I can resist no longer your loving-kindness. I kiss you, my godfather, in heart's and soul's duty; and most humbly and gratefully do I accept of your invitation to dine and lodge with you, albeit the least worthy of your family and kinsfolk. After the refreshment of needful food, more needful prayer, and that sleep which descendeth on the innocent like the dew of Hermon, to-morrow at daybreak I proceed on my journey Londonward.

Sir Oliver (aloud.)—Ho, there! (*To a servant.*)—Let dinner be prepared in the great diningroom; let every servant be in waiting, each in full livery; let every delicacy the house affords be placed upon the table in due courses; arrange all the plate upon the side-board: a gentleman by descent—a stranger, has claimed my hospitality. (*Servant goes.*)

* Sir! you are now master. Grant me dispensation, I entreat you, from a further attendance on you.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART XI.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

THE history of my youth is the history of my life. My contemporaries were setting out on their journey when my pilgrimage was at an end. I had drained the cup of experience before other men had placed it to their lips. The vicissitudes of all seasons occurred in one, and, before my spring had closed, I had felt the winter's gloominess and cold. The scattered and separated experiences that diversify and mark the passage of the "threescore years and ten," were collected and thrust into the narrow period of my nonage. Within that boundary, existence was condensed. It was the time of action and of suffering. I have passed from youth to maturity and decline gently and passively; and now, in the cool and quiet sunset, I repose, connected with the past only by the adhering memories that will not be excluded from my solitude. I have gathered upon my head the enduring snow of age; but it has settled there in its natural course, with no accompaniment of storm and tempest. I look back to the land over which I have journeyed, and through which I have been conveyed to my present humble resting-place, and I behold a broad extent of plain, spreading from my very feet, into the hazy distance, where all is cloud, mountain, tumult, and agitation. Heaven be praised, I can look back with gratitude, chastened and informed!

Amongst all the startling and stirring events that crowded into the small division of time to which I refer, none had so confounded, perplexed, alarmed, and grieved me, as the discovery of Mr Clayton's criminality and falsehood. There are mental and moral concussions, which, like physical shocks, stun and stupify with their suddenness and violence. This was one of them. Months after I had been satisfied of his obliquity, it was difficult to realize the conviction that truth and justice authoritatively demanded. When I thought of the minister—when his form presented itself to my mind's eye, as it did, day after day, and hour after hour, it was impossible to contemplate it with the

aversion and distaste which were the natural productions of his own base conduct. I could see nothing but the figure and the lineaments of him, whose eloquence had charmed, whose benevolent hand had nourished and maintained me. There are likewise, in this mysterious state of life, paroxysms and intervals of disordered consciousness, which memory refuses to acknowledge or record; the epileptic's waking dream is one—an unreal reality. And similar to this was my impression of the late events. They lacked substantiality. Memory took no account of them, discarded them, and would connect the present only with the bright experience she had treasured up, prior to the dark disordered season. I could not hate my benefactor. I could not efface the image, which months of apparent love had engraven on my heart.

Thrust from Mr Clayton's chapel, and unable to obtain admission elsewhere, I felt how insecure was my tenure of office. I prepared myself for dismissal, and hoped that, when the hour arrived, I should submit without repining. In the meanwhile, I was careful in the performance of every duty, and studious to give no cause, not the remotest, for complaint or dissatisfaction. It was not long, however, before signs of an altered state of things presented themselves to view. A straw tells which way the wind blows, and wisps began to fly in all directions. I found at length that I could do nothing right. To-day I was too indolent; to-morrow, too officious:—now I was too much of a gentlemen; and now not half gentlemanly enough. The hardest inflection to bear was the treatment of my new friend and colleague—of him who had given me kind warning and advice, when mischief was only threatening, but who, on the first appearance of trouble, took alarm, and deserted my side. The moment that he perceived my inevitable fate, he decided upon leaving me alone to fight my hard battle. At first he spoke to me with shyness and reserve; afterwards coolly, and soon, he said nothing at all. Sometimes, perhaps, if

we were quite alone, and there was no chance whatever of discovery, he would venture half a word or so upon the convenient subject of the weather; but these occasions were very rare. If a superior were present, hurricanes would not draw a syllable from his careful lips; and, under the eye of the stout and influential Mr Bombasty, it was well for me if frowns and sneers were the only exhibitions of rudeness on the part of my worldly and far-seeing friend. Ah, Jacob Whining! With all your policy and sagacious selfishness, you found it difficult to protract your own official existence a few months longer. He had hardly congratulated himself upon the dexterity which had kept him from being involved in my misfortunes, before *he* fell under the ban of *his* church, like me was persecuted, and driven into the world a branded and excommunicated outcast. Mr Whining, however, who had learnt much in the world, and more in his *connexion*, was a cleverer and more fortunate man than his friend and coadjutor. He retired with his experience into Yorkshire, drew a small brotherhood about him, and in a short time became the revered and beloved founder of the numerous and far-spread sect of *Whiningtonians*!

It was just a fortnight after my expulsion from the *Church*, that matters were brought to a crisis as far as I was concerned, by the determined tone and conduct of the gentleman at the head of our society. Mr Bombasty arrived one morning at the office, in a perturbed and anxious state, and requested my attendance in his private room. I waited upon him. Perspiration hung about his fleshy face—he wiped it off, and then began:

"Young man," said he, "this won't do at all."

"What, sir?" I asked.

"Come, don't be impudent. You are done for, I can tell you."

"How, sir?" I enquired. "What have I done?"

"Where are the subscriptions that were due last Saturday?"

"Not yet collected, sir."

"What money have you belonging to the society?"

"Not a sixpence, sir."

"Young man," continued the lusty president in a solemn voice, "you are in a woeful state; you are living in the world without a *security*."

"What is the matter, sir."

"Matter!" echoed the gentleman. —"Matter with a man that has lost his security! Are you positive you have got no funds about you? Just look into your pocket, my friend, and make sure."

"I have nothing, sir. Pray, tell me what I have done?"

"Young man, holding the office that I hold, feeling as I feel, and knowing what I know, it would be perfect madness in me to have any thing to do with a man who has been given over by his security. Don't you understand me? Isn't that very good English? Mr Clayton will have nothing more to say to you. The society gives you warning."

"May I not be informed, sir, why I am so summarily dismissed?"

"Why, my good fellow, what is the matter with you? You seem remarkably stupid this morning. I can't beat about the bush with you. You must go."

"Without having committed a fault?" I added, mournfully.

"Sir," said the distinguished president, looking libraries at me, "when one mortal has become security for another mortal, and suddenly annuls and stultifies his bond, to say that the other mortal has committed a *fault* is just to call brandy—*water*. Sir," continued Mr Bombasty, adjusting his India cravat, "that man has perpetrated a crime—a crime *primy facey*—*ezy fishio*."

I saw that my time was come, and I said nothing.

"If," said Mr Bombasty, "you had lost your intellect, I am a voluntary contributor, and could have got you chains and a keeper in Bedlam. If you had broken a limb, I am a life-governor, and it would have been a pleasure to me to send you to the hospital. But you may as well ask me to put life into a dead man, as to be of service to a creature who has lost his security. You had better die at once. It would be a happy release. I speak as a friend."

"Thank you, sir," said I.

"I hear complaints against you, but I don't listen to them. Every thing is swallowed up in one remarkable fact. Your security has let you down. You must go about your business. I speak as the president of this Christian society, and not, I hope, without the feelings of a man. The

treasurer will pay your salary immediately, and we dispense with your services."

"What am I to do?" I asked, half aloud.

"Just the best you can," answered the gentleman. "The audience is at an end."

Mr Bombasty said no more, but drew from his coat-pocket a snuff-box of enormous dimensions. From it he grasped between his thumb and finger a moderate handful of stable-smelling dust. His nose and India handkerchief partook of it in equal shares, and then he rang his bell with presidential dignity, and ordered up his customary lunch of chops and porter. A few hours afterwards I was again upon the world, ready to begin the fight of life anew, and armed with fifteen guineas for the coming struggle. Mr Clayton had kept his word with me, and did not desert me until I was once more fairly on the road to ruin.

One of the first consequences of my unlooked-for meeting with the faithful Thompson, was the repayment of the five shillings which he had so generously spared me when I was about to leave him for Birmingham, without as many pence in my scrip. During my absence, however, fortune had placed my honest friend in a new relation to a sum of this value. Five shillings were not to him, as before, sixty pence. The proprietor of the house in which he lived, and which he had found it so difficult to let out to his satisfaction, had died suddenly, and had thought proper to bequeath to his tenant the bulk of his property, amounting, perhaps, to five thousand pounds. Thompson, who was an upholsterer by trade, left the workshop in which he was employed as journeyman immediately, and began to work upon his own account. He was a prosperous and a thriving man when I rejoined him. His manner was, as the reader has seen, kind and straightforward as ever, and the only change that his wealth had wrought in him, was that which gold may be supposed to work in a heart alive to its duties, simple and honest in its intentions, and lacking only the means to make known its strong desire of usefulness. His generosity had kept pace with his success, his good wishes outstripped both. His home was finer, yet scarcely more sightly and happier than the one large room, which, with its com-

plement of ten children, sire and dame, had still a nook for the needy and friendless stranger. The old house had been made over for a twelvemonth to the various tenants, free of all charge. At the end of that period it was the intention of Thompson to pull it down, and build a better in its place. A young widow, with her three orphans, lodged on the attic floor, and the grateful prayers of the four went far to establish the buoyancy of the landlord's spirit, and to maintain the smile that seldom departed from his manly cheek. Well might the poor creature, whom I once visited in her happy lodging, talk of the sin of destroying so comfortable a residence, and feel assured, that "let them build a palace, they would never equal the present house, or make a sleeping-room where a body might rest so peacefully and well." Thompson's mode of life had scarcely varied. He was not idle amongst his men. When labour was suspended, he was with his children; another had been added to the number, and there were now eleven to relieve him of the superabundant profits created in the manufactory. Mrs Thompson was still a noble housewife, worthy of her husband. All was care, cleanliness, and economy at home. Griping stint would never have been tolerated by the hospitable master, and virtuous plenty only was admitted by the prudent wife. Had there been a oneness in the religious views of this good couple, *Paradise* would have been a word fit to write beneath the board that made known to men John Thompson's occupation; but this, alas! was wanting to complete a scene that otherwise looked rather like perfection. The great enemy of man seeks in many ways to defeat the benevolent aims of Providence. Thompson had remained at home one Sunday afternoon to smoke a friendly pipe with an old acquaintance, when he should have gone to church. His wife set out alone. Satan took advantage of her husband's absence, drew her to chapel, and made her—a *dissenter*. This was Thompson's statement of the case, and severer punishment, he insisted, had never been inflicted on a man for Sabbath-breaking.

When I was dismissed by Mr Bombasty, it was a natural step to walk towards the abode of the upholsterer. I knew his hour for supper, and his long hour after that for ale, and pipe,

and recreation. I was not in doubt as to my welcome. Mrs Thompson had given me a general invitation to supper, "because," she said, "it did Thompson good to chat after a hard day's work;" and the respected Thompson himself had especially invited me to the long hour afterwards, "because," he added, "it did the ale and 'baccy good, who liked it so much better to go out of this here wicked world in company." About seven o'clock in the evening I found myself under their hospitable roof, seated in the room devoted to the general purposes of the house. It was large, and comfortably furnished. The walls were of wainscot, painted white, and were graced with two paintings. One, a family group, consisting of Thompson, wife, and eight children, most wretchedly executed, was the production of a slowly rising artist, a former lodger of my friend's, who had contrived to compound with his easy landlord for two years and three quarters' rent, with this striking display of his ability. Thompson was prouder of this picture than of the originals themselves, if that were possible. The design had been his own, and had cost him, as he was ready and even anxious to acknowledge, more time and trouble than he had ever given before, or meant to give again, to any luxury in life. The artist, as I was informed, had endeavoured to reduce to form some fifty different schemes that had arisen in poor Thompson's brain, but had failed in every one, so difficult he found it to introduce the thousand and one effects that the landlord deemed essential to the subject. His first idea had been to bring upon the canvass every feature of his life from boyhood upwards. This being impracticable, he wished to bargain for at least the workshop and the private residence. The lodgers, he thought, might come into the background well, and the tools, peeping from a basket in the corner, would look so much like life and nature. The upshot of his plans was the existing work of art, which Thompson considered matchless, and pronounced "dirt cheap, if he had even given the fellow a seven years' lease of the entire premises." The situations were striking certainly. In the centre of the picture were two high chairs, on which were seated, as grave as judges, the heads of the establishment. They sat there, drawn to their full

height, too dignified to look at one another, and yet displaying a fond attachment, by a joining of the hands. The youngest child had clambered to the father's knee, and, with a chisel, was digging at his nose, wonderful to say, without disturbing the stoic equanimity that had settled on the father's face. This was the favourite son. Another, with a plane larger than himself, was menacing the mother's knee. The remaining six had each a tool, and served in various ways to effect most artfully the beloved purpose of the vain upholsterer's heart—viz. the introduction of the entire workshop. The second painting in the centre of the opposite wall, represented Mr Clayton. The likeness was a failure, and the colours were coarse and glaring; but there needed no instruction to know that the carefully framed production attempted to portray the unenviable man, who, in spite of his immorality and shameless life, was still revered and idolized by the blind disciples who had taken him for their guide. This portrait was Mrs Thompson's peculiar property. There were no other articles of *virtu* in the spacious apartment; but cleanliness and decorum bestowed upon it a grace, the absence of which no idle decoration could supply. Early as the hour was, a saucepan was on the fire, whose bubbling water was busy with the supper that at half-past eight must meet the assault of many knives and forks. John Thompson and two sons—the eldest—were working in the shop. They had been there with little intermission since six that morning. The honest man was fond of work; so was he of his children—yes, dearly fond of *them*, and they must share with him the evening meal; and he must have them all about him; and he must help them all, and see them eat, and look with manly joy and pride upon the noisy youngsters, for whom his lusty arm had earned the bread that came like manna to him—so wholesome and so sweet! Three girls, humbly but neatly dressed, the three first steps of this great human ladder, were seated at a table administering to the necessities of sundry shirts and stockings that had suffered sensibly in their last week's struggle through the world. *They* were indeed a picture worth the looking at. You grew a better man in gazing on their innocence and indus-

try. What a lesson stole from their quiet and contented looks, their patient perseverance, their sweet unity! How shining smooth the faces, how healthy, and how round, and how impossible it seemed for wrinkles ever to disturb the fine and glossy surface! Modesty never should forsake the humble; the bosom of the lowly born should be her home. Here she had enshrined herself, and given to simplicity all her dignity and truth. They worked and worked on; who should tell which was the most assiduous—which the fairest—which the most eager and successful to increase the happiness of all! And turn to Billy there, that half-tamed urchin! that likeness in little of his sire, rocking not so much against his will, as against conviction, the last of all the Thompsons—a six months' infant in the wicker cradle. How, obedient to his mother's wish, like a little man at first, he rocks with all his might, and then irregularly, and at long intervals—by fits and starts—and ceases altogether very soon, bobbing his curly head, and falling gently into a deep mesmeric sleep. The older lads are making wooden boats, and two, still older, stand on either side their mother. A book is in the hands of each, full of instruction and fine learning. It was the source of all their knowledge, the cause of all their earliest woes. Good Mrs Thompson had been neglected as a child, and was enthusiastic in the cause of early education. Sometimes they looked into the book, but oftener still they cast attentive eyes upon the fire, as if "the book of knowledge fair" was there displayed, and not a noisy saucepan, almost unable to contain itself for joy of the cod's head and shoulders, that must be ready by John Thompson's supper time. The whole family were my friends—with the boys I was on terms of warmest intimacy, and smiles and nods, and shouts and cheers, welcomed me amongst them.

"Now, close your book, Bob," said the mother, soon after I was seated, "and, Alec, give me yours. Put your hands down, turn from the fire, and look up at me, dears. What is the capital of Russia?"

"The Birman empire," said Alec, with unhesitating confidence.

"The Baltic sea," cried Bob, emulous and ardent.

"Wait—not so fast; let me see, my dears, which of you is right."

Mrs Thompson appealed immediately to her book, after a long and private communication with which, she emphatically pronounced both wrong.

"Give us a chance, mother," said Bob in a wheedling tone, (Bob knew his mother's weaknesses.) "Them's such hard words. I don't know how it is, but I never can remember 'em. Just tell us the first syllable—oh, do now—please."

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec. "It's something with a G in it."

"Think of the apostles, dears. What are the names of the apostles?"

"Why, there's Moses," began Bob, counting on his fingers, "and there's Sammywell, and there's Aaron, and Noah's ark!"

"Stop, my dear," said Mrs Thompson, who was very busy with her manual, and contriving a method of rendering a solution of her question easy. "Just begin again. I said—who was Peter—no, not that—who was an apostle?"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec again, (Alec was the sharp boy of the family.) "It's Peter. Peter's the capital of Russia."

"No, not quite my dear. You are very warm—very warm indeed, but not quite hot. Try again."

"Paul," half murmured Robert, with a reckless hope of proving right.

"No, Peter's right; but there's something else. What has your father been taking down the beds for?"

There was a solemn silence, and the three industrious sisters blushed the faintest blush that could be raised upon a maiden's cheek.

"To rub that stuff upon the walls," said the ready Alec.

"Yes, but what was it to kill?" continued the instructress.

"The fleas," said Bob.

"Worse than that, my dear."

"Oh, I know now," shrieked Alec, for the third time. "*Petersbug's* the capital of Russia."

Mrs Thompson looked at me with pardonable vanity and triumph, and I bestowed upon the successful students a few comfits which I had purchased on my road for my numerous and comfit-loving friends. The mere sight of this sweet "reward of merit" immediately inspired the two boys at work upon the boats with a desire for

knowledge, and especially for learning the capitals of countries, that was most agreeable to contemplate. The lesson was continued, more to my amusement, I fear, than the edification of the pupils. The boys were unable to answer a single question until they had had so many *chances*, and had become so very *hot*, that not to have answered at length would have bordered on the miraculous. The persevering governess was not displeased at this, for she would not have lost the opportunity of displaying her own skill in metaphorical illustration, for a great deal, I am very sure. The clock struck eight; there was a general movement. The three sisters folded their work, and lodged it carefully in separate drawers. The eldest then produced the table-cloth, knives, forks, and spoons. The second exhibited bibs and pinafores; and the third brought from their hiding-places a dozen modest chairs, and placed them round the table. Bob assured the company "he was *so* hungry;" Alec said, "so was he;" and the boatmen, in an under tone, settled what should be done with the great cod's eyes, which, they contended, were the best parts of the fish, and "shouldn't they be glad if father would give 'em one a-piece." The good woman must enquire, of course, how nearly the much-relished dainty had reached the critical and interesting state when it became most palatable to John Thompson; for John Thompson was an epicure, "and must have his little bits of things done to a charm, or not at all." Half-past eight had struck. The family were bibbed and pinafores; the easy coat and slippers were at the fire, and warmed through and through—it was a season of intenseness. "Here's father!" shouted Alec, and all the bibs and pinafores rushed like a torrent to the door. Which shall the father catch into his ready arms, which kiss, which hug, which answer?—all are upon him; they know their playmate, their companion, and best friend; they have hoarded up, since the preceding night, a hundred things to say; and now they have got their loving and attentive listener. "Look what I have done, father," says the chief boatman, "Tom and I together." "Well done, boys!" says the father—and Tom and he are kissed. "I have been locking baby," lisps little Billy, who, in return, gets rocked himself.

"Father, what's the capital of Russia?" shrieks Alec, tugging at his coat. "What do you mean, you dog?" is the reply, accompanied by a hearty shake of his long flaxen hair. "Petersbug," cry Tom and Alec both, following him to the hearth, each one endeavouring to relieve him of his boots as soon as he is seated there. The family circle is completed. The flaky fish is ready, and presented for inspection. The father has served them all, even to little Billy—their plates are full and smoking. "Mother" is called upon to ask a blessing. She rises, and assumes the looks of Jabez Buster—twenty blessings might be asked and granted in half the time she takes—so think and look Bob, Alec, and the boatmen; but at length she pauses—the word is given, and further ceremony is dispensed with. In childhood, supper is a thing to look forward to, and to *last* when it arrives; but not in childhood, any more than in old age, can sublunary joys endure for ever. The meal is finished. A short half-hour flies, like lightning, by. The children gather round their father; and in the name of all, upon his knees, he thanks his God for all the mercies of the day. Thompson is no orator. His heart is warm; his words are few and simple. The three attendant graces take charge of their brethren, detach them from their father's side, and conduct them to their beds. Happy father! happy children! May Providence be merciful, and keep the grim enemy away from your fireside! Let him not come now in the blooming beauty and the freshness of your loves! Let him not darken and embitter for ever the life that is still bright, beautiful, and glorious in the power of elevating and sustaining thought that leads beyond it. Let him wait the matured and not unexpected hour, when the shock comes, not to crush, to overwhelm, and to annihilate, but to warn, to teach, and to encourage; not to alarm and stagger the untaught spirit, but to bring to the subdued and long-tried soul its last lesson on the vanity and evanescence of its early dreams!

It is half-past nine o'clock. Thompson, his wife, and two eldest boys are present, and, for the first time, I have an opportunity to make known the object of my visit.

"And so they have turned you off," said Thompson, when I had

finished. "And who's surprised at that? Not I, for one. Missus," continued he, turning to his wife, "why haven't you got a curtain yet for that ere pictur? I can't abear the sight of it."

Mrs Thompson looked plaintively towards the painting, and heaved a sigh.

"Ah, dear good man! He has got his enemies," said she.

"Mrs Thompson!" exclaimed her husband, "I have done with that good man from this day for'ards; and I do hope, old 'ooman, that you'll go next Sunday to church with me, as we used to do afore you got that pictur painted."

"It's no good talking, Thompson," answered the lady, positively and firmly. "I can't sit under a cold man, and there's an end of it."

"There, that's the way you talk, missus."

"Why, you know, Thompson, every thing in the church is cold."

"No, not now, my dear—they've put up a large stove. You'll recollect you haven't been lately."

"Besides, do you think I can sit in a place of worship, and hear a man say, '*Let us pray*,' in the middle of the service, making a fool of one, as if we hadn't been praying all the time? As that dear and persecuted saint says, (turning to the picture,) it's a common assault to our understandings."

"Now, Polly, that's just always how you go off. If you'd only listen to reason, that could all be made out right in no time. The clergyman doesn't mean to say, *let us pray*, because he hasn't been praying afore;—what he means is—we have been praying all this time, and so we'll go on praying again—no, not again exactly—but don't leave off. That isn't what I mean either. Let me see, *let us pray*. Oh, yes! Why—stay. Where is it he does say, *let us pray*? There, I say, Stukely, you know it all much better than I do. Just make it right to the missus."

"It is not difficult," said I.

"Oh no, Mr Stukely, I daresay not!" added Mrs Thompson, interrupting me. "Mr Clayton says, Satan has got his jany sarries abroad, and has a reason for every thing. It is very proper to say, too, I suppose, that it is an *imposition* when the bishops ordain the ministers? What a word to make use of. It's truly frightful!"

"Well, I'm blessed," exclaimed Thompson, "if I don't think you had

better hold your tongue, old girl, about impositions; for sich oudacious robbers as your precious brothers is, I never come across, since I was stopped that ere night, as we were courting, on Shooter's Hill. It's a system of imposition from beginning to end."

"Look to your Bible, Thompson; what does that say? Does that tell ministers to read their sermons? There can't be no truth and right feeling when a man puts down what he's going to say; the vital warmth is wanting, I'm sure. And then to read the same prayers Sunday after Sunday, till a body gets quite tired at hearing them over and over again, and finding nothing new! How can you improve an occasion if you are tied down in this sort of way."

"Did you ever see one of the brothers eat, Stukely?" asked Thompson, avoiding the main subject. "Don't you ask one of them to dinner—that's all. That nice boy Buster ought to eat for a wager. I had the pleasure of his company to dinner one fine afternoon. I don't mean to send him another invitation just yet, at all events."

"Yes," proceeded the fair, but staunch nonconformist; "what does the Bible say, indeed! 'Take no thought of what you should say.' Why, in the church, I am told they are doing nothing else from Monday morning to Saturday night but writing the sermon they are going to read on the Sabbath. To read a sermon! What would the apostles say to that?"

"Why, didn't you tell me, my dear, that the gentleman as set for that pictur got all his sermons by heart before he preached 'em?"

"Of course I did—but that's a very different thing. Doesn't it all pour from him as natural as if it had come to him that minute? He doesn't fumble over a book like a schoolboy. His beautiful eyes, I warrant you, ain't looking down all the time, as if he was ashamed to hold 'em up. Isn't it a privilege to see his blessed eyes rolling all sorts of ways; and don't they speak volumes to the poor benighted sinner? Besides, don't tell me, Thompson; we had better turn Catholics at once, if we are to have the minister dressing up like the Pope of Rome, and all the rest of it."

"You are the gal of my heart," exclaimed the uxorious Thompson;

"but I must say you have got some of the disgracefulest notions out of that ere chapel as ever I heard on. Why, it's only common decency to wear a dress in the pulpit; and I believe in my mind, that that's come down to us from time immemorable, like every thing else in human natur. What's your opinion, Stukely?"

"Yes; and what's your opinion, Mr Stukely," added the lady immediately, "about calling a minister of the gospel—a *priest*? Is that Paperistical or not?"

"That isn't the pint, Polly," proceeded John. "We are talking about the silk dress now. Let's have that out first."

"And then the absolution"—

"No, Poll. Stick to the silk dress."

"Ah, Thompson, it's always the way!" continued the mistress of the house, growing red and wroth, and heedless of the presence of the eager-listening children; "it's always the way. Satan is ruining of you. You'll laugh at the elect, and you'll not find your mistake out till it's too late to alter. Mr Clayton says, that the Establishment is the hothouse of devils; and the more I see of its ways, the more I feel he is right. Thompson, you are in the sink of iniquity."

"Come, I can't stand no more of this!" exclaimed Thompson, growing uneasy in his chair, but without a spark of ill-humour. "Let's change the topic, old 'ooman; I'm sure it can't do the young un's any good to hear this idle talk. Let's teach 'em nothing at all, if we can't larn 'em something better than wrangling about religion. Now, Jack," he continued, turning to his eldest boy, "what is the matter with you? What are you sitting there for with your mouth wide open?"

"What's the meaning of Paperist, father?" asked the boy, who had been long waiting to propose the question.

"What's that to you, you rascal?" was the reply; "mind your own business, my good fellow, and leave the Paperist to mind his'n; that's your father's maxim, who got it from his father before him. You'll learn to find fault with other people fast enough without my teaching you. I tell you what, Jack, if you look well after yourself, you'll find little time left to bother about others. If your hands are ever idle—recollect you have ten brothers and sisters about you. Look

about you—you are the oldest boy—and see what you can do for them. Do you mind that?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well, old chap. Then just get out the bottle, and give your father something to coax the cod down. Poll, that fish won't settle."

The long hour was beginning. That bottle was the signal. A gin and water nightcap, on this occasion, officiated for the ale. Jack and his brother received a special invitation to a sip or two, which they at once unhesitatingly accepted. The sturdy fellows shook their father and fellow-labourer's hand, and were not loth to go to rest. Their mother was their attendant. The ruffle had departed from her face. It was as pleasant as before. She was but half a dissenter. So Thompson thought when he called her back again, and bade his "old 'ooman give her hobby one of her good old-fashioned busses, and think no more about it."

Thompson and I were left together.

"And what do you mean to do, sir, now?" was his first question.

"I hardly know." I answered.

"Of course, you'll cut the gang entirely—that's a nat'ral consequence."

"No, Thompson, not at present. I must not seem so fickle and inconsistent. I must not seem so to myself. I joined this sect not altogether without deliberation. I must have further proof of the unsoundness of its principles. A few of its professors have been faithless even to their own position. Of what religious profession may not the same be said? I will be patient, and examine further."

"I was a-thinking," said Thompson, musingly, "I was a-thinking, 'till you've got something else to do—but no, never mind, you won't like that."

"What is it?"

"Why, I was thinking about the young un's. They're shocking back'ard in their eddication, and, between you and me, the missus makes them back'arder. I don't understand the way she has got of larning 'em at all. I don't want to make scholarsds of 'em. Nobody would but a fool. Bless 'em, they'll have enough to do to get their bread with sweating and toiling, without addling their brains about things they can't understand. But it is a cruelty, mind you, for a parent to hinder his child from read-

ing his Bible on a Sunday afternoon, and to make him stand ashamed of himself before his fellow workman when he grows up, and finds that he can't put *paid* to a bill on a Saturday night. The boys should all know how to read and write, and keep accounts, and a little summut of human nature. This is what I wants to give 'em, and nobody should I like better to put it into 'em than you, my old friend, if you'd just take the trouble 'till you've got something better to do."

"Thompson," I answered instantly, "I will do it with pleasure. I ought to have made the offer. It did not occur to me. I shall rejoice to repay you, in this trifling way, for all your good feeling and kindness."

"Oh no!" answered my friend, "none of that. We must have an understanding. Don't you think I should have asked the question, if I meant to sneak out in that dirty sort of way. No, that won't do. It's very kind of you, but we must make all that right. We sha'n't quarrel, I dare say. If you mean you'll do it, I have only just a word or two to say before you begin."

"I shall be proud to serve you, Thompson, and on any terms you please."

"Well, it is a serving me—I don't deny it—but, mind you, only till you have dropped into something worth your while. What I wish to say is as this: As soon as ever my missus hears of what you are going to do, I know as well what she'll be at as I know what I am talking of now. She'll just be breaking my heart to have the boys larned French. Now, I'd just as soon bind 'em apprentice to that ere Clayton. I've seen too much of that ere sort of thing in my time. I'm as positive as I sit here, that when a chap begins to talk French he loses all his English spirit, and feels all over him as like a mounseer as possible. I'm sure he does. I've seen it a hundred times, and that I couldn't a-bear. Besides, I've been told that French is the language the thieves talk, and I solemnly believe it. That's one thing. Now, here's another. You'll excuse me, my dear fellow. In course you know more than I do, but I must say that you have got sometimes a very round-about way of coming to the pint. I mean no offence, and I don't blame

you. It's all along of the company you have kept. You are—it's the only fault you have got—you are oudaciously fond of hard words. Don't let the young uns larn 'em. That's all I have to say, and we'll talk of the pay some other time."

At this turn of the conversation, Thompson insisted upon my lighting a pipe and joining him in the gin and water. We smoked for many minutes in silence. My friend had unbuttoned his waistcoat, and had drawn the table nearer to his warm and hospitable fire. A log of wood was burning slowly and steadily away, and a small, bright—very bright—copper kettle overlooked it from the hob. My host had fixed his feet upon the fender—the unemployed hand was in his corduroys. His eyes were three parts closed, enjoying what from its origin may be called—a pure tobacco-born soliloquy. The smoke arose in thin white curls from the clay cup, and at regular periods stole blandly from the corner of his lips. The silent man was blessed. He had been happy at his work; he had grown happier as the sun went down; his happiness was ripening at the supper table; *now*, half-asleep and half-awake—half conscious and half dreaming—wholly free from care, and yet not free from pregnant thought—the labourer had reached the summit of felicity, and was at peace—intensely.

A few evenings only had elapsed after this interesting meeting, before I was again spending a delicious hour or two with the simple-hearted and generous upholsterer. There was something very winning in these moments snatched and secured from the hurricane of life, and passed in thorough and undisturbed enjoyment. My friend, notwithstanding that he had engaged my services, and was pleased to express his satisfaction at the mode in which I rendered them, was yet alive to my interests, and too apprehensive of injuring them by keeping me away from loftier employment. He did not like my being *thrown out* of the chapel, especially after he had heard my determination not to forsake immediately the sect to which I had attached myself. He was indifferent to his own fate. His worldly prospects could not be injured by his expulsion; on the con-

trary, he slyly assured me that "his neighbours would begin to think better of him, and give him credit for having become an honest and more trustworthy man." But with regard to myself it was a different thing. I should require "a character" at some time or another, and there was a body of men primed and ready to vilify and crush me. He advised me, whilst he acknowledged it was a hard thing to say, and "it went agin him to do it," to apply once more respectfully for my dismissal. "It won't do," he pertinently said, "to bite your nose off to be revenged on your tongue." I was certainly in a mess, and must get out of it in the best way that I could. Buster and Tomkins had great power in the Church, and if I represented my case to either or both of them, he did hope they might be brought to consent not to injure me, or stand in the way of my getting bread. "In a quarrel," he said, in conclusion, "some one must give in. I was a young man, and had my way to make, and though he should despise his-self if he recommended me to do any thing mean and dirty in the business, yet, he thought, as the father of a numerous family, he ought to advise me to be civil, and to do the best for myself in this unfortunate dilemmy."

I accepted his advice, and determined to wait upon the dapper deacon. I was physically afraid to encounter Buster, not so much on account of what I had seen of his spiritual pretension, as of what I had heard of his domestic behaviour. It was not a very difficult task to obtain from Mrs Thompson the secret history of many of her highly privileged acquaintances and brethren. She enjoyed, in a powerful degree, the peculiar virtue of her amiable sex, and to communicate secrets, delivered to her in strictest confidence, and imparted by her again with equal caution and provisory care, was the choicest recreation of her well employed and useful life. It was through this lady that I was favoured with a glance into the natural heart of Mr Buster; or into what he would himself have called, with a most un-filial disgust, "HIS OLD MAN." It appeared that, like most great actors, he was a very different personage before and behind the curtain. Kings, who are miserable and gloomy through the five acts of a dismal tragedy, and who must needs die at the end of it, are your

merriest knaves over a tankard at the Shakspeare's Head. Your stage fool shall be the dullest dog that ever spoiled mirth with sour and discontented looks. Jabez Buster, his employment being over at Mr Clayton's theatre, his dress thrown aside, his mask put by, was not to be recognised by his nearest friend. This is the perfection of art. A greater tyrant on a small scale, with limited means, never existed than the saintly Buster when his character was done, and he found himself again in the bosom of his family. Unhappy bosom was it, and a sad flustration did his presence, nine times out of ten, produce there. He had four sons, and a delicate creature for a wife, born to be crushed. The sons were remarkable chiefly for their hypocrisy, which promised, in the fulness of time, to throw their highly-gifted parent's far into the shade; and, secondarily, for their persecution of their helpless and indulgent mother. They witnessed and approved so much the success of Jabez in this particular, that during his absence they cultivated the affectionate habit until it became a kind of second nature, infinitely more racy and agreeable than the primary. In proportion to their deliberate oppression of their mother was their natural dread and terror of their father. Mrs Thompson pronounced it "the shockingest thing in this world to be present when the young blue-beards were worryting their mother's soul out with saying, '*I sha'n't*' and '*I won't*' to every thing, and swearing '*they'd tell their father this*,' and put him up to that, and then wouldn't he make a jolly row about it,' with hollering out for nothing at all, only to frighten the poor timid cretur, and then making a holabaloo with the chairs, or perhaps falling down, roaring and kicking, just to drive the poor thing clean out of her wits, on purpose to laugh at her for being so taken in. Well, but it was a great treat, too," she added, "to hear, in the midst of all this, Buster's heavy foot in the passage, and to see what a scrimmage there was at once amongst all the young hypocrites. How they all run in different directions—one to the fire—one to the table—one out at the back-door—one any where he could—all of 'em as silent as mice, and afraid of the very eye of the blacksmith, who knew, good man, how to keep every man

Jack of 'em in order, and, if a word didn't do, wasn't by no means behind hand with blows. Buster," she continued, "had his faults like other men, but he was a saint if ever there was one. To be sure he did like to have his own way at home, and wasn't it natural? And if he was rather overbearing and cruel to his wife, wasn't that, she should like to know, Satan warring with the new man, and sometimes getting the better of it? And if he was, as Thompson had hinted, rayther partial to the creature, and liked good living, what was this to the purpose? it was an infirmity that might happen to the best Christian living. Nobody could say that he wasn't a renewed man, and a chosen vessel, and faithful to his call. A man isn't a backslider because he's carnally weak, and a man isn't a saint because he's moral and well-behaved. 'Good works,' Mr Clayton said, 'was filthy rags,' and so they were. To be sure, between themselves, there were one or two things said about Buster that she couldn't approve of. For instance, she had been told—but *this* was quite in confidence, and really must *not* go further—that he was—that—that, in fact, he was overtaken now and then with liquor, and then the house could hardly hold him, he got so furious, and, they did say, used such horrid language. But, after all, what was this? If a man's elected, he is not so much the worse. Besides, if one listened to people, one might never leave off. She had actually heard, she wouldn't say from whom, that Buster very often kept out late at night—sometimes didn't come home at all, and sometimes did at two o'clock in the morning, very hungry and ill-tempered, and then forced his poor wife out of bed, and made the delicate and shivering creature light a fire, cook beefsteaks, go into the yard for beer, and wait upon him till he had even eat every morsel up. She for one would never believe all this, though Mrs Buster herself had told her every word with tears in her eyes, and in the greatest confidence; so she trusted I wouldn't repeat it, as it wouldn't look well in her to be found out telling other people's secrets." Singular, perhaps, to say, the tale did not go further. I kept the lady's secret, and at the same time declined to approach Mr Jabez Buster in the character of a suppliant. If his

advocate and panegyrist had nothing more to say for him, it could not be uncharitable to conclude that the pretended saint was as bold a sinner as ever paid infamous courtship to religion, and as such was studiously to be avoided. I turned my attention from him to Tomkins. There was no grossness about him, no brutality, no abominable vice. In the hour of my defeat and desertion, he had extended to me his sympathy, and, more in sorrow than in anger, I am convinced he voted for my expulsion from the church when he found that his vote, and twenty added to it, would not have been sufficient to protect me. He could not act in opposition to the wishes of his friend and patron, Mr Clayton, but very glad would he have been, as every word and look assured me, to meet the wishes of us both, had that been practicable. If the great desire of Jehu Tomkins' heart could have been gratified, he never would have been at enmity with a single soul on earth. He was a soft, good-natured, easy man; most desirous to be let alone, and not uneasily envious or distressed to see his neighbours jogging on, so long as he could do his own good stroke of business, and keep a little way before them. Jehu was a Liberal too—in politics and in religion—in every thing, in fact, but the one small article of *money*, and here, I must confess, the good dissenter dissented little from the best of us. He was a stanch Conservative in matters connected with the *till*. For his private life it was exemplary—at least it looked so to the world, and the world is satisfied with what it sees. Jehu was attentive to his business—yes, very—and a business life is not monotonous and dull, if it be relieved, as it was in this case, by dexterous arts, that give an interest and flavour to the commonest pursuits. Sometimes a customer would die—a natural state of things, but a great event for Jehu. First, he would "improve the occasion" to the surviving relatives—condole and pray with them. Afterwards he would *improve* it to himself, in his own little room, at night, when all the children were asleep, and no one was awake but Mrs Tomkins and himself. Then he would get down his ledger, and turn to the deceased's account—
 "— How long it is thou see'st,
 And he would gaze 'till it became *much longer*;"

“For who could tell whether six shirts or twelve were bought in July last, and what could be the harm of making those eight handkerchiefs a dozen? He was a strange old gentleman; lived by himself—and the books might be referred to, and speak boldly for themselves.” Yes, cunning Jehu, so they might, with those interpolations and erasures that would confound and overcome a lawyer. When customers did not die, it was pastime to be dallying with the living. In adding up a bill with haste, how many times will four and four make *nine*? They generally did with Jehu. The best are liable to errors. It cost a smirk or smile; Jehu had hundreds at command, and the accident was amended. How easy is it sometimes to give no bill at all! How very easy to apply, a few months afterwards, for second payment; how much more easy still to pocket it without a word; or, if discovered and convicted, to apologize without a blush for the *mistake*! No, Jehu Tomkins, let me do you justice—this is not so easy—it requires all your zeal and holy intrepidity to reach this pitch of human frailty and corruption. With regard to the domestic position of my interesting friend, it is painful to add, that the less that is said about it the better. In vain was his name in full, painted in large yellow letters, over the shop front. In vain was *Bot. of Jehu Tomkins* engraven on satin paper, with flourishes innumerable beneath the royal arms; he was no more the master of his house than was the small boy of the establishment, who did the dirty work of the place for nothing a-week and the broken victuals. If Jehu was deacon abroad, he was taught to acknowledge an *archdeacon* at home—one to whom he was indebted for his success in life, and for reminding him of that agreeable fact about four times during every day of his existence. I was aware of this delicate circumstance when I ventured to the linen-draper's shop on my almost hopeless mission; but, although I had never spoken to Mrs Tomkins, I had often seen her in the chapel, and I relied much on the feeling and natural tenderness of the female heart. The respectable shop of Mr Tomkins was in Fleet Street. The establishment

consisted of Mrs Tomkins, *première*; Jehu, under-secretary; and four sickly-looking young ladies behind the counter. It is to be said, to the honour of Mrs Tomkins, that she admitted no young woman into her service whose character was not *decided*, and whose views were not very clear. Accordingly, the four young ladies were members of the chapel. It is pleasing to reflect, that, in this well-ordered house of business, the ladies took their turns to attend the weekly prayer meetings of the church. Would that I might add, that they were *not* severally met on these occasions by their young men at the corner of Chancery Lane, and invariably escorted by them some two or three miles in a totally opposite direction. Had Mrs Tomkins been born a man, it is difficult to decide what situation she would have adorned the most. She would have made a good man of business—an acute lawyer—a fine casuist—a great divine. Her attainments were immense; her self-confidence unbounded. She was a woman of middle height, and masculine bearing. She was not prepossessing, notwithstanding her white teeth and large mouth, and the intolerable grin that a customer to the amount of a halfpenny and upwards could bring upon her face under any circumstances, and at any hour of the day. Her complexion might have been good originally. Red blotches scattered over her cheek had destroyed its beauty. She wore a modest and becoming cap, and a gold eyeglass round her neck. She was devoted to money-making—heart and soul devoted to it during business hours. What time she was not in the shop, she passed amongst dissenting ministers, spiritual brethren, and deluded sinners. It remains to state the fact, that, whilst a customer never approached the lady without being repelled by the offensive smirk that she assumed, no dependent ever ventured near her without the fear of the scowl that sat naturally (and fearfully, when she pleased) upon her dark and inauspicious brow. What wonder that little Jehu was crushed into nothingness, behind his own counter, under the eye of his own wife!

THE WORLD OF LONDON. SECOND SERIES.

PART II.

In our last, we had occasion to speak sharply of that class of our aristocratic youth known by the name of fast fellows, and it may be thought that we characterized their foibles rather pointedly, and tintured our animadversions with somewhat of undue asperity. This charge, however, can be made with no ground of reason or justice: the fact is, we only lashed the follies for which that class of men are pre-eminent, but left their vices in the shade, in the hope that the *raw* we have already established, will shame the fast fellows into a sense of the proprieties of conduct due to themselves and their station.

The misfortune is, that these fast fellows forget, in the pursuit of their favourite follies, that the mischief to society begins only with themselves: that man is naturally a servile, imitative animal; and that he follows in the track of a great name, as vulgar mutations run at the heels of a belwether. The poison of fashionable folly runs comparatively innocuous while it circulates in fashionable veins; but when vulgar fellows are inoculated with the virus, it becomes a plague, a moral small-pox, distorting, disfiguring the man's mind, pockpitting his small modicum of brains, and blinding his

mind's eye to the supreme contempt his awkward vagaries inspire.

The fast fellows rejoice exceedingly in the spread of their servile imitation of fashionable folly, this gentlemanly profligacy at second-hand; and perhaps this is the worst trait in their character, for it is at once malicious and unwise: malicious, because the contemplation of humanity, degraded by bad example in high station, should rather be a source of secret shame than of devilish gratification: unwise, because their example is a discredit to their order, and a danger. To possess birth, fashion, station, wealth, power, is title enough to envy, and handle sufficient for scandal. How much stronger becomes that title—how much longer that handle—when men, enjoying this pre-eminence, enjoy it, not using, but abusing their good fortune!

We should not have troubled our heads with the fast fellows at all, if it were not absolutely essential to the full consideration of our subject, widely to sever the prominent classes of fashionable life, and to have no excuse for continuing in future to confound them. We have now done with the fast fellows, and shall like them the more the less we hear of them.

CONCERNING SLOW FELLOWS.

THE SLOW SCHOOL of fashionable or aristocratic life, comprises those who think that, in the nineteenth century, other means must be taken to preserve their order in its high and responsible position than those which, in dark ages, conferred honour upon the tallest or the bravest. They think, and think wisely, that the only method of keeping above the masses, in this active-minded age, is by soaring higher and further into the boundless realms of intellect; or at the least forgetting, in a fair neck-and-neck race with men of meaner birth, their purer blood, and urging the generous contest for fame, regardless of the allurements of pleasure, or the superior advantages of fortune. In truth, we might ask, what would become of our aristocratic classes ere long, if they

came, as a body, to be identified with their gambling lords, their black-leg baronets, their insolvent honourables, and these dyeset of Chevaliers Diddlerowski and Counts Scaramouchi, who caper on the platform outside for their living? The populace would pelt these harlequin horse-jockeys of fashionable life off their stage, if there was nothing better to be seen inside; but it fortunately happens that there is better.

We can boast among our nobles and aristocratic families, a few men of original, commanding, and powerful intellect; many respectable in most departments of intellectual rivalry; many more laborious, hard-working men; and about the same proportion of dull, stupid, fat-headed, crabbed, conceited, ignorant, insolent

men, that you may find among the same given number of those commonly called the educated classes. We refer you to the aristocracies of other countries, and we think we may safely say, that we have more men of that class, in this country, who devote themselves to the high duties of their station, regardless of its pleasures, than in any other: men who recognize practically the responsibility of their rank, and do not shirk from them; men who think they have something to do, and something to repay, for the accidents of birth and fortune—who, in the senate, in the field, or in the less prominent, but not less noble, career of private life, act, as they feel, with the poet:

“At heros, et decus, et quæ non fecimus
ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.”

It has been admirably remarked, by some one whose name we forget, that the grand advantage of high birth is, placing a man as far forward at twenty-five as another man is at fifty. We might, as a corollary to this undeniable proposition, add, that birth not only places, but keeps a man in that advance of his fellows, which in the sum of life makes such vast ultimate difference in the prominence of their position.

This advantage enjoyed by the aristocracy of birth, of early enrolling themselves among the aristocracy of power, has, like every thing in the natural and moral world, its compensating disadvantage: they lose in one way what they gain in another; and although many of them become eminent in public life, few, very few, comparatively with the numbers who enter the arena, become great. They are respected, heard, and admired, by virtue of a class-prepossession in their favour; yet, after all, they must select from the ranks of the aristocracy of talent their firmest and best supporters, to whom they may delegate the heavy responsibilities of business, and lift from their own shoulders the burden of responsible power.

One striking example of the force of birth, station, and association in public life, never fails to occur to us, as an extraordinary example of the magnifying power of these extrinsic qualities, in giving to the aristocracy of birth a consideration, which, though often well bestowed, is yet

oftener bestowed without any desert whatever; and that title to admiration and respect, which has died with ancestry, patriotism, and suffering in the cause of freedom, is transferred from the illustrious dead to the undistinguished living.

Without giving a catalogue *raisonné* of the slow fellows, (we use the term not disrespectfully, but only in contradistinction to the others,) we may observe that, besides the public service in which the great names are sufficiently known, you have poets, essayists, dramatists, astronomers, geologists, travellers, novelists, and, what is better than all, philanthropists. In compliment to human nature, we take the liberty merely to mention the names of Lord Dudley Stuart and Lord Ashley. The works of the slow fellows, especially their poetry, indicate in a greater or less degree the social position of the authors; seldom or never deficient in good taste, and not without feeling, they lack power and daring. The smooth style has their preference, and their verses smack of the school of Lord Fanny; indeed, we know not that, in poetry or prose, we can point out one of our slow fellows of the present day rising above judicious mediocrity. It is a curious fact, that the most daring and original of our noble authors have, in their day, been fast fellows; it is only necessary to name Rochester, Buckingham, and Byron.

Among the slow fellows, are multitudes of pretenders to intellect in a small way. These patronize a drawing-master, not to learn to draw, but to learn to talk of drawing; they also study the *Penny Magazine* and other profound works, to the same purpose; they patronize the London University, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as far as lending their names; for, being mostly of the class of fashionable *screws*, they take care never to subscribe to any thing. They have a refined taste in shawls, and are consequently in the confidence of dressy old women, who hold them up as examples of every thing that is good. They take chocolate of a morning, and tea in the evening; drink sherry with a biscuit, and wonder how people *can* eat those hot lunches. They take constitutional walks and Cockle's pills; and, by virtue of meeting them at the Royal

Society, are always consulting medical men, but take care never to offer them a guinea. They talk of music, of which they know something—of books, of which they know little—and of pictures, of which they know less; they have always read “the last novel,” which is as much as they can well carry; they know literary, professional, and scientific men at Somerset House, but, if they meet them in Park Lane, look as if they never saw them before; they are very peevish, have something to say against every man, and always say the worst first; they are very quiet in their manner, almost sly, and never use any of the colloquialisms of the fast fellows; they treat their inferiors with great consideration, addressing them, “honest friend,” “my good man,” and so on, but have very little heart, and less spirit.

They equally abhor the fast fellows and the pretenders to fashion. They are afraid of the former, who are always ridiculing them and their pursuits, by jokes theoretical and practical. If the fast fellows ascertain that a slow fellow affects sketching, they club together to annoy him, talking of the “autumnal tints,” and “the gilding of the western hemisphere;” if a botanist, they send him a cow-cabbage, or a root of mangel-wurzel, with a serious note, stating, that they hear it is a great curiosity in *his line*; if an entomologist, they are sure to

send him away “with a flea in his ear.” If he affects poetry, the fast fellows make one of their servants transcribe, from *Bell’s Life*, Scroggins’s poetical version of the fight between Bendigo and Bungaree, or some such stuff; and, having got the slow fellow in a corner, insist upon having his opinion, and drive him nearly mad. All these, and a thousand other pranks, the fast fellows play upon their slow brethren, not in the hackneyed fashion which low people call “gagging,” and genteel people “quizzing,” but with a seriousness and gravity that heightens all the joke, and makes the slow fellow inexpressibly ridiculous.

It is astonishing, considering the opportunities of the slow fellows, that they do not make a better figure; it seems wonderful, that they who glide swiftly down the current of fortune with wind and tide, should be distanced by those who, close-hauled upon a wind, are beating up against it all their lives; but so it is;—the compensating power that rules material nature, governs the operations of the mind. To whom much is given of opportunity, little is bestowed of the exertion to improve it. Those who rely more or less on claims extrinsic, are sure to be surpassed by those whose power is from within. After all, the great names of our nation (with here and there an exception to prove the rule) are plebeian.

OF THE ARISTOCRACY OF POWER.

In their political capacity, people of fashion, among whom, for the present purpose, we include the whole of the aristocracy, are the common butt of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

They are accused of standing between the mass of the people and their inalienable rights; of opposing, with obstinate resistance, the progress of rational liberty, and of—but, in short, you have only to glance over the pages of any democratic newspaper, to be made aware of the horrible political iniquity of the aristocracy of England.

The aristocracy in England, considered politically, is a subject too broad, too wide, and too deep for us, we most readily confess; nor is it exactly proper for a work of a sketchy nature, in which we only skim lightly along the surface of society, picking

up any little curiosity as we go along, but without dipping deep into motives or habits of thought or action, especially in state affairs.

Since our late lamented friends, the Whigs, have gone to enjoy a virtuous retirement and dignified ease, we have taken no delight in politics. There is no fun going on now-a-days—no quackery, no mountebankery, no asses, colonial or otherwise. The dull jog-trot fellows who have got into Downing Street have made politics no joke; and now that silence, as of the tomb, reigns amongst *quondam* leaders of the Treasury Bench—now that the camp-followers have followed the leader, and the auxiliaries are dispersed, we really have nobody to laugh at; and, like our departed friends, have too little of the statesman to be serious about serious matters.

With regard to the aristocracy in their public capacity, this is the way we always look at them.

In the first place, they govern us through the tolerance of public opinion, as men having station, power, property, much to lose, and little comparatively to gain—men who have put in bail to a large amount for their good behaviour: and, in the second place, they govern us, because really and truly there are so many outrageously discordant political quacks, desirous of taking our case in hand, that we find it our interest to entrust our public health to an accomplished physician, even although he charges a guinea a visit, and refuses to insure a perfect cure with a box of pills costing thirteence-halfpenny. There can be no doubt whatever, that the most careful men are the men who have most to care for: he that has a great deal to lose, will think twice, where he that has nothing to lose, will not think at all: and the government of this vast and powerful empire, we imagine, with great deference, must require a good deal of thinking. In a free press, we have a never-dying exponent of public opinion, a perpetual advocate of rational liberty, and a powerful engine for the exposure, which is ultimately the redress, of wrong: and although this influential member of our government receives no public money, nor is called right honourable, nor speaks in the House, yet in fact and in truth it has a seat in the Cabinet, and, upon momentous occasions, a voice of thunder.

That the aristocracy of power should be in advance of public opinion, is not in the nature of things, and should no more be imputed as a crime to them, than to us not to run when we are not in a hurry: they cannot, as a body, move upwards, because they stand so near the top, that dangerous ambition is extinguished; and it is hardly to be expected that, as a body, they should move downwards, unless they find themselves supported in their position upon the right of others, in which case we have always seen that, although they descend gradually, they descend at last.

This immobility of our aristocracy is the origin of the fixity of our political institutions, which has been, is, and will continue to be, the great element of our pre-eminence as a nation:

it possesses a force corrective and directive, and at once restrains the excess, while it affords a point of resistance, to the current of the popular will. And this immobility, it should never be forgotten, is owing to that very elevation so hated and so envied: wanting which the aristocracy would be subject to the vulgar ambitions, vulgar passions, and sordid desires of meaner aspirants after personal advantage and distinction. It is a providential blessing, we firmly believe, to a great nation to possess a class, by fortune and station, placed above the unseemly contentions of adventurers in public life: looked up to as men responsible without hire for the public weal, and, without sordid ambitions of their own, solicitous to preserve it: looked up to, moreover, as examples of that refinement of feeling, jealous sense of honour, and manly independence, serving as deterrents of the grosser humours of commercial life, and which, filtering through the successive *strata* of society, clarify and purify in their course, leaving the very dregs the cleaner for their passage.

A body thus by habit and constitution opposed to innovation, and determined against the recklessness of inconsiderate reforms, has furnished a stock argument to those who delight in "going a-head" faster than their feet, which are the grounds of their arguments, can carry them. We hear the aristocracy called stumbling-blocks in the way of legislative improvements, and, with greater propriety of metaphor, likened to drags upon the wheel of progressive reform; and so on, through all the regions of illustration, until we are in at the death of the metaphor. How happens to be overlooked the advantage of this anti-progressive barrier, to the concentration and deepening of the flood of opinion on any given subject? how is it that men are apt altogether to forget that this very barrier it is which prevents the too eager crowd from trampling one another to death in their haste? which gives time for the ebullitions of unreasoning zeal, and reckless enthusiasm, and the dregs of agitation, quietly to subside; and, for all that, bears the impress of reason and sound sense to circulate with accumulated pressure through the public mind? Were it not for the barrier which the aristocracy of power thus

interposes for a time, only to withdraw when the time for interposition is past, we should live in a vortex of revolution and counter-revolution. Our whole time, and our undivided energies, would be employed in acting hastily, and repenting at leisure; in repining either because our biennial revolutions went too far, or did not go far enough; in expending our national strength in the unprofitable struggles of faction with faction, adventurer with adventurer: with every change we should become more changeful, and with every settlement more unsettled: one by one our distant colonies would follow the bright example of our people at home, and our commerce and trade would fall with our colonial empire. In fine, we should become in the eyes of the world what France now is—a people ready to sacrifice every solid advantage, every gradual, and therefore permanent, improvement, every ripening fruit that time and care, and the sunshine of peace only can mature, to a genius for revolution.

This turbulent torrent of headlong reform, to-day flooding its banks, to-morrow dribbling in a half-dry channel, the aristocracy of power collects, concentrates, and converts into a power, even while it circumscribes it, and represses. So have we seen a mountain stream, useless in summer, dangerous in winter, now a torrent now a puddle, wasting its unprofitable waters in needless brawling; let a barrier be opposed to its downward course, let it be dammed up, let a point of resistance be afforded where its waters may be gathered together, and regulated, you find it turned to valuable account, acting with men's hands, becoming a productive labourer, and contributing its time and its industry to advance the general sum of rational improvement.

From the material to the moral world you may always reason by analogy. If you study the theory of revolutions, you will not fail to observe that, wherever, in constructing your barrier, you employ ignorant engineers, who have not duly calculated the depth and velocity of the current; whenever you raise your dam to such a height that no flood will carry away the waste waters; whenever you talk of finality to the torrent, saying, thus long shalt thou flow, and no longer; whenever you put upon your power a larger wheel than it can turn—you

are slowly but surely preparing for that flood which will overwhelm your work, destroy your mills, your dams, and your engines; in a word, you are the remote cause of a revolution.

This is the danger into which aristocracies of power are prone to fall: the error of democracies is, to delight in the absolutism of liberty; but thus it is with liberty itself, that true dignity of man, that parent of all blessings: absolute and uncontrolled, a tyranny beyond the power to endure itself, the worst of bad masters, a fool who is his own client; restrained and tempered, it becomes a wholesome discipline, a property with its rights and its duties, a sober responsibility, bringing with it, like all other responsibilities, its pleasures and its cares; not a toy to be played with, nor even a jewel to be worn in the bonnet, but a talent to be put out to interest, and enjoyed in the unbroken tranquillity of national thankfulness and peace.

Another defect in the aristocracy of power is, the narrow sphere of their sympathies, extending only to those they know, and are familiar with; that is to say, only as far as the circumference of their own limited circle. This it is that renders them keenly apprehensive of danger close at hand, but comparatively indifferent to that which menaces them from a distance. Placed upon a lofty eminence, they are comparatively indifferent while clouds obscure, and thunder rattles along the vale; their resistance is of a passive kind, directed not to the depression of those beneath them, nor to overcome pressure from above, but to preserve themselves in the enviable eminence of their position, and there to establish themselves in permanent security.

As a remedy for this short-sightedness, the result of their isolated position, the aristocracy of power is always prompt to borrow from the aristocracy of talent that assistance in the practical working of its government which it requires; they are glad to find safe men among the people to whom they can delegate the cares of office, the annoyances of patronage, and the odium of power; and, the better to secure these men, they are always ready to lift them among themselves, to identify them with their exclusive interests, and to give them a permanent establishment among the nobles of the land.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

Perhaps we may be expected to say something of the dress of men of fashion, as it is peculiar, and not less characteristic than their manner. Their clothes, like their lives, are usually of a neutral tint; staring colours they studiously eschew, and are never seen with elaborate gradations of under waistcoats. They would as soon appear out of doors *in cuerpo*, as in blue coats with gilt buttons, or braided military frocks, or any dress smacking of the professional. When they indulge in fancy colours and patterns, you will not fail to remark that these are not worn, although imitated by others. The moment a dressy man of fashion finds that any thing he has patronized gets abroad, he drops the neckcloth or vest, or whatever it may be, and condemns the tailor as an "unsafe" fellow. But it is not often that even the most dressy of our men of fashion originate any thing *outré*, or likely to attract attention; of late years their style has been plain, almost to scrupulosity.

Notwithstanding that the man of fashion is plainly dressed, no more than ordinary penetration is required to see that he is excellently well dressed. His coat is plain, to be sure, much plainer than the coat of a Jew-clothesman, having neither silk linings, nor embroidered pocket-holes, nor cut velvet buttons, nor fur collar; but see how it fits him—not like cast iron, nor like a wet sack, but as if he had been born in it.

There is a harmony, a propriety in the coat of a man of fashion, an unstudied ease, a graceful symmetry, a delicacy of expression, that has always filled us with the profoundest admiration of the genius of the artist; indeed, no ready money could purchase coats that we have seen—coats that a real love of the subject, and working upon long credit, for a high connexion, could alone have given to the world—coats, not the dull conceptions of a geometric cutter, spiritlessly outlined upon the shop-board by the crayon of a mercenary foreman, but the fortunate creation of superior intelligence, boldly executed in the happy moments of a generous enthusiasm!

Vain, very vain is it for the pretender to fashion to go swelling into the *atelier* of a first-rate coat architect,

with his ready money in his hand, to order such a coat! Order such a coat, forsooth! order a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, an epic poem. Such a coat—we say it with the generous indignation of a free Briton—is one of the exclusive privileges reserved, by unjust laws, to a selfish aristocracy!

The aristocratic trouser-cutter, too, deserves our unlimited approbation. Nothing more distinguishes the nineteenth century, in which those who can manage it have the happiness to live, than the precision we have attained in trouser-cutting. While yet the barbarism of the age, or poverty of customers, *vested* the office of trouser-cutter and coat architect in the same functionary, coats were without *soul*, and "inexpressibles" inexpressibly bad, or, as Coleridge would have said, "ridiculous exceedingly." In our day, on the contrary, we have attained to such a pitch of excellence, that the trouser-cutter who fails to give expression to his works, is hunted into the provinces, and condemned for life to manufacture nether garments for clergymen and country gentlemen.

The results of the minute division of labour, to which so much of the excellence of all that is excellent in London is mainly owing, is in nothing more apparent than in that department of the fine arts which people devoid of taste call fashionable tailoring. We have at the West End fashionable *artistes* in riding coats, in dress coats, in cut-aways; one is superlative in a Taglioni, another devotes the powers of his mind exclusively to the construction of a Chesterfield, a third gives the best years of his life to the symmetrical beauty of a barrel-trouser; from the united exertions of these, and a thousand other men of taste and genius, is your indisputably-dressed man of fashion turned out upon the town. Then there are constructors of Horse Guards' and of Foot Guards' jackets, full and undress; the man who contrives these would expire if desired to turn his attention to the coat of a marching regiment; a hussar-pelisse-maker despises the hard, heavy style of the cutters for the Royal Artillery, and so on. Volumes would not shut if we were to fill them with the infinite variety of these disguisers of that nakedness which formerly was

our shame, but which latterly, it would seem, has become our pride. With the exception of one gentleman city-wards, who has achieved an immortality in the article of box-coats, every contriver of men of fashion, we mean in the tailoring, which is the principal department, reside in the parish of St James's, within easy reach of their distinguished patrons. These gentlemen have a high and self-respecting idea of the nobleness and utility of their vocation. A friend of ours, of whom we know no harm save that he pays his tailors' bills, being one day afflicted with this unusual form of insanity, desired the artist to deduct some odd shillings from his bill; in a word, to make it pounds—"Excuse me, sir," said Snip, "but pray, let us not talk of pounds—pounds for tradesmen, if you please; but artists, sir, artists are always remunerated with guineas!"

To return to the outward and visible man of fashion, from whose peculiarities our dissertation upon the sublime and beautiful in tailoring has too long detained us. The same subdued expression of elegance and ease that pervades the leading articles of his attire, extends, without exception, to all the accessories; or if he is deficient in aught, the accessorial *toggery*, such as hats, boots, *choker*, gloves, are always carefully attended to; for it is in this department that so distinguished a member of the detective police as ourselves is always enabled to arrest disguised snobbery. You will never see a man of fashion affect a Paget hat, for example, or a D'Orsayan beaver: the former has a ridiculous exuberance of crown, the latter a by no means allowable latitude of brim—besides, borrowing the fashion of a hat, is with him what plagiarizing the interior furniture of the head is with others. He considers stealing the idea of a hat low and vulgar, and leaves the unworthy theft to be perpetrated by pretenders to fashion: content with a hat that becomes him, he is careful never to be before or behind the prevailing hat-intelligence of the time. Three hats your man of fashion sedulously escheweth—a new hat, a shocking bad hat, and a gossamer. As the song says, "when into a shop he goes" he never "buys a four-and-nine," neither buyeth he a Paris hat, a ventilator, or any of the hats indebted for their glossy texture to the entrails of the silk

worm; he sporteth nothing below a two-and-thirty shilling beaver, and putteth it not on his head until his valet, exposing it to a shower of rain, has "taken the shine out of it."

In boots he is even more scrupulously attentive to what Philosopher Square so appropriately called the fitness of things: his boots are never square-toed, or round-toed, like the boots of people who think their toes are in fashion. You see that they fit him, that they are of the best material and make, and suitable to the season: you never see him sport the Sunday patent-leathers of the "snob," who on week-a-days proceeds on eight-and-sixpenny high-lows: you never see him shambling along in boots a world too wide, nor hobbling about a crippled victim to the malevolence of Crispin. The idiosyncrasy of his foot has always been attended to; he has worn well-fitting boots every day of his life, and he walks as if he knew not whether he had boots on or not. As for stocks, saving that he be a military man, he wears them not; they want that easy negligence, attainable only by the graceful folds of a well tied *choker*. You never see a man of fashion with his neck in the pillory, and you hardly ever encounter a Cockney whose cervical investment does not convey at once the idea of that obsolete punishment. A gentleman never considers that his neck was given him to show off a cataract of black satin upon, or as a post whereon to display gold-threaded fabrics, of all the colours of the rainbow: sooner than wear such things, he would willingly resign his neck to the embraces of a halter. His study is to select a modest, unassuming *choker*, *fine* if you please, but without pretension as to pattern, and in colour harmonizing with his residual *toggery*: this he ties with an easy, unembarrassed air, so that he can conveniently look about him. Oxford men, we have observed, tie chokers better than any others; but we do not know whether there are exhibitions or scholarships for the encouragement of this laudable faculty. At Cambridge (except Trinity) there is a laxity in chokers, for which it is difficult to account, except upon the principle that men there attend too closely to the mathematics; these, as every body knows, are in their essence inimical to the higher departments of the fine

arts. There is no reason, however, why in this important branch of learning, which, as we may say, comes home to the bosom of every man, one Alma Mater should surpass another; since at both the intellects of men are almost exclusively occupied for years in tying their abominable white chokers, so as to look as like tavern waiters as possible.

Another thing: if a gentleman sticks a pin in his choker, you may be sure it has not a head as big as a potatoe, and is not a sort of Siamese Twin pin, connected by a bit of chain, or an imitation precious stone, or Mosaic gold concern. If he wears studs, they are plain, and have cost not less at the least than five guineas the set. Neither does he ever make a High Sheriff of himself, with chains dangling over the front of his waistcoat, or little pistols, seals, or trinketry appearing below his waistband, as much as to say, "*if you only knew what a watch I have inside!*" Nor does he sport trumpery rings upon raw-boned fingers; if he wears rings, you may depend upon it that they are of value, that they are sparingly distributed, and that his hand is not a paw.

A man of fashion never wears Woodstock gloves, or gloves with double stitches, or eighteen-penny imitation French kids: his gloves, like himself and every thing about him, are the real thing. Dressy young men of fashion sport primrose kids in the forenoon; and, although they take care to avoid the appearance of snobbery by never wearing the same pair a second day, yet, after all, primrose kids in the forenoon are not the thing, not in keeping, not quiet enough: we therefore denounce primrose kids, and desire to see no more of them.

If you are unfortunate enough to be acquainted with a snob, you need not put yourself to the unnecessary expense of purchasing an almanac for the ensuing year: your friend the snob will answer that useful purpose completely to your satisfaction. For example, on Thursdays and Sundays he shaves and puts on a clean shirt, which he exhibits as freely as possible in honour of the event: Mondays and Fridays you will know by the vegetating bristles of his chin, and the disappearance of the shirt cuffs and collar. These are replaced on Tuesdays and Saturdays by supplementary collar and cuffs, which, being white

and starched, form a pleasing contrast with that portion of the original *chemise*, vainly attempted to be concealed behind the folds of a three-and-sixpenny stock. Wednesdays and Fridays you cannot mistake; your friend is then at the dirtiest, and his beard at the longest, anticipating the half-weekly wash and shave: on quarter-day, when he gets his salary, he goes to a sixpenny barber and has his hair cut.

A gentleman, on the contrary, in addition to his other noble inutilities, is useless as an almanac. He is never half shaven nor half shorn: you never can tell when he has had his hair cut, nor has he his clean-shirt days, and his days of foul linen. He is not merely outwardly *propre*, but asperges his cuticle daily with "*oriental scrupulosity*:" he is always and ever, in person, manner, dress, and deportment, the same, and has never been other than he now appears.

You will say, perhaps, this is all very fine; but give me the money the man of fashion has got, and I will be as much a man of fashion as he: I will wear my clothes with the same ease, and be as free, unembarrassed, *degagé*, as the veriest Bond Street loungee of them all. Friend, thou mayest say so, or even think so, but I defy thee: snobbery, like murder, will out; and, if you do not happen to be a gentleman born, we tell you plainly you will never, by dint of expense in dress, succeed in "*topping the part*."

We have been for many years deeply engaged in a philosophical enquiry into the origin of the peculiar attributes characteristic of the man of fashion. A work of such importance, however, we cannot think of giving to the world, except in the appropriate envelope of a ponderous quarto: just now, by way of whetting the appetite of expectation, we shall merely observe, that, after much pondering, we have at last discovered the secret of his wearing his garments "*with a difference*," or, more properly, with an indifference, unattainable by others of the human species. You will conjecture, haply, that it is because he and his father before him have been from childhood accustomed to pay attention to dress, and that habit has given them that air which the occasional dresser can never hope to attain: or that, having the best *artistes*, seconded by that beautiful division of labour of

which we have spoken heretofore, he can attain an evenness of costume, an undeviating propriety of togger— not at all: the whole secret consists in *never paying, nor intending to pay, his tailor!*

Poor devils, who, under the Mosaic dispensation, contract for three suits a-year, the old ones to be returned, and again made new; or those who, struck with more than money madness, go to a tailor, cash in hand, for the purpose of making an investment, are always accustomed to consider a coat as a representative of so much money, transferred only from the pocket to the back. Accordingly, they are continually labouring under the depression of spirits arising from a sense of the possible depreciation of such a valuable property. Visions of showers of rain, and March dust, perpetually haunt their morbid imaginations. Greasy collars, chalky seams, threadbare cuffs, (three warnings that the time must come when that tunic, for which five pounds ten have been lost to them and their heirs for ever, will be worth no more than a couple of shillings to an old-clothesman in Holywell Street,) fill them, as they walk along the Strand, with apprehensions of anticipated expenditure. They walk circumspectly, lest a baker, sweep, or hodman, stumbling against the coat, may deprive its wearer of what to him represents so much ready money. These real and imaginary evils altogether prohibit the proprietor of a paid-up coat wearing it with any degree of graceful indifference.

But when a family of fashion, for generations, have not only never thought of paying a tailor, but have considered taking up bills, which the too confiding snip has discounted for them, as decidedly smacking of the punctilious vulgarity of the tradesman; thus drawing down upon themselves the vengeance of that most intolerant sect of Protestants, the Notaries Public; when a young man of fashion, taught from earliest infancy to regard tailors as a Chancellor of the Exchequer regards the people at large, that is to say, as a class of animals created to be victimized in every possible way, it is astonishing what a subtle grace and indescribable expression are conveyed to coats which are sent home to you for nothing, or, what amounts to exactly the same thing, which you have not the most

remote idea of paying for, in *secula seculorum*. So far from caring whether it rains or snows, or whether the dust flies, when you have got on one of these eleemosynary coats, you are rather pleased than otherwise. There is a luxury in the idea that on the morrow you will start fresh game, and victimize your tailor for another. The innate cruelty of the human animal is gratified, and the idea of a tailor's suffering is never conceived by a customer without involuntary cachinnation. Not only is he denied the attribute of integral manhood—which even a man-milliner by courtesy enjoys—but that principle which induces a few men of enthusiastic temperament to pay debts, is always held a fault when applied to the bills of tailors. And, what is a curious and instructive fact in the natural history of London fashionable tailors, and altogether unnoticed by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, in his *Manual of British Vertebrate Animals*, if you go to one of these gentlemen, requesting him to “execute,” and professing your readiness to pay his bill on demand or delivery, he will be sure to give your order to the most scurvy botch in his establishment, put in the worst materials, and treat you altogether as a person utterly unacquainted with the usages of polite society. But if, on the contrary, you are recommended to him by Lord Fly-by-night, of Denman Priory—if you give a thundering order, and, instead of offering to pay for it, pull out a parcel of bill-stamps, and *promise* fifty per cent for a few hundreds down, you will be surprised to observe what delight will express itself in the radiant countenance of your victim: visions of cent per cent, ghosts of post-obits, dreams of bonds with penalties, and all those various shapes in which security delights to involve the extravagant, rise flatteringly before the inward eye of the man of shreds and patches. By these transactions with the great, he becomes more and more a man, less and less a tailor; instead of cutting patterns and taking measures, he flings the tailoring to his foreman, becoming first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer to peers of the realm.

With a few more of the less important distinctive peculiarities of the gentleman of fashion, we may dismiss this portion of our subject. A gentle-

man never affects military air or costume if he is not a military man, and even then avoids professional rigidity and swagger as much as possible; he never sports spurs or a riding-whip, except when he is upon horseback, contrary to the rule observed by his antagonist the snob, who always sports spurs and riding-whip, but who never mounts higher than a threepenny stride on a Hampstead donkey. Nor does a gentleman ever wear a *moustache*, unless he belongs to one of the regiments of hussars, or the household cavalry, who alone are ordered to display that ornamental exuberance. Foreigners, military or non-military, are recognized as wearing hair on the upper lip with propriety, as is the custom of their country. But no gentleman here thinks of such a thing, any more than he would think of sporting the uniform of the Tenth Hussars.

There is an affectation among the vulgar clever, of wearing the *moustache*, which they clip and cut à la *Vandyk*: this is useful, as affording a ready means of distinguishing between a man of talent and an ass—the former, trusting to his head, goes clean shaved, and looks like an Englishman: the latter, whose strength lies altogether in his hair, exhausts the power of Macassar in endeavouring to make himself as like an ourang-outang as possible.

OF PRETENDERS TO FASHION.

“ Their conversation was altogether made up of Shakspeare, taste high life, and the musical glasses.”—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

We will venture to assert, that in the course of these essays on the aristocracies of London life, we have never attempted to induce any of our readers to believe that there was any cause for him to regret, whatever condition of life it had pleased Providence to place him in, or to suppose, for one moment, that reputable men, though in widely different circumstances, are not equally reputable. We have studiously avoided portraying fashionable life according to the vulgar notions, whether depreciatory or panegyrical. We have shown that that class is not to be taken and treated of as an integral quantity, but to be analyzed as a component body, wherein is much sterling ore and no little dross. We have shown by sufficient examples, that whatever in our eyes makes the world of fashion really respectable, is solely owing to the real

Another thing must be observed by all who would successfully ape the gentleman: never to smoke cigars in the street in mid-day. No better sign can you have than this of a fellow reckless of decency and behaviour: a gentleman smokes, if he smokes at all, where he offends not the olfactories of the passers-by. Nothing, he is aware, approaches more nearly the most offensive personal insult, than to compel ladies and gentlemen to inhale, after you, the ejected fragrance of your penny Cuba or your three-halfpenny mild Havannah.

In the cities of Germany, where the population almost to a man imhale the fumes of tobacco, street smoking is very properly prohibited; for however agreeable may be the sedative influence of the Virginian weed when inspired from your own manufactory, nothing assuredly is more disgusting than inhalation of tobacco smoke at second-hand.

Your undoubted man of fashion, like other animals, has his peculiar *habitat*: you never see him promenading Regent Street between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, nor by any chance does he venture into the Quadrant: east of Temple Bar he is never seen except on business, and then, never on foot: if he lounges any where, it is in Bond Street, or about the clubs of St James's.

worth of its respectable members; and on the contrary, whatever contempt we fling upon the fashionable world, is the result of the misconduct of individuals of that order, prominently contemptible.

Of the former, the example is of infinite value to society, in refining its tone, and giving to social life an unembarrassed ease, which, if not true politeness, is its true substitute; and, of the latter, the mischief done to society is enhanced by the multitude of low people ready to imitate their vices, inanities, and follies.

Pretenders to fashion, who hang upon the outskirts of fashionable society, and whose lives are a perpetual but unavailing struggle to jump above their proper position, are horrid nuisances; and they abound, unfortunately, in London.

In a republic, where practical equa-

lity is understood and acted upon, this pretension would be intolerable; in an aristocratic state of society, with social gradations pointedly defined and universally recognized, it is merely ridiculous to the lookers-on; to the pretenders, it is a source of much and deserved misery and isolation.

There are ten thousand varying shades and degrees of this pretension, from the truly fashionable people who hanker after the *exclusives*, or seventh heaven of high life, down to the courier out of place, who, in a pot-house, retails Debrett by heart, and talks of lords, and dukes, and earls, as of his particular acquaintance, and how and where he met them when on his travels.

The *exclusives* are a queer set, some of them not by any means people of the best pretensions to lead the *ton*. Lady L—— and Lady B—— may be very well as patronesses of Almack's; but what do you say to Lady J——, a plebeian, and a licensed dealer in money, keeping her shop by deputy in a lane somewhere behind Cornhill? Almack's, as every body knows who has been there, or who has talked with any observing *habitué* of the place, contains a great many queer, spurious people, smuggled in somehow by indirect influence, when royal command is not the least effectual: a surprising number of seedy, poverty-stricken young men, and, in an inverse ratio, women who have any thing more than the clothes they wear: yet, by mere dint of difficulty, by the simple circumstance of making admission to this assembly a matter of closetting, canvassing, balloting, black-balling, and so forth, people of much better fashion than many of the *exclusives*, make it a matter of life and death to have their admission secured. Admission to Almack's is to a young *débutante* of fashion as great an object as a seat at the Privy Council Board to a flourishing politician: your *ton* is stamped by it, you are of the *exclusive set*, and, by virtue of belonging to that set, every other is open to you as a matter of course, when you choose to condescend to visit it. The room in which Almack's balls are held we need not describe, because it has been often described before, and because the doorkeeper, any day you choose to go to Duke Street, St James's, will be too happy to show it you for sixpence; but we will give you, in his own words,

all the information we could contrive to get from a man of the highest fashion, who is a subscriber.

"Why, I really don't know," said he, "that I have any thing to tell you about Almack's, except that all that the novel-writers say about it is ridiculous nonsense: the lights are good, the refreshments not so good, the music excellent; the women dress well, dance a good deal, and talk but little. There is a good deal of envy, jealousy, and criticism of faces, figures, fortunes, and pretensions: one, or at most two, of the balls in a season are pleasant; the others *slow*, and very dull. The point of the thing seems to be, that people of rank choose to like it because it stamps a set, and low people talk about it because they cannot by any possibility know any thing about it."

Such is Almack's, of which volumes have been spun, of most effete and lamentable trash, to gratify the morbid appetites of the pretenders to fashion.

We must not omit to inform our rural readers, that no conventional rank gives any one in London a patent of privilege in truly fashionable society. An old baronet shall be *exclusive*, when a young peer shall have no fashionable society at all: a lord is by no means necessarily a man in what the fashionable sets call good society: we have many lords who are not men of fashion, and many men of fashion who are not lords.

Professional peers, whether legal, naval, or military, bishops, judges, and all that class of men who attain by talents, interest, and good fortune, or all, or any of these, a lofty social position, have no more to do with the *exclusive* or merely fashionable sets than you or I. A man may be a barrister in full practice to-day, an attorney-general to-morrow, a chief-justice the day after with a peerage: yet his wife and daughter visit the same people, and are visited by the same people, that associated with them before. If men of fashion know them, it is because they have business to transact or favours to seek for, or because it is part of their system to keep up a qualified intimacy with all whom they think proper to lift to their own level: but this intimacy is only extended by the man of birth to the man of talent. His family do not become people of fashion until the third or fourth generation: he remains the man of busi-

ness, the useful, working, practical, brains-carrying man that he was; and his family, if they are wise, seek not to become the familiars of the old aristocracy, and if they are foolish, become the most unfortunate pretenders to fashion. They are too near to be pleasant; and the gulf which people of hereditary fashion place between is impassable, even though they flounder up to their necks in servile mud.

It is the same with baronets, M.P.'s, and all that sort of people. These handles to men's names go down very well in the country, where it is imagined that a baronet or an M.P. is, *ex officio*, a man of consequence, and that, rank being equal, consequence is also equal. In London, on the contrary, people laugh at the idea of a man pluming himself upon such distinctions without a difference: in town we have baronets of all sorts—the "Heathcotes, and such large-acred men," Sir Watkyn, and the territorial baronetage: then we have the Hammers, and others of undoubted fashion, to which their patent is the weakest of their claims: then we have the military, naval, and medical baronet: descending, through infinite gradations, we come down to the tallow-chandling, the gin-spinning, the banking, the pastry-cooking baronetage.

What is there, what can there be, in common with these widely severed classes, save that they equally enjoy *Sir* at the head and *Bart.* at the tail of their sponsorial and patronymic appellations? Do you think the landed Bart. knows any more of the medical Bart. than that, when he sends for the other to attend his wife, he calls him generally "doctor," and seldom Sir James: or that the military Bart. does not much like the naval Bart.? and do not all these incongruous Barts. shudder at the bare idea of been seen on the same side of the street with a gin-spinning, Patent-British-Genuine-Foreign-Cognac-Brandy-making Bart.? and do not each and every one of these Barts. from head to tail, even including the last-mentioned, look down with immeasurable disdain upon the poor Nova Scotia baronets, who move heaven and earth to get permission to wear a string round their necks, and a badge like the learned fraternity of cabmen?

Then as to the magic capitals M.P., which provincial people look upon as embodying in the wearer the concentrated essence of wisdom, eloquence, personal distinction, and social eminence. Who, in a country town, on a market day, has not seen tradesmen cocking their eye, apprentices glowering through the shop front, and ladies subdolously peeping behind the window-shutter to catch a glimpse of the "member for our town," and, having seen him, think they are rather happier than they were before? The greatest fun in the world is to go to a *cul-de-sac* off a dirty lane near Palace Yard, called Manchester Buildings, a sort of senatorial pigeon-house, where the meaner fry of houseless M.P.'s live, each in his one pair, two pair, three pair, as the case may be, and give a postman's knock at every door in rapid succession. In a twinkling, the "collective wisdom" of Manchester Buildings and the Midland Counties poke out their heads. Cobden appears on the balcony; Muntz glares out of a second floor, like a live bear in a barber's window; Wallace of Greenock comes to the door in a red nightcap; and a long "tail" of the other immortals of a session. You may enjoy the scene as much as you please; but when you hear one or two of the young Irish patriotic "mimbers" floundering from the attics, the wisest course you can take will be incontinently to "mizzle." These men, however, have one redeeming quality—that they live in Manchester Buildings, and don't care who knows it; they are out of fashion, and don't care who are in; they are minding their business, and not hanging at the skirts of people ever ready and willing to kick them off.

Then there are the "dandy" M.P.'s, who ride hack-horses, associate with fashionable actresses, and hang about the clubs. Then there is the chance or accidental M.P., who has been elected he hardly knows how or when, and wonders to find himself in Parliament. Then there is the desperate, adventuring, ear-wiggling M.P., whose hope of political existence, and whose very livelihood, depend upon getting or continuing in place. Then there is the legal M.P., with one eye fixed on the Queen's, the other squinting at the Treasury Bench. Then there is the lounging M.P., who is usually the scion of a

noble family, and who comes now and then into the House, to stare vacantly about, and go out again. Then there is the military M.P., who finds the House an agreeable lounge, and does not care to join his regiment on foreign service. Then there is the bustling M.P. of business, the M.P. of business without bustle, and the independent country gentleman M.P., who wants nothing for himself or any body else, and who does not care a turnip-top for the whole lot of them.

The aggregate distinction, as a member of Parliament, is totally sunk in London. It is the man, and not the two letters after his name, that any body whose regard is worth the having in the least regard. There are M.P.s never seen beyond the exclusive set, except on a committee of the House, and then they know and speak to nobody save one of themselves. There are other M.P.s that you will find in no society except Tom Spring's or Owen Swift's, at the Horse-shoe in Litchborne Street.

These observations upon baronets and M.P.s may be extended upwards to the peerage, and downwards to the professional, commercial, and all other the better classes. Every man hangs, like a herring, by his own tail; and every class would be distinct and separate, but that the pretenders to fashion, like some equivocal animals in the chain of animated nature, connect these different classes by copying pertinaciously the manners, and studying to adopt the tastes and habits of the class immediately above them.

Of pretenders to fashion, perhaps the most successful in their imitative art are the

SHEENIES.—By this term, as used by men of undoubted *ton* with reference to the class we are about to consider, you are to understand runagate Jews rolling in riches, who profess to love roast pork above all things, who always eat their turkey with sausages, and who have *cut* their religion for the sake of dangling at the heels of fashionable Christians. These people are “swelling” upon the profits of the last generation in St Mary Axe or Petticoat Lane. The founders of their families have been loan-manufacturers, crimps, receivers of stolen goods, wholesale nigger-dealers, clippers and sweaters, rag-merchants, and the like, and conscientious Israelites; but their children, not having forti-

tude to abide by their condition, nor right principle to adhere to their sect, come to the west end of the town, and, by right of their money, make unremitting assaults upon the loose fish of fashionable society, who laugh at, and heartily despise them, while they are as ashes in the mouths of the respectable members of the persuasion to which they originally belonged.

HEAVY SWELLS are another very important class of pretenders to fashion, and are divided into civil and military. Professional men, we say it to their honour, seldom affect the heavy swell, because the feeblest glimmerings of that rationality of thinking which results from among the lowest education, preserves them from the folly of the attempt, and, in preserving from folly, saves them from the self-reproaching misery that attends it. Men of education or of common sense, look upon pretension to birth, rank, or any thing else to which they have no legitimate claim, as little more than moral forgery; it is with them an uttering base coin upon false pretences. It is generally the wives and families of professional men who are afflicted with pretension to fashion, of which we shall give abundant examples when we come to treat of gentility-mongers. But the heavy swell, who is of all classes, from the son and heir of an opulent blacking-maker down to the lieutenant of a marching regiment on half-pay, is utterly destitute of brains, deplorably illiterate, and therefore incapable, by nature and bringing-up, of respecting himself by a modest contented demeanour. He is never so unhappy as when he appears the thing he is—never so completely in his element as when acting the thing he is not, nor can ever be. He spends his life in jumping, like a cat, at shadows on the wall. He has day and night dreams of people, who have not the least idea that such a man is in existence, and he comes in time, by mere dint of thinking of nobody else, to think that he is one of them. He acquaints himself with the titles of lords, as other men do those of books, and then boasts largely of the extent of his acquaintance.

Let us suppose that he is an officer of a hard-fighting, foreign-service, neglected infantry regiment. This, which to a soldier would be an honest pride, is the shame of the Heavy Mili-

tary Swell. His chief business in life, next to knowing the names and faces of lords, is concealing from you the corps to which he has the dishonour, he thinks, to belong. He talks mightily of the service, of hussars and light dragoons; but when he knows that you know better, when you poke him hard about the young or old buffs, or the dirty half-hundred, he whispers in your ear that "my fellows," as he calls them, are very "fast," and that they are "all known in town, very well known indeed"—a piece of information you will construe in the case of the heavy swell to mean, better known than trusted.

When he is on full pay, the heavy swell is known to the three old women and five desperate daughters who compose good society in country quarters. He affects a patronizing air at small tea-parties, and is wonderfully run after by wretched un-idea'd girls, that is, by ten girls in twelve; he is eternally striving to get upon the "staff," or anyhow to shirk his regimental duty; he is a whelp towards the men under his command, and has a grand idea of spurs, steel scabbards, and flogging; to his superiors he is a spaniel, to his brother officers an intolerable ass; he makes the mess-room a perfect hell with his vanity, puppyism, and senseless bible-babble.

On leave, or half-pay, he "mounts mustaches," to help the hussar and light-dragoon idea, or to delude the ignorant into a belief that he may possibly belong to the household cavalry. He hangs about doors of military clubs, with a whip in his hand; talks very loud at the "Tiger" or the "Rag and famish," and never has done shouting to the waiter to bring him a "Peerage;" carries the "Red Book" and "Book of Heraldry" in his pocket; sees whence people come, and where they go, and makes them out somehow; in short, he is regarded with a thrill of horror by people of fashion, fast or slow, civil or military.

The Civil Heavy Swell affects fashionable carriages, and enjoys all the consideration a pair of good horses can give. He rides a blood bay in Rotten Row, but rides badly, and is detected by galloping, or some other solecism; his dress and liveries are always overdone, the money shows on every thing about him. He has familiar abbreviations for the names of all

the fast men about town; calls this Lord "Jimmy," 'tother Chess, a third Dolly, and thinks he knows them; keeps an expensive mistress, because "Jimmy" and Chess are supposed to do the same, and when he is out of the way, his mistress has some of the fast fellows to supper, at the heavy swell's expense. He settles the point whether claret is to be drank from a jug or black bottle, and retails the merits of a *plateau* or *epergne* he saw, when last he dined with a "fellow" in Belgrave Square.

The *Foreigneering* Heavy Swell has much more spirit, talent, and manner, than the home-grown article; but he is poor in a like ratio, and is therefore obliged to feather his nest by denuding the pigeon tribe of their metallic plumage. He is familiarly known to all the fast fellows, who cut him, however, as soon as they marry, but is not accounted good *ton* by heads of families. He is liked at the Hells and Clubs, where he has a knack of distinguishing himself without presumption or affectation. He is a dresser by right divine, and dresses ridiculously. The fashionable fellows affect loudly to applaud his taste, and laugh to see the vulgar imitate the foreigneering swell. He is the idol of equivocal women, and condescends to patronize unrepresentable gentility-mongers. He is not unhappy at heart, like the indigenous heavy swell, but enjoys his intimacy with the fast fellows, and uses it.

There is an infallible test we should advise you to apply, whenever you are bored to desperation by any of these heavy swells. When he talks of "my friend, the Duke of Bayswater," ask him, in a quiet tone, where he last met the *Duchess*. If he says Hyde-Park (meaning the Earl of) is an honest good fellow, enquire whether he prefers Lady Mary or Lady Seraphina Serpentine. This drops him like a shot—he can't get over it.

It is a rule in good society that you know the set only when you know the women of that set; however you may work your way among the men, whatever you may do at the Hells and Clubs, goes for nothing—the women stamp you counterfeit or current, and—

"Not to know *them*, argues yourself unknown."

EYRE'S CABUL.

THIS is the first connected account that has appeared of the military disasters that befell the British army at Cabul—by far the most signal reverse our arms have ever sustained in Asia. The narrative is full of a deep and painful interest, which becomes more and more intense as we approach the closing catastrophe. The simple detail of the daily occurrences stirs up our strongest feelings of indignation, pity, scorn, admiration, horror, and grief. The tale is told without art, or any attempt at artificial ornament, and in a spirit of manly and gentlemanlike forbearance from angry comment or invective, that is highly creditable to the author, and gives us a very favourable opinion both of his head and of his heart.

That a British army of nearly six thousand fighting men—occupying a position chosen and fortified by our own officers, and having possession, within two miles of this fortified cantonment, of a strong citadel commanding the greater part of the town of Cabul, a small portion only of whose population rose against us at the commencement of the revolt—should not only have made no vigorous effort to crush the insurrection; but that it should ultimately have been driven by an undisciplined Asiatic mob, destitute of artillery, and which never appears to have collected in one place above 10,000 men, to seek safety in a humiliating capitulation, by which it surrendered the greater part of its artillery, military stores, and treasure, and undertook to evacuate the whole country on condition of receiving a safe conduct from the rebel chiefs, on whose faith they placed, and could place, no reliance; and finally, that, of about 4500 armed soldiers and twelve thousand camp-followers, many of whom were also armed, who set out from Cabul, only one man, and he wounded, should have arrived at Jellalabad; is an amount of misfortune so far exceeding every rational anticipation of evil, that we should have been entitled to assume

that these unparalleled military disasters arose from a series of unparalleled errors, even if we had not had, as we now have, the authority of Lord Ellenborough for asserting the fact.

But every nation, and more particularly the British nation, is little inclined to pardon the men under whose command any portion of its army or of its navy may have been beaten. Great Britain, reposing entire confidence in the courage of her men, and little accustomed to see them overthrown, is keenly jealous of the reputation of her forces; and, as she is ever prompt to reward military excellence and success, she heaps unmeasured obloquy on those who may have subjected her to the degradation of defeat. When our forces have encountered a reverse, or even when the success has not been commensurate with the hopes that had been indulged, the public mind has ever been prone to condemn the commanders; and wherever there has been reason to believe that errors have been committed which have led to disaster, there has been little disposition to make any allowances for the circumstances of the case, or for the fallibility of man; but, on the contrary, the nation has too often evinced a fierce desire to punish the leaders for the mortification the country has been made to endure.

This feeling may tend to elevate the standard of military character, but it must at the same time preclude the probability of calm or impartial examination, so far as the great body of the nation is concerned; and it is therefore the more obviously incumbent on those who, from a more intimate knowledge of the facts, or from habits of more deliberate investigation, are not carried away by the tide of popular indignation and invective, to weigh the circumstances with conscientious caution, and to await the result of judicial enquiry before they venture to apportion the blame or even to estimate its amount.

“The following notes,” says Lieutenant Eyre in his preface, “were penned to re-

The Military Operations at Cabul, which ended in the Retreat and Destruction of the British Army, January 1842; with a Journal of Imprisonment in Afghanistan. By Lieutenant Vincent Eyre, Bengal Artillery, late Deputy-Commissary of Ordnance at Cabul. London: John Murray.

lieve the monotony of an Afghan prison, while yet the events which they record continued fresh in my memory. I now give them publicly, in the belief that the information which they contain on the dreadful scenes lately enacted in Afghanistan, though clothed in a homely garb, will scarcely fail to be acceptable to many of my countrymen, both in India and England, who may be ignorant of the chief particulars. The time, from the 2d November 1841, on which day the sudden popular outbreak at Cabul took place, to the 13th January 1842, which witnessed the annihilation of the last small remnant of our unhappy force at Gundamuk, was one continued tragedy. The massacre of Sir Alexander Burnes and his associates, —the loss of our commissariat fort—the defeat of our troops under Brigadier Shelton at Beymaroo—the treacherous assassination of Sir William Macnaghten, our envoy and minister—and lastly, the disastrous retreat and utter destruction of a force consisting of 5000 fighting men and upwards of 12,000 camp-followers, —are events which will assuredly rouse the British Lion from his repose, and excite an indignant spirit of enquiry in every breast. Men will not be satisfied, in this case, with a bare statement of the facts, but they will doubtless require to be made acquainted with the causes which brought about such awful effects. We have lost six entire regiments of infantry, three companies of sappers, a troop of European horse-artillery, half the mountain-train battery, nearly a whole regiment of regular cavalry, and four squadrons of irregular horse, besides a well-stocked magazine, which *alone*, taking into consideration the cost of transport up to Cabul, may be estimated at nearly a million sterling. From first to last, not less than 104 British officers have fallen: their names will be found in the Appendix. I glance but slightly at the *political* events of this period, not having been one of the initiated; and I do not pretend to enter into *minute* particulars with regard to even our *military* transactions, more especially those not immediately connected with the sad catastrophe which it has been my ill fortune to witness, and whereof I now endeavour to portray the leading features. In these notes I have been careful to state only what I know to be undeniable facts. I have set down nothing on mere hearsay evidence, nor any thing which cannot be attested by living witnesses or by existing documentary evidence. In treating of matters which occurred under my personal observation, it has been difficult to avoid *altogether* the occasional expression of my own individual opinion: but I hope it will be found that I have made no observations

bearing hard on men or measures, that are either uncalled for, or will not stand the test of future investigation.”

After the surrender of Dost Mahomed Khan, there remained in Afghanistan no chief who possessed a dominant power or influence that made him formidable to the government of Shah Shoojah, or to his English allies; and the kingdom of Cabul seemed to be gradually, though slowly, subsiding into comparative tranquillity. In the summer of the year 1841, the authority of the sovereign appears to have been acknowledged in almost every part of his dominions. A partial revolt of the Giljyes was speedily suppressed by our troops. The Kohistan, or more correctly, Koohdaman of Cabul, a mountainous tract, inhabited by a warlike people, over whom the authority of the governments of the country had long been imperfect and precarious, had submitted, or had ceased to resist. A detachment from the British force at Kandahar, after defeating Akter Khan, who had been instigated by the Vezzer of Herat to rebel, swept the country of Zemindawer, drove Akter Khan a fugitive to Herat, received the submission of all the chiefs in that part of the kingdom, and secured the persons of such as it was not thought prudent to leave at large in those districts.

The Shah's authority was now believed to be so firmly established, that both Sir William Macnaghten, the British envoy at Cabul, who had recently been appointed governor of Bombay, and Sir Alexander Burnes, on whom the duties of the envoy would have devolved on Sir W. Macnaghten's departure, thought that the time had arrived when the amount of the British force in Afghanistan, which was so heavy a charge upon the revenues of India, might with safety be reduced, and General Sale's brigade was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march to Jellalabad, on its route to India.

Even at this time, however, Major Pottinger, the political agent in Kohistan, including, we presume, the Koohdaman, thought the force at his disposal too small to maintain the tranquillity of the district; and the chiefs of the valley of Nijrow, or Nijrab, a valley of Kohistan Proper, had not only refused to submit, but had

harboured the restless and disaffected who had made themselves obnoxious to the Shah's government. But although Major Pottinger had no confidence in the good feelings of the people of his own district to the government, and even seems to have anticipated insurrection, no movement of that description had yet taken place.

Early in September, however, Captain Hay, who was with a small force in the Zoomut valley, situated nearly west from Ghuznee and south from Cabul, having been induced by the representations of Moollah Momin—the collector of the revenues, who was a Barikzye, and a near relation of one of the leaders of the insurrection, in which he afterwards himself took an active part—to move against a fort in which the murderers of Colonel Herring were said to have taken shelter, the inhabitants resisted his demands, and fired upon the troops. His force was found insufficient to reduce it, and he was obliged to retire; a stronger force was therefore sent, on the approach of which the people fled to the hills, and the forts they had evacuated were blown up. This occurrence was not calculated seriously to disturb the confident hopes that were entertained of the permanent tranquillity of the country; but before the force employed upon that expedition had returned to Cabul, a formidable insurrection had broken out in another quarter.

"Early in October," says Lieutenant Eyre, "three Giljye chiefs of note suddenly quitted Cabul, after plundering a rich cafila at Tezeen, and took up a strong position in the difficult defile of Khoord-Cabul, about ten miles from the capital, thus blocking up the pass, and cutting off our communication with Hindostan. Intelligence had not very long previously been received that Mahomed Akber Khan, second son of the ex-ruler Dost Mahomed Khan, had arrived at Bameean from Khoooloom, for the supposed purpose of carrying on intrigues against the Government. It is remarkable that he is nearly connected by marriage with Mahomed Shah Khan and Dost Mahomed Khan, also Giljyes, who almost immediately joined the above-mentioned chiefs. Mahomed Akber had, since the deposition of his father, never ceased to foster feelings of intense hatred towards the English nation; and, though often urged by the

fallen ruler to deliver himself up, had resolutely preferred the life of a houseless exile to one of mean dependence on the bounty of his enemies. It seems, therefore, in the highest degree probable that this hostile movement on the part of the Eastern Giljyes was the result of his influence over them, combined with other causes which will be hereafter mentioned."

The other causes here alluded to, appear to be "the deep offence given to the Giljyes by the ill-advised reduction of their annual stipends, a measure which had been forced upon Sir William Macnaghten by Lord Auckland. This they considered, and with some show of justice, as a breach of faith on the part of our Government."

We presume that it is not Mr Eyre's intention to assert that this particular measure was ordered by Lord Auckland, but merely that the rigid economy enforced by his lordship, led the Envoy to have recourse to this measure as one of the means by which the general expenditure might be diminished.

Formidable as this revolt of the Giljyes was found to be, we are led to suspect that both Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes were misled, probably by the Shah's government, very greatly to underrate its importance and its danger. The force under Colonel Monteath,* which in the first instance was sent to suppress it, was so small that it was not only unable to penetrate into the country it was intended to overawe or to subdue, but it was immediately attacked in its camp, within ten miles of Cabul, and lost thirty-five sepoy killed and wounded.

Two days afterwards, the 11th October, General Sale marched from Cabul with H.M.'s 13th light infantry, to join Colonel Monteath's camp at Bootkhak; and the following morning the whole proceeded to force the pass of Khoord-Cabul, which was effected with some loss. The 13th returned through the pass to Bootkhak, suffering from the fire of parties which still lurked among the rocks. The remainder of the brigade encamped at Khoord-Cabul, at the further extremity of the defile. In this divided position the brigade remained for some days, and both camps had

* 35th Reg. N. I.; 100 sappers; 1 squadron 5th Cav.; 2 guns.

to sustain night attacks from the Affghans—"that on the 35th native infantry being peculiarly disastrous, from the treachery of the Affghan horse, who admitted the enemy within their lines, by which our troops were exposed to a fire from the least suspected quarter. Many of our gallant sepoy, and Lieutenant Jenkins, thus met their death."

On the 20th October, General Sale, having been reinforced, marched to Khoord-Cabul; "and about the 22d, the whole force there assembled, with Captain Macgregor, political agent, marched to Tezeen, encountering much determined opposition on the road."

"By this time it was too evident that the whole of the Eastern Giljyes had risen in one common league against us." The treacherous proceedings of their chief or viceroy, Humza Khan, which had for some time been suspected, were now discovered, and he was arrested by order of Shah Shoojah.

"It must be remarked," says Lieutenant Eyre, "that for some time previous to these overt acts of rebellion, the always strong and ill-repressed personal dislike of the Affghans towards Europeans, had been manifested in a more than usually open manner in and about Cabul. Officers had been insulted and attempts made to assassinate them. Two Europeans had been murdered, as also several camp-followers; but these and other signs of the approaching storm had unfortunately been passed over as mere ebullitions of private angry feeling. This incredulity and apathy is the more to be lamented, as it was pretty well known that on the occasion of the *shub-khoon*, or first night attack on the 35th native infantry at Bootkhak, a large portion of our assailants consisted of the armed retainers of the different men of consequence in Cabul itself, large parties of whom had been seen proceeding from the city to the scene of action on the evening of the attack, and afterwards returning. Although these men had to pass either through the heart or round the skirts of our camp at Seeah Sung, it was not deemed expedient even to question them, far less to detain them.

"On the 26th October, General Sale started in the direction of Gundamuk, Captain Macgregor having half-frightened, half-cajoled the refractory Giljye chiefs into what proved to have been a most hollow truce."

On the same day, the 37th native

infantry, three companies of the Shah's sappers under Captain Walsh, and three guns of the mountain-train under Lieutenant Green, retraced their steps towards Cabul, where the sappers, pushing on, arrived unopposed; but the rest of the detachment was attacked on the 2d November—on the afternoon of which day, Major Griffiths, who commanded it, received orders to force his way to Cabul, where the insurrection had that morning broken out. His march through the pass, and from Bootkhak to Cabul, was one continued conflict; but the gallantry of his troops, and the excellence of his own dispositions, enabled him to carry the whole of his wounded and baggage safe to the cantonments at Cabul, where he arrived about three o'clock on the morning of the 3d November, followed almost to the gates by about 3000 Giljyes.

The causes of the insurrection in the capital are not yet fully ascertained, or, if ascertained, they have not been made public. Lieutenant Eyre does not attempt to account for it; but he gives us the following memorandum of Sir W. Macnaghten's, found, we presume, amongst his papers after his death:—

"The immediate cause of the outbreak in the capital was a seditious letter addressed by Abdoollah Khan to several chiefs of influence at Cabul, stating that it was the design of the Envoy to seize and send them all to London! The principal rebels met on the previous night, and, relying on the inflammable feelings of the people of Cabul, they pretended that the King had issued an order to put all infidels to death; having previously forged an order from him for our destruction, by the common process of washing out the contents of a genuine paper, with the exception of the seal, and substituting their own wicked inventions."

But this invention, though it was probably one of the means employed by the conspirators to increase the number of their associates, can hardly be admitted to account for the insurrection. The arrival of Akber Khan at Bameean, the revolt of the Giljyes, the previous flight of their chiefs from Cabul, and the almost simultaneous attack of our posts in the Koohdaman, (called by Lieutenant Eyre, Kohistan,) on the 3d November—the attack of a party conducting prisoners from Candahar to Ghuznee—the immediate

interruption of every line of communication with Cabul—and the selection of the season of the year the most favourable to the success of the insurrection, with many other less important circumstances, combine to force upon us the opinion, that the intention to attack the Cabul force, so soon as it should have become isolated by the approach of winter, had been entertained, and the plan of operations concerted, for some considerable time before the insurrection broke out. That many who wished for its success may have been slow to commit themselves, is to be presumed, and that vigorous measures might, if resorted to on the first day, have suppressed the revolt, is probable; but it can hardly be doubted that we must look far deeper, and further back, for the causes which united the Affghan nation against us.

The will of their chiefs and spiritual leaders—fanatical zeal, and hatred of the domination of a race whom they regarded as infidels—may have been sufficient to incite the lower orders to any acts of violence, or even to the persevering efforts they made to extirpate the English. In their eyes the contest would assume the character of a religious war—of a crusade; and every man who took up arms in that cause, would go to battle with the conviction that, if he should be slain, his soul would go at once to paradise, and that, if he slew an enemy of the faith, he thereby also secured to himself eternal happiness. But the chiefs are not so full of faith; and although we would not altogether exclude religious antipathy as an incentive, we may safely assume that something more immediately affecting their temporal and personal concerns must with them, or at least with the large majority, have been the true motives of the conspiracy—of their desire to expel the English from their country. Nor is it difficult to conceive what some of these motives may have been. The former sovereigns of Affghanistan, even the most firmly-established and the most vigorous, had no other means of enforcing their commands, than by employing the forces of one

part of the nation to make their authority respected in another; but men who were jealous of their own independence as chiefs, were not likely to aid the sovereign in any attempt to destroy the substantial power, the importance, or the independence of their class; and although a refractory chief might occasionally, by the aid of his feudal enemies, be taken or destroyed, and his property plundered, his place was filled by a relation, and the order remained unbroken. The Affghan chiefs had thus enjoyed, under their native governments, an amount of independence which was incompatible with the system we introduced—supported as that system was by our military means. These men must have seen that their own power and importance, and even their security against the caprices of their sovereign, could not long be preserved—that they were about to be subjected as well as governed—to be deprived of all power to resist the oppressions of their own government, because its will was enforced by an army which had no sympathy with the nation, and which was therefore ready to use its formidable strength to compel unqualified submission to the sovereign's commands.

The British army may not have been employed to enforce any unjust command—its movements may have been less, far less, injurious to the countries through which it passed than those of an Affghan army would have been, and its power in the moment of success may have been far less abused; but still it gave a strength to the arm of the sovereign, which was incompatible with the maintenance of the pre-existing civil and social institutions or condition of the country, and especially of the relative positions of the sovereign and the noble. In the measures we adopted to establish the authority of Shah Shoojah, we attempted to carry out a system of government which could only have been made successful by a total revolution in the social condition of the people, and in the relative positions of classes; and as these revolutions are not effected in a few years, the attempt failed.*

* The system, unpalatable as it was to the nation, might, no doubt, have been carried through by an overwhelming military force, if the country had been worth the cost;

But if the predominance of our influence and of our military power, and the effects of the system we introduced, tended to depress the chiefs, it must have still more injuriously affected or threatened the power of the priesthood.

This we believe to have been one of the primary and most essential causes of the revolt—this it was that made the insurrection spread with such rapidity, and that finally united the whole nation against us. With the aristocracy and the hierarchy of the country, it must have been but a question of courage and of means—a calculation of the probability of success; and as that probability was greatly increased by the results of the first movement at Cabul, and by the inertness of our army after the first outbreak, all acquired courage enough to aid in doing what all had previously desired to see done.

But if there be any justice in this view of the state of feeling in Afghanistan, even in the moments of its greatest tranquillity, it is difficult to account for the confidence with which the political authorities charged with the management of our affairs in that country looked to the future, and the indifference with which they appear to have regarded what now must appear to every one else to have been very significant, and even alarming, intimations of dissaffection in Cabul, and hostility in the neighbouring districts.

But it is time we should return to Lieutenant Eyre, whose narrative of facts is infinitely more attractive than any speculations we could offer.

“At an early hour this morning, (2d November 1841,) the startling intelligence was brought from the city, that a popular outbreak had taken place; that the shops were all closed; and that a general attack had been made on the houses of all British officers residing in Cabul. About 8 A.M., a hurried note was received by the Envoy in cantonments from Sir Alexander Burnes, stating that the minds of the

people had been strongly excited by some mischievous reports, but expressing a hope that he should succeed in quelling the commotion. About 9 A.M., however, a rumour was circulated, which afterwards proved but too well founded, that Sir Alexander had been murdered, and Captain Johnson's treasury plundered. Flames were now seen to issue from that part of the city where they dwelt, and it was too apparent that the endeavour to appease the people by quiet means had failed, and that it would be necessary to have recourse to stronger measures. The report of firearms was incessant, and seemed to extend through the town from end to end.

“Sir William Macnaghten now called upon General Elphinstone to act. An order was accordingly sent to Brigadier Shelton, then encamped at Seeah Sung, about a mile and a half distant from cantonments, to march forthwith to the *Bala Hissar*, or *royal citadel*, where his Majesty Shah Shoojah resided, commanding a large portion of the city, with the following troops:—viz. one company of H. M. 44th foot; a wing of the 54th regiment native infantry, under Major Ewart; the 6th regiment Shah's infantry, under Captain Hopkins; and four horse-artillery guns, under Captain Nicholl; and on arrival there, to act according to his own judgment, after consulting with the King.

“The remainder of the troops encamped at Seeah Sung were at the same time ordered into cantonments: viz. H. M. 44th foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mackerell; two horse-artillery guns, under Lieutenant Waller; and Anderson's irregular horse. A messenger was likewise dispatched to recall the 37th native infantry from Khoord-Cabul without delay. The troops at this time in cantonments were as follows: viz. 5th regiment native infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver; a wing of 54th native infantry; five six-pounder field guns, with a detachment of the Shah's artillery, under Lieutenant Warburton; the Envoy's body-guard; a troop of Skinner's horse, and another of local horse, under Lieutenant Walker; three companies of the Shah's sappers, under Captain Walsh; and about twenty men of the Company's sappers, attached to Captain Paton, assistant-quartermaster-general.

but if it was not intended to retain permanent possession of Afghanistan, it appears to us that the native government was far too much interfered with—that the British envoy, the British officers employed in the districts and provinces, and the British army, stood too much between the Shah and his subjects—that we were forming a government which it would be impossible to work in our absence, and creating a state of things which, the longer it might endure, would have made more remote the time at which our interference could be dispensed with,

"Widely spread and formidable as this insurrection proved to be afterwards, it was at first a mere insignificant ebullition of discontent on the part of a few desperate and restless men, which military energy and promptitude ought to have crushed in the bud. Its commencement was an attack by certainly not 300 men on the dwellings of Sir Alexander Burnes and Captain Johnson, paymaster to the Shah's force; and so little did Sir Alexander himself apprehend serious consequences, that he not only refused, on its first breaking out, to comply with the earnest entreaties of the wuzeer to accompany him to the Bala Hissar, but actually forbade his guard to fire on the assailants, attempting to check what he supposed to be a mere riot, by haranguing the attacking party from the gallery of his house. The result was fatal to himself; for in spite of the devoted gallantry of the sepoys, who composed his guard, and that of the paymaster's office and treasury on the opposite side of the street, who yielded their trust only with their latest breath, the latter were plundered, and his two companions, Lieutenant William Broadfoot of the Bengal European regiment, and his brother, Lieutenant Burnes of the Bombay army, were massacred, in common with every man, woman, and child found on the premises, by these bloodthirsty miscreants. Lieutenant Broadfoot killed five or six men with his own hand, before he was shot down.

"The King, who was in the Bala Hissar, being somewhat startled by the increasing number of the rioters, although not at the time aware, so far as we can judge, of the assassination of Sir A. Burnes, dispatched one of his sons with a number of his immediate Affghan retainers, and that corps of Hindoostanees commonly called Campbell's regiment, with two guns, to restore order: no support, however, was rendered to these by our troops, whose leaders appeared so thunderstruck by the intelligence of the outbreak, as to be incapable of adopting more than the most puerile defensive measures. Even Sir William Macnaghten seemed, from a note received at this time from him by Captain

Trevor, to apprehend little danger, as he therein expressed his perfect confidence as to the speedy and complete success of Campbell's Hindoostanees in putting an end to the disturbance. Such, however, was not the case; for the enemy, encouraged by our inaction, increased rapidly in spirit and numbers, and drove back the King's guard with great slaughter, the guns being with difficulty saved.

"It must be understood that Captain Trevor lived at this time with his family in a strong *bourge*, or tower, situated by the river side, near the Kuzzilbash quarter, which, on the west, is wholly distinct from the remainder of the city. Within musket-shot, on the opposite side of the river, in the direction of the strong and populous village of Deh Affghan, is a fort of some size, then used as a godown, or storehouse, by the Shah's commissariat, part of it being occupied by Brigadier Anquetil, commanding the Shah's force. Close to this fort, divided by a narrow watercourse, was the house of Captain Troup, brigade-major of the Shah's force, perfectly defensible against musketry. Both Brigadier Anquetil and Captain Troup had gone out on horseback early in the morning towards cantonments, and were unable to return; but the above fort and house contained the usual guard of sepoys; and in a garden close at hand, called the *Yaboo-Khaneh*, or lines of the baggage-cattle, was a small detachment of the Shah's sappers and miners, and a party of Captain Ferris's *juzailchees*. Captain Trevor's tower was capable of being made good against a much stronger force than the rebels at this present time could have collected, had it been properly garrisoned.

"As it was, the Hazirbash,* or King's life-guards, were, under Captain Trevor, congregated round their leader, to protect him and his family; which duty, it will be seen, they well performed under very trying circumstances. For what took place in this quarter I beg to refer to a communication made to me at my request by Captain Colin Mackenzie,† assistant political agent at Peshawur, who then occupied the godown portion of the fort above mentioned, which will be found hereafter.‡

* Affghan horse.

† The detachment under Captain Mackenzie consisted of about seventy *juzailchees* or Affghan riflemen, and thirty sappers, who had been left in the town in charge of the wives and children of the corps, all of whom were brought safe into the cantonments by that gallant party, who fought their way from the heart of the town.

‡ "I am sorry to say that this document has not reached me with the rest of the manuscript. I have not struck out the reference, because there is hope that it still exists, and may yet be appended to this narrative. The loss of any thing else from Captain Mackenzie's pen will be regretted by all who read his other communication, the account of the Envoy's murder.—EDITOR."

"I have already stated that Brigadier Shelton was, early in the day, directed to proceed with part of the Seeah Sung force to occupy the Bala Hissar, and, if requisite, to lead his troops against the insurgents. Captain Lawrence, military secretary to the Envoy, was at the same time sent forward to prepare the King for that officer's reception. Taking with him four troopers of the body-guard, he was galloping along the main road, when, shortly after crossing the river, he was suddenly attacked by an Affghan, who, rushing from behind a wall, made a desperate cut at him with a large two-handed knife. He dexterously avoided the blow by spurring his horse on one side; but, passing onwards, he was fired upon by about fifty men, who, having seen his approach, ran out from the Lahore gate of the city to intercept him. He reached the Bala Hissar safe, where he found the King apparently in a state of great agitation, he having witnessed the assault from the window of his palace. His Majesty expressed an eager desire to conform to the Envoy's wishes in all respects in this emergency.

"Captain Lawrence was still conferring with the King, when Lieutenant Sturt, our executive engineer, rushed into the palace, stabbed in three places about the face and neck. He had been sent by Brigadier Shelton to make arrangements for the accommodation of the troops, and had reached the gate of the *Dewan Khaneh*, or hall of audience, when the attempt at his life was made by some one who had concealed himself there for that purpose, and who immediately effected his escape. The wounds were fortunately not dangerous, and Lieutenant Sturt was conveyed back to cantonments in the King's own palanquin, under a strong escort. Soon after this Brigadier Shelton's force arrived; but the day was suffered to pass without any thing being done demonstrative of British energy and power. The murder of our countrymen, and the spoliation of public and private property, was perpetrated with impunity within a mile of our cantonment, and under the very walls of the Bala Hissar.

"Such an exhibition on our part taught the enemy their strength — confirmed against us those who, however disposed to join in the rebellion, had hitherto kept aloof from prudential motives, and ultimately encouraged the nation to unite as one man for our destruction.

"It was, in fact, the crisis of all others calculated to test the qualities of a military commander. Whilst, however, it is impossible for an unprejudiced person to approve the military dispositions of this

eventful period, it is equally our duty to discriminate. The most *responsible* party is not always the most culpable. It would be the height of injustice to a most amiable and gallant officer not to notice the long course of painful and wearing illness, which had materially affected the nerves, and probably even the intellect, of General Elphinstone; cruelly incapacitating him, so far as he was personally concerned, from acting in this sudden emergency with the promptitude and vigour necessary for our preservation.

"Unhappily, Sir William Maenaghten at first made light of the insurrection, and, by his representations as to the general feeling of the people towards us, not only deluded himself, but misled the General in council. The unwelcome truth was soon forced upon us, that in the whole Affghan nation we could not reckon on a single friend.

"But though no active measures of aggression were taken, all necessary preparations were made to secure the cantonment against attack. It fell to my own lot to place every available gun in position round the works. Besides the guns already mentioned, we had in the magazine 6 nine-pounder iron guns, 3 twenty-four pounder howitzers, 1 twelve-pounder ditto, and 3 5½-inch mortars; but the detail of artillerymen fell very short of what was required to man all these efficiently, consisting of only 80 Punjabees belonging to the Shah, under Lieutenant Warburton, very insufficiently instructed, and of doubtful fidelity."

The fortified cantonment occupied by the British troops was a quadrangle of 1000 yards long by 600 broad, with round flanking bastions at each corner, every one of which was commanded by some fort or hill. To one end of this work was attached the Mission compound and enclosure, about half as large as the cantonment, surrounded by a simple wall. This space required to be defended in time of war, and it rendered the whole of one face of the cantonment nugatory for purposes of defence. The profile of the works themselves was weak, being in fact an ordinary field-work. But the most strange and unaccountable circumstance recorded by Lieutenant Eyre respecting these military arrangements, is certainly the fact, that the commissariat stores, containing whatever the army possessed of food or clothing, was not within the circuit of these fortified cantonments, but in a detached and weak fort, the gate of

which was commanded by another building at a short distance. Our author thus sums up his observations on these cantonments :—

“ In fact, we were so hemmed in on all sides, that, when the rebellion became general, the troops could not move out a dozen paces from either gate without being exposed to the fire of some neighbouring hostile fort, garrisoned, too, by marksmen who seldom missed their aim. The country around us was likewise full of impediments to the movements of artillery and cavalry, being in many places flooded, and every where closely intersected by deep water-cuts.

“ I cannot help adding, in conclusion, that almost all the calamities that befell our ill-starred force may be traced more or less to the defects of our position; and that our cantonment at Cabul, whether we look to its situation or its construction, must ever be spoken of as a disgrace to our military skill and judgment.”

Nov. 3.—The 37th native infantry arrived in cantonments, as previously stated.

“ Early in the afternoon, a detachment under Major Swayne, consisting of two companies 5th native infantry, one of H.M. 44th, and two H.A. guns under Lieutenant Waller, proceeded out of the western gate towards the city, to effect, if possible, a junction at the Lahore gate with a part of Brigadier Shelton's force from the Bala Hissar. They drove back and defeated a party of the enemy who occupied the road near the Shah Bagh, but had to encounter a sharp fire from the Kohistan gate of the city, and from the walls of various enclosures, behind which a number of marksmen had concealed themselves, as also from the fort of Mahmood Khan, commanding the road along which they had to pass. Lieutenant Waller and several sepoys were wounded. Major Swayne, observing the whole line of road towards the Lahore gate strongly occupied by some Affghan horse and juzailchees, and fearing that he would be unable to effect the object in view with so small a force unsupported by cavalry, retired into cantonments. Shortly after this, a large body of the rebels having issued from the fort of Mahmood Khan, 900 yards south-east of cantonments, extended themselves in a line along the bank of the river, displaying a flag; an iron nine-pounder was brought to bear on them from our south-east bastion, and a round or two of shrapnell caused them to seek shelter behind some neighbouring banks, whence, after some desultory firing on both sides, they retired.

“ Whatever hopes may have been entertained, up to this period, of a speedy termination to the insurrection, they began now to wax fainter every hour, and an order was dispatched to the officer commanding at Candahar to lose no time in sending to our assistance the 16th and 43d regiments native infantry, (which were under orders for India,) together with a troop of horse-artillery and half a regiment of cavalry; an order was likewise sent off to recall General Sale with his brigade from Gundamak. Captain John Conolly, political assistant to the Envoy, went into the Bala Hissar early this morning, to remain with the King, and to render every assistance in his power to Brigadier Shelton.”

On this day Lieutenants Maule and Wheeler were murdered at Kahdarah in Koohdaman; the Kohistan regiment of Affghans which they commanded, offering no resistance to the rebels. The two officers defended themselves resolutely for some time, but fell under the fire of the enemy. Lieutenant Maule had been warned of his danger by a friendly native, but refused to desert his post.

On this day also Lieutenant Rat-tray, Major Pottinger's assistant, was treacherously murdered at Lughmanee, during a conference to which he had been invited, and within sight of the small fort in which these two gentlemen resided. This act was followed by a general insurrection in Kohistan and Koohdaman, which terminated in the destruction of the Goorkha regiment at Charikar, and the slaughter of all the Europeans in that district except Major Pottinger and Lieutenant Haughton, both severely wounded, who, with one sepoy and one or two followers, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Affghan parties, who were patrolling the roads for the purpose of intercepting them, and at length arrived in cantonments, having actually passed at night through the town and bazars of Cabul. For the details of this interesting and afflicting episode in Mr Eyre's narrative, we must refer our readers to the work itself. Major Pottinger appears on this occasion to have exhibited the same high courage and promptitude and vigour in action, and the same resources in difficulty, that made him conspicuous at Herat, and Lieutenant Haughton was no unworthy companion of such a man.

"November 4.—The enemy having taken strong possession of the *Shah Bagh*, or King's Garden, and thrown a garrison into the fort of Mahomed Shereef, nearly opposite the bazar, effectually prevented any communication between the cantonment and commissariat fort, the gate of which latter was commanded by the gate of the *Shah Bagh* on the other side of the road.

"Ensign Warren of the 5th native infantry at this time occupied the commissariat fort with 100 men, and having reported that he was very hard pressed by the enemy, and in danger of being completely cut off, the General, either forgetful or unaware at the moment of the important fact, that upon the possession of this fort we were entirely dependent for provisions, and anxious only to save the lives of men whom he believed to be in imminent peril, hastily gave directions that a party under the command of Captain Swayne, of H.M.'s 44th regiment, should proceed immediately to bring off Ensign Warren and his garrison to cantonments, abandoning the fort to the enemy. A few minutes previously an attempt to relieve him had been made by Ensign Gordon, with a company of the 37th native infantry and eleven camels laden with ammunition; but the party were driven back, and Ensign Gordon killed. Captain Swayne now accordingly proceeded towards the spot with two companies of H.M.'s 44th; scarcely had they issued from cantonments ere a sharp and destructive fire was poured upon them from Mahomed Shereef's fort, which, as they proceeded, was taken up by the marksmen in the *Shah Bagh*, under whose deadly aim both officers and men suffered severely; Captains Swayne and Robinson, of the 44th being killed, and Lieutenants Hallahan, Evans, and Fortye wounded in this disastrous business. It now seemed to the officer, on whom the command had devolved, impracticable to bring off Ensign Warren's party without risking the annihilation of his own, which had already sustained so rapid and severe a loss in officers; he therefore returned forthwith to cantonments. In the course of the evening another attempt was made by a party of the 5th light cavalry; but they encountered so severe a fire from the neighbouring enclosures as obliged them to return without effecting their desired object, with the loss of eight troopers killed and fourteen badly wounded. Captain Boyd, the assistant commissary-general, having meanwhile been made acquainted with the General's intention to give up the fort, hastened to lay before him the disastrous consequences that would ensue from so doing. He stated

that the place contained, besides large supplies of wheat and attah, all his stores of rum, medicine, clothing, &c., the value of which might be estimated at four lacs of rupees; that to abandon such valuable property would not only expose the force to the immediate want of the necessities of life, but would infallibly inspire the enemy with tenfold courage. He added that we had not above two days' supply of provisions in cantonments, and that neither himself nor Captain Johnson of the Shah's commissariat had any prospect of procuring them elsewhere under existing circumstances. In consequence of this strong representation on the part of Captain Boyd, the General sent immediate orders to Ensign Warren to hold out the fort to the last extremity. (Ensign Warren, it must be remarked, denied having received this note.) Early in the night a letter was received from him to the effect that he believed the enemy were busily engaged in mining one of the towers, and that such was the alarm among the sepoys that several of them had actually made their escape over the wall to cantonments; that the enemy were making preparations to burn down the gate; and that, considering the temper of his men, he did not expect to be able to hold out many hours longer, unless reinforced without delay. In reply to this he was informed that he would be reinforced by two A.M.

"At about nine o'clock P.M., there was an assembly of staff and other officers at the General's house, when the Envoy came in and expressed his serious conviction, that unless Mahomed Shereef's fort were taken that very night, we should lose the commissariat fort, or at all events be unable to bring out of it provisions for the troops. The disaster of the morning rendered the General extremely unwilling to expose his officers and men to any similar peril; but, on the other hand, it was urged that the darkness of the night would nullify the enemy's fire, who would also most likely be taken unawares, as it was not the custom of the Afghans to maintain a very strict watch at night. A man in Captain Johnson's employ was accordingly sent out to reconnoitre the place. He returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that about twenty men were seated outside the fort near the gate, smoking and talking; and, from what he overheard of their conversation, he judged the garrison to be very small, and unable to resist a sudden onset. The debate was now resumed, but another hour passed and the General could not make up his mind. A second spy was dispatched, whose report tended to corroborate what

the first had said. I was then sent to Lieutenant Sturt, the engineer, who was nearly recovered from his wounds, for his opinion. He at first expressed himself in favour of an immediate attack, but, on hearing that some of the enemy were on the watch at the gate, he judged it prudent to defer the assault till an early hour in the morning: this decided the General, though not before several hours had slipped away in fruitless discussion.

"Orders were at last given for a detachment to be in readiness at four A.M. at the Kohistan gate; and Captain Bellew, deputy-assistant quartermaster-general, volunteered to blow open the gate; another party of H.M.'s 44th were at the same time to issue by a cut in the south face of the rampart, and march simultaneously towards the commissariat fort, to reinforce the garrison. Morning had, however, well dawned ere the men could be got under arms; and they were on the point of marching off, when it was reported that Ensign Warren had just arrived in cantonments with his garrison, having evacuated the fort. It seems that the enemy had actually set fire to the gate; and Ensign Warren, seeing no prospect of a reinforcement, and expecting the enemy every moment to rush in, led out his men by a hole which he had prepared in the wall. Being called upon in a public letter from the assistant adjutant-general to state his reasons for abandoning his post, he replied that he was ready to do so before a court of enquiry, which he requested might be assembled to investigate his conduct; it was not, however, deemed expedient to comply with his request.

"It is beyond a doubt that our feeble and ineffectual defence of this fort, and the valuable booty it yielded, was the first *fatal* blow to our supremacy at Cabul, and at once determined those chiefs—and more particularly the Kuzzilbashes—who had hitherto remained neutral, to join in the general combination to drive us from the country."

"Nov. 5.—It no sooner became generally known that the commissariat fort, upon which we were dependent for supplies, had been abandoned, than one universal feeling of indignation pervaded the garrison. Nor can I describe," says Lieutenant Eyre, "the impatience of the troops, but especially of the native portion, to be led out for its recapture—a feeling that was by no means diminished by seeing the Affghans crossing and re-crossing the road between the

commissariat fort and the gate of the *Shah Bagh*, laden with the provisions upon which had depended our ability to make a protracted defence."

That the whole commissariat should have been deposited in a detached fort is extraordinary and inexcusable, but that the garrison of that fort should not have been reinforced, is even more unintelligible; and that a sufficient force was not at once sent to succour and protect it when attacked, is altogether unaccountable. General Elphinstone was disabled by his infirmities from efficiently discharging the duties that had devolved upon him, but he appears to have been ready to act upon the suggestion of others. What then were his staff about?—some of them are said to have had little difficulty or delicacy in urging their own views upon their commander. Did they not suggest to him in time the importance, the necessity, of saving the commissariat at all hazards?

At the suggestion of Lieutenant Eyre, it was determined to attempt the capture of Mahomed Shereef's fort by blowing open the gate, Mr Eyre volunteering to keep the road clear for the storming party with the guns. "The General agreed; a storming party under Major Swayne, 6th native infantry, was ordered; the powder bags were got ready, and at noon we issued from the western gate." "For twenty minutes the guns were worked under a very sharp fire from the fort;" but "Major Swayne, instead of rushing forward with his men as had been agreed, had in the mean time remained stationary, under cover of the wall by the road-side." The General, seeing that the attempt had failed, recalled the troops into cantonments.

"Nov. 6.—It was now determined to take the fort of Mahomed Shereef by regular breach and assault." A practicable breach was effected, and a storming party composed of one company H.M. 44th, under Ensign Raban, one ditto 5th native infantry, under Lieutenant Deas, and one ditto 37th native infantry, under Lieutenant Steer, the whole commanded by Major Griffiths, speedily carried the place. "Poor Raban was shot through the heart when conspicuously waving a flag on the summit of the breach."

As this fort adjoined the *Shah Bagh*, it was deemed advisable to dis-

lodge the enemy from the latter if possible. This was partially effected, and, had advantage been taken of the opportunity to occupy the buildings of the garden gateway, "immediate re-possession could have been taken of the commissariat fort opposite, which had not yet been emptied of half its contents."

In the mean time, our cavalry were engaged in an affair with the enemy's horse, in which we appear to have had the advantage. "The officers gallantly headed their men, and encountered about an equal number of the enemy who advanced to meet them. A hand-to-hand encounter took place, which ended in the Affghan horse retreating to the plain, leaving the hill in our possession. In this affair, Captain Anderson personally engaged and slew the brother-in-law of Abdoolah Khan."

But the Affghans collected from various quarters; the *juzailchees*,* under Captain M'Kenzie, were driven with great loss from the Shah Bagh which they had entered; and a gun which had been employed to clear that enclosure was with difficulty saved. Our troops having been drawn up on the plain, remained prepared to receive an attack from the enemy, who gradually retired as the night closed in.

Nov. 8.—An attempt was made by the enemy to mine a tower of the fort that had been taken, which they could not have done had the gate of the Shah Bagh been occupied. The chief cause of anxiety now was the empty state of the granary. Even with high bribes and liberal payment, the Envoy could not procure sufficient for daily consumption. The plan of the enemy now was to starve us out, and the chiefs exerted all their influence to prevent our being supplied.

Nov. 9.—The General's weak state of health rendered it necessary to relieve him from the command of the garrison, and at the earnest request of the Envoy, Brigadier Shelton was summoned from the Bala Hissar, "in the hope that, by heartily co-operating with the Envoy and General, he would strengthen their hands and rouse the sinking confi-

dence of the troops. He entered cantonments this morning, bringing with him one H. A. gun, one mountain-train ditto, one company H. M.'s 44th, the Shah's 6th infantry, and a small supply of attah (flour.)"

"November 10.—Henceforward Brigadier Shelton bore a conspicuous part in the drama, upon the issue of which so much depended. He had, however, from the very first, seemed to despair of the force being able to hold out the winter at Cabul, and strenuously advocated an immediate retreat to Jellalabad.

"This sort of despondency proved, unhappily, very infectious. It soon spread its baneful influence among the officers, and was by them communicated to the soldiery. The number of *croakers* in garrison became perfectly frightful, lugubrious looks and dismal prophecies being encountered every where. The severe losses sustained by H. M.'s 44th under Captain Swayne, on the 4th instant, had very much discouraged the men of that regiment; and it is a lamentable fact that some of those European soldiers, who were naturally expected to exhibit to their native brethren in arms an example of endurance and fortitude, were among the first to lose confidence, and give vent to feelings of discontent at the duties imposed on them. The evil seed, once sprung up, became more and more difficult to eradicate, showing daily more and more how completely demoralizing to the British soldier is the very idea of a retreat.

"Sir William Macnaghten and his suite were altogether opposed to Brigadier Shelton in this matter, it being in his (the Envoy's) estimation a duty we owed the Government to retain our post, at whatsoever risk. This difference of opinion, on a question of such vital importance, was attended with unhappy results, inasmuch as it deprived the General, in his hour of need, of the strength which unanimity imparts, and produced an uncommunicative and disheartening reserve in an emergency which demanded the freest interchange of counsel and ideas."

On the morning of this day, large parties of the enemy's horse and foot occupied the heights to the east and to the west of the cantonments, which, it was supposed, they intended to assault. No attack was made; but "on the eastern quarter, parties of the enemy, moving down into the plain, occupied all the forts in that direction.

* Affghan riflemen.

... At this time, not above two days' provisions remained in garrison; and it was very clear, that unless the enemy were quickly driven out from their new possession, we should soon be completely hemmed in on all sides."

At the Envoy's urgent desire, he taking the entire responsibility on himself, the General ordered a force, under Brigadier Shelton, to storm the Rikabashee fort, which was within musket-shot of the cantonments, and from which a galling fire had been poured into the Mission compound by the Affghans. About noon, the troops assembled at the eastern gate; a storming party of two companies from each regiment taking the lead, preceded by Captain Bellew, who hurried forward to blow open the gate—but missing the gate, he blew open a small wicket, through which not more than two or three men could enter abreast, and these in a stooping posture. A sharp fire was kept up from the walls, and many of the bravest fell in attempting to force their entrance through the wicket; but Colonel Mackerell of the 44th, and Lieutenant Bird of the Shah's 6th infantry, with a handful of Europeans and a few sepoy, forced their way in—the garrison fled through the gate which was at the opposite side, and Colonel Mackerell and his little party closed it, securing the chain with a bayonet; but, at this moment, some Affghan horse charged round the corner—the cry of cavalry was raised—"the Europeans gave way simultaneously with the sepoy—a bugler of the 6th infantry, through mistake, sounded the retreat—and it became for a time, a scene of *saue qui peut*." In vain did the officers endeavour to rally the men, and to lead them back to the rescue of their commanding-officer and their comrades; only one man, private Stewart of the 44th, listened to the appeal and returned.

"Let me here (says Lieutenant Eyre) do Brigadier Shelton justice: his acknowledged courage redeemed the day." After great efforts, at last he rallied them—again advancing to the attack, again they faltered. A third time did the Brigadier bring on his men to the assault, which now proved successful; but while this disgraceful scene was passing outside the fort, the enemy had forced their way into it, and had cut to pieces Colonel

Mackerell and all his little party, except Lieutenant Bird, who, with one sepoy, was found in a barricaded apartment, where these two brave men had defended themselves till the return of the troops, killing above thirty of the enemy by the fire of their two muskets.

Our loss on this occasion was not less than 200 killed and wounded; but the results of this success, though dearly purchased, were important. Four neighbouring forts were immediately evacuated by the enemy, and occupied by our troops: they were found to contain 1400 maunds of grain, of which about one-half was removed into cantonments immediately; but Brigadier Shelton not having thought it prudent to place a guard for the protection of the remainder, it was carried off during the night by the Affghans. "Permanent possession was, however, taken of the Rikabashee and Zoolfikar forts, and the towers of the remainder were blown up on the following day."

It cannot fail to excite surprise, that these forts, which do not seem to have been occupied by the enemy till the 10th, were not either occupied or destroyed by the British troops before that day.

Nov. 13.—The enemy appeared in great force on the western heights, where, having posted two guns, they fired into cantonments with considerable precision. At the entreaty of the Envoy, it was determined to attack them—a force, under Brigadier Shelton, moved out for that purpose—the advance, under Major Thain, ascended the hill with great gallantry; "but the enemy resolutely stood their ground at the summit of the ridge, and unflinchingly received the discharge of our musketry, which, strange to say, even at the short range of ten or twelve yards, did little or no execution."

The fire of our guns, however, threw the Affghans into confusion. A charge of cavalry drove them up the hill, and the infantry advancing, carried the height, the enemy retreating along the ridge, closely followed by our troops, and abandoning their guns to us; but, owing to the misconduct of the troops, only one of them was carried away, the men refusing to advance to drag off the other, which was therefore spiked by Lieu-

tenant Eyre, with the aid of one artilleryman.

"This was the last success our arms were destined to experience. Henceforward it becomes my weary task to relate a catalogue of errors, disasters, and difficulties, which, following close upon each other, disgusted our officers, disheartened our soldiers, and finally sunk us all into irretrievable ruin, as though Heaven itself, by a combination of evil circumstances, for its own inscrutable purposes, had planned our downfall.

"*November 16th.*—The impression made on the enemy by the action of the 13th was so far salutary, that they did not venture to annoy us again for several days. Advantage was taken of this respite to throw magazine supplies from time to time into the Bala Hissar, a duty which was ably performed by Lieutenant Walker, with a *resalah* of irregular horse, under cover of night. But even in this short interval of comparative rest, such was the wretched construction of the cantonment, that the mere ordinary routine of garrison duty, and the necessity of closely manning our long line of rampart both by day and night, was a severe trial to the health and patience of the troops; especially now that the winter began to show symptoms of unusual severity. There seemed, indeed, every probability of an early fall of snow, to which all looked forward with dread, as the harbinger of fresh difficulties and of augmented suffering.

"These considerations, and the manifest superiority of the Bala Hissar as a military position, led to the early discussion of the expediency of abandoning the cantonment, and consolidating our forces in the above-mentioned stronghold. The Envoy himself was, from the first, greatly in favour of this move, until overruled by the many objections urged against it by the military authorities; to which, as will be seen by a letter from him presently quoted, he learned by degrees to attach some weight himself; but to the very last it was a measure that had many advocates, and I venture to state my own firm belief that, had we at this time moved into the Bala Hissar, Cabul would have been still in our possession.

"But Brigadier Shelton having firmly set his face against the movement from the first moment of its proposition, all serious idea of it was gradually abandoned, though it continued to the very last a subject of common discussion."

"*Nov. 18.*—Accounts were this day received from Jellalabad, that General Sale, having sallied from the town, had repulsed the enemy with consi-

derable loss. . . . The hope of his return had tended much to support our spirits; our disappointment was therefore great, to learn that all expectation of aid from that quarter was at an end. Our eyes were now turned towards the Kandahar force as our last resource, though an advance from that quarter seemed scarcely practicable so late in the year."

The propriety of attacking Mahomed Khan's fort, the possession of which would have opened an easy communication with the Bala Hissar, was discussed; but, on some sudden objection raised by Lieutenant Sturt of the engineers, the project was abandoned.

On the 19th, a letter was addressed by the Envoy to the General, the object of which seems not to be very apparent. He raises objections to a retreat either to Jellalabad or to the Bala Hissar, and expresses a decided objection to abandon the cantonment under any circumstances, if food can be procured; but, nevertheless, it is sufficiently evident that his hopes of successful resistance had even now become feeble, and he refers to the possibility that succours may arrive from Kandahar, or that "something might turn up in our favour."

The village of Beymaroo, (or Husbandless, from a beautiful virgin who was nursed there,) within half a mile of the cantonments, had been our chief source of supply, to which the enemy had in some measure put a stop by occupying it every morning. It was therefore determined to endeavour to anticipate them by taking possession of it before their arrival. For this purpose, a party moved out under Major Swayne of the 5th native infantry; but the Major,—"it would seem, by his own account, found the village already occupied, and the entrance blocked up in such a manner that he considered it out of his power to force a passage." It does not appear that the attempt was made. Later in the day there was some skirmishing in the plain, in the course of which Lieutenant Eyre was wounded.

"It is worthy of note that Mahomed Akber Khan, second son of the late Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, arrived in Cabul this night (22d Nov.) from Bameean. This man was destined to exercise an evil influence

over our future fortunes. The crisis of our struggle was already nigh at hand."

"Nov. 23.—This day decided the fate of the Cabul force." It had been determined by a council, at the special recommendation of the Envoy, that a force under Brigadier Shelton should storm the village of Beymaroo, and maintain the hill above it against any numbers of the enemy that might appear. At two A.M., the troops* moved out of cantonments, ascended the hill by the gorge, dragging up the gun, and moved along the ridge to a point overlooking the village. A sharp fire of grape created great confusion, and it was suggested by Captain Bellew and others to General Shelton, to storm the village, while the evident panic of the enemy lasted. To this the Brigadier did not accede.

When day broke, the enemy, whose ammunition had failed, were seen hurrying from the village—not 40 men remained. A storming party, under Majors Swayne and Kershaw, was ordered to carry the village; but Major Swayne missed the gate, which was open, and arrived at a barricaded wicket, which he had no means of forcing. Major Swayne was wounded, and lost some men, and was ultimately recalled. Leaving a reserve of three companies of the 37th native infantry, under Major Kershaw, at the point overhanging Beymaroo, the Brigadier moved back with the rest of the troops and the gun to the part of the hill which overlooked the gorge. It was suggested to raise a sungar or breastwork to protect the troops, for which purpose the sappers had been taken out, but it was not done. Immense numbers of the enemy, issuing from the city, had now crowned the opposite hill—in all, probably 10,000 men. Our skirmishers were kept out with great difficulty, and chiefly by the exertions and example of Colonel Oliver. The remainder of the troops were formed into two squares, and the cavalry drawn up *en masse* immediately in their rear, and all suffered severely—the vent of the only gun became too hot to be served. A party of cavalry under Lieutenant

Walker was recalled to prevent its destruction, and a demonstration of the Affghan cavalry on our right flank, which had been exposed by the recall of Lieutenant Walker, was repulsed by a fire of shrapnell, which mortally wounded a chief of consequence. The enemy surrounded the troops on three sides. The men were faint with fatigue and thirst—the Affghan skirmishers pressed on, and our's gave way. The men could not be got to charge bayonets. The enemy made a rush at the guns, the cavalry were ordered to charge, but would not follow their officers. The first square and the cavalry gave way, and were with difficulty rallied behind the second square, leaving the gun in the hands of the enemy, who immediately carried off the limber and horses. News of Abdoolah Khan's wound spread amongst the Affghans, who now retired. Our men resumed courage, and regained possession of the gun; and fresh ammunition having arrived from cantonments, it again opened on the enemy: but our cavalry would not act, and the infantry were too much exhausted and disheartened to make a forward movement, and too few in number. The whole force of the enemy came on with renewed vigour—the front of the advanced square had been literally mowed down, and most of the gallant artillerymen had fallen. The gun was scarcely limbered up preparatory to retreat, when a rush from the Ghazees broke the first square. All order was at an end, the entreaties and commands of the officers were unheeded, and an utter rout ensued down the hill towards the cantonments, the enemy's cavalry making a fearful slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. The retreat of Major Kershaw's party was cut off, and his men were nearly all destroyed. The mingled tide of flight and pursuit seemed to be about to enter the cantonments together; but the pursuers were checked by the fire of the Shah's 5th infantry and the juzailchees, and by a charge of a fresh troop of cavalry under Lieutenant Hardyman, and fifteen or twenty of his own men rallied by Lieutenant Walker, who fell in that encounter.

* Five companies 44th; six companies 5th native infantry; six companies 37th native infantry; 100 sappers; 2½ squadrons cavalry; one gun.

Osman Khan, too, a chief whose men were amongst the foremost, voluntarily halted them and drew them off, "which may be reckoned, indeed, (says Lieutenant Eyre,) the chief reason why *all* of our people who on that day went forth to battle were not destroyed." The gun and the second limber which had arrived from the cantonments, in attempting to gallop down hill, was overturned and lost. "Our loss was tremendous — the greater part of the wounded, including Colonel Oliver, having been left in the field, where they were miserably cut to pieces."*

Thus terminated in disaster the military struggle at Cabul, and then commenced that series of negotiations not less disastrous, which led to the murder of the Envoy, to the retreat of the army, and to its ultimate annihilation. In Lieutenant Eyre's account of their military operations, we look in vain for any evidence of promptitude, vigour, or decision, skill or judgment, in the commanders; and we have abundant evidence of a lamentable want of discipline and proper spirit in the troops, especially amongst the Europeans. Instances of high personal courage and gallantry amongst the officers are numerous, and they always will be, when the occasion requires them; but if the facts of this narrative had been given without the names, no man would have recognised in it the operations of a British army.

"Nov. 24.—Our troops (says Eyre) had now lost all confidence; and even such of the officers as had hitherto indulged the hope of a favourable turn in our affairs, began at last reluctantly to entertain gloomy forebodings as to our future fate. Our force resembled a ship in danger of wrecking among rocks and shoals, for want of an able pilot to guide it safely through them. Even now, at the eleventh hour, had the helm of affairs been grasped by a hand competent to the important task, we might perhaps have steered clear of destruction; but, in the absence of any such deliverer, it was but too evident that Heaven alone could save us by some unforeseen interposition. The spirit of the men was gone; the influence of the officers over them declined daily; and that boasted discipline, which alone renders a handful of our troops superior to an irregular multitude, began fast to disappear from among us. The enemy, on the other hand, waxed bolder every day and every hour; nor was it long ere we got accustomed to be bearded with impunity from under the very ramparts of our garrison.

"Never were troops exposed to greater hardships and dangers; yet, sad to say, never did soldiers shed their blood with less beneficial result than during the investment of the British lines at Cabul."

Captain Conolly now wrote from the Bala Hissar, urging an immediate retreat thither; "but the old objections were still urged against the measure by Brigadier Shelton and others," though several of the chief military, and all the political officers, approved

* In Mr Eyre's observations on this disastrous affair, he enumerates six errors, which he says must present themselves to the most unpractised military eye. "The first, and perhaps the most fatal mistake of all, was the taking only one gun;" but he admits that there was only one gun ready, and that, if the Brigadier had waited for the second, he must have postponed the enterprise for a day. This would probably have been the more prudent course.

The second error was, that advantage was not taken of the panic in the village, to storm it at once in the dark; but it appears from his own account, that there were not more than forty men remaining in the village when it was attacked, after daylight, and that the chief cause of the failure of that attack, was Major Swayne's having missed the gate, a misfortune which was, certainly, at least as likely to have occurred in the dark.

The third was, that the sappers were not employed to raise a breastwork for the protection of the troops. This objection appears to be well founded.

The fourth was, that the infantry were formed into squares, to resist the distant fire of infantry, on ground over which no cavalry could have charged with effect. It appears to be so utterly unintelligible that any officer should have been guilty of so manifest an absurdity, that the circumstances seem to require further elucidation; but that the formation was unfortunate, is sufficiently obvious.

Fifthly, that the position chosen for the cavalry was erroneous; and sixthly, that the retreat was too long deferred. Both these objections appear to be just.

of it. Shah Shoojah was impatient to receive them.

The door to negotiation was opened by a letter to the Envoy from Osman Khan Barukzye, a near relation of the new king, Nuwab Mahomed Zuman Khan, who had sheltered Captain Drummond in his own house since the first day of the outbreak. He took credit to himself for having checked the ardour of his followers on the preceding day, and having thus saved the British force from destruction; he declared that the chiefs only desired we should quietly evacuate the country, leaving them to govern it according to their own rules, and with a king of their own choosing. The General, on being referred to, was of opinion that the cantonments could not be defended throughout the winter, and approved of opening a negotiation on the basis of the evacuation of the country. On the 27th, two deputies were sent by the assembled chiefs to confer with Sir W. Macnaghten; but the terms they proposed were such as he could not accept. The deputies took leave of the Envoy, with the exclamation, that "we should meet again in battle." "We shall at all events meet," replied Sir William, "at the day of judgment."

At night the Envoy received a letter, proposing "that we should deliver up Shah Shoojah and all his family—lay down our arms, and make an unconditional surrender—when they might, perhaps, be induced to spare our lives, and allow us to leave the country on condition of never returning."

The Envoy replied, "that these terms were too dishonourable to be entertained for a moment; and that, if they were persisted in, he must again appeal to arms, leaving the result to the God of battles."

Active hostilities were not renewed till the 1st of December, when a desperate effort was made by the enemy to gain possession of the Bala Hissar; but they were repulsed by Major Ewart with considerable slaughter. On the 4th, they cannonaded the cantonment from the Beymaroo hills, but did little mischief, and at night they made an unsuccessful attempt on Mahomed Shereef's fort. On the 5th, they completed, without opposition, the destruction of the bridge over the Cabul river. On the 6th, the garrison of Mahomed Shereef's fort disgracefully abandoned it, the men of

the 44th apparently being the first to fly; and a garrison of the same regiment, in the bazar village, was with difficulty restrained from following their example. On the 7th, this post of honour was occupied by the 37th native infantry; the 44th, who had hitherto been intrusted with it, being no longer considered worthy to retain it.

It is but justice to Mr Eyre to give in his own words some remarks which he has thought it right to make, with reference to what he has recorded of the conduct of that unhappy regiment:—

"In the course of this narrative, I have been compelled by stern truth to note down facts nearly affecting the honour and interests of a British regiment. It may, or rather I fear it must, inevitably happen, that my unreserved statements of the Cabul occurrences will prove unacceptable to many, whose private or public feelings are interested in glossing over or suppressing the numerous errors committed and censures deservedly incurred. But my heart tells me that no paltry motives of rivalry or malice influence my pen; rather a sincere and honest desire to benefit the public service, by pointing out the rocks on which our reputation was wrecked, the means by which our honour was sullied, and our Indian empire endangered, as a warning to future actors in similar scenes. In a word, I believe that more good is likely to ensue from the publication of the whole unmitigated truth, than from a mere garbled statement of it. A kingdom has been lost—an army slain;—and surely, if I can show that, had we been but true to ourselves, and had vigorous measures been adopted, the result might have been widely different, I shall have written an instructive lesson to rulers and subjects, to generals and armies, and shall not have incurred in vain the disapprobation of the self-interested or the proud."

The Envoy having again appealed to the General, again received an answer, stating the impossibility of holding out, and recommending that the Envoy should lose no time in entering into negotiations. This letter was countersigned by Brigadiers Shelton and Anquetil, and Colonel Chambers.

On the 11th December, the Envoy, accompanied by Captains Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, and a few troopers, went out by agreement to meet the chiefs on the plain towards the Seah Sung hills. A conciliatory address from the Envoy was met by professions of personal esteem and ap-

probation of the views he had laid before them, and of gratitude for the manner in which the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan had been treated. The Envoy then read to them a sketch of the proposed treaty, which was to the following effect :—

“ That the British should evacuate Afghanistan, including Candahar, Ghuznee, Cabul, Jellalabad, and all the other stations absolutely within the limits of the country so called; that they should be permitted to return not only unmolested to India, but that supplies of every description should be afforded them in their road thither, certain men of consequence accompanying them as hostages; that the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, his family, and every Affghan now in exile for political offences, should be allowed to return to their country; that Shah Shoojah and his family should be allowed the option of remaining at Cabul, or proceeding with the British troops to Loodiana, in either case receiving from the Affghan Government a pension of one lac of rupees per annum; that means of transport, for the conveyance of our baggage, stores, &c., including that required by the royal family, in case of their adopting the latter alternative, should be furnished by the existing Affghan Government: that an amnesty should be granted to all those who had made themselves obnoxious on account of their attachment to Shah Shoojah and his allies, the British; that all prisoners should be released; that no British force should be ever again sent into Afghanistan, unless called for by the Affghan government, between whom and the British nation perpetual friendship should be established on the sure foundation of mutual good offices.”

After some objections on the part of Mahomed Akber Khan, the terms were agreed to, and it was further arranged that provisions should be supplied to our troops, and that they should evacuate the cantonment in three days.

Preparations were immediately commenced for the retreat. Arms were ordered to be distributed from the stores, now about to be abandoned, to some of the camp-followers, and such of the soldiers as might require them; and a disgraceful scene of confusion and tumult followed, which showed the fearful extent to which the army was disorganized.

The troops in the Bala Hissar were moved into cantonments, not without a foretaste of what they had to expect

on their march to Jellalabad, under the safe conduct of Akber Khan.

The demands of the chiefs now rose from day to day. They refused to supply provisions until we should further assure them of our sincerity, by giving up every fort in the immediate vicinity of the cantonment. The troops were accordingly withdrawn, the forts were immediately occupied by the Affghans, and the cantonment thus placed at their mercy. On the 18th, the promised cattle for carriage had not yet been supplied, and a heavy fall of snow rendered the situation of the troops more desperate. On the 19th, the Envoy wrote an order for the evacuation of Ghuznee. On the 20th, the Envoy had another interview with the chiefs, who now demanded that a portion of the guns and ammunition should be given up. This also was agreed to. At this stage of the proceedings, Lieutenant Sturt of the engineers proposed to the General to break off the treaty, and march forthwith to Jellalabad; but the proposal was not approved. The arrangements for giving effect to the treaty were still carried on; and the Envoy again met Akber Khan and Osman Khan on the plain, when Captains Conolly and Airey were given up as hostages, and the Envoy sent his carriage and horses, and a pair of pistols, as presents to Akber Khan, who further demanded an Arab horse, the property of Captain Grant, assistant adjutant-general:—

“ Late in the evening of the 22d December,” (says Capt. Mackenzie, in a letter to Lieut. Eyre,) “ Capt. James Skinner, who, after having been concealed in Cabul during the greater part of the siege, had latterly been the guest of Mahomed Akber, arrived in cantonments, accompanied by Mahomed Sudeeq Khan, a first cousin of Mahomed Akber, and by Sirwar Khan, the Arhanee merchant, who, in the beginning of the campaign, had furnished the army with camels, and who had been much in the confidence of Sir A. Burnes, being, in fact, one of our staunchest friends. The two latter remained in a different apartment, while Skinner dined with the Envoy. During dinner, Skinner jestingly remarked that he felt as if laden with combustibles, being charged with a message from Mahomed Akber to the Envoy of a most portentous nature.

“ Even then I remarked that the Envoy's eye glanced eagerly towards Skinner

with an expression of hope. In fact, he was like a drowning man catching at straws. Skinner, however, referred him to his Afghan companions, and after dinner the four retired into a room by themselves. My knowledge of what there took place is gained from poor Skinner's own relation, as given during my subsequent captivity with him in Akber's house. Mahomed Sudeeq disclosed Mahomed Akber's proposition to the Envoy, which was, that the following day Sir William should meet him (Mahomed Akber) and a few of his immediate friends, viz. the chiefs of the Eastern Giljyes, outside the cantonments, when a final agreement should be made, so as to be fully understood by both parties; that Sir William should have a considerable body of troops in readiness, which, on a given signal, were to join with those of Mahomed Akber and the Giljyes, assault and take Mahmood Khan's fort, and secure the person of Ameenoolah. At this stage of the proposition Mahomed Sudeeq signified that, for a certain sum of money, the head of Ameenoolah should be presented to the Envoy; but from this Sir William shrunk with abhorrence, declaring that it was neither his custom nor that of his country to give a price for blood. Mahomed Sudeeq then went on to say, that, after having subdued the rest of the khans, the English should be permitted to remain in the country eight months longer, so as to save their *purdah*, (veil, or credit,) but that they were then to evacuate Afghanistan, as if of their own accord; that Shah Shoojah was to continue king of the country, and that Mahomed Akber was to be his wuzeer. As a further reward for his (Mahomed Akber's) assistance, the British Government were to pay him thirty lacs of rupees, and four lacs of rupees per annum during his life! To this extraordinary and wild proposal, Sir William gave ear with an eagerness which nothing can account for but the supposition, confirmed by many other circumstances, that his strong mind had been harassed until it had in some degree lost its equipoise; and he not only assented fully to these terms, but actually gave a Persian paper to that effect, written in his own hand, declaring as his motives that it was not only an excellent opportunity to carry into effect the real wishes of Government—which were to evacuate the country with as much credit to ourselves as possible—but that it would give England time to enter into a treaty with Russia, defining the bounds beyond which neither were to pass in Central Asia. So ended this fatal conference, the nature and result of which, contrary to his usual custom, Sir William

communicated to none of those who, on all former occasions, were fully in his confidence, viz. Trevor, Lawrence, and myself. It seemed as if he feared that we might insist on the impracticability of the plan, which he must have studiously concealed from himself. All the following morning his manner was distracted and hurried, in a way that none of us had ever before witnessed.

* * * * *

"After breakfast, Trevor, Lawrence, and myself were summoned to attend the Envoy during his conference with Mahomed Akber Khan. I found him alone, when, for the first time, he disclosed to me the nature of the transaction he was engaged in. I immediately warned him that it was a plot against him. He replied hastily, 'A plot! let me alone for that—trust me for that!' and I consequently offered no further remonstrance. Sir William then arranged with General Elphinstone that the 54th regiment, under Major Ewart, should be held in readiness for immediate service. The Shah's 6th, and two guns, were also warned."

Sir W. Macnaghten, halting the troopers of the escort, advanced about 500 or 600 yards from the eastern rampart of the cantonment, and there awaited Akber Khan and his party:—

"Close by were some hillocks, on the further side of which from the cantonment a carpet was spread where the snow lay least thick, and there the khans and Sir William sat down to hold their conference. Men talk of presentiment; I suppose it was something of the kind which came over me, for I could scarcely prevail upon myself to quit my horse. I did so, however, and was invited to sit down among the Sirdars. After the usual salutations, Mahomed Akber commenced business by asking the Envoy if he was perfectly ready to carry into effect the proposition of the preceding night? The Envoy replied, 'Why not?' My attention was then called off by an old Afghan acquaintance of mine, formerly chief of the Cabul police, by name Gholam Moyunood-deen. I rose from my recumbent posture, and stood apart with him conversing. I afterwards remembered that my friend betrayed much anxiety as to where my pistols were, and why I did not carry them on my person. I answered, that although I wore my sword for form, it was not necessary to be armed *cap-à-pie*. His discourse was also full of extravagant compliments, I suppose for the purpose of lulling me to sleep. At length my attention was called off from what he was saying, by observing that a number

off men, armed to the teeth, had gradually approached to the scene of conference, and were drawing round in a sort of circle. This Lawrence and myself pointed out to some of the chief men, who affected at first to drive them off with whips; but Mahomed Akber observed, that it was of no consequence, as they were in the secret. I again resumed my conversation with Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, when suddenly I heard Mahomed Akber call out, 'Begeer, begeer,' (seize! seize!) and, turning round, I saw him grasp the Envoy's left hand, with an expression in his face of the most diabolical ferocity. I think it was Sultan Jan who laid hold of the Envoy's right hand. They dragged him in a stooping posture down the hillock; the only words I heard poor Sir William utter being, 'Az barae Khooda' (for God's sake!) I saw his face, however, and it was full of horror and astonishment. I did not see what became of Trevor, but Lawrence was dragged past me by several Affghans, whom I saw wrest his weapons from him. Up to this moment I was so engrossed in observing what was taking place, that I actually was not aware that my own right arm was mastered, that my urbane friend held a pistol to my temple, and that I was surrounded by a circle of Ghazees, with drawn swords and cocked juzzails. Resistance was in vain, so, listening to the exhortations of Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, which were enforced by the whistling of divers bullets over my head, I hurried through the snow with him to the place where his horse was standing, being despoiled *en route* of my sabre, and narrowly escaping divers attempts made on my life. As I mounted behind my captor, now my energetic defender, the crowd increased around us, the cries of 'Kill the Kafir' became more vehement, and, although we hurried on at a fast canter, it was with the utmost difficulty Gholam Moyun-ood-deen, although assisted by one or two friends or followers, could ward off and avoid the sword-cuts aimed at me, the rascals being afraid to fire lest they should kill my conductor. Indeed he was obliged to wheel his horse round once, and taking off his turban, (the last appeal a Mussulman can make,) to implore them for God's sake to respect the life of his friend. At last, ascending a slippery bank, the horse fell. My cap had been snatched off, and I now received a heavy blow on the head from a bludgeon, which fortunately did not quite deprive me of my senses. I had sufficient sense left to shoot a-head of the fallen horse, where my protector with another man joined me, and clasping me in their arms, hurried me towards the wall of

Mahomed Khan's fort. How I reached the spot where Mahomed Akber was receiving the gratulations of the multitude I know not, but I remember a fanatic rushing on me, and twisting his hand in my collar until I became exhausted from suffocation. I must do Mahomed Akber the justice to say, that, finding the Ghazees bent on my slaughter, even after I had reached his stirrup, he drew his sword and laid about him right manfully, for my conductor and Meerza Baooddeen Khan were obliged to press me up against the wall, covering me with their own bodies, and protesting that no blow should reach me but through their persons.

"Pride, however, overcame Mahomed Akber's sense of courtesy, when he thought I was safe, for he then turned round to me, and repeatedly said, in a tone of triumphant derision, 'Shuma moolk-i-ma me geered!' (*You'll seize my country, will you!*)—he then rode off, and I was hurried towards the gate of the fort. Here new dangers awaited me, for Moolah Momin, fresh from the slaughter of poor Trevor, who was killed riding close behind me—Sultan Jan having the credit of having given him the first sabre-cut—stood here with his followers, whom he exhorted to slay me, setting them the example by cutting fiercely at me himself. Fortunately a gun stood between us, but still he would have effected his purpose, had not Mahomed Shah Khan at that instant, with some followers, come to my assistance. These drew their swords in my defence, the chief himself throwing his arm round my neck, and receiving on his shoulder a cut aimed by Moollah Momin at my head. During the bustle I pushed forward into the fort, and was immediately taken to a sort of dungeon, where I found Lawrence safe, but somewhat exhausted by his hideous ride and the violence he had sustained, although unwounded. Here the Giljye chiefs, Mahomed Shah Khan, and his brother Dost Mahomed Khan, presently joined us, and endeavoured to cheer up our flagging spirits, assuring us that the Envoy and Trevor were not dead, but on the contrary quite well. They stayed with us during the afternoon, their presence being absolutely necessary for our protection. Many attempts were made by the fanatics to force the door to accomplish our destruction. Others spit at us and abused us through a small window, through which one fellow levelled a blunderbuss at us, which was struck up by our keepers and himself thrust back. At last Ameenoolah made his appearance, and threatened us with instant death. Some of his people most officiously advanced to make good his word, until push-

ed back by the Giljye chiefs, who remonstrated with this iniquitous old monster, their master, whom they persuaded to relieve us from his hateful presence. During the afternoon, a human hand was held up in mockery to us at the window. We said that it had belonged to an European, but were not aware at the time that it was actually the hand of the poor Envoy. Of all the Mahomedans assembled in the room discussing the events of the day, one only, an old moollah, openly and fearlessly condemned the acts of his brethren, declaring that the treachery was abominable, and a disgrace to Islam. At night they brought us food, and gave us each a posthaste to sleep on. At midnight we were awakened to go to the house of Mahomed Akber in the city. Mahomed Shah Khan then, with the meanness common to all Affghans of rank, robbed Lawrence of his watch, while his brother did me a similar favour. I had been plundered of my rings and every thing else previously, by the understrappers.

"Reaching Mahomed Akber's abode, we were shown into the room where he lay in bed. He received us with great outward show of courtesy, assuring us of the welfare of the Envoy and Trevor, but there was a constraint in his manner for which I could not account. We were shortly taken to another apartment, where we found Skinner, who had returned, being on parole, early in the morning. Doubt and gloom marked our meeting, and the latter was fearfully deepened by the intelligence which we now received from our fellow-captive of the base murder of Sir William and Trevor. He informed us that the head of the former had been carried about the city in triumph. We of course spent a miserable night. The next day we were taken under a strong guard to the house of Zuman Khan, where a council of the Khans were being held. Here we found Captains Conolly and Airey, who had some days previously been sent to the hurwah's house as hostage for the performance of certain parts of the treaty which was to have been entered into. A violent discussion took place, in which Mahomed Akber bore the most prominent part. We were vehemently accused of treachery, and every thing that was bad, and told that the whole of the transactions of the night previous had been a trick of Mahomed Akber, and Ameenollah, to ascertain the Envoy's sincerity. They declared that they would now grant us no terms, save on the surrender of the whole of the married families as hostages, all the guns, ammunition, and treasure. At this time Conolly told me that on the preceding day the Envoy's head had been paraded about in the court-yard; that his and Trevor's bodies had been hung

up in the public bazar, or *chouk*; and that it was with the greatest difficulty that the old hurwah, Zuman Khan, had saved him and Airey from being murdered by a body of fanatics, who had attempted to rush into the room where they were. Also, that previous to the arrival of Lawrence, Skinner, and myself, Mahomed Akber had been relating the events of the preceding day to the *Jeerga* or council, and that he had unguardedly avowed having, while endeavouring to force the Envoy either to mount on horseback or to move more quickly, *struck* him; and that, seeing Conolly's eyes fastened upon him with an expression of intense indignation, he had altered the phrase and said, 'I mean I *pushed* him.' After an immense deal of gabble, a proposal for a renewal of the treaty, not, however, demanding all the guns, was determined to be sent to the cantonments, and Skinner, Lawrence, and myself were marched back to Akber's house, enduring *en route* all manner of threats and insults. Here we were closely confined in an inner apartment, which was indeed necessary for our safety. That evening we received a visit from Mahomed Akber, Sultan Jan, and several other Affghans. Mahomed Akber exhibited his double-barrelled pistols to us, which he had worn the previous day, requesting us to put their locks to rights, something being amiss. *Two of the barrels had been recently discharged*, which he endeavoured in a most confused way to account for by saying, that he had been charged by a havildar of the escort, and had fired both barrels at him. Now all the escort had run away without even attempting to charge, the only man who advanced to the rescue having been a Hindoo Jemadar of Chuprassies, who was instantly cut to pieces by the assembled Ghazees. This defence he made without any accusation on our part, betraying the anxiety of a liar to be believed. On the 26th, Captain Lawrence was taken to the house of Ameenollah, whence he did not return to us. Captain Skinner and myself remained in Akber's house until the 30th. During this time we were civilly treated, and conversed with numbers of Affghan gentlemen who came to visit us. Some of them asserted that the Envoy had been murdered by the unruly soldiery. Others could not deny that Akber himself was the assassin. For two or three days we had a fellow-prisoner in poor Sirwar Khan, who had been deceived throughout the whole matter, and out of whom they were then endeavouring to screw money. He, of course, was aware from his countrymen, that not only had Akber committed the murder, but that he protested to the Ghazees that he gloried in the deed. On

one occasion a moonshee of Major Pottinger, who had escaped from Charekhar, named Mohun Beer, came direct from the presence of Mahomed Akber to visit us. He told us that Mahomed Akber had begun to see the impolicy of having murdered the Envoy, which fact he had just avowed to him, shedding many tears, either of pretended remorse or of real vexation at having committed himself. On several occasions Mahomed Akber personally, and by deputy, besought Skinner and myself to give him advice as to how he was to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was placed, more than once endeavouring to excuse himself for not having effectually protected the Envoy, by saying that Sir William had drawn a sword-stick upon him. It seems that meanwhile the renewed negotiations with Major Pottinger, who had assumed the Envoy's place in cantonments, had been brought to a head; for on the night of the 30th, Akber furnished me with an Affghan dress, (Skinner already wore one,) and sent us both back to cantonments. Several Affghans, with whom I fell in afterwards, protested to me that they had seen Mahomed Akber shoot the Envoy with his own hand; amongst them Meerza Booddeen Khan, who, being an old acquaintance, always retained a sneaking kindness for the English.

"I am, my dear Eyre, yours very truly,

"C. MACKENZIE.

"Cabul, 29th July, 1842."

The negotiations were now renewed by Major Pottinger, who had been requested by General Elphinstone to assume the unenviable office of political agent and adviser.

"The additional clauses in the treaty now proposed for our renewed acceptance were—1st. That we should leave behind our guns, excepting six. 2nd. That we should immediately give up all our treasures. 3d. That the hostages should be all exchanged for married men, with their wives and families. The difficulties of Major Pottinger's position will be readily perceived, when it is borne in mind that he had before him the most conclusive evidence of the late Envoy's ill-advised intrigue with Mahomed Akber Khan, in direct violation of that very treaty which was now once more tendered for consideration."

A sum of fourteen lacs of rupees, about L.140,000, was also demanded, which was said to be payable to the several chiefs on the promise of the late Envoy.

Major Pottinger, at a council of

war convened by the General, "declared his conviction that no confidence could be placed in any treaty formed with the Affghan chiefs; that, under such circumstances, to bind the hands of the Government by promising to evacuate the country, and to restore the deposed Ameer, and to waste, moreover, so much public money merely to save our own lives and property, would be inconsistent with the duty we owed to our country and the Government we served; and that the only honourable course would be, either to hold out at Cabul, or to force our immediate retreat to Jellalabad."

"This however, the officers composing the council, one and all declared to be impracticable, owing to the want of provisions, the surrender of the surrounding forts, and the insuperable difficulties of the road at the present season." The new treaty was, therefore, forthwith accepted. The demand of the chiefs, that married officers with their families should be left as hostages, was successfully resisted. Captains Drummond, Walsh, Warburton, and Webb, were accepted in their place, and on the 29th went to join Captains Conolly and Airey at the house of Nuwab Zuman Khan. Lieutenant Haughton and a portion of the sick and wounded, were sent into the city, and placed under the protection of the chiefs. "Three of the Shah's guns, with the greater portion of our treasure, were made over during the day, much to the evident disgust of the soldiery." On the following day, "the remainder of the sick went into the city, Lieutenant Evans, H. M. 44th foot, being placed in command, and Dr Campbell, 54th native infantry, with Dr Berwick of the mission, in medical charge of the whole. Two more of the Shah's guns were given up. It snowed hard the whole day." "January 5.—Affairs continued in the same unsettled state to this date. The chiefs postponed our departure from day to day on various pretexts. . . . Numerous cautions were received from various well-wishers, to place no confidence in the professions of the chiefs, who had sworn together to accomplish our entire destruction."

It is not our intention to offer any lengthened comments on these details. They require none. The facts, if they be correctly stated, speak for

themselves; and, for reasons already referred to, we are unwilling to anticipate the result of the judicial investigation now understood to be in progress. This much, however, we may be permitted to say, that the traces of fatal disunion amongst ourselves will, we fear, be made every where apparent. It is notorious that Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes were on terms the reverse of cordial. The Envoy had no confidence in the General. The General was disgusted with the authority the Envoy had assumed, even in matters exclusively military—and, debilitated by disease, was unable always to assert his authority even in his own family. The arrival of General Shelton in the cantonments does not appear to have tended to restore harmony, cordiality, or confidence, or even to have revived the drooping courage of the troops, or to have renovated the feelings of obedience, and given effect to the bonds of discipline, which had been too much relaxed. But, even after admitting all these things, much more still remains to be explained before we can account for all that has happened—before we can understand how the political authorities came to reject every evidence of approaching danger, and therefore to be quite unprepared for it when it came. Why no effort was made on the first day to put down the insurrection: Why, in the arrangements for the defence of the cantonments, the commissariat fort was neglected, and the other forts neither occupied nor destroyed: Why almost every detachment that was sent out was too small to effect its object: Why, with a force of nearly six thousand men, we should never on any one occasion have had two thousand in the field, and, as in the action at Beymaroo, only one gun: Why so many orders appear to have been disregarded; why so few were punctually obeyed.

“At last the fatal morning dawned (the 6th January) which was to witness the departure of the Cabul force from the cantonments in which it had endured a two months' siege.

* * * * *

“Dreary indeed was the scene over which, with drooping spirits and dismal forebodings, we had to bend our unwilling steps. Deep snow covered every inch of mountain and plain with one unspotted sheet of dazzling whiteness; and so in-

tensely bitter was the cold, as to penetrate and defy the defences of the warmest clothing.”

Encumbered with baggage, crowded with 12,000 camp-followers, and accompanied by many helpless women and children, of all ranks and of all ages—with misery before, and death behind, and treachery all around them—with little hope of successful resistance if attacked, without tents enough to cover them, and without food or fuel for the march, 4500 fighting men, with nine guns, set out on this march of death.

At 9 A.M. the advance moved out, but was delayed for upwards of an hour at the river, having found the temporary bridge incomplete; and it was noon ere the road was clear for the main column, which, with its long train of loaded camels, continued to pour out of the gate until the evening, by which time thousands of Affghans thronged the area of the cantonment, rending the air with exulting cries, and committing every kind of atrocity. Before the rearguard commenced its march it was night; but by the light of the burning buildings the Affghan marksmen laid Lieut. Hardyman, and fifty rank and file, lifeless on the snow. The order of march was soon lost; scores of sepoy and camp-followers sat down in despair to perish, and it was 2 A.M. before the rearguard reached the camp at Bygram, a distance of five miles. Here all was confusion; different regiments, with baggage, camp-followers, camels, and horses, mixed up together. The cold towards morning became more intense, and thousands were lying on the bare snow, without shelter, fire, or food. Several died during the night, amongst whom was an European conductor; and the proportion of those who escaped without frost-bites was small. Yet this was but the beginning of sorrows.

January 7th.—At 8 A.M. the force moved on in the same inextricable confusion. Already nearly half the sepoy, from sheer inability to keep their ranks, had joined the crowd of non-combatants. The rearguard was attacked, and much baggage lost, and one of the guns having been overturned, was taken by the Affghans, whose cavalry charged into the very heart of the column.

Akber Khan said, that the force

had been attacked because it had marched contrary to the wish of the chiefs. He insisted that it should halt, and promised to supply food, forage, and fuel for the troops, but demanded six more hostages, which were given. These terms having been agreed to, the firing ceased for the present, and the army encamped at Bootkhak, where the confusion was indescribable. "Night again," says Lieutenant Eyre, "closed over us, with its attendant horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death."

At an early hour on the 8th the Affghans commenced firing into the camp; and as they collected in considerable numbers, Major Thain led the 44th to attack them. In this business the regiment behaved with a resolution and gallantry worthy of British soldiers. Again Akber Khan demanded hostages. Again they were given, and again the firing ceased. This seems to prove that Akber Khan had the power, if he had chosen to exert it, to restrain those tribes. Once more the living mass of men and animals was put in motion. The frost had so crippled the hands and feet of the strongest men, as to prostrate their powers and to incapacitate them for service.

The Khoord-Cabul pass, which they were about to enter, is about five miles long, shut in by lofty hills, and by precipices of 500 or 600 feet in height, whose summits approach one another in some parts to within about fifty or sixty yards. Down the centre dashed a torrent, bordered with ice, which was crossed about eight-and-twenty times.

While in this dark and narrow gorge, a hot fire was opened upon the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing no other chance of safety, galloped forwards, "running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. Providentially the whole escaped, except Lady Sale, who was slightly wounded in the arm." Several of Akber Khan's chief adherents exerted themselves in vain to restrain the Giljyes; and as the crowd moved onward into the thickest of the fire, the slaughter was fearful. Another horse-artillery gun was abandoned, and the whole of its artillerymen slain, and some of the children of the

officers became prisoners. It is supposed that 3000 souls perished in the pass, amongst whom were many officers.

"On the force reaching Khoord-Cabul, snow began to fall, and continued till morning. Only four small tents were saved, of which one belonged to the General: two were devoted to the ladies and children, and one was given up to the sick; but an immense number of poor wounded wretches wandered about the camp destitute of shelter, and perished during the night. Groans of misery and distress assailed the ear from all quarters. We had ascended to a still colder climate than we had left behind, and were without tents, fuel, or food: the snow was the only bed for all, and of many, ere morning, it proved the *winding-sheet*. It is only marvellous that any should have survived that fearful night!

"January 9th. — Another morning dawned, awakening thousands to increased misery; and many a wretched survivor cast looks of envy at his comrades, who lay stretched beside him in the quiet sleep of death. Daylight was the signal for a renewal of that confusion which attended every movement of the force."

Many of the troops and followers moved without orders at 8 A.M., but were recalled by the General, in consequence of an arrangement with Akber Khan. "This delay, and prolongation of their sufferings in the snow, of which one more march would have carried them clear, made a very unfavourable impression on the minds of the native soldiery, who now, for the first time, began very generally to entertain the idea of deserting." And it is not to be wondered at, that the instinct of self-preservation should have led them to falter in their fealty when the condition of the whole army had become utterly hopeless.

Akber Khan now proposed that the ladies and children should be made over to his care; and, anxious to save them further suffering, the General gave his consent to the arrangement, permitting their husbands and the wounded officers to accompany them.

"Up to this time scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some had infants a few days old at the breast, and were unable to stand without assistance. Others were so far advanced in pregnancy, that, under ordinary circumstances, a walk across a drawing-room would have been an exertion; yet

these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels, and on the tops of the baggage yabooos: those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate indeed. Most had been without shelter since quitting the cantonment—their servants had nearly all deserted or been killed—and, with the exception of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs Trevor, they had lost all their baggage, having nothing in the world left but the clothes on their backs; *those*, in the case of some of the invalids, consisted of *night dresses* in which they had started from Cabul in their litters. Under such circumstances, a few more hours would probably have seen some of them stiffening corpses. The offer of Mahomed Akber was consequently their only chance of preservation. The husbands, better clothed and hardy, would have infinitely preferred taking their chance with the troops; but where is the man who would prefer his own safety, when he thought he could by his presence assist and console those near and dear to him?

"It is not, therefore, wonderful, that from persons so circumstanced the General's proposal should have met with little opposition, although it was a matter of serious doubt whether the whole were not rushing into the very jaws of death, by placing themselves at the mercy of a man who had so lately imbrued his hands in the blood of a British envoy, whom he had lured to destruction by similar professions of peace and good-will."

Anticipating an attack, the troops paraded to repel it, and it was now found that the 44th mustered only 100 files, and the native infantry regiments about sixty each. "The promises of Mahomed Akber to provide food and fuel were unfulfilled, and another night of starvation and cold consigned more victims to a miserable death."

January 10.—At break of day all was again confusion, every one hurrying to the front, and dreading above all things to be left in the rear. The Europeans were the only efficient men left, the Hindostanees having suffered so severely from the frost in their hands and feet, that few could hold a musket, much less pull a trigger. The enemy had occupied the rocks above the gorge, and thence poured a destructive fire upon the column as it slowly advanced. Fresh numbers fell at every volley. The sepoy, unable to use their arms, cast them away, and, with the followers, fled for their lives.

"The Afghans now rushed down upon

their helpless and unresisting victims sword in hand, and a general massacre took place. The last small remnant of the native infantry regiments were here scattered and destroyed; and the public treasure, with all the remaining baggage, fell into the hands of the enemy. Meanwhile, the advance, after pushing through the Tungee with great loss, had reached Kubbur-i-Jubbar, about five miles a-head, without more opposition. Here they halted to enable the rear to join, but, from the few stragglers who from time to time came up, the astounding truth was brought to light, that of all who had that morning marched from Khoord-Cabul they were almost the sole survivors, nearly the whole of the main and rear columns having been cut off and destroyed. About 50 horse-artillerymen, with one twelve-pounder howitzer, 70 files H.M.'s 44th, and 150 cavalry troopers, now composed the whole Cabul force; but, notwithstanding the slaughter and dispersion that had taken place, the camp-followers still formed a considerable body."

Another remonstrance was now addressed to Akber Khan. He declared, in reply, his inability to restrain the Giljyes. As the troops entered a narrow defile at the foot of the Huft Kotul, they found it strewn with the dead bodies of their companions. A destructive fire was maintained on the troops from the heights on either side, and fresh numbers of dead and wounded lined the course of the stream. "Brigadier Shelton commanded the rear with a few Europeans, and but for his persevering energy and unflinching fortitude in repelling the assailants, it is probable the whole would have been there sacrificed." They encamped in the Tezeen valley, having lost 12,000 men since leaving Cabul; fifteen officers had been killed and wounded in this day's march.

After resting three hours, they marched, under cover of the darkness, at seven P.M. Here the last gun was abandoned, and with it Dr Cardew, whose zeal and gallantry had endeared him to the soldiers; and a little further on Dr Duff was left on the road in a state of utter exhaustion.

"Bodies of the neighbouring tribes were by this time on the alert, and fired at random from the heights, it being fortunately too dark for them to aim with precision; but the panic-stricken camp-followers now resembled a herd of startled deer, and fluctuated backwards and forwards, *en masse*, at every shot, blocking up the entire road, and fatally retarding

the progress of the little body of soldiers who, under Brigadier Shelton, brought up the rear.

"At Burik-áb a heavy fire was encountered by the hindmost from some caves near the road-side, occasioning fresh disorder, which continued all the way to Kutter-Sung, where the advance arrived at dawn of day, and awaited the junction of the rear, which did not take place till 8 A.M."

January 11.— * * *

"From Kutter-Sung to Jugdulluk it was one continued conflict; Brigadier Shelton, with his brave little band in the rear, holding overwhelming numbers in check, and literally performing wonders. But no efforts could avail to ward off the withering fire of juzails, which from all sides assailed the crowded column, lining the road with bleeding carcasses. About three P. M. the advance reached Jugdulluk, and took up its position behind some ruined walls that crowned a height by the road-side. To show an imposing front, the officers extended themselves in line, and Captain Grant, assistant adjutant-general, at the same moment received a wound in the face. From this eminence they cheered their comrades under Brigadier Shelton in the rear, as they still struggled their way gallantly along every foot of ground, perseveringly followed up by their merciless enemy, until they arrived at their ground. But even here rest was denied them; for the Affghans, immediately occupying two hills which commanded the position, kept up a fire from which the walls of the enclosure afforded but a partial shelter.

"The exhausted troops and followers now began to suffer greatly from thirst, which they were unable to satisfy. A tempting stream trickled near the foot of the hill, but to venture down to it was certain death. Some snow that covered the ground was eagerly devoured, but increased, instead of alleviating, their sufferings. The raw flesh of three bullocks, which had fortunately been saved, was served out to the soldiers, and ravenously swallowed."

About half-past three Akber Khan sent for Capt. Skinner, who promptly obeyed the call, hoping still to effect some arrangement for the preservation of those who survived. The men now threw themselves down, hoping for a brief repose, but the enemy poured volleys from the heights into the enclosures in rapid succession. Captain Bygrave, with about fifteen brave

Europeans, sallied forth, determined to drive the enemy from the heights or perish in the attempt. They succeeded; but the enemy, who had fled before them, returned and resumed their fatal fire. At five P.M. Captain Skinner returned with a message from Akber Khan, requesting the presence of the General at a conference, and demanding Brigadier Shelton and Capt. Johnson as hostages for the surrender of Jellalabad. The troops saw the departure of these officers with despair, feeling assured that these treacherous negotiations "were preparatory to fresh sacrifices of blood." The General and his companions were received with every outward token of kindness, and they were supplied with food, but they were not permitted to return. The Sirdar put the General off with promises; and at seven P.M. on the 12th, firing being heard, it was ascertained that the troops, impatient of further delay, had actually moved off. Before their departure Captain Skinner had been treacherously shot. They had been exposed during the whole day to the fire of the enemy—"sally after sally had been made by the Europeans, bravely led by Major Thain, Captain Bygrave, and Lieutenants Wade and Macartney, but again and again the enemy returned to worry and destroy. Night came, and all further delay in such a place being useless, the whole sallied forth, determined to pursue the route to Jellalabad at all risks."

The sick and the wounded were necessarily abandoned to their fate. For some time the Giljyes seemed not to be on the alert; but in the desile, at the top of the rise, further progress was obstructed by barriers formed of prickly trees. This caused great delay, and "a terrible fire was poured in from all quarters—a massacre even worse than that of the Tunga Tarikee* commenced, the Affghans rushing in furiously upon the pent-up crowd of troops and followers, and committing wholesale slaughter. A miserable remnant managed to clear the barriers. Twelve officers, amongst whom was Brigadier Anquetil, were killed. Upwards of forty others succeeded in pushing through, about twelve of whom, being pretty well mounted, rode on a-head of the rest with the few remaining cavalry, intending to

* Strait of Darkness.

make the best of their way to Jellalabad."

The country now became more open—the Europeans dispersed in small parties under different officers. The Giljyes were too much occupied in plundering the dead to pursue them, but they were much delayed by the amiable anxiety of the men to carry on their wounded comrades. The morning of the 13th dawned as they approached Gundamuk, revealing to the enemy the insignificance of their numerical strength; and they were compelled, by the vigorous assaults of the Giljyes, to take up a defensive position on a height to the left of the road, "where they made a resolute stand, determined to sell their lives at the dearest possible price. At this time they could only muster about twenty muskets." An attempt to effect an amicable arrangement terminated in a renewal of hostilities, and "the enemy marked off man after man, and officer after officer, with unerring aim. Parties of Affghans

rushed up at intervals to complete the work of extermination, but were as often driven back by the still dauntless handful of invincibles. At length, all being wounded more or less, a final onset of the enemy, sword in hand, terminated the unequal struggle and completed the dismal tragedy." Captain Souter, who was wounded, and three or four privates, were spared and led away captive. Major Griffiths and Captain Blewitt, having descended to confer with the enemy, had been previously led off. Of the twelve officers who had gone on in advance eleven were destroyed, and Dr Brydon alone of the whole Cabul force reached Jellalabad.

"Such was the memorable retreat of the British army from Cabul, which, viewed in all its circumstances—in the military conduct which preceded and brought about such a consummation, the treachery, disaster, and suffering which accompanied it—is, perhaps, without a parallel in history."

THE EVACUATION OF AFGHANISTAN.

SINCE the day when Lord Auckland, by his famous proclamation in October 1838, "directed the assemblage of a British force for service across the Indus," we have never ceased to denounce the invasion and continued occupation of Afghanistan as equally unjust and impolitic*—unjust, as directed against a people whose conduct had afforded us no legitimate grounds of hostility, and against a ruler whose only offence was, that he had accepted † the proffer from another quarter of that support and alliance which we had denied to his earnest entreaty—and impolitic, as tending not only to plunge us into an endless succession of ruinous and unprofitable warfare, but to rouse against us an implacable spirit of enmity, in a nation which had hitherto shown every disposition to cultivate amicable relations with our Anglo-Indian Government. In all points, our anticipations have been fatally verified. After more than two years consumed in unavailing efforts to complete the reduction of the country, our army of occupation was at last overwhelmed by the universal and irresistible outbreak of an indignant and fanatic population; and the restored monarch, Shah-Shoojah, ("whose popularity throughout Afghanistan had been proved to the

Governor-general by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities") perished, as soon as he lost the protection of foreign bayonets, by the hands of his outraged countrymen.‡

The tottering and unsubstantial phantom of a *Doorauni kingdom* vanished at once and for ever—and the only remaining alternative was, (as we stated the case in our number of last July,) "either to perpetrate a second act of violence and national injustice, by reconquering Afghanistan for the vindication (as the phrase is) of our military honour, and holding it without disguise as a province of our empire—or to make the best of a bad bargain, by contenting ourselves with the occupation of a few posts on the frontier, and leaving the unhappy natives to recover, without foreign interference, from the dreadful state of anarchy into which our irruption has thrown them." Fortunately for British interests in the East, the latter course has been adopted. After a succession of brilliant military triumphs, which, in the words of Lord Ellenborough's recent proclamation, "have, in one short campaign, avenged our late disasters upon every scene of past misfortune," the evacuation of the country has been directed—not, however, before a

* See the articles "Persia, Afghanistan, and India," in Jan. 1839—"Khiva, Central Asia, and Cabul," in April 1840—"Results of our Afghan Conquests," in Aug. 1841—"Afghanistan and India," in July 1842.

† It now seems even doubtful whether the famous letter of Dost Mohammed to the Emperor of Russia, which constituted the *gravamen* of the charge against him, was ever really written, or at least with his concurrence.—*Vide* "Report of the Colonial Society on the Afghan War," p. 35.

‡ The particulars of Shah-Shoojah's fate, which were unknown when we last referred to the subject, have been since ascertained. After the retreat of the English from Cabul, he remained for some time secluded in the Bala-Hissar, observing great caution in his intercourse with the insurgent leaders; but he was at length prevailed upon, by assurances of loyalty and fidelity, (about the middle of April,) to quit the fortress, in order to head an army against Jellalabad. He had only proceeded, however, a short distance from the city, when his litter was fired upon by a party of musketeers placed in ambush by a Doorauni chief named Soojah-ed-Dowlah; and the king was shot dead on the spot. Such was the ultimate fate of a prince, the vicissitudes of whose life almost exceed the fictions of romance, and who possessed talents sufficient, in more tranquil times, to have given *éclat* to his reign. During his exile at Loodiana, he composed in Persian a curious narrative of his past adventures, a version of part of which appears in the 30th volume of the *Asiatic Journal*.

fortunate chance had procured the liberation of *all* the prisoners who had fallen into the power of the Affghans in January last; and ere this time, we trust, not a single British regiment remains on the bloodstained soil of Affghanistan.

The proclamation above referred to,* (which we have given at length at the conclusion of this article,) announcing these events, and defining the line of policy in future to be pursued by the Anglo-Indian Government, is in all respects a remarkable document. As a specimen of frankness and plain speaking, it stands unique in the history of diplomacy; and, accordingly, both its matter and its manner have been made the subjects of unqualified censure by those scribes of the Opposition press who, "content to dwell in forms for ever," have accustomed themselves to regard the mystified protocols of Lord Palmerston as the models of official style. The *Morning Chronicle*, with amusing ignorance of the state of the public mind in India, condemns the Governor-general for allowing it to become known to the natives that the abandonment of Affghanistan was in consequence of a change of policy! conceiving (we suppose) that our Indian subjects would otherwise have believed the Cabul disasters to have formed part of the original plan of the war, and to have veiled some purpose of inscrutable wisdom; while the *Globe*, (Dec. 3,) after a reluctant admission that "the policy itself of evacuating the country *may be wise*," would fain deprive Lord Ellenborough of the credit of having originated this decisive step, by an assertion that "we have discovered no proof that a permanent possession of the country beyond the Indus was contemplated by his predecessor." It would certainly have been somewhat premature in Lord Auckland to have announced his ultimate intentions on this point while the country in question was as yet but imperfectly subjugated, or when our troops were subsequently almost driven out of it; but the views of the then home Government, from

which it is to be presumed that Lord Auckland received his instructions, were pretty clearly revealed in the House of Commons on the 10th of August last, by one whose authority the *Globe*, at least, will scarcely dispute—by Lord Palmerston himself. To prevent the possibility of misconception, we quote the words attributed to the late Foreign Secretary. After drawing the somewhat unwarrantable inference, from Sir Robert Peel's statement, "that no immediate withdrawal of our troops from Candahar and Jellalabad was contemplated," that an order had at one time been given for the abandonment of Affghanistan, he proceeds—"I do trust that her Majesty's Government will not carry into effect, either immediately or at *any* future time, the arrangement thus contemplated. It was all very well when we were in power, and it was suited to party purposes, to run down any thing we had done, and to represent as valueless any acquisition on which we may have prided ourselves—it was all very well to raise an outcry against the Affghan expedition, and to undervalue the great advantages which the possession of the country was calculated to afford us—but I trust the Government will rise above any consideration of that sort, and that they will give the matter their fair, dispassionate, and deliberate consideration. I must say, I never was more convinced of any thing in the whole course of my life—and I may be believed when I speak my earnest conviction—that the most important interests of this country, both commercial and political, would be sacrificed, if we were to sacrifice the military possession of the country of Eastern Affghanistan." Is it in the power of words to convey a clearer admission, that the pledge embodied in Lord Auckland's manifesto—"to withdraw the British army as soon as the independence and integrity of Affghanistan should be secured by the establishment of the Shah"—was in fact mere moonshine: and the real object of the expedition was the conquest of a country advantageously situated

* It is singular that this proclamation was issued on the fourth anniversary of Lord Auckland's "Declaration" of Oct. 1, 1838; and from the same place, Simla.

for the defence of our Indian frontier against (as it now appears) an imaginary invader? Thus Napoleon, in December 1810, alleged "the necessity, in consequence of the new order of things which has arisen, of new guarantees for the security of my empire," as a pretext for that wholesale measure of territorial spoliation in Northern Germany, which, from the umbrage it gave Russia, proved ultimately the cause of his downfall: but it was reserved for us of the present day, to hear a *British* minister avow and justify a violent and perfidious usurpation on the plea of political expediency. It must indeed be admitted that, in the early stages of the war, the utter iniquity of the measure met with but faint reprobation from any party in the state: the nation, dazzled by the long-disused splendours of military glory, was willing, without any very close enquiry, to take upon trust all the assertions so confidently put forth on the popularity of Shah-Shoojah, the hostile machinations of Dost Mohammed, and the philanthropic and disinterested wishes of the Indian Government for (to quote a notable phrase to which we have more than once previously referred) "*the reconstruction of the social edifice*" in Affghanistan. But now that all these subterfuges, flimsy as they were at best, have been utterly dissipated by this undisguised declaration of Lord Palmerston, that the real object of the war was to seize and hold the country on our own account, the attempt of the *Globe* to claim for Lord Auckland the credit of having from the first contemplated a measure thus vehemently protested against and disclaimed by the late official leader of his party, is rather too barefaced to be passed over without comment.

Without, however, occupying ourselves further in combating the attacks

of the *Whig* press on this proclamation, which may very well be left to stand on its own merits, we now proceed to recapitulate the course of the events which have, in a few months, so completely changed the aspect of affairs beyond the Indus. When we took leave, in July last, of the subject of the Affghan campaign, we left General Pollock, with the force which had made its way through the Khyber Pass, still stationary at Jellalabad, for want (as it was said) of camels and other means of transport: while General Nott, at Candahar, not only held his ground, but victoriously repulsed in the open field the Affghan *insurgents*, (as it is the fashion to call them,) who were headed by the prince Seifdar-Jung, son of Shah Shoojah! and General England, after his repulse on the 28th of March at the Kojuck Pass, remained motionless at Quettah. The latter officer (in consequence, as it is said, of peremptory orders from General Nott to meet him on a given day at the further side of the Pass) was the first to resume active operations; and on the 28th of April, the works at Hykulzie in the Kojuck, which had been unaccountably represented on the former occasion as most formidable defences,* were carried without loss or difficulty, and the force continued its march uninterrupted to Candahar. The fort of Khelat-i-Ghiljic, lying about halfway between Candahar and Ghazni, was at the same time gallantly and successfully defended by a handful of Europeans and sepoys, till relieved by the advance of a division from Candahar, which brought off the garrison, and razed the fortifications of the place. Girishk, the hereditary stronghold of the Barukzye chiefs, about eighty miles west of Candahar, was also dismantled and abandoned; and all the troops in Western Affghanistan were thus

* "The fieldworks *believed to be described* in the despatch as 'consisting of a succession of breastworks, improved by a ditch and abattis—the latter being filled with thorns,' turned out to be a paltry stone wall, with a cut two feet deep, and of corresponding width, to which the designation of ditch was most grossly misapplied. . . . A score or two of active men might have completed the work in a few days."—(Letter quoted in the *Asiatic Journal*, Sept., p. 107.) On whom the blame of these misrepresentations should be laid—whether on the officer who reconnoitred the ground, or on the general who wrote the despatch—does not very clearly appear: yet the political agent at Quettah was removed from his charge, for not having given notice of the construction in his vicinity of works which are now proved to have had no existence!

concentrated under the immediate command of General Nott, whose success in every encounter with the Affghans continued to be so decisive, that all armed opposition disappeared from the neighbourhood of Candahar; and the prince Seifdar-Jung, despairing of the cause, of which he had perhaps been from the first not a very willing supporter, came in and made his submission to the British commander.

During the progress of these triumphant operations in Western Afghanistan, General Pollock still lay inactive at Jellalabad; and some abortive attempts were made to negotiate with the dominant party at Cabul for the release of the prisoners taken the preceding winter. Since the death of Shah-Shoojah, the throne had been nominally filled by his third son, Futteh-Jung, the only one of the princes who was on the spot; but all the real power was vested, with the rank of vizier, in the hands of Akhbar Khan, who had not only possessed himself of the Bala-Hissar and the treasure of the late king, but had succeeded in recruiting the forces of the Affghan league, by a reconciliation with Ameen-ullah Khan,* the original leader of the outbreak, with whom he had formerly been at variance. All efforts, however, to procure the liberation of the captives, on any other condition than the liberation of Dost Mohammed, and the evacuation of Afghanistan by the English, (as hostages for which they had originally been given,) proved fruitless; and at length, after more than four months' delay, during which several sharp affairs had taken place with advanced bodies of the Affghans, General Pollock moved forward with his whole force, on the 20th of August, against Cabul. This city had again in the mean time become a scene of tumult and disorder—the Kizil-

bashas, or Persian inhabitants, as well as many of the native chiefs, resisting the exactions of Akhbar Khan; who, at last, irritated by the opposition to his measures, imprisoned the titular shah, Futteh-Jung, in the Bala-Hissar; whence he succeeded after a time in escaping, and made his appearance, in miserable plight, (Sept. 1,) at the British headquarters at Futehabad, between Jellelabad and Gundamuck. The advance of the army was constantly opposed by detached bodies of the enemy, and several spirited skirmishes took place:—till, on the 13th of September, the main Affghan force, to the number of 16,000 men, under Akhbar Khan and other leaders, was descried on the heights near Tazeen, (where the slaughter of our troops had taken place in January,) at the entrance of the formidable defiles called the Huft-Kothul, or Seven Passes. It is admitted on all hands that in this last struggle, (as they believed, for independence,) the Affghans fought with most distinguished gallantry, frequently charging sword in hand upon the bayonets; but their irregular valour eventually gave way before the discipline of their opponents, and a total rout took place. The chiefs fled in various directions, “abandoning Cabul to the avengers of *British wrongs*,” who entered the city in triumph on the 15th, and hoisted the British colours on the Bala-Hissar. The principal point now remaining to be effected was the rescue of the prisoners whom Akhbar Khan had carried off with him in his flight, with the intention (as was rumoured) of transporting them into Turkestan; but from this peril they were fortunately delivered by the venality of the chief to whose care they had been temporarily intrusted; and on the 21st they all reached the camp in safety, with the exception of Captain Bygrave,

* It was this chief whose betrayal or destruction Sir William M'Naghten is accused, on the authority of General Elphinstone's correspondence, of having meditated, on the occasion when he met with his own fate. We hope, for the honour of the English name, that the memory of the late Resident at Cabul may be cleared from this heavy imputation; but he certainly cannot be acquitted of having, by his wilful blindness and self-sufficiency, contributed to precipitate the catastrophe to which he himself fell a victim. In proof of this assertion, it is sufficient to refer to the tenor of his remarks on the letter addressed to him by Sir A. Burnes on the affairs of Cabul, August 7, 1840, which appeared some time since in the *Bombay Times*, and afterwards in the *Asiatic Journal* for October and November last.

who was also liberated, a few days later, by the voluntary act of Akhbar himself.*

General Nott, meanwhile, in pursuance of his secret orders from the Supreme Government, had been making preparations for abandoning Candahar; and, on the 7th and 8th of August, the city was accordingly evacuated, both by his corps and by the division of General England—the Afghan prince, Seifdar-Jung, being left in possession of the place. The routes of the two commanders were now separated. General England, with an immense train of luggage, stores, &c., directed his march through the Kojuck Pass to Quettah, which he reached with little opposition;—while Nott, with a more lightly-equipped column, about 7000 strong, advanced by Khelat-i-Ghilje against Ghazni. This offensive movement appears to have taken the Affghans at first by surprise; and it was not till he arrived within thirty-eight miles of Ghazni that General Nott found his progress opposed (August 30) by 12,000 men under the governor, Shams-o-deen Khan, a cousin of Mohammed Akhbar. The dispersion of this tumultuary array was apparently accomplished (as far as can be gathered from the extremely laconic despatches of the General) without much difficulty; and, on the 6th of September, after a sharp skirmish in the environs, the British once more entered Ghazni. In the city and neighbouring villages were found not fewer than 327 sepoys of the former garrison, which had been massacred to a man (according to report) immediately after the surrender; but notwithstanding this evidence of the moderation with which the Affghans had used their triumph, General Nott, (in obedience, as is said, to the *positive tenor of his instructions*,) “directed the city of Ghazni, with the citadel and

the whole of its works, to be destroyed;” and this order appears, from the engineer’s report, to have been rigorously carried into effect. The mace of Mamood Shah Ghaznevi, the first Moslem conqueror of Hindostan, and the famous sandal-wood portals of his tomb, (once the gates of the great Hindoo temple at Somnaut,†) were carried off as trophies: the ruins of Ghazni were left as a monument of British vengeance; and General Nott, resuming his march, and again routing Shams-o-deen Khan at the defiles of Myden, effected his junction with General Pollock, on the 17th of September, at Cabul; whence the united corps, together mustering 18,000 effective men, were to take the route for Hindostan through the Punjab early in October.

Such have been the principal events of the brief but brilliant campaign which has concluded the Affghan war, and which, if regarded solely in a military point of view, must be admitted to have amply vindicated the lustre of the British arms from the transient cloud cast on them by the failures and disasters of last winter.

The Affghan tragedy, however, may now, we hope, be considered as concluded, so far as relates to our own participation in its crimes and calamities; but for the Affghans themselves, “left to create a government in the midst of anarchy,” there can be at present little chance of even comparative tranquillity, after the total dislocation of their institutions and internal relations by the fearful torrent of war which has swept over the country. The last atonement now in our power to make, both to the people and the ruler whom we have so deeply injured, as well as the best course for our own interests, would be at once to release Dost Mohammed from the unmerited and ignominious confinement to which he has been subjected in Hindostan,

* The kindness and humanity which these unfortunate *detenus* experienced from first to last at the hands of Akhbar, reflect the highest honour on the character of this chief, whom it has been the fashion to hold up to execration as a monster of perfidy and cruelty. As a contrast to this conduct of the Affghan *barbarians*, it is worth while to refer to Colonel Lindsay’s narrative of his captivity in the dungeons of Hyder and Tippoo, which has recently appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, September, December, 1842.

† The value still attached by the Hindoos to these relics was shown on the conclusion of the treaty, in 1832, between Shah-Shoojah and Runjeet Singh, previous to the Shah’s last unaided attempt to recover his throne; in which their restoration, in case of his success, was an express stipulation.

and to send him back in honour to Cabul; where his own ancient partisans, as well as those of his son, would quickly rally round him; and where his presence and accustomed authority might have some effect in restraining the crowd of fierce chiefs, who will be ready to tear each other to pieces as soon as they are released from the presence of the *Feringhis*.

There would thus be at least a possibility of obtaining a nucleus for the re-establishment of something like good order; while in no other quarter does there appear much prospect of a government being formed, which might be either "approved by the Affghans themselves," or "capable of maintaining friendly relations with neighbouring states." If the accounts received may be depended upon, our troops had scarcely cleared the Kojuck Pass, on their way from Candahar to the Indus, when that city became the scene of a contest between the Prince Seifdar-Jung and the Barukzye chiefs in the vicinity; and though the latter are said to have been worsted in the first instance, there can be little doubt that our departure will be the signal for the speedy return of the quondam *Sirdars*, or rulers of Candahar, (brothers of Dost Mohammed,) who have found an asylum in Persia since their expulsion in 1839, but who will scarcely neglect so favourable an opportunity for recovering their lost authority. Yet another competitor may still, perhaps, be found in the same quarter—one whose name, though sufficiently before the public a few years since, has now been almost forgotten in the strife of more mighty interests. This is Shah Kamran of Herat, the rumours of whose death or dethronement prove to have been unfounded, and who certainly would have at this moment a better chance than he has ever yet had, for regaining at least Candahar and Western Afghanistan. He was said to be on the point of making the attempt after the repulse of the Persians before Herat, just before our adoption of Shah-Shoojah; and his

title to the crown is at least as good as that of the late Shah, or any of his sons. It will be strange if this prince, whose danger from Persia was the original pretext for crossing the Indus, should be the only one of all the parties concerned, whose condition underwent no ultimate change, through all the vicissitudes of the tempest which has raged around him.

Nor are the elements of discord less abundant and complicated on the side of Cabul. The defeat of Tazeen will not, any more than the preceding ones, have annihilated Akhbar Khan and his confederate chiefs:—they are still hovering in the Kohistan, and will doubtless lose no time in returning to Cabul as soon as the retreat of the English is ascertained. It is true that the civil wars of the Affghans, though frequent, have never been protracted or sanguinary:—like the Highlanders, as described by Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "though they may quarrel among themselves, and gie ilk ither ill names, and may be a slash wi' a claymore, they are sure to join in the long run against a' civilized folk:"—but it is scarcely possible that so many conflicting interests, now that the bond of common danger is removed, can be reconciled without strife and bloodshed. It is possible, indeed, that Futteh-Jung (whom the last accounts state to have remained at Cabul when our troops withdrew, in the hope of maintaining himself on the musnud, and who is said to be the most acceptable to the Affghans of the four sons* of Shah-Shoojah) may be allowed to retain for a time the title of king; but he had no treasure and few partizans; and the rooted distaste of the Affghans for the titles and prerogatives of royalty is so well ascertained, that Dost Mohammed, even in the plenitude of his power, never ventured to assume them. All speculations on these points, however, can at present amount to nothing more than vague conjecture; the troubled waters must have time to settle, before any thing can be certainly prognosticated

* The elder of these princes, Timour, who was governor of Candahar during the reign of his father, has accompanied General England to Hindostan, preferring, as he says, the life of a private gentleman under British protection to the perils of civil discord in Afghanistan. Of the second, Mohammed-Akhbar, (whose mother is said to be sister of Dost-Mohammed,) we know nothing;—Futteh-Jung is the third, and was intended by Shah-Shoojah for his successor;—Seifdar-Jung, now at Candahar, is the youngest.

as to the future destinies of Afghanistan.

The kingdom of the Punjab will now become the barrier between Afghanistan and our north-western frontier in India; and it is said that the Sikhs, already in possession of Peshawar and the rich plain extending to the foot of the Khyber mountains, have undertaken in future to occupy the important defiles of this range, and the fort of Ali-Musjid, so as to keep the Affghans within bounds. It seems to us doubtful, however, whether they will be able to maintain themselves long, unaided, in this perilous advanced post: though the national animosity which subsists between them and the Affghans is a sufficient pledge of their good-will for the service—and their co-operation in the late campaign against Cabul has been rendered with a zeal and promptitude affording a strong contrast to their lukewarmness at the beginning of the war, when they conceived its object to be the re-establishment of the monarchy and national unity of their inveterate foes. But the vigour of the Sikh kingdom, and the discipline and efficiency of their troops, have greatly declined in the hands of the present sovereign, Shere Singh, who, though a frank and gallant soldier, has little genius for civil government, and is thwarted and overborne in his measures by the overweening power of the minister, Rajah Dhian Singh, who originally rose to eminence by the favour of Runjeet. At present, our information as to the state of politics in the Punjab is not very explicit, the intelligence from India during several months, having been almost wholly engrossed by the details of the campaign in Afghanistan; but as far as can be gathered from these statements, the country has been brought, by the insubordination of the troops, and the disputes of the Maharajah and his Minister, to a state not far removed from anarchy. It is said that the fortress of Govindghur, where the vast treasures amassed by Runjeet are depo-

sited, has been taken possession of by the malecontent faction, and that Shere Singh has applied for the assistance of our troops to recover it; and the *Delhi Gazette* even goes so far as to assert that this prince, “disgusted with the perpetual turmoil in which he is embroiled, and feeling his incapacity of ruling his turbulent chieftains, is willing to cede his country to us, and become a pensioner of our Government.” But this announcement, though confidently given, we believe to be at least premature. That the Punjab must inevitably, sooner or later, become part of the Anglo-Indian empire, either as a subsidiary power, like the Nizam, or directly, as a province, no one can doubt; but its incorporation at this moment, in the teeth of our late declaration against any further extension of territory, and at the time when the Sikhs are zealously fulfilling their engagements as our allies, would be both injudicious and unpopular in the highest degree. An interview, however, is reported to have been arranged between Lord Ellenborough and Shere Singh, which is to take place in the course of the ensuing summer, and at which some definitive arrangements will probably be entered into, on the future political relations of the two Governments.*

The only permanent accession of territory, then, which will result from the Affghan war, will consist in the extension of our frontier along the whole course of the Sutlej and Lower Indus—“the limits which nature appears to have assigned to the Indian empire”—and in the altered relations with some of the native states consequent on these arrangements. As far as Loodeana, indeed, our frontier on the Sutlej has long been well established, and defined by our recognition of the Sikh kingdom on the opposite bank;—but the possessions of the chief of Bhawalpoor, extending on the left bank nearly from Loodeana to the confluence of the Sutlej with the Indus, have hitherto been almost exempt from British interference;† as have

* The war in Tibet, to which we alluded in July last, between the followers of the Sikh chief Zorawur Singh and the Chinese, is still in progress—and the latter are said to be on the point of following up their successes by an invasion of Cashmeer. As we are now at peace with the Celestial Empire, our mediation may be made available to terminate the contest.

† Bhawalpoor is so far under British protection, that it was saved from the

also the petty Rajpoot states of Bikaner, Jesulmeer, &c., which form oases in the desert intervening between Scinde and the provinces more immediately under British control. These, it is to be presumed, will now be summarily taken under the *protection* of the Anglo-Indian Government:—but more difficulty will probably be experienced with the fierce and imperfectly subdued tribes of Scindians and Belooches, inhabiting the lower valley of the Indus;—and, in order to protect the commerce of the river, and maintain the undisputed command of its course, it will be necessary to retain a sufficient extent of vantage-ground on the further bank, and to keep up in the country an amount of force adequate to the effectual coercion of these predatory races. For this purpose, a *place d'armes* has been judiciously established at Sukkur, a town which, communicating with the fort of Bukkur on an island of the Indus, and with Roree on the opposite bank, effectually secures the passage of the river; and the ports of Kurrachee and Sonmeani on the coast, the future marts of the commerce of the Indus, have also been garrisoned by British troops.

It has long since been evident* that Scinde, by that *principle of unavoidable expansion* to which we had so often had occasion to refer, must eventually have been absorbed into the dominions of the Company; but the process by which it at last came into our hands is so curious a specimen of our Bonaparteian method of dealing with reluctant or refractory neutrals, that we cannot pass it altogether without notice. Scinde, as well as Beloochistan, had formed part of the extensive empire subdued by Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Doorani monarchy; but in the reign of his indolent son Timour, the Affghan yoke was shaken off by the *Ameers*, or chiefs of the Belooch

family of Talpoor, who, fixing their residences respectively at Hydrabad, Meerpoor, and Khyrpoor, defied all the efforts of the kings of Cabul to reduce them to submission, though they more than once averted an invasion by the promise of tribute. It has been rumoured that Shah-Shoojah, during his long exile, made repeated overtures to the Cabinet of Calcutta for the cession of his dormant claims to the *suzerainté* of Scinde, in exchange for an equivalent, either pecuniary or territorial; but the representations of a fugitive prince, who proposed to cede what was not in his possession, were disregarded by the rulers of India; and even in the famous manifesto preceding the invasion of Affghanistan, Lord Auckland announced, that “a guaranteed independence, on favourable conditions, would be tendered to the Ameers of Scinde.” On the appearance of our army on the border, however, the Ameers demurred, not very unreasonably, to the passage of this formidable host; and considerable delay ensued, from the imperfect information possessed by the British commanders of the amount of resistance to be expected; but at last the country and fortress were forcibly occupied; the seaport of Kurrachee (where alone any armed opposition was attempted) was bombarded and captured by our ships of war; and a treaty was imposed at the point of the bayonet on the Scindian rulers, by virtue of which they paid a contribution of twenty-seven laks of rupees (nearly £300,000) to the expenses of the war, under the name of arrears of tribute to Shah-Shoojah, acknowledging, at the same time, the supremacy, *not of Shah-Shoojah*, but of the English Government! The tolls on the Indus were also abolished, and the navigation of the river placed, by a special stipulation, wholly under the control of British functionaries. Since this

arms of the Sikhs by the treaty with Runjeet Singh, which confined him to the other bank of the Sutlej; but it has never paid allegiance to the British Government. Its territory is of considerable extent, stretching nearly 300 miles along the river, by 100 miles average breadth; but great part of the surface consists of sandy desert.

* So well were the Scindians aware of this, that Burnes, when ascending the Indus, on his way to Lahore in 1831, frequently heard it remarked, “Scinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest.”

summary procedure, our predominance in Scinde has been undisturbed, unless by occasional local commotions; but the last advices state that the whole country is now "in an insurrectionary state;" and it is fully expected that an attempt will ere long be made to follow the example of the Affghans, and get rid of the intrusive *Feringhis*; in which case, as the same accounts inform us, "the Ameers will be sent as state-prisoners to Benares, and the territory placed wholly under British administration."

But whatever may be thought of the strict legality of the conveyance, in virtue of which Scinde has been converted into an integral part of our Eastern empire, its geographical position, as well as its natural products, will render it a most valuable acquisition, both in a commercial and political point of view. At the beginning of the present century, the East-India Company had a factory at Tatta, (the Pattala of the ancients,) the former capital of Scinde, immediately above the Delta of the Indus; but their agents were withdrawn during the anarchy which preceded the disruption of the Doorani monarchy. From that period till the late occurrences, all the commercial intercourse with British India was maintained either by land-carriage from Cutch, by which mode of conveyance the opium of Malwa and Marwar (vast quantities of which are exported in this direction) chiefly found its way into Scinde and Beloochistan; or by country vessels of a peculiar build, with a disproportionately lofty poop, and an elongated bow instead of a bowsprit, which carried on an uncertain and desultory traffic with Bombay and

some of the Malabar ports. To avoid the dangerous sandbanks at the mouths of the Indus, as well as the intricate navigation through the winding streams of the Delta, (the course of which, as in the Mississippi, changes with every inundation,) they usually discharged their cargoes at Kurrachee, whence they were transported sixty miles overland to Tatta, and there embarked in flat-bottomed boats on the main stream. The port of Kurrachee, fourteen miles N. W. from the Pittee, or western mouth of the Indus, and Sonmeani, lying in a deep bay in the territory of Lus, between forty and fifty miles further in the same direction, are the only harbours of import in the long sea-coast of Beloochistan; and the possession of them gives the British the undivided command of a trade which, in spite of the late disasters, already promises to become considerable; while the interposition of the now friendly state of Khelat* between the coast and the perturbed tribes of Affghanistan, will secure the merchandise landed here a free passage into the interior. The trade with these ports deserves, indeed, all the fostering care of the Indian Government; since they must inevitably be, at least for some years to come, the only inlet for Indian produce into Beloochistan, Cabul, and the wide regions of Central Asia beyond them. The overland carrying trade through Scinde and the Punjab, in which (according to M. Masson) not less than 6500 camels were annually employed, has been almost annihilated—not only by the confusion arising from the war, but from the absolute want of means of transport, from the unprecedented destruction of the camels occasioned

* Khelat (more properly Khelat-i-Nussear Khan, "the citadel of Nussear Khan," by whom it was strongly fortified in 1750,) is the principal city and fortress of the Brahoos or Eastern Baloochee, and the residence of their chief. It had never been taken by any of the Affghan kings, and had even opposed a successful resistance to the arms of Ahmed Shah;—but on November 13, 1839, it was stormed by an Anglo-Indian force under General Wiltshire, and the Khan Mihrab was slain sword in hand, gallantly fighting to the last at the entrance of his zenana. The place, however, was soon after surprised and recaptured by the son of the fallen chief, Nussear Khan, who, though again expelled, continued to maintain himself with a few followers in the mountains, and at last effected an accommodation with the British, and was replaced on the musnud. He has since fulfilled his engagements to us with exemplary fidelity; and as his fears of compulsory vassalage to the nominally restored Affghan monarchy are now at an end, he appears likely to afford a solitary instance of a trans-Indian chief converted into a firm friend and ally.

by the exigencies of the commissariat, &c. The rocky defiles of Afghanistan were heaped with the carcasses of these indispensable animals, 50,000 of which (as is proved by the official returns) perished in this manner in the course of three years; and some years must necessarily elapse before the chasm thus made in the numbers of the species throughout North-western India can be supplied. The immense expenditure of the Army of Occupation, at the same time, brought such an influx of specie into Afghanistan, as had never been known since the sack of Delhi by Ahmed Shah Durrani—while the traffic with India being at a stand-still for the reasons we have just given, the superfluity of capital thus produced was driven to find an outlet in the northern markets of Bokhara and Turkestan. The consequence of this has been, that Russian manufactures to an enormous amount have been poured into these regions, by way of Astrakhan and the Caspian, to meet this increasing demand; and the value of Russian commerce with Central Asia, which (as we pointed out in April 1840, p. 522) had for many years been progressively declining, was doubled during 1840 and 1841, (*Bombay Times*, April 2, 1842,) and is believed to be still on the increase! The opening of the navigation of the Indus, with the exertions of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce to establish depots on its course, and to facilitate the transmission of goods into the surrounding countries, has already done much for the restoration of traffic in this direction, in spite of the efforts of the Russian agents in the north to keep possession of the opening thus unexpectedly afforded them; but it cannot be

denied that the “great enlargement of our field of commerce,” so confidently prognosticated by Lord Palmerston, from “the great operations undertaken in the countries lying west of the Indus,” has run a heavy risk of being permanently diverted into other channels, by the operation of the causes detailed above.

Before we finally dismiss the subject of the Afghan war and its consequences, we cannot overlook one feature in the termination of the contest, which is of the highest importance, as indicating a return to a better system than that miserable course of reduction and parsimony, which, for some years past, has slowly but surely been alienating the attachment, and breaking down the military spirit, of our native army. We refer to the distribution, by order of Lord Ellenborough, of badges of honorary distinction, as well as of more substantial rewards, in the form of augmented allowances,* &c., to the sepoy corps which have borne the brunt of the late severe campaign. Right well have these honours and gratuities been merited; nor could any measure have been better timed to strengthen in the hearts of the sepoys the bonds of the *Feringhi salt*, to which they have so long proved faithful. The policy, as well as the justice, of holding out every inducement which may rivet the attachment of the native troops to our service, obvious as it must appear, has in truth been of late too much neglected;† and it has become at this juncture doubly imperative, both from the severe and unpopular duty in which a considerable portion of the troops have recently been engaged, and from the widely-spread disaffection which has

* By a general order, issued from Simla October 4, all officers and soldiers, of whatever grade, who took part in the operations about Candahar, the defence of Khelat-i-Ghiljje, the recapture of Ghazni or Cabul, or the forcing of the Khyber Pass, are to receive a silver medal with appropriate inscriptions—a similar distinction having been previously conferred on the defenders of Jellalabad. *What is at present the value of the Order of the Doorani Empire*, with its showy decorations of the first, second, and third classes, the last of which was so rightfully spurned by poor Dennis?

† The following remarks of the *Madras United Service Gazette*, though intended to apply only to the Secunderabad disturbances, deserve general attention at present:—“We attribute the lately-diminished attachment of the sepoys for their European officers to a *diminished inclination for the service*, the duties whereof have of late years increased in about the same proportion that its advantages have been reduced. The cavalry soldier of the present day has more than double the

lately manifested itself in various quarters among the native population. We predicted in July, as the probable consequence of our reverses in Affghanistan, some open manifestation of the spirit of revolt constantly smouldering among the various races of our subjects in India; but the prophecy had already been anticipated by the event. The first overt resistance to authority appeared in Bhundelkund, a wild and imperfectly subjugated province in the centre of Hindostan, inhabited by a fierce people called Bhoondelahs. An insurrection, in which nearly all the native chiefs are believed to be implicated, broke out here early in April; and a desultory and harassing warfare has since been carried on in the midst of the almost impenetrable jungles and ravines which overspread the district. The Nawab of Banda and the Bhoondee Rajah, a Moslem and a Hindoo prince, respectively of some note in the neighbourhood of the disturbed tracts, have been placed under surveillance at Allahabad as the secret instigators of these movements, "which," (says the *Agra Ukhbar*) "appear to have been regularly organized all over India, the first intimation of which was the Nawab of Kurnool's affair"—whose deposition we noticed in July. The valley of Berar, also, in the vicinity of the Nizam's frontier, has been the scene of several encounters between our troops and irregular bands of insurgents; and the restless Arab mercenaries in the Dekkan are still in arms, ready to take service with any native ruler who chooses to employ them against the *Feringhis*. In the

northern provinces, the aspect of affairs is equally unfavourable. The Rohillas, the most warlike and nationally-united race of Moslems in India, have shown alarming symptoms of a refractory temper, fomented (as it has been reported) by the disbanded troopers of the 2d Bengal cavalry,* (a great proportion of whom were Rohillas,) and by Moslem deserters from the other regiments in Affghanistan, who have industriously magnified the amount of our losses—a pleasing duty, in which the native press, as usual, has zealously co-operated. One of the newspapers printed in the Persian language at Delhi, recently assured its readers that, at the forcing of the Khyber Pass, "six thousand Europeans fell under the sharp swords of the Faithful"—with other veracious intelligence, calculated to produce the belief that the campaign must inevitably end, like the preceding, in the defeat and extermination of the whole invading force. The fruits of these inflammatory appeals to the pride and bigotry of the Moslems, is thus painted in a letter from Rohileund, which we quote from that excellent periodical the *Asiatic Journal* for September:—"The Mahomedans throughout Rohileund hate us to a degree only second to what the Affghans do, their interest in whose welfare they can scarcely conceal. . . . There are hundreds of heads of tribes, all of whom would rise to a man on what they considered a fitting opportunity, which they are actually thirsting after. A hint from their moolahs, and the display of the green flag, would rally around every Mussulman. In March last, the po-

work to do that a trooper had forty years ago; . . . and the infantry sepoy's garrison guard-work has been for years most fatiguing at every station, from the numerical strength of the troops being quite inadequate to the duties. . . . These several unfavourable changes have gradually given the sepoy a distaste for the service, which has been augmented by the stagnant state of promotion, caused by the reductions in 1829, when one-fifth of the infantry, and one-fourth of the cavalry, native commissioned and non-commissioned officers, became supernumerary, thus effectually closing the door of promotion to the inferior grades for years to come. Hopeless of advancement, the sepoy from that time became gradually less attentive to his duties, less respectful to his superiors, as careless of a service which no longer held out any prospect of promotion. Still, however, the bonds of discipline were not altogether loosened, till Lord W. Bentinck's abolition of corporal punishment; and from the promulgation of that ill-judged order may be dated the decided change for the worse which has taken place in the character of the native soldiery."

* This corps, it will be remembered, was broken for its misconduct in the battle of Purwan-Durrah, against Dost Mohammed, November 2, 1840.

pulation made no scruple of declaring that the *Feringhi raj* (English rule) was at an end; and some even disputed payment of the revenue, saying it was probable they should have to pay it again to another Government! They have given out a report that Akhbar Khan has disbanded his army for the present, in order that his men may visit their families; but in the cold weather, when our troops will be weakened and unfit for action, he will return with an overwhelming force, aided by every Mussulman as far as Ispahan, when they will annihilate our whole force and march straight to Delhi, and ultimately send us to our ships. The whole Mussulman population, in fact, are filled with rejoicing and hope at our late reverses."

It may be said that we are unnecessarily multiplying instances, and that these symptoms of local fermentation are of little individual importance; but nothing can be misplaced which has a tendency to dispel the universal and unaccountable error which prevails in England, as to the *popularity of our sway in India*. The signs of the times are tolerably significant—and the apprehensions of a coming commotion which we expressed in July, as well as of the quarter in which it will probably break out, are amply borne out by the language of the best-informed publications of India. "That the seeds of discontent"—says the *Delhi Gazette*—"have been sown by the Moslems, and have partially found root among the Hindoos, is more than conjecture"—and the warnings of the *Agra Ukhbar* are still more unequivocal. "Reports have reached Agra that a general rise will ere long take place in the Dekkan. There have already been several allusions made to a very extensive organization among the native states* against the British power, the resources of which will, no doubt, be stretched to the utmost during the ensuing cold season. Disaffection is wide and prevalent, and when our withdrawal from Affghani-

stan becomes known, it will ripen into open insurrection. With rebellion in Central India, and famine in Northern, Government have little time to lose in collecting their energies to meet the crisis." The increase of means which the return of the army from Affghanistan will place at the disposal of the Governor-General, will doubtless do much in either overawing or suppressing these insurrectionary demonstrations; but even in this case the snake will have been only "scotched, not killed;" and the most practical and effectual method of rendering such attempts hopeless for the future, will be the replacing the Indian army on the same efficient footing, as to numbers and composition, on which it stood before the ill-judged measures of Lord William Bentinck. The energies of the native troops have been heavily tasked, and their fidelity severely tried, during the Affghan war; and though they have throughout nobly sustained the high character which they had earned by their past achievements, the experiment on their endurance should not be carried too far. Many of the errors of past Indian administrations have already been remedied by Lord Ellenborough; and we cannot refrain from the hope, that the period of his Government will not be suffered to elapse without a return to the old system on this point also—the vital point on which the stability of our empire depends.

Such have been the consequences, as far as they have hitherto been developed, to the foreign and domestic relations of our Eastern empire, of the late memorable Affghan war. In many points, an obvious parallel may be drawn between its commencement and progress, and that of the invasion of Spain by Napoleon. In both cases, the territory of an unoffending people was invaded and overrun, in the plenitude of (as was deemed by the aggressors) irresistible power, on the pretext, in each case, that it was neces-

* The Nawab of Arcot, one of the native princes, whose fidelity is now strongly suspected, assured the Resident, in his reply to the official communication of the capture of Ghazni in 1839, that from his excessive joy at the triumph of his good friend the Company, his bulk of body had so greatly increased that he was under the necessity of providing himself with a new wardrobe—his garments having become too strait for his unbounded stomach! A choice specimen of oriental bombast.

sary to anticipate an ambitious rival in the possession of a country which might be used as a vantage ground against us. In both cases, the usurpation was thinly veiled by the elevation of a pageant-monarch to the throne; till the invaded people, goaded by the repeated indignities offered to their religious and national pride, rose *en masse* against their oppressors at the same moment in the capital and the provinces, and either cut them off, or drove them to the frontier. In each case the intruders, by the arrival of reinforcements, regained for a time their lost ground; and if our Whig rulers had continued longer at the helm of affairs, the parallel might have become complete throughout. The strength and resources of our Indian empire might have been drained in the vain attempt to complete the subjugation of a rugged and impracticable country, inhabited by a fierce and bigoted population; and an "Affghan ulcer" (to use the ordinary phrase of Napoleon himself in speaking of the Spanish war) might have corroded the vitals, and undermined the fabric, of British domination in the East. Fortunately, however, for our national welfare and our national character, better counsels are at length in the ascendant. The triumphs which have again crowned our arms, have not tempted our rulers to resume the perfidious policy which their predecessors, in the teeth of their own original declarations, have now openly avowed, by "retaining military possession of the countries west of the Indus;" and the candid acknowledgement of the error committed in the first instance, affords security against the repetition of such acts of wanton aggression, and for adherence to the pacific policy now laid down. The ample resources of India have yet in a great measure to be explored and developed, and it is impossible to foresee what results may be attained, when (in the language of the *Bombay Times*) "wisdom guides for good and worthy ends, that resistless energy which madness has wasted on the opposite. We now see that, even with Affghanistan as a broken barrier, Russia dares not move her finger against us—that with seventeen millions sterling thrown away, we are able to recover all our mischances, if

relieved from the rulers and the system which imposed them upon us!"

The late proclamation of Lord Ellenborough has been so frequently referred to in the foregoing pages, that for the sake of perspicuity we subjoin it in full.

"Secret Department, Simla,
"Oct. 1, 1842.

"The Government of India directed its army to pass the Indus, in order to expel from Affghanistan a chief believed to be hostile to British interests, and to replace upon his throne a sovereign represented to be friendly to those interests, and popular with his former subjects.

"The chief believed to be hostile became a prisoner, and the sovereign represented to be popular was replaced upon his throne; but after events which brought into question his fidelity to the Government by which he was restored, he lost, by the hands of an assassin, the throne he had only held amidst insurrections, and his death was preceded and followed by still existing anarchy.

"Disasters, unparalleled in their extent, unless by the errors in which they originated, and by the treachery by which they were completed, have in one short campaign been avenged upon every scene of past misfortune; and repeated victories in the field, and the capture of the cities and citadels of Ghazni and Cabul, have again attached the opinion of invincibility to the British arms.

"The British army in possession of Affghanistan will now be withdrawn to the Sutlej.

"The Governor-General will leave it to the Affghans themselves to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes.

"To force a sovereign upon a reluctant people, would be as inconsistent with the policy, as it is with the principles, of the British Government, tending to place the arms and resources of that people at the disposal of the first invader, and to impose the burden of supporting a sovereign without the prospect of benefit from his alliance.

"The Governor-General will willingly recognize any government approved by the Affghans themselves,

which shall appear desirous and capable of maintaining friendly relations with neighbouring states.

“Content with the limits nature appears to have assigned to its empire, the Government of India will devote all its efforts to the establishment and maintenance of general peace, to the protection of the sovereigns and chiefs its allies, and to the prosperity and happiness of its own faithful subjects.

“The rivers of the Punjab and the Indus, and the mountainous passes and the barbarous tribes of Afghanistan, will be placed between the British army and an enemy from the west, if indeed such an enemy there can be, and no longer between the army and its supplies.

“The enormous expenditure required for the support of a large force in a false military position, at a distance from its own frontier and its resources, will no longer arrest every measure for the improvement of the country and of the people.

“The combined army of England and of India, superior in equipment, in discipline, in valour, and in the officers by whom it is commanded, to any force which can be opposed to it in Asia, will stand in unassailable strength upon its own soil, and for ever, under the blessing of Providence, preserve the glorious empire it has won, in security and in honour.

“The Governor-General cannot fear the misconstruction of his motives in thus frankly announcing to surrounding states the pacific and conservative policy of his Government.

“Afghanistan and China have seen at once the forces at his disposal, and the effect with which they can be applied.

“Sincerely attached to peace for the sake of the benefits it confers upon the people, the Governor-General is resolved that peace shall be observed, and will put forth the whole power of the British Government to coerce the state by which it shall be infringed.”

DEATH OF THOMAS HAMILTON, ESQ.

THERE are few things more painful connected with the increase of years in an established periodical like our own, than to observe how "friend after friend departs," to witness the gradual thinning of the ranks of its contributors by death, and the departure, from the scene, of those whose talents or genius had contributed to its early influence and popularity. Many years have not elapsed since we were called on to record the death of the upright and intelligent publisher, to whose energy and just appreciation of the public taste, its origin and success are in a great degree to be ascribed. On the present occasion another of these melancholy memorials is required of us; the accomplished author of "*Cyril Thornton*," whose name and talents had been associated with the Magazine from its commencement, is no more. He died at Pisa on the 7th December last.

Mr Hamilton exhibited a remarkable union of scholarship, high breeding, and amiability of disposition. To the habitual refinement of taste which an early mastery of the classics had produced, his military profession and intercourse with society had added the ease of the man of the world, while they had left unimpaired his warmth of feeling and kindness of heart. Amidst the active services of the Peninsular and American campaigns, he preserved his literary tastes; and, when the close of the war restored him to his country, he seemed to feel that the peaceful leisure of a soldier's life could not be more appropriately filled up than by the cultivation of literature. The characteristic of his mind was rather a happy union and balance of qualities than the possession of any one in excess; and the result was a peculiar composure and gracefulness, pervading equally his outward deportment and his habits of thought. The only work of fiction which he has given to the public certainly indicates high powers both of pathetic and graphic delineation; but the qualities which first and most naturally attracted attention, were rather his excellent judgment of character, at once just and generous, his fine perception and command of wit and quiet humour, rarely, if ever, allowed to deviate into satire or sarcasm, and the refinement, taste, and precision with which he clothed his ideas, whether in writing or in conversation. From the boisterous or extravagant he seemed instinctively to recoil, both in society and in taste.

Of his contributions to this Magazine it would be out of place here to speak, further than to say that they indicated a wide range and versatility of talent, embraced both prose and verse, and were universally popular. "*Cyril Thornton*," which appeared in 1827, instantly arrested public attention and curiosity, even in an age eminently fertile in great works of fiction. With little of plot—for it pursued the desultory ramblings of military life through various climes—it possessed a wonderful truth and reality, great skill in the observation and portraiture of original character, and a peculiar charm of style, blending freshness and vivacity of movement with classic delicacy and grace. The work soon became naturally and justly popular, having reached a second edition shortly after publication: a third edition has recently appeared. The "*Annals of the Peninsular Campaign*" had the merit of clear narration, united with much of the same felicity of style; but the size of the work excluded that full development and picturesque detail which were requisite to give individuality to its pictures. His last work was "*Men and Manners in America*," of which two German and one French translations have already appeared; a work eminently characterized by a tone of gentlemanly feeling, sagacious observation, just views of national character and institutions, and their reciprocal influence, and by tolerant criticism; and which, so far from having been superseded by recent works of the same class and on the same subject, has only risen in public estimation by the comparison.

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ANMALÁT BEK.

A TRUE TALE OF THE CAUCASUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MARLÍNSKI. BY THOMAS B. SHAW, B.A.
OF CAMBRIDGE, ADJUNCT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE IM-
PERIAL LYCEUM OF TSARSKOË SELO.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE English mania for travelling, which supplies our continental neighbours with such abundant matter for wonderment and witticism, is of no very recent date. Now more than ever, perhaps, does this passion seem to possess us:

“ — tenet insanabile multos

Terrarum nakhódes, et ægro in corde senescit:”

when the press groans with “Tours,” “Trips,” “Hand-books,” “Journeys,” “Visits.”

In spite of this, it is as notorious as unaccountable, that England knows very little, or at least very little correctly, of the social condition, manners, and literature of one of the most powerful among her continental sisters.

The friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia, established in the reign of Edward V., have subsisted without interruption since that epoch, so auspicious to both nations: the bond of amity, first knit by Chancellor in 1554, has never since been relaxed: the two nations have advanced, each at its own pace, and by its own paths, towards the sublime goal of improvement and civilization—have stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle for the weal and liberty of mankind.

It is, nevertheless, as strange as true, that the land of Alfred and Elizabeth is yet but imperfectly acquainted with the country of Peter and of Catharine. The cause of this ignorance is assuredly not to be found in any indifference or want of curiosity on the part of English travellers. There is no lack of pilgrims annually leaving the bank of Thames,

“ With cockle hat and staff,

With gourd and sandal shoon;”

armed duly with note-book and “patent Mordan,” directing their wandering steps to the shores of Ingria, or the gilded cupolas of Moscow. But a very

short residence in the empire of the Tsar will suffice to convince a foreigner how defective, and often how false, is the information given by travellers respecting the social and national character of the Russians. These abundant and singular misrepresentations are not, of course, voluntary; and it may not be useless to point out their principal sources.

The chief of these is, without doubt, the difficulty and novelty of the language, and the unfortunate facility of travelling over the beaten track—from St Petersburg to Moscow, and from Moscow, perhaps, to Nijny Nóvgorod, without any acquaintance with that language. The foreigner may enjoy, during a visit of the usual duration, the hospitality for which the higher classes are so justly celebrated; but his association with the nobility will be found an absolute obstacle to the making even a trifling progress in the Russian language; which, though now regaining a degree of attention from the elevated classes,* too long denied to it by those with whom their native tongue *was* an unfashionable one—he would have no occasion at all to speak, and not even very frequent opportunities of hearing.

But even in those rare cases where the stranger united to a determination to study the noble and interesting language of the country, an intention of remaining here long enough to learn it, he was often discouraged by the belief, that the literature was too poor to repay his time and labour. Besides, the Russian language has so little relation to the other European tongues—it stands so much alone, and throws so little direct light upon any of them, that another obstacle was thrown into his way.

The acquisition of any one of that great family of languages, all derived, more or less remotely, from the Latin, which extends over the whole south and west of Europe, cannot fail to cast a strong light upon the other cognate dialects; as the knowledge of any one of the Oriental tongues facilitates, nay almost confers, a mastery over the thousand others, which are less languages of distinct type than dialects of the same speech, offshoots from the same stock.

Add to this, the extraordinary errors and omissions which abound in every disquisition hitherto published in French, English, and German periodicals with regard to Russian literature, and deform those wretched rags of translation which are all that has been hitherto done towards the reproduction, in our own language, of the literature of Russia. These versions were made by persons utterly unacquainted with the country, the manners, and the people, or made after the Russian had been distilled through the alembic of a previous French or German translation.

Poetry naturally forces its way into the notice of a foreign nation sooner than prose; but it is, nevertheless, rather singular than honourable to the literary enterprise of England, that the present is the first attempt to introduce to the British public any work of Russian Prose Fiction whatever, with any thing like a reasonable selection of subject and character, at least *directly* from the original language.

The two volumes of Translations published by Bowring, under the title of “Russian Anthology,” and consisting chiefly of short lyric pieces, would appear at first sight an exception to that indifference to the productions of Russian genius of which we have accused the English public; and the popularity of that collection would be an additional encouragement to the hope, that our charge may be, if not ill-founded, at least exaggerated.

We are willing to believe, that the degree—if we are rightly informed, no slight one—of interest with which these volumes were welcomed in England, was sufficient to blind their readers to the extreme incompetency with which the translations they contained were executed.

It is always painful to find fault—more painful to criticise with severity—the work of a person whose motive was the same as that which actuates the pre-

* There is, strictly speaking, no middle class in Russia; the “bourgeoisie,” or merchants, it is true, may seem to form an exception to this remark, but into their circles the traveller would find it, from many reasons, difficult, and even impossible, to enter.

sent publication ; but when the gross unfaithfulness * exhibited in the versions in question tends to give a false and disparaging idea of the value and the tone of Russian poetry, we may be excused for our apparent uncourteousness in thus pointing out their defects.

It will not, we trust, be considered out of place to give our readers a brief sketch of the history of the Russian literature ; the origin, growth, and fortunes of which are marked by much that is peculiar. In doing this we shall content ourselves with noting, as briefly as possible, the events which preceded and accompanied the birth of letters in Russia, and the evolution of a literature not elaborated by the slow and imperceptible action of time, but bursting, like the armed Pallas, suddenly into light.

In performing this task, we shall confine our attention solely to the department of Prose Fiction, looking forward meanwhile with anxiety, though not without hope, to a future opportunity of discussing more fully the intellectual annals of Russia.

In the year of redemption 863, two Greeks of Thessalonika, Cyril† and Methodius, sent by Michael, Emperor of the East, conferred the precious boon of alphabetic writing upon Kostislâff, Sviatopôlk, and Kôtsel, then chiefs of the Moravians.

The characters they introduced were naturally those of the Greek alphabet, to which they were obliged, in order to represent certain sounds which do not occur in the Greek language, ‡ to add a number of other signs borrowed from the Hebrew, the Armenian, and the Coptic. So closely, indeed, did this alphabet, called the Cyrillian, follow the Greek characters, that the use of the aspirates was retained without any necessity.

These characters (with the exception of a few which are omitted in the Russian) varied surprisingly little in their form, § and perhaps without any change whatever in their vocal value, compose the modern alphabet of the Russian language ; an examination of which would go far, in our opinion, to settle the long agitated question respecting the ancient pronunciation of the classic languages, particularly as Cyril and his brother adapted the Greek alphabet to a language totally foreign from, and unconnected with, any dialect of Greek.

In this, as in all other languages, the translation of the Bible is the first monument and model of literature. This version was made by Cyril immediately after the composition of the alphabet. The language spoken at Thessalonika was the Servian : but from the immense number of purely Greek words which occur in the translation, as well as from the fact of the version

* In making so grave a charge, proof will naturally be required of us. Though we might fill many pages with instances of the two great sins of the translator, commission and omission, the *poco piu* and *poco meno*, we will content ourselves with taking, *ad aperturam libri*, an example. At page 55 of the Second Part of Bowring's Russian Anthology, will be found a short lyric piece of Dmitrieff, entitled "To Chloe." It consists of five stanzas, each of four very short lines. Of these five stanzas, three have a totally different meaning in the English from their signification in the Russian, and of the remaining two, one contains an idea which the reader will look for in vain in the original. This carelessness is the less excusable, as the verses in question present nothing in style, subject, or diction, which could offer the smallest difficulty to a translator. Judging this to be no unfair test, (the piece in question was taken at random,) it will not be necessary to dilate upon minor defects, painfully perceptible through Bowring's versions ; as, for instance, a frequent disregard of the Russian metres—sins against *costume*, as, for example, the making a hussar (a Russian hussar) swear by his *beard*, &c. &c. &c.

† Cyril was the ecclesiastical or claustral name of this important personage, his real name was Constantine.

‡ For instance, the *j*, (pronounced as the French *j*), *ts*, *sh*, *shish*, *tch*, *ui*, *ya*. As the characters representing these sounds are not to be found in the "case" of an English compositor, we cannot enter into their Oriental origin.

§ Not to speak of the capitals, the *γ*, *δ*, *ζ*, *κ*, *λ*, *μ*, *ο*, *π*, *ρ*, *ς*, *φ*, *χ*, *θ*, have undergone hardly the most trifling change in form ; *ψ*, *ξ*, *ω*, though they do not occur in the Russian, are found in the Slavonic alphabet. The Russian pronunciation of their letter B, which agrees with that of the modern Greeks, is V, there being another character for the sound B.

being a strictly litera one, it is probable that the Scriptures were not translated into any specific spoken dialect at all; but that a kind of *mezzo termine* was selected—or rather formed—for the purpose. What we have advanced derives a still stronger degree of probability from the circumstance, that the Slavonic Bible follows the Greek *construction*. This Bible, with slight changes and corrections produced by three or four revisions made at different periods, is that still employed by the Russian Church; and the present spoken language of the country differs so widely from it, that the Slavonian of the Bible forms a separate branch of education to the priests and to the upper classes—who are instructed in this *dead* language, precisely as an Italian must study Latin in order to read the Bible.

Above the sterile and uninteresting desert of early Russian history, towers, like the gigantic Sphynx of Ghizeh over the sand of the Thebaid, one colossal figure—that of Vladímir Sviatoslávitich; the first to surmount the bloody splendour of the Great Prince's bonnet* with the mildly-radiant Cross of Christ.

From the conversion to Christianity of Vladímir and his subjects—passing over the wild and rapacious dominion of the Tartar hordes, which lasted for about 250 years—we may consider two languages, essentially distinct, to have been employed in Russia till the end of the 17th century—the one the written or learned, the other the spoken language.

The former was the Slavonian into which the Holy Scriptures were translated: and this remained the learned or official language for a long period. In this—or in an imitation of this, effected with various degrees of success—were compiled the different collections of Monkish annals which form the treasury whence future historians were to select their materials from among the valuable, but confused accumulations of facts; in this the solemn acts of Government, treaties, codes, &c., were composed; and the few writings which cannot be comprised under the above classes† were naturally compiled in the language, emphatically that of the Church and of learning.

The sceptre of the wild Tartar Khans was not, as may be imagined, much allied to the pen; the hordes of fierce and greedy savages which overran, like the locusts of the Apocalypse, for two centuries and a half the fertile plains of central and southern Russia, contented themselves with exacting tribute from a nation which they despised probably too much to feel any desire of interfering with its language; and the dominion of the Tartars produced hardly any perceptible effect upon the Russian tongue.‡

It is to the reign of Alexéi Mikháilovitch, who united Little Russia to Muscovy, that we must look for the germ of the modern literature of the country: the language had begun to feel the influence of the Little Russian, tintured by the effects of Polish civilization, and the spirit of classicism which so long distinguished the Sarmatian literature.

The impulse given to this union, of so momentous an import to the future fortunes of the empire, at the beginning of the year 1654, would possibly have brought forth in course of time a literature in Russia such as we now find it, had not the extraordinary reign, and still more extraordinary character, of Peter the Great interposed certain disturbing—if, indeed, they may not be called in some measure impeding—forces. That giant hand which broke down the

* The crown was not worn by the ancient Russian sovereigns, or “Grand Princes,” as they were called; the insignia of these potentates was a close skull-cap, called in Russian *shápka*, bonnet; many of which are preserved in the regalia of Moscow. This bonnet is generally surrounded by the most precious furs, and gorgeously decorated with gems.

† For instance, sermons, descriptions, voyages and travels, &c. Two of the last-mentioned species of works are very curious from their antiquity. The Pilgrimage to Jerusalem of Daniel, prior of a convent, at the commencement of the 12th century; and the Memoirs of a Journey to India by Athanase Nikítin, merchant of Tver, made about 1470.

‡ The only traces left on the *language* by the Tartar domination are a few words, chiefly expressing articles of dress.

long impregnable dike which had hitherto separated Russia from the rest of Europe, and admitted the arts, the learning, and the civilization of the West to rush in with so impetuous a flood, fertilizing as it came, but also destroying and sweeping away something that was valuable, much that was national—that hand was unavoidably too heavy and too strong to nurse the infant seedling of literature; and the command and example of Peter perhaps rather favoured the imitation of what was good in other languages, than the production of originality in his own.

This opinion, bold and perhaps rash as it may appear to Russians, seems to derive some support, as well as illustration, from the immense number of foreign words which make the Russian of Peter's time

“A Babylonish dialect;”

the mania for every thing foreign having overwhelmed the language with an infinity of terms rudely torn, not skillfully adapted, from every tongue; terms which might have been—have, indeed, since been—translated into words of Russian form and origin. A review of the literary progress made at this time will, we think, go far to establish our proposition; it will exhibit a very large proportion of translations, but very few original productions.

From this period begins the more immediate object of the present note: we shall briefly trace the rise and fortunes of the present, or vernacular Russian literature; confining our attention, as we have proposed, to the Prose Fiction, and contenting ourselves with noting, cursorily, the principal authors in this kind, living and dead.

At the time of Peter the Great, there may be said to have existed (it will be convenient to keep in mind) three languages—the Slavonic, to which we have already alluded; the Russian; and the dialect of Little Russia.

The fact, that the learned are not yet agreed upon the exact epoch from which to date the origin of the modern Russian literature, will probably raise a smile on the reader's lip; but the difficulty of establishing this important starting-point will become apparent when he reflects upon the circumstance, that the literature is—as we have stated—divisible into two distinct and widely differing regions. It will be sufficiently accurate to date the origin of the modern Russian literature at about a century back from the present time; and to consider Lomonósoff as its founder. Mikhaíl Vassílievitch Lomonósoff, born in 1711, is the author who may with justice be regarded as the Chaucer or the Boccaccio of the North: a man of immense and varied accomplishments, distinguished in almost every department of literature, and in many of the walks of science. An orator and a poet, he adorned the language whose principles he had fixed as a grammarian.

He was the first to write in the spoken language of his country, and, in conjunction with his two contemporaries, Soumarókoﬀ and Kheráskoﬀ, he laid the foundations of the Russian literature.

Of the other two names we have mentioned as entitled to share the reverence due from every Russian to the fathers of his country's letters, it will be sufficient to remark, that Soumarókoﬀ was the first to introduce tragedy and opera, and Kheráskoﬀ, the author of two epic poems which we omit to particularize, as not coming within our present scope, wrote a work entitled “*Cadmus and Harmonia*,” which may be considered as the first romance. It is a narrative and metaphysical work, which we should class as a “prose poem;” the style being considerably elevated above the tone of the “*Musa pedestris*.”

The name of Emín comes next in historical, though not literary, importance: though the greater part of his productions consists of translations, particularly of those shorter pieces of prose fiction called by the Italians “*novelle*,” he was the author of a few original pieces, now but little read; his style bears the marks, like that of Kheráskoﬀ, of heaviness, stiffness, and want of finish.

The reputation of Karamzín is too widely spread throughout Europe to render necessary more than a passing remark as to the additions made by him to the literature of his country in the department of fiction: he commenced a romance, of which he only lived to finish a few of the first chapters.

Naréjnyi was the first to paint the real life of Russia—or rather of the South or Little Russia: in his works there is a good deal of vivacity, but as they are deformed by defects both in style and taste, his reputation has become almost extinct. We cannot quit this division of our subject, which refers to romantic fiction anterior to the appearance of the regular historical novel, without mentioning the names of two, among a considerable number of authors, distinguished as having produced short narratives or tales, embodying some historical event—Polevói and Bestónejf—the latter of whom wrote, under the name of Marlínsky, a very large number of tales, which have acquired a high and deserved reputation.

It is with Zagóskin that we may regard the regular historical novel—viewing that species of composition as exemplified in the works of Scott—as having commenced.

With reference to the present state of romance in Russia, the field is so extensive as to render impossible, in this place, more than a cursory allusion to the principal authors and their best-known works: in doing which, we shall attend more exclusively to those productions of which the subject or treatment is purely national.

One of the most popular and prolific writers of fiction is Zagóskin, whose historical romance “Yóuriy Milosláfskiý,” met with great and permanent success. The epoch of this story is in 1612, a most interesting crisis in the Russian history, when the valour of Mícin enabled his countrymen to shake off the hated yoke of Poland. His other work, “Roslavleóff,” is less interesting: the period is 1812. We may also mention his “Iskousítel”—“the Tempter”—a fantastic story, in which an imaginary being is represented as mingling with and influencing the affairs of real life.

Of Boulgárin, we may mention, besides his “Ivan Vuíjgin,” a romance in the manner of “Gil Blas,” the scenery and characters of which are entirely Russian, two historical novels of considerable importance. “The False Dimítiri,” and “Mazeppa,”—the hero of the latter being *a real person*, and not, as most readers are aware, a fictitious character invented by Byron.

Next comes the name of Lajéchnikoff, whose “Last Page” possesses a reputation, we believe, tolerably extensive throughout Europe. The action passes during the war between Charles XII. and Peter the Great, and Catharine plays a chief part in it, as servant of the pastor Glück, becoming empress at the conclusion. The “House of Ice,” by the same writer, is perhaps more generally known than the preceding work. The last-named romance depicts with great spirit the struggle between the Russian and foreign parties in the reign of Anna Ivánovna. But perhaps the most remarkable work of Lajéchnikoff is the romance entitled “Bassourmán,” the scene of which is laid under Iván III., surnamed the Great.* Another Polevói (Nikolái) produced a work of great merit—“The Oath at the Tomb of Our Lord,” a very faithful picture of the first half of the fifteenth century, and singular from the circumstance that love plays no part in the drama. Besides this, we owe to Polevói a wild story entitled “Abbaddon.” Veltman produced, under the title of “Kostshéi the Deathless,” a historical study of the manners of the twelfth century, possessing considerable merit. It would be unjust to omit the name of a lady, the Countess Shíshkin, who produced the historical novel “Mikháil Vassílievitch Skópin-Shúisky,” which obtained great popularity.

The picturesque career of Lomonósoff gave materials for a romantic biography of that poet, the work of Xenophónt Polevói, resembling, in its mixture of truth and fiction, the “Wahrheit und Dichtung” of Goethe.

Among the considerable number of romances already mentioned, those exhibiting scenes of private life and domestic interest have not been neglected. Kaláshnikoff wrote “The Merchant Jáloff’s Daughter,” and the “Kamt-

* The non-Russian reader must be cautioned not to confuse Iván III. (surnamed Velíkiy, or the Great) with Ivan IV., the Cruel, the latter of whom is to foreigners the most prominent figure in the Russian history. Iván III. mounted the throne in 1462, and his terrible namesake in 1534; the reign of Vassíliy Ivánovitch intervening between these two memorable epochs.

chadálka," both describing the scenery and manners of Siberia; the former painting various parts of that wild and interesting country, the latter confined more particularly to the Peninsula of Kamtchátka. Besides Gógol, whose easy and prolific pen has presented us with so many humorous sketches of provincial life, we cannot pass over Begitchéff, whose "Khólm'sky Family" possesses much interest; but the delineations of Gógol depend so much for their effect upon delicate shades of manner, &c., that it is not probable they can ever be effectively reproduced in another language.

Mentioning Peróffsky, whose "Monastírka" gives a picture of Russian interior life, we pass to Gretch, an author of some European reputation. His "Trip to Germany" describes, with singular piquancy, the manners of a very curious race—the Germans of St Petersburg; and "Tchérnaia Jénstchina," "the Black Woman," presents a picture of Russian society, which was welcomed with great eagerness by the public.

The object of these pages being to invite the attention of British readers to a very rich field, in a literature hitherto most unaccountably neglected by the English public, the present would not be a fit occasion to enter with any minuteness into the history of Russian letters, or to give, in fact, more than a passing allusion to its chief features; the translator hopes that he will be excused for the meagreness of the present notice.

He will be abundantly repaid for his exertions, by the discovery of any increasing desire on the part of his countrymen to become more accurately acquainted with the character of a nation, worthy, he is convinced, of a very high degree of respect and admiration. How could that acquaintance be so delightfully, or so effectually made, as by the interchange of literature? The great works of English genius are read, studied, and admired, throughout the vast empire of Russia; the language of England is rapidly and steadily extending, and justice, no less than policy, demands, that many absurd misapprehensions respecting the social and domestic character, no less than the history, of Russia, should be dispelled by truth.

The translator, in conclusion, trusts that it will not be superfluous to specify one or two of the reasons which induced him to select the present romance, as the first-fruit of his attempt to naturalize in England the literature of Russia.

It is considered as a very good specimen of the author's style; the facts and characters are all strictly true;* besides this, the author passed many years in the Caucasus, and made full use of the opportunities he thus enjoyed of becoming familiar with the language, manners, and scenery of a region on which the attention of the English public has long been turned with peculiar interest.

The picturesqueness as well as the fidelity of his description will, it is hoped, secure for the tale a favourable reception with a public always "*novitatis avida*," and whose appetite, now somewhat palled with the "*Bismillahs*" and "*Mashallahs*" of the ordinary oriental novels, may find some piquancy in a new variety of Mahomedan life—that of the Caucasian Tartars.

The Russian language possessing many characters and some few sounds for which there is no exact equivalent in English, we beg to say a word upon the method adopted on the present occasion so to represent the Russian orthography, as to avoid the shocking barbarisms of such combinations as *zh*, &c. &c., and to secure, at the same time, an approach to the correct pronuncia-

* The translator recently met in society a Russian officer, who had served with distinction in the country which forms the scene of "Ammalát Bek." This gentleman had intimately known Marínsky, and bore witness to the perfect accuracy of his delineations, as well of the external features of nature as of the characters of his *dramatis personæ*. The officer alluded to had served some time in the very regiment commanded by the unfortunate Verkhóffsky. Our fair readers may be interested to learn, that Seltanetta still lives, and yet bears traces of her former beauty. She married the Shamkhál, and now resides in feudal magnificence at Tarki, where she exercises great sway, which she employs in favour of the Russian interest, to which she is devoted.

tion. Throughout these pages the vowels *a, e, i, o, y*, are supposed to be pronounced as in French, the diphthong *ou* as in the word *you*, the *j* always with the French sound.

With respect to the combinations of consonants employed, *kh* has the guttural sound of the *ch* in the Scottish word *loch*, and *gh* is like a rather rough or coarse aspirate.

The simple *g* is invariably to be uttered hard, as in *gun* or *gall*.

To avoid the possibility of errors, the combination *tch*, though not a very soft one to the eye, represents a Russian sound for which there is no character in English. It is, of course, uttered as in the word *watch*.

As a great deal of the apparent discord of Russian words, as pronounced by foreigners, arises from ignorance of the place of the accent, we have added a sign over every polysyllable word, indicating the part on which the stress is to be laid.

The few preceding rules will, the translator hopes, enable his countrymen to *attack* the pronunciation of the Russian names without the ancient dread inspired by terrific and complicated clusters of consonants; and will perhaps prove to them that the language is both an easy and a melodious one.

St Petersburg, November 10, 1842.

CHAPTER I.

"Be slow to offend—swift to revenge!"

Inscription on a dagger of Daghestán.

It was Djoumá.* Not far from Bouináki, a considerable village of Northern Daghestán, the young Tartars were assembled for their national exercise called "djigitering;" that is, the horse-race accompanied by various trials of boldness and strength. Bouináki is situated upon two ledges of the precipitous rocks of the mountain: on the left of the road leading from Derbénd to Tarki, rises, soaring above the town, the crest of Caucasus, feathered with wood; on the right, the shore, sinking imperceptibly, spreads itself out into meadows, on which the Caspian Sea pours its eternal murmur, like the voice of human multitudes.

A vernal day was fading into evening, and all the inhabitants, attracted rather by the coolness of the breeze than by any feeling of curiosity, had

quitted their sáklas,† and assembled in crowds on both sides of the road. The women, without veils, and with coloured kerchiefs rolled like turbans round their heads, clad in the long chemise,‡ confined by the short arkhaloúkh, and wide toumáns, sat in rows, while strings of children sported before them. The men, assembled in little groups, stood, or rested on their knees;|| others, in twos or threes, walked slowly round, smoking tobacco in little wooden pipes: a cheerful buzz arose, and ever and anon resounded the clattering of hoofs, and the cry "katch, katch!" (make way!) from the horsemen preparing for the race.

Nature, in Daghestán, is most lovely in the month of May. Millions of roses poured their blushes over the

* Djoumá answers to our Sabbath. The days of the Mahomedan week are as follows: Shambí, Saturday; Ikshshambá, Sunday; Doushambá, Monday; Seshambá, Tuesday; Tchershambá, Wednesday; Pkhanshambá, Thursday; Djoumá, Friday.

† Sakla, a Circassian hut.

‡ A species of garment, resembling a frock-coat with an upright collar, reaching to the knees, fixed in front by hooks and eyes, worn by both sexes.

§ The trowsers of the *women*: those worn by the men, though alike in form, are called shalwárs. It is an offence to tell a man that he wears the toumán; being equivalent to a charge of effeminacy; and *vice versâ*.

|| It is the ordinary manner of the Asiatics to sit in this manner in public, or in the presence of a superior.

crags; their odour was streaming in the air; the nightingale was not silent in the green twilight of the wood; almond-trees, all silvered with their flowers, arose like the cupolas of a pagoda, and resembled, with their lofty branches twined with leaves, the minarets of some Mussulman mosque. Broad-breasted oaks, like sturdy old warriors, rose here and there, while poplars and chenart-trees, assembled in groups and surrounded by underwood, looked like children ready to wander away to the mountains, to escape the summer heats. Sportive flocks of sheep—their fleeces speckled with rose-colour; buffaloes wallowing in the mud of the fountains, or for hours together lazily butting each other with their horns; here and there on the mountains noble steeds, which moved (their manes floating on the breeze) with a haughty trot along the hills—such is the frame that encloses the picture of every Mussulman village. On this Djourá, the neighbourhood of Bouináki was more than usually animated. The sun poured his floods of gold on the dark walls of the flat-roofed sáklas, clothing them with fantastic shadows, and adding beauty to their forms. In the distance, crawling along the mountain, the creaking arbas* flitted among the grave-stones of a little burial-ground past them, before them, flew a horseman, raising the dust along the road . . . the mountain-crest and the boundless sea gave grandeur to this picture, and all nature breathed a glow of life.

"He comes, he comes!" was murmured through the crowd; all was in motion. The horsemen, who till now had been chattering with their acquaintance on foot, or disorderly riding about the meadow, now leaped upon their steeds, and dashed forward to meet the cavalcade which was descending to the plain: it was Ammalât Bek, the nephew of the Shamkhál† of Tarki, with his suite. He was habited in a black Persian cloak,

edged with gold-lace, the hanging sleeves thrown back over his shoulders. A Turkish shawl was wound round his arkhaloúkh, which was made of flowered silk. Red shalwárs were lost in his yellow high-heeled riding-boots. His gun, dagger, and pistol, glittered with gold and silver arabesque work. The hilt of his sabre was enriched with gems. The Prince of Tarki was a tall, well-made youth, of frank countenance; black curls streamed behind his ears from under his cap—a slight mustache shaded his upper lip—his eyes glittered with a proud courtesy. He rode a bright bay steed, which fretted under his hand like a whirlwind. Contrary to custom, the horse's caparison was not the round Persian housing, embroidered all over with silk, but the light Circassian saddle, ornamented with silver on a black ground; and the stirrups were of the black steel of Kharamán, inlaid with gold. Twenty noukers‡ on spirited horses, and dressed in cloaks glittering with lace, their caps cocked jauntily, and leaning affectedly on one side, pranced and sidled after him. The people respectfully stood up before their Bek, and bowed, pressing their right hand upon their right knee. A murmur of whispered approbation followed the young chief as he passed among the women. Arrived at the southern extremity of the ground, Ammalât stopped. The chief people, the old men leaning upon their sticks, and the elders of Bouináki, stood round in a circle to catch a kind word from the Bek; but Ammalât did not pay them any particular attention, and with cold politeness replied in monosyllables to the flatteries and obeisances of his inferiors. He waved his hand; this was the signal to commence the race.

Twenty of the most fiery horsemen dashed forward, without the slightest order or regularity, galloping onward and back again, placing themselves in all kinds of attitudes, and alternately passing each other. At one moment

* A kind of rude cart with two wheels.

† The first Shamkhál's were the kinsmen and representatives of the Khalifs of Damascus: the last Shamkhál died on his return from Russia, and with him finished this useless rank. His son, Suleiman Pacha, possessed his property as a private individual.

‡ The attendants of a Tartar noble, equivalent to the "henchman" of the ancient Highlanders. The nouker waits behind his lord at table, cuts up and presents the food.

they jostled one another from the course, and at the same time held in their horses, then again they let them go at full gallop over the plain. After this, they each took slender sticks, called *djigidís*, and darted them as they rode, either in the charge or the pursuit, and again seizing them as they flew, or picking them up from the earth. Several tumbled from their saddles under the strong blows; and then resounded the loud laugh of the spectators, while loud applauses greeted the conqueror; sometimes the horses stumbled, and the riders were thrown over their heads, hurled off by a double force from the shortness of their stirrups. Then commenced the shooting. Ammalát Bek had remained a little apart, looking on with apparent pleasure. His *noúkers*, one after the other, had joined the crowd of *djigítérers*, so that, at last, only two were left by his side. For some time he was immovable, and followed with an indifferent gaze the imitation of an Asiatic combat; but by degrees his interest grew stronger. At first he watched the cavaliers with great attention, then he began to encourage them by his voice and gestures, he rose higher in his stirrups, and at last the warrior-blood boiled in his veins, when his favourite *noúker* could not hit a cap which he had thrown down before him. He snatched his gun from his attendants, and dashed forward like an arrow, winding among the sportsmen. "Make way—make way!" was heard around, and all, dispersing like a rain-cloud on either side, gave place to Ammalát Bek.

At the distance of a verst† stood ten poles with caps hanging on them. Ammalát rode straight up to them, waved his gun round his head, and turned close round the pole; as he turned he stood up in his stirrups, turned back—bang!—the cap tumbled to the ground; without checking his speed he reloaded, the reins hanging on his horse's neck—knocked off another, then a third—and so on the whole ten. A murmur of applause arose on all sides; but Ammalát,

without stopping, threw his gun into the hands of one of his *noúkers*, pulled out a pistol from his belt, and with the ball struck the shoe from the hind foot of his horse; the shoe flew off, and fell far behind him; he then again took his gun from his *noúker*, and ordered him to gallop on before him. Quicker than thought both darted forward. When half-way round the course, the *noúker* drew from his pocket a rouble, and threw it up in the air. Ammalát raised himself in the saddle, without waiting till it fell; but at the very instant his horse stumbled with all his four legs together, and striking the dust with his nostrils, rolled prostrate. All uttered a cry of terror; but the dexterous horseman, standing up in the stirrups, without losing his seat, or even leaning forward, as if he had been aware that he was going to fall, fired rapidly, and hitting the rouble with his ball, hurled it far among the people. The crowd shouted with delight—"Igeed, igeed! (bravo!) Alla valla-ha!" But Ammalát Bek, modestly retiring, dismounted from his steed, and throwing the reins to his *djilladár*, (groom,) ordered him immediately to have the horse shod. The race and the shooting was continued.

At this moment there rode up to Ammalát his *emdjék*, † Saphir-Ali, the son of one of the poor beks of Bouináki, a young man of an agreeable exterior, and simple, cheerful character. He had grown up with Ammalát, and therefore treated him with great familiarity. He leaped from his horse, and nodding his head, exclaimed—"Noúker Mémet Rasoul has knocked up the old cropped‡ stallion, in trying to leap him over a ditch seven paces wide." "And did he leap it?" cried Ammalát impatiently. "Bring him instantly to me!" He went to meet the horse—and without putting his foot in the stirrup, leaped into the saddle, and galloped to the bed of a mountain-torrent. As he galloped, he pressed the horse with his knee, but the wearied animal, not trusting to his strength, bolted aside on the very

* 3500 English feet—three quarters of a mile.

† Foster-brother; from the word "*emdjek*"—suckling. Among the tribes of the Caucasus, this relationship is held more sacred than that of nature. Every man would willingly die for his *emdjek*.

‡ This is a celebrated race of Persian horses, called Teke.

brink, and Ammalát was obliged to make another turn. The second time, the steed, stimulated by the whip, reared up on his hind-legs in order to leap the ditch, but he hesitated, grew restive, and resisted with his fore-feet. Ammalát grew angry. In vain did Saphir-Ali entreat him not to force the horse, which had lost in many a combat and journey the elasticity of his limbs. Ammalát would not listen to any thing; but urging him with a cry, and striking him with his drawn sabre for the third time, he galloped him at the ravine; and when, for the third time, the old horse stopped short in his stride, not daring to leap, he struck him so violently on the head with the hilt of his sabre, that he fell lifeless on the earth.

"This is the reward of faithful service!" said Saphir-Ali, compassionately, as he gazed on the lifeless steed.

"This is the reward of disobedience!" replied Ammalát, with flashing eyes.

Seeing the anger of the Bek, all were silent. The horsemen, however, continued their *djigítering*.

And suddenly was heard the thunder of Russian drums, and the bayonets of Russian soldiers glittered as they wound over the hill. It was a company of the Kourinsky regiment of infantry, sent from a detachment which had been dispatched to Akóush, then in a state of revolt, under Sheikh Ali Khan, the banished chief of Derbend. This company had been protecting a convoy of supplies from Derbend, whither it was returning by the mountain road. The commander of the company, Captain —, and one officer with him, rode in front. Before they had reached the race-course, the retreat was beaten, and the company halted, throwing aside their havresacks and piling their muskets, but without lighting a fire.

The arrival of a Russian detachment could have been no novelty to the inhabitants of Daghestán in the year 1819; and even yet, it must be confessed, it is an event that gives them no pleasure. Superstition made them look on the Russians as eternal

enemies—enemies, however, vigorous and able; and they determined, therefore, not to injure them but in secret, by concealing their hatred under a mask of amity. A buzz spread among the people on the appearance of the Russians: the women returned by winding paths to the village, not forgetting, however, to gaze secretly at the strangers. The men, on the contrary, threw fierce glances at them over their shoulders, and began to assemble in groups, discussing how they might best get rid of them, and relieve themselves from the *podvód*,* and so on. A multitude of loungers and boys, however, surrounded the Russians as they reposed upon the grass. Some of the *Kekkheúds* (*starosts*†) and *Tchacóushes* (*desiátniks*‡) appointed by the Russian Government, hastily advancing to the Captain, pulled off their caps, after the usual salutation, "Khot ghialdi!" (welcome!) and "Yakshimóusen, tazamóusen, sen-nema-móusen," (I greet you,) arrived at the inevitable question at a meeting of Asiatics, "What news?"—"Na khaber?"

"The only news with me is, that my horse has cast a shoe, and the poor devil is dead lame," answered the Captain in pretty good Tartar: "and here is, just *àpropos*, a blacksmith!" he continued, turning to a broad-shouldered Tartar, who was filing the fresh-shod hoof of Ammalát's horse. "Kounák! (my friend,)—shoe my horse—the shoes are ready—'tis but the clink of a hammer, and 'tis done in a moment!"

The blacksmith turned sulkily towards the Captain a face tanned by his forge and by the sun, looked from the corners of his eyes at his questioner, stroked the thick mustache which overshadowed a beard long unrazored, and which might for its bristles have done honour to any boar; flattened his *arákshin* (bonnet) on his head, and coolly continued putting away his tools in their bag.

"Do you understand me, son of a wolf race?" said the Captain.

"I understand you well," answered the blacksmith,—“you want your horse shod.”

* The being obliged to transport provisions.

† The chief of a village.

‡ The subordinates of the *starost*.

"And I should advise you to shoe him," replied the Captain, observing on the part of the Tartar a desire to jest.

"To-day is a holiday: I will not work."

"I will pay you what you like for your work; but I tell you that, whether you like it or not, you must do what I want."

"The will of Allah is above ours; and he does not permit us to work on Djoumâ. We sin enough for gain on common days, so on a holiday I do not wish to buy coals with silver."*

"But were you not at work just now, obstinate blockhead? Is not one horse the same as another? Besides, mine is a real Mussulman—look at the mark †—the blood of Karabâkh."

"All horses are alike; but not so those who ride them: Ammalât Bek is my aga (lord.)"

"That is, if you had taken it into your head to refuse him, he would have had your ears cropped; but you will not work for me, in the hope that I would not dare to do the same. Very well, my friend! I certainly will not crop your ears, but be assured that I will warm that orthodox back of yours with two hundred pretty stinging nogaikas (lashes with a whip) if you won't leave off your nonsense—do you hear?"

"I hear—and I answer as I did before: I will not shoe the horse—for I am a good Mussulman."

"And I will make you shoe him, because I am a good soldier. As you have worked at the will of your Bek, you shall work for the need of a Russian officer—without this I cannot proceed. Corporals, forward!"

In the mean time a circle of gazers had been extending round the obstinate blacksmith, like a ring made in the water by casting a stone into it. Some in the crowd were disputing the best places, hardly knowing what they were running to see; and at last more cries were heard: "It is not fair—it cannot be: to-day is a holiday: to-day it is a sin to work!" Some of the boldest, trusting to their numbers, pulled their caps over their eyes, and

felt at the hilts of their daggers, pressing close up to the Captain, and crying "Don't shoe him, Alékper! Do nothing for him: here's news, my masters! What new prophets for us are these unwashed Russians?" The Captain was a brave man, and thoroughly understood the Asiatics. "Away, ye rascals!" he cried in a rage, laying his hand on the butt of his pistol. "Be silent, or the first that dares to let an insult pass his teeth, shall have them closed with a leaden seal!"

This threat, enforced by the bayonets of some of the soldiers, succeeded immediately: they who were timid took to their heels—the bolder held their tongues. Even the orthodox blacksmith, seeing that the affair was becoming serious, looked round on all sides, and muttered "Nedjelaim?" (What can I do?) tucked up his sleeves, pulled out from his bag the hammer and pincers, and began to shoe the Russian's horse, grumbling between his teeth, "*Valla billa beetmi eddeem*, (I will not do it, by God!)" It must be remarked that all this took place out of Ammalât's presence. He had hardly looked at the Russians, when, in order to avoid a disagreeable rencontre, he mounted the horse which had just been shod, and galloped off to Bouinâki, where his house was situated.

While this was taking place at one end of the exercising-ground, a horseman rode up to the front of the posing soldiers. He was of middling stature, but of athletic frame, and was clothed in a shirt of linked mail, his head protected by a helmet, and in full warlike equipment, and followed by five noukers. By their dusty dress, and the foam which covered their horses, it might be seen that they had ridden far and fast. The first horseman, fixing his eye on the soldiers, advanced slowly along the piles of muskets, upsetting the two pyramids of fire-arms. The noukers, following the steps of their master, far from turning aside, coolly rode over the scattered weapons. The sentry, who had challenged them while they were yet at some distance, and warned them not to approach, seized the bit

* Go to the devil.

† The Asiatics mark their horses by burning them on their haunch with a hot iron. This peculiar mark, the στίγμα or κίρκια of the Greeks, is called "távro."

of the steed bestridden by the mail-coated horseman, while the rest of the soldiers, enraged at such an insult from a Mussulman, assailed the party with abuse. "Hold hard! Who are you?" was the challenge and question of the sentinel. "Thou must be a raw recruit if thou knowest not Sultan Akhmet Khan of Avár,"* coolly answered the man in mail, shaking off the hand of the sentry from his reins. "I think last year I left the Russians a keepsake at Báshli. Translate that for him," he said to one of his noukers. The Aváretz repeated his words in pretty intelligible Russian.

"'Tis Akhmet Khan! Akhmet Khan!" shouted the soldiers. "Seize him! hold him fast! down with him! pay him for the affair of Báshli†—the villains cut our wounded to pieces."

"Away, brute!" cried Sultan Akhmet Khan to the soldier who had again seized the bridle of his horse—"I am a Russian general."

"A Russian traitor!" roared a multitude of voices; "bring him to the Captain: drag him to Derbend, to Colonel Verkhófsky."

"'Tis only to hell I would go with such guides!" said Akhmet, with a contemptuous smile, and making his horse rear, he turned him to the right and left; then, with a blow of the nogaik,‡ he made him leap into the air, and disappeared. The noukers kept their eye on the movements of their chief, and uttering their war-cry, followed his steps, and overthrowing several of the soldiers, cleared a way for themselves into the road. After galloping off to a distance of scarce a hundred paces, the Khan rode away at a slow walk, with an expression of the greatest *sang-froid*, not deigning to look back, and coolly playing with his bridle. The crowd of Tartars assembled round the blacksmith attracted his attention. "What are you quarrelling about, friends?" asked Akhmet Khan of the nearest, rein-ing in his horse.

In sign of respect and reverence, they all applied their hands to their foreheads when they saw the Khan. The timid or peaceably disposed among them, dreading the consequences, either from the Russians or the Khan, to which this rencontre might expose them, exhibited much discomfiture at the question; but the idle, the ruffian, and the desperate—for all beheld with hatred the Russian domination—crowded turbulently round him with delight. They hurriedly told him what was the matter.

"And you stand, like buffaloes, stupidly looking on, while they force your brother to work like a brute under the yoke!" exclaimed the Khan, gloomily, to the bystanders; "while they laugh in your face at your customs, and trample your faith under their feet! and ye whine like old women, instead of revenging yourselves like men! Cowards! cowards!"

"What can we do?" cried a multitude of voices together; "the Russians have cannon—they have bayonets!"

"And ye, have ye not guns? have ye not daggers? It is not the Russians that are brave, but ye that are cowards! Shame of Mussulmans! The sword of Daghestan trembles before the Russian whip. Ye are afraid of the roll of the cannon; but ye fear not the reproach of cowardice. The *férman* of a Russian *prístav*§ is holier to you than a chapter of the Koran. Siberia frightens you more than hell. Did your forefathers act, did your forefathers think thus? They counted not their enemies, they calculated not. Outnumbered or not, they met them, bravely fought them, and gloriously died! And what fear ye? Have the Russians ribs of iron? Have their cannon no breach? Is it not by the tail that you seize the scorpion?" This address stirred the crowd. The Tartar vanity was touched to the quick. "What do we care for them? Why do we let them lord it over us

* The brother of Hassan Khan Djemontái, who became Khan of Avár by marrying the Khan's widow and heiress.

† The Russian detachment, consisting on this occasion of 3000 men, was surrounded by 60,000. These were, Ouizmi Karakaidákhsky, the Aváretzes, Akoushinetzes, the Boulínétzes of the Koi-Soú, and others. The Russians fought their way out by night, but with considerable loss.

‡ The whip of a Kazak.

§ A superintendent.

here?" was heard around. "Let us liberate the blacksmith from his work—let us liberate him!" they roared, as they narrowed their circle round the Russian soldiers, amidst whom Alék-per was shoeing the captain's horse. The confusion increased. Satisfied with the tumult he had created, Sultan Akhmèt Khan, not wishing to mix himself up in an insignificant brawl, rode out of the crowd, leaving two *noúkers* to keep alive the violent spirit among the Tartars, while, accompanied by the remainder, he rode rapidly to the *ootakh** of Ammalât.

"Mayest thou be victorious," said Sultan Akhmèt Khan to Ammalât Bek, who received him at the threshold. This ordinary salutation, in the Circassian language, was pronounced with so marked an emphasis, that Ammalât, as he kissed him, asked, "Is that a jest or a prophecy, my fair guest?"

"That depends on thee," replied the Sultan. "It is upon the right heir of the Shamkhalât† that it depends to draw the sword from the scabbard."

"To sheath it no more, Khan? An unenviable destiny. Methinks it is better to reign in Bouináki, than for an empty title to be obliged to hide in the mountains like a jackal."

"To bound from the mountains like a lion, Ammalât; and to repose, after your glorious toils, in the palace of your ancestors."

"To repose? Is it not better not to be awakened at all?"

"Would you behold but in a dream what you ought to possess in reality? The Russians are giving you the poppy, and will lull you with tales, while another plucks the golden flowers of the garden."‡

"What can I do with my force?"

"Force—that is in thy soul, Ammalât! . . . Despise dangers and

they bend before you. . . . Dost thou hear that?" added Sultan Akhmèt Khan, as the sound of firing reached them from the town. "It is the voice of victory!"

Saphir-Ali rushed into the chamber with an agitated face.

"Bouináki is in revolt," he hurriedly began; "a crowd of rioters has overpowered the detachment, and they have begun to fire from the rocks."§

"Rascals!" cried Ammalât, as he threw his gun over his shoulder. "How dared they to rise without me! Run, Saphir-Ali, threaten them with my name; kill the first who disobeys."

"I have done all I could to restrain them," said Saphir-Ali, "but none would listen to me, for the *noúkers* of Sultan Akhmèt Khan were urging them on, saying that he had ordered them to slay the Russians."

"Indeed! did my *noúkers* say that?" asked the Khan.

"They did not say so much, but they set the example," said Saphir-Ali.

"In that case they have done well," replied Sultan Akhmèt Khan: "this is brave!"

"What hast thou done, Khan!" cried Ammalât, angrily.

"What you might have done long ago!"

"How can I justify myself to the Russians?"

"With lead and steel. . . . The firing is begun. . . . Fate works for you. . . the sword is drawn. . . let us go seek the Russians!"

"They are here!" cried the Captain, who, followed by two men, had broken through the disorderly ranks of the Tartars, and dashed into the house of their chief. Confounded by the unexpected outbreak in which he was certain to be considered a party, Ammalât saluted his enraged

* The house, in Tartar, is "ev;" "outakh," mansion; and "sarái," edifice in general; "haram-khanéh," the women's apartments. For palace they employ the word "igarát." The Russians confound all these meanings in the word "sákla," which, in the Circassian language, is house.

† The father of Ammalât was the eldest of the family, and consequently the true heir to the Shamkhalât. But the Russians, having conquered Daghestán, not trusting to the good intentions of this chief, gave the power to the younger brother.

‡ A *jeu-de-mots* which the Asiatics admire much; "kizil-gulliár" means simply roses, but the Khan alludes to "kizil," ducats.

§ The Tartars, like the North American Indians, always, if possible, shelter themselves behind rocks and enclosures, &c., when engaged in battle.

guest—"Come in peace!" he said to him in Tartar.

"I care not whether I come in peace or no," answered the Captain, "but I find no peaceful reception in Bouináki. Thy Tartars, Ammalát, have dared to fire upon a soldier of mine, of yours, a subject of our Tsar."

"In very deed, 'twas absurd to fire on a Russian," said the Khan, contemptuously stretching himself on the cushions of the divan, "when they might have cut his throat."

"Here is the cause of all the mischief, Ammalát!" said the Captain, angrily, pointing to the Khan; "but for this insolent rebel not a trigger would have been pulled in Bouináki! But you have done well, Ammalát Bek, to invite Russians as friends, and to receive their foe as a guest, to shelter him as a comrade, to honour him as a friend! Ammalát Bek, this man is named in the order of the commander-in-chief; give him up."

"Captain," answered Ammalát, "with us a guest is sacred. To give him up would be a sin upon my soul, an ineffaceable shame upon my head; respect my entreaty; respect our customs."

"I will tell you, in your turn—respect the Russian laws. Remember your duty. You have sworn allegiance to the Tsar, and your oath obliges you not to spare your own brother if he is a criminal."

"Rather would I give up my brother than my guest, Sir Captain! It is not for you to judge my promises and obligations. My tribunal is Allah and the padishah! In the field, let fortune take care of the Khan; but within my threshold, beneath my roof, I am bound to be his protector, and I will be!"

"And you shall be answerable for this traitor!"

The Khan had lain in haughty silence during this dispute, breathing the smoke from his pipe: but at the word "traitor," his blood was fired, he started up, and rushed indignantly to the Captain.

"Traitor, say you?" he cried. "Say rather, that I refused to betray

him to whom I was bound by promise. The Russian padishah gave me rank, the sardar* caressed me—and I was faithful so long as they demanded of me nothing impossible or humiliating. But, all of a sudden, they wished me to admit troops into Avár—to permit fortresses to be built there; and what name should I have deserved, if I had sold the blood and sweat of the Aváretzes, my brethren! If I had attempted this, think ye that I could have done it? A thousand free daggers, a thousand unhired bullets, would have flown to the heart of the betrayer. The very rocks would have fallen on the son who could betray his father. I refused the friendship of the Russians; but I was not their enemy—and what was the reward of my just intentions, my honest counsels? I was deeply, personally insulted by the letter of one of your generals, whom I had warned. That insolence cost him dear at Báshli . . . I shed a river of blood for some few drops of insulting ink, and that river divides us for ever."

"That blood cries for vengeance!" replied the enraged Captain. "Thou shalt not escape it, robber!"

"Nor thou from me!" shouted the infuriated Khan, plunging his dagger into the body of the Captain, as he lifted his hand to seize him by the collar. Severely wounded, the officer fell groaning on the carpet.

"Thou hast undone me!" cried Ammalát, wringing his hands. "He is a Russian, and my guest!"

"There are insults which a roof cannot cover," sullenly replied the Khan. "The die is cast: it is no time to hesitate. Shut your gate, call your people, and let us attack the enemy."

"An hour ago I had no enemy . . . there are no means now for repulsing them . . . I have neither powder nor ball . . . The people are dispersed."

"They have fled!" cried Saphir-Ali in despair. "The Russians are advancing at full march over the hill. They are close at hand!"

"If so, go with me, Ammalát!" said the Khan. "I rode to Tchetchná yesterday, to raise the revolt along

* The commander-in-chief,

the line . . . What will be the end, God knows; but there is bread in the mountains. Do you consent?"

"Let us go!" . . . replied Ammalât, resolutely. . . . "When our only safety is in flight, it is no time for disputes and reproaches."

"Ho! horses, and six noukers with me!"

"And am I to go with you?" said Saphir-Ali, with tears in his eyes—"with you for weal or woe!"

"No, my good Saphir-Ali, no! Remain you here to govern the household, that our people and the strangers may not seize every thing. Give my greeting to my wife, and take her to my father-in-law, the Shamkhâl. Forget me not, and farewell!"

They had barely time to escape at full gallop by one gate, when the Russians dashed in at the other.

CHAPTER II.

The vernal noon was shining upon the peaks of Caucasus, and the loud voices of the moollahs had called the inhabitants of Tchetchná to prayer. By degrees they came forth from the mosques, and though invisible to each other from the towers on which they stood, their solitary voices, after awaking for a moment the echoes of the hills, sank to stillness in the silent air.

The moollah, Hadji Suleiman, a Turkish devotee, one of those missionaries annually sent into the mountains by the Divan of Stamboul, to spread and strengthen the faith, and to increase the detestation felt by the inhabitants for the Russians, was reposing on the roof of the mosque, having performed the usual call, ablution, and prayer. He had not been long installed as moollah of Igáli, a village of Tchetchná; and plunged in a deep contemplation of his hoary beard, and the circling smoke-wreaths that rose from his pipe, he gazed from time to time with a curious interest on the mountains, and on the defiles which lay towards the north, right before his eyes. On the left arose the precipitous ridges dividing Tchetchná from Avár, and beyond them glittered the snows of Caucasus; sáklas scattered disorderly along the ridges half-way up the mountain, and narrow paths led to these fortresses built by nature, and employed by the hill-robbers to defend their liberty, or secure their plunder. All was still in the village and the surrounding hills; there was not a human being to be seen on the roads or streets; flocks of sheep were reposing in the shade of the cliffs; the buffaloes were crowded in the muddy swamps near the springs,

with only their muzzles protruded from the marsh. Nought save the hum of the insects—nought save the monotonous chirp of the grasshopper, indicated life amid the breathless silence of the mountains; and Hadji Suleiman, stretched under the cupola, was intensely enjoying the stillness and repose of nature, so congenial to the lazy immobility of the Turkish character. Indolently he turned his eyes, whose fire was extinguished, and which no longer reflected the light of the sun, and at length they fell upon two horsemen, slowly climbing the opposite side of the declivity.

"Néptali!" cried our Moollah, turning towards a neighbouring sáklá, at the gate of which stood a saddled horse. And then a handsome Tchetchenetz, with short-cut beard, and shaggy cap covering half his face, ran out into the street. "I see two horsemen," continued the Moollah; "they are riding round the village!"

"Most likely Jews or Armenians," answered Néptali. "They do not choose to hire a guide, and will break their necks in the winding road. The wild-goats, and our boldest riders, would not plunge into these recesses without precaution."

"No, brother Néptali; I have been twice to Mecca, and have seen plenty of Jews and Armenians every where. But these riders look not like Hebrew chaffers, unless, indeed, they exchange steel for gold in the mountain road. They have no bales of merchandise. Look at them yourself from above; your eyes are surer than mine; mine have had their day, and done their work. There was a time when I could count the buttons on a Russian soldier's coat a verst off, and

my rifle never missed an infidel ; but now I could not distinguish a ram of my own afar."

By this time Néph tali was at the side of the Moollah, and was examining the travellers with an eagle glance.

"The noonday is hot, and the road rugged," said Suleiman ; "invite the travellers to refresh themselves and their horses : perhaps they have news : besides, the Koran commands us to show hospitality."

"With us in the mountains, and before the Koran, never did a stranger leave a village hungry or sad ; never did he depart without tchourek,* without blessing, without a guide ; but these people are suspicious : why do they avoid honest men, and pass our village by by-roads, and with danger to their life ?"

"It seems that they are your countrymen," said Suleiman, shading his eyes with his hand : "their dress is Tchetchná. Perhaps they are returning from a plundering exhibition, to which your father went with a hundred of his neighbours ; or perhaps they are brothers, going to revenge blood for blood."

"No, Suleiman, that is not like us. Could a mountaineer's heart refrain from coming to see his countrymen—to boast of his exploits against the Russians, and to show his booty ? These are neither avengers of blood nor Abreks—their faces are not covered by the báshlik ; besides, dress is deceptive. Who can tell that these are not Russian deserters ! The other day a Kazák, who had murdered his master, fled from Goumbet-Aoúl with his horse and arms. . . . The devil is strong !"

"He is strong in them in whom the faith is weak, Néph tali ;—yet, if I mistake not, the hinder horseman has hair flowing from under his cap."

"May I be pounded to dust, but it is so ! It is either a Russian, or, what is worse, a Tartar Shageed.† Stop a

moment, my friend ; I will comb your zilflárs for you ! In half-an-hour I will return, Suleiman, either with them,—or one of us three shall feed the mountain berkoots (eagles)."

Néph tali rushed down the stairs, threw the gun on his shoulders, leapt into his saddle and dashed down the hill, caring neither for furrow nor stone. Only the dust arose, and the pebbles streamed down after the bold horseman."

"Alla akbér !" gravely exclaimed Suleiman, and lit his pipe.

Néph tali soon came up with the strangers. Their horses were covered with foam, and the sweat-drops rained from them on the narrow path by which they were climbing the mountain. The first was clothed in a shirt of mail, the other in the Circassian dress : except that he wore a Persian sabre instead of a sháshka,‡ suspended by a laced girdle. His left arm was covered with blood, bound up with a handkerchief, and supported by the sword-knot. The faces of both were concealed. For some time he rode behind them along the slippery path, which overhung a precipice ; but at the first open space he galloped by them, and turned his horse round. "Salám aleikom !" said he, opposing their passage along the rugged and half-built road among the rocks, as he made ready his arms. The foremost horseman suddenly wrapped his boúrka§ round his face, so as to leave visible only his knit brows : "Aleikom Salám !" answered he, cocking his gun, and fixing himself in the saddle.

"God give you a good journey !" said Néph tali, repeating the usual salutation, and preparing, at the first hostile movement, to shoot the stranger.

"God give you enough of sense not to interrupt the traveller," replied his antagonist, impatiently : "What would you wish us, Kounák ?" ||

"I offer you rest, and a brother's repast, barley and stalls for your horses.

* A kind of dried bread.

† The mountaineers are bad Mussulmans, the Sooni sect is predominant ; but the Daghestánetzes are in general Shageeds, as the Persians. The sects hate each other with all their heart.

‡ The Circassian sabre.

§ A rough cloak, used as a protection in bad weather.

|| Friend, comrade.

My threshold flourishes by hospitality : the blessing of the stranger increaseth the flock, and giveth sharpness to the sword of the master. Fix not the seal of reproach on our whole village. Let them not say, 'They have seen travellers in the heat of noon, and have not refreshed them nor sheltered them.'"

"We thank you for your kindness ; but we are not wont to take forced hospitality ; and haste is even more necessary for us than rest."

"You ride to your death without a guide."

Guide !" exclaimed the traveller ; "I know every step of the Caucasus. I have been where your serpents climb not, your tigers cannot mount, your eagles cannot fly. Make way, comrade : thy threshold is not on God's high-road, and I have no time to prate with thee."

"I will not yield a step, till I know who and whence you are !"

"Insolent scoundrel, out of my way, or thy mother shall beg thy bones from the jackall and the wind ! Thank your luck, Néphtali, that thy father and I have eaten one another's salt ; and often have ridden by his side in the battle. Unworthy son ! thou art rambling about the roads, and ready to attack the peaceable travellers, while thy father's corse lies rotting on the fields of Russia, and the wives of the Kazáks are selling his arms in the bazar. Néphtali, thy father was slain yesterday beyond the Terek. Dost thou know me now ?"

"Sultan Akhmet Khan !" cried the Tchetchenetz, struck by the piercing look and by the terrible news. His voice was stifled, and he fell forward on his horse's neck in inexpressible grief.

"Yes, I am Sultan Akhmet Khan ! but grave this in your memory, Néphtali—that if you say to any one, 'I have seen the Khan of Avár,' my vengeance will live from generation to generation."

The strangers passed on, the Khan in silence, plunged, as it seemed, in painful recollections ; Ammalât (for it was he) in gloomy thought. The dress of both bore witness to recent fighting ; their mustaches were singed by the priming, and splashes of blood had dried upon their faces ; but the proud look of the first seemed to defy to the combat fate and chance ; a gloomy

smile, of hate mingled with scorn, contracted his lip. On the other hand, on the features of Ammalât exhaustion was painted. He could hardly turn his languid eyes ; and from time to time a groan escaped him, caused by the pain of his wounded arm. The uneasy pace of the Tartar horse, unaccustomed to the mountain roads, renewed the torment of his wound. He was the first to break the silence.

"Why have you refused the offer of these good people ? We might have stopped an hour or two to repose, and at dewfall we could have proceeded."

"You think so, because you feel like a young man, dear Ammalât : you are used to rule your Tartars like slaves, and you fancy that you can conduct yourself with the same ease among the free mountaineers. The hand of fate weighs heavily upon us ;—we are defeated and flying. Hundreds of brave mountaineers—your noukars and my own—have fallen in fight with the Russians ; and the Tchetchenetz has seen turned to flight the face of Sultan Akhmet Khan, which they are wont to behold the star of victory ! To accept the beggar's repast, perhaps to hear reproaches for the death of fathers and sons, carried away by me in this rash expedition—'twould be to lose their confidence for ever. Time will pass, tears will dry up ; the thirst of vengeance will take place of grief for the dead ; and then again Sultan Akhmet will be seen the prophet of plunder and of blood. Then again the battle-signal shall echo through the mountains, and I shall once more lead flying bands of avengers into the Russian limits. If I go now, in the moment of defeat, the Tchetchenetz will judge that Allah giveth and taketh away victory. They may offend me by rash words, and with me an offence is ineffaceable ; and the revenge of a personal offence would obstruct the road that leads me to the Russians. Why, then, provoke a quarrel with a brave people—and destroy the idol of glory on which they are wont to gaze with rapture ? Never does man appear so mean as in weakness, when every one can measure his strength with him fearlessly : besides, you need a skilful leech, and nowhere will you find a better than at my house. To-morrow we shall be at home ; have patience until then."

With a gesture of gratitude Ammalât Bek placed his hand upon his heart and forehead: he perfectly felt the truth of the Khan's words, but exhaustion for many hours had been overwhelming him. Avoiding the villages, they passed the night among the rocks, eating a handful of millet boiled in honey, without which the mountaineers seldom set out on a journey. Crossing the Koi-Sou by the bridge near Asheért, quitting its northern branch, and leaving behind them Andéh, and the country of the Boulinetzes of the Koi-Sou, and the naked chain of Salataou. A rude path lay before them, winding among forests and cliffs terrible to body and soul; and they began to climb the last chain which separated them on the north from Khounzák or Avár, the capital of the Khans. The forest, and then the underwood, had gradually disappeared from the naked flint of the mountain, on which cloud and tempest could hardly wander. To reach the summit, our travellers were compelled to ride alternately to the right and to the left, so precipitous was the ascent of the rocks. The experienced steed of the Khan stepped cautiously and surely from stone to stone, feeling his way with his hoofs, and when they slipped, gliding on his haunches down the declivities: while the ardent fiery horse of Ammalât, trained in the hills of Daghestán, fretted, curveted, and slipped. Deprived of his customary grooming, he could not support a two days' flight under the intense cold and burning sunshine of the mountains, travelling among sharp rocks, and nourished only by the scanty herbage of the crevices. He snorted heavily as he climbed higher and higher; the sweat streamed from his pommel; his large nostrils were dry and parched, and foam boiled from his bit. "Allah berekét!" exclaimed Ammalât, as he reached the crest from which there opened before him a view of Avár: but at the very moment his exhausted horse fell under him; the blood spouted from his open mouth, and his last breath burst the saddle-girth.

The Khan assisted the Bek to extricate himself from the stirrups; but observed with alarm that his efforts had displaced the bandage on Ammalât's wounded arm, and that the blood was soaking through it afresh. The young man, it seemed, was insensible

to pain; tears were rolling down his face upon the dead horse. So one drop fills not, but overflows the cup. "Thou wilt never more bear me like down upon the wind," he said, "nor hear behind thee from the dust-cloud of the race, the shouts, unpleasing to the rival, the acclamations of the people: in the blaze of battle no more shalt thou carry me from the iron rain of the Russian cannon. With thee I gained the fame of a warrior—why should I survive, or it, or thee?" He bent his face upon his knee, and remained silent a long time, while the Khan carefully bound up his wounded arm: at length Ammalât raised his head: "Leave me!" he cried, resolutely: "leave, Sultan Akhmet Khan, a wretch to his fate! The way is long, and I am exhausted. By remaining with me, you will perish in vain. See! the eagle soars around us; he knows that my heart will soon quiver beneath his talons, and I thank God! Better find an airy grave in the maw of a bird of prey, than leave my corse beneath a Christian foot. Farewell, linger not."

"For shame, Ammalât! you trip against a straw. . . . What the great harm? You are wounded, and your horse is dead. Your wound will be soon healed, and we will find you a better horse! Allah sendeth not misfortunes alone. In the flower of your age, and the full vigour of your faculties, it is a sin to despair. Mount my horse, I will lead him by the bridle, and by night we shall be at home. Time is precious!"

"For me, time is no more, Sultan Akhmet Khan I thank you heartily for your brotherly care, but I cannot take advantage of it you yourself cannot support a march on foot after such fatigue. I repeat . . . leave me to my fate. Here, on these inaccessible heights, I will die free and contented . . . And what is there to recall me to life! My parents lie under the earth, my wife is blind, my uncle and father-in-law the Shamkhál are cowering at Tarki before the Russians the Giaour is revelling in my native land, in my inheritance; and I myself am a wanderer from my home, a runaway from battle. I neither can, nor ought to live."

"You ought not to talk such nonsense, dear Ammalât:—and nothing but fever can excuse you. We are

created that we may live longer than our fathers. For wives, if one has not teased you enough, we will find you three more. If you love not the Shamkhál, yet love your own inheritance—you ought to live, if but for that; since to a dead man power is useless, and victory impossible. Revenge on the Russians is a holy duty: live, if but for that. That we are beaten, is no novelty for a warrior; to-day luck is theirs, to-morrow it falls to us. Allah gives fortune; but a man creates his own glory, not by fortune, but by firmness. Take courage, my friend Ammalát. . . . You are wounded and weak; I am strong from habit, and not fatigued by flight. Mount! and we may yet live to beat the Russians."

The colour returned to Ammalát's face . . . "Yes, I will live for revenge!" he cried: "for revenge both secret and open. Believe me, Sultan Akhmet Khan, it is only for this that I accept your generosity! Henceforth I am yours; I swear by the graves of my fathers. . . . I am yours! Guide my steps, direct the strokes of my arm; and if ever, drowned in softness, I forget my oath, remind me of this moment, of this mountain peak: Ammalát Bek will awake, and his dagger will be lightning!"

The Khan embraced him, as he lifted the excited youth into the saddle. "Now I behold in you the pure blood of the Emírs!" said he: "the burning blood of their children, which flows in our veins like the sulphur in the entrails of the rocks, which, ever and anon inflaming, shakes and topples down the crags." Steadying with one hand the wounded man in the saddle, the Khan began cautiously to descend the rugged croft. Occasionally the stones fell rattling from under their feet, or the horse slid downward over the smooth granite, so that they were well pleased to reach the mossy slopes. By degrees, creeping plants began to appear, spreading their green sheets; and, waving from the crevices like fans, they hung down in long ringlets like ribbons or flags. At length they reached a thick wood of nut-trees; then came the oak, the wild cherry, and, lower still, the tchinár,* and the tchin-dár. The variety, the wealth of vege-

tation, and the majestic silence of the umbrageous forest, produced a kind of involuntary adoration of the wild strength of nature. Ever and anon, from the midnight darkness of the boughs, there dawned, like the morning, glimpses of meadows, covered with a fragrant carpet of flowers untrodden by the foot of man. The pathway at one time lost itself in the depth of the thicket; at another, crept forth upon the edge of the rock, below which gleamed and murmured a rivulet, now foaming over the stones, then again slumbering on its rocky bed, under the shade of the barberry and the eglantine. Pheasants, sparkling with their rainbow tails, flitted from shrub to shrub; flights of wild pigeons flew over the crags, sometimes in an horizontal troop, sometimes like a column, rising to the sky; and sunset flooded all with its airy purple, and light mists began to rise from the narrow gorges: every thing breathed the freshness of evening. Our travellers were now near the village of Aki, and separated only by a hill from Khounzákh. A low crest alone divided them from that village, when the report of a gun resounded from the mountain, and, like an ominous signal, was repeated by the echoes of the cliffs. The travellers halted irresolute: the echoes by degrees sank into stillness. "Our hunters!" cried Sultan Akhmet Khan, wiping the sweat from his face: "they expect me not, and think not to meet me here! Many tears of joy, and many of sorrow, do I bear to Khounzákh!" Unfeigned sorrow was expressed in the face of Akhmet Khan. Vividly does every soft and every savage sentiment play on the features of the Asiatic.

Another report soon interrupted his meditation; then another, and another. Shot answered shot, and at length thickened into a warm fire. "'Tis the Russians!" cried Ammalát, drawing his sabre. He pressed his horse with the stirrup, as though he would have leaped over the ridge at a single bound; but in a moment his strength failed him, and the blade fell ringing on the ground, as his arm dropped heavily by his side. "Khan!" said he, dismounting, "go to the succour of your people; your face will be

* Tchinár, the palmated-legged plane.

worth more to them than a hundred warriors."

The Khan heard him not; he was listening intently for the flight of the balls, as if he would distinguish those of the Russian from the Avárian. "Have they, besides the agility of the goat, stolen the wings of the eagle of Kazbéc? Can they have reached our inaccessible fastnesses?" said he, leaning to the saddle, with his foot already in the stirrup. "Farewell, Ammalât!" he cried at length, listening to the firing, which now grew hotter: "I go to perish on the ruins I have made, after striking like a thunderbolt!" At this moment a bullet whistled by, and fell at his feet. Bending down and picking it up, his face was lighted with a smile. He quietly took his foot from the stirrup, and turning to Ammalât, "Mount!" said he, "you shall presently find with your own eyes an answer to this riddle. The Russian bullets are of lead; but this is copper*—an Aváretz, my dear countryman. Besides, it comes from the south, where the Russians cannot be."

They ascended to the summit of the crest, and before their view opened two villages, situated on the opposite sides of a deep ravine; from behind them came the firing. The inhabitants sheltering themselves behind rocks and hedges, were firing at each other. Between them the women were incessantly running, sobbing and weeping when any combatant, approaching the edge of the ravine, fell wounded. They carried stones, and, regardless of the whistling of the balls, fearlessly piled them up, so as to make a kind of defence. Cries of joy arose from one side or the other, as a wounded adversary was carried from the field; a groan of sorrow ascended in the air when one of their kinsmen or comrades was hit. Ammalât gazed at the combat for some time with surprise, a combat in which there was a great deal more noise than

execution. At length he turned an enquiring eye upon the Khan.

"With us these are everyday affairs!" he answered, delightedly marking each report. "Such skirmishes cherish among us a warlike spirit and warlike habits. With you, private quarrels end in a few blows of the dagger; among us they become the common business of whole villages, and any trifle is enough to occasion them. Probably they are fighting about some cow that has been stolen. With us it is no disgrace to steal in another village—the shame is, to be found out. Admire the coolness of our women; the balls are whizzing about like gnats, yet they pay no attention to them! Worthy wives and mothers of brave men! To be sure, there would be eternal disgrace to him who could wound a woman, yet no man can answer for a ball. A sharp eye may aim it; but blind chance carries it to the mark. But darkness is falling from heaven, and dividing these enemies for a moment. Let us hasten to my kinsmen."

Nothing but the expérience of the Khan could have saved our travellers from frequent falls in the precipitous descent to the river Ouzén. Ammalât could see scarcely any thing before him; the double veil of night and weakness enveloped his eyes; his head turned: he beheld, as it were in a dream, when they again mounted an eminence, the gate and watch-tower of the Khan's house. With an uncertain foot he dismounted in a courtyard, surrounded by shouting nóúkers and attendants; and he had hardly stepped over the grated threshold when his breath failed him—a deadly paleness poured its snow over the wounded man's face; and the young Bek, exhausted by loss of blood, fatigued by travel, hunger, and anguish of soul, fell senseless on the embroidered carpets.

* Having no lead, the Aváretzes use balls of copper, as they possess small mines of that metal.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. VI.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

"VIVERE VOVO—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango."

FAST, in its prison-walls of earth,
 Awaits the mould of bakèd clay.
 Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—
 THE BELL that shall be born to-day!
 And wearily now,
 With the sweat of the brow,
 Shall the work win its grace in the master's eye,
 But the blessing that hallows must come from high.

And well an earnest word beseems
 The work the earnest hand prepares;
 Its load more light the labour deems,
 When sweet discourse the labour shares.
 So let us ponder—nor in vain—
 What strength has wrought when labour wills;
 For who would not the fool disdain
 Who ne'er can feel what he fulfills?
 And well it stamps our Human Race,
 And hence the gift To UNDERSTAND,
 When in the musing heart we trace
 Whate'er we fashion with the hand.

From the fir the fagot take,
 Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
 That the gather'd flame may break
 Through the furnace, wroth and high.
 Smolt the copper within—
 Quick—the brass with the tin,
 That the glutinous fluid that feeds the Bell
 May flow in the right course glib and well.

What now these mines so deeply shroud,
 What Force with Fire is moulding thus,
 Shall from yon steeple, oft and loud,
 Speak, witnessing of us!
 It shall, in later days unfailing,
 Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
 Its solemn voice with Sorrow wailing,
 Or choral chiming to Devotion.
 Whatever sound in man's deep breast
 Fate wakens, through his winding track,
 Shall strike that metal-crownèd crest,
 Which rings the moral answer back.

*

See the silvery bubbles spring!
 Good! the mass is melting now!
 Let the salts we duly bring
 Purge the flood, and speed the flow.
 From the dross and the scum,
 Pure, the fusion must come;
 For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
 That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
 The cherish'd child shall welcome in ;
 What time the rosy dreams of life,
 In the first slumber's arms begin.
 As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
 Repose the days, or foul or fair ;
 And watchful o'er that golden morning,
 The Mother-Love's untiring care !

And swift the years like arrows fly—
 No more with girls content to play,
 Bounds the proud Boy upon his way,
 Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
 With pilgrim staff the wide world measures ;
 And, wearied with the wish to roam,
 Again seeks, stranger-like, the Father-Home.
 And, lo, as some sweet vision breaks
 Out from its native morning skies,
 With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
 The Virgin stands before his eyes.
 A nameless longing seizes him !
 From all his wild companions flown ;
 Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim ;
 He wanders all alone.
 Blushing, he glides where'er she move ;
 Her greeting can transport him ;
 To every mead to deck his love,
 The happy wild-flowers court him !
 Sweet Hope—and tender Longing—ye
 The growth of Life's first Age of Gold ;
 When the heart, swelling, seems to see
 The gates of heaven unfold !
 O Love, the beautiful and brief ! O prime,
 Glory, and verdure, of life's summer time !

*

Browning o'er the pipes are simmering,
 Dip this fairy rod within ;
 If like glass the surface glimmering,
 Then the casting may begin.
 Brisk, brisk to the rest—
 Quick!—the fusion to test ;
 And welcome, my merry men, welcome the sign,
 If the ductile and brittle united combine.

For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
 And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
 Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong :
 So be it with thee, if for ever united,
 The heart to the heart flows in one, love-delighted ;
 Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long.

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
 With her virgin wreath, the Bride !
 To the love-feast clearly ringing,
 Tolls the church-bell far and wide !
 With that sweetest holyday,
 Must the May of Life depart ;
 With the cestus loosed—away
 Flies ILLUSION from the heart !
 Yet Love lingers lonely,
 When Passion is mute,
 And the blossoms may only
 Give way to the fruit.

The Husband must enter
 The hostile life,
 With struggle and strife,
 To plant or to watch,
 To snare or to snatch,
 To pray and importune,
 Must wager and venture
 And hunt down his fortune!

Then flows in a current the gear and the gain,
 And the garners are fill'd with the gold of the grain,
 Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the centre!

Within sits Another,
 The thrifty Housewife;
 The mild one, the mother—
 Her home is her life.
 In its circle she rules,
 And the daughters she schools,
 And she cautions the boys,
 With a bustling command,
 And a diligent hand
 Employ'd she employs;
 Gives order to store,
 And the much makes the more;

Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with lavender smelling,
 And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
 And she hoards in the presses, well polish'd and full,
 The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
 Blends the sweet with the good, and from care and endeavour
 Rests never!

Blithe the Master (where the while
 From his roof he sees them smile)
 Eyes the lands, and counts the gain;
 There, the beams projecting far,
 And the laden store-house are,
 And the granaries bow'd beneath
 The blessings of the golden grain;
 There, in undulating motion,
 Wave the corn-fields like an ocean.
 Proud the boast the proud lips breathe:—
 "My house is built upon a rock,
 And sees unmoved the stormy shock
 Of waves that fret below!"
 What chain so strong, what girth so great,
 To bind the giant form of Fate?—
 Swift are the steps of Woe.

*

Now the casting may begin;
 See the breach indented there:
 Ere we run the fusion in,
 Halt—and speed the pious prayer!
 Pull the bung out—
 See around and about

What vapour, what vapour—God help us!—has risen?—
 Ha! the flame like a torrent leaps forth from its prison!

What, friend, is like the might of fire
 When man can watch and wield the ire?
 Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
 Still to that heaven-descended glow.
 But dread the heaven-descended glow,
 When from their chain its wild wings go,

When, where it listeth, wide and wild
 Sweeps the free Nature's free-born Child!
 When the Frantic One fleets,
 While no force can withstand,
 Through the populous streets
 Whirling ghastly the brand;
 For the Element hates
 What Man's labour creates,
 And the work of his hand!
 Impartially out from the cloud,
 Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
 Benignantly out from the cloud
 Come the dews, the revivers of all!
 Avengingly out from the cloud
 Come the levin, the bolt, and the ball!
 Hark—a wail from the steeple!—aloud
 The bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
 Look—look—red as blood
 All on high!
 It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
 The sky!
 What a clamour awaking
 Roars up through the street,
 What a hell-vapour breaking
 Rolls on through the street,
 And higher and higher
 Aloft moves the Column of Fire!
 Through the vistas and rows
 Like a whirlwind it goes,
 And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.
 Beams are crackling—posts are shrinking—
 Walls are sinking—windows clinking—
 Children crying—
 Mothers flying—
 And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)
 Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder!
 Hurry and skurry—away—away,
 And the face of the night is as clear as day!
 As the links in a chain,
 Again and again
 Flies the bucket from hand to hand;
 High in arches up-rushing
 The engines are gushing,
 And the flood, as a beast on the prey that it hounds,
 With a roar on the breast of the element bounds.
 To the grain and the fruits,
 Through the rafters and beams,
 Through the barns and the garner's it crackles and streams!
 As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
 Rush the flames to the sky
 Giant-high;
 And at length,
 Wearied out and despairing, man bows to their strength!
 With an idle gaze sees their wrath consume,
 And submits to his doom!
 Desolate
 The place, and dread
 For storms the barren bed.
 In the deserted gaps that casements were,
 Looks forth despair;
 And, where the roof hath been,
 Peer the pale clouds within!

One look
 Upon the grave
 Of all that Fortune gave
 The loiterer took—
 Then grasps his staff. Whate'er the fire bereft,
One blessing, sweeter than all else, is left—
The faces that he loves! He counts them o'er—
 And, see—not one dear look is missing from *that store!*

Now clasp'd the bell within the clay—
 The mould the mingled metals fill—
 Oh, may it, sparkling into day,
 Reward the labour and the skill!
 Alas! should it fail,
 For the mould may be frail—
 And still with our hope must be mingled the fear—
 And, even now, while we speak, the mishap may be near!

To the dark womb of sacred earth
 This labour of our hands is given,
 As seeds that wait the second birth,
 And turn to blessings watch'd by heaven!
 Ah seeds, how dearer far than they
 We bury in the dismal tomb,
 Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray
 That suns beyond the realm of day
 May warm them into bloom!

From the steeple
 Tolls the bell,
 Deep and heavy,
 The death-knell!
 Measured and solemn, guiding up the road
 A wearied wanderer to the last abode.
 It is that worship'd wife—
 It is that faithful mother!*
 Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted,
 From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.
 Far from those blithe companions, born
 Of her, and blooming in their morn;
 On whom, when couch'd, her heart above
 So often look'd the Mother-Love!

Ah! rent the sweet Home's union-band,
 And never, never more to come—
 She dwells within the shadowy land,
 Who was the Mother of that Home!
 How oft they miss that tender guide,
 The care—the watch—the face—the ~~MOTHER~~—
 And where she sate the babes beside,
 Sits with unloving looks—~~ANOTHER!~~

While the mass is cooling now,
 Let the labour yield to leisure,
 As the bird upon the bough,
 Loose the travail to the pleasure.
 When the soft stars awaken,
 Each task be forsaken!

* The translation adheres to the original, in forsaking the rhyme in these lines and some others.

And the vesper-bell lulling the earth into peace,
If the master still toil, chimes the workman's release!

Gleesome and gay,
On the welcoming way,
Through the wood glides the wanderer home!
And the eye and ear are meeting,
Now, the slow sheep homeward bleating—
Now, the wonted shelter near,
Lowing the lusty-fronted steer;
Creaking now the heavy wain,
Reels with the happy harvest grain.
While with many-coloured leaves,
Glitters the garland on the sheaves;
And the mower and the maid
Bound to the dance beneath the shade!
Desert street, and quiet mart;—
Silence is in the city's heart;
Round the taper burning cheerly,
Gather the groups HOME loves so dearly;
And the gate the town before
Heavily swings with sullen roar!

Though darkness is spreading
O'er earth—the Upright
And the Honest, undreading,
Look safe on the night.
Which the evil man watches in awe,
For the Eye of the Night is the Law!
Bliss-dower'd! O daughter of the skies,
Hail, holy ORDER, whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy—
Builder of Cities, who of old
Call'd the wild man from waste and wold.
And in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling;
And, best of all the happy ties,
The centre of the social band,—
The Instinct of the Fatherland!

United thus—each helping each,
Brisk work the countless hands for ever;
For nought its power to strength can teach,
Like Emulation and Endeavour!
Thus link'd the master with the man,
Each in his rights can each revere,
And while they march in freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear!
To freemen labour is renown!
Who works—gives blessings and commands;
Kings glory in the orb and crown—
Be ours the glory of our hands.

Long in these walls—long may we greet
Your footfalls, Peace and Concord sweet!
Distant the day, Oh! distant far,
When the rude hordes of trampling War
Shall scare the silent vale;
And where,
Now the sweet heaven when day doth leave
The air;
Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of Eve;

Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale,
From town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

Now, its destined task fulfill'd,
Asunder break the prison-mould ;
Let the goodly Bell we build,
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave,
Till the cover it cleave.

For the Bell to rise up to the freedom of day,
Destruction must seize on the shape of the clay.

To break the mould, the master may,
If skill'd the hand and ripe the hour ;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come !
When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season ;
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State that thrives no more !
Yea, woe, when in the City's heart,
The latent spark to flame is blown ;
And Millions from their silence start,
To claim, without a guide, their own !
Discordant howls the warning Bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war :
" Freedom ! Equality !"—to blood,
Rush the roused people at the sound !
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
And banded murder closes round !
The hyæna-shapes, that women were !
Jest with the horrors they survey ;
They hound—they rend—they mangle there—
As panthers with their prey !
Nought rests to hallow—burst the ties
Of life's sublime and reverent awe ;
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And Universal Crime is Law !
Man fears the lion's kingly tread ;
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror ;
And still the dreadliest of the dread,
Is Man himself in error !
No torch, though lit from Heaven, illumes
The Blind!—Why place it in his hand ?
It lights not him—it but consumes
The City and the Land !

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies !
The kernel bursts its husk—behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Clear shining, as a star of gold !
Neck and lip, but as one beam,
It laughs like a sun-beam.
And even the scutcheon, clear graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashion'd the Bell !

Come in—come in
 My merry men—we'll form a ring
 The new-born labour christening;
 And "CONCORD" we will name her!—
 To union may her heart-felt call
 In brother-love attune us all!
 May she the destined glory win
 For which the master sought to frame her—
 Aloft—(all earth's existence under,)
 In blue-pavilion'd heaven afar
 To dwell—the Neighbour of the Thunder,
 The Borderer of the Star!
 Be hers above a voice to raise
 Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere,
 Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
 And lead around the wreathèd year!
 To solemn and eternal things
 We dedicate her lips sublime!—
 To fan—as hourly on she swings
 The silent plumes of Time!—
 No pulse—no heart—no feeling hers!
 She lends the warning voice to Fate;
 And still companions, while she stirs,
 The changes of the Human State!
 So may she teach us, as her tone
 But now so mighty, melts away—
 That earth no life which earth has known
 From the Last Silence can delay!

Slowly now the cords upheave her!
 From her earth-grave soars the Bell;
 Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her
 In the Music-Realm to dwell!
 Up—upwards—yet raise—
 She has risen—she sways.
 Fair Bell to our city bode joy and increase,
 And oh, may thy first sound be hallow'd to—PEACE!*

VOTIVE TABLETS.

What the God taught me—what, through life, my friend
 And aid hath been,
 With pious hand, and grateful, I suspend
 The temple walls within.

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Foster the Good, and thou shalt tend the Flower
 Already sown on earth;—
 Foster the Beautiful, and every hour
 Thou call'st new flowers to birth!

* Written in the time of the French war.

To ———.

Give me that which thou know'st—I'll receive and attend ;—
But thou giv'st me *thyself*—pri'thee spare me, my friend.

GENIUS.

That which hath been can INTELLECT declare,
What Nature built—it imitates or gilds—
And REASON builds o'er Nature—but in air—
Genius alone in Nature—Nature builds.

CORRECTNESS—(Free translation.)

The calm correctness where no fault we see
Attests Art's loftiest—or its least degree ;
Alike the smoothness of the surface shows
The Pool's dull stagnor—the great Sea's repose!

THE IMITATOR.

Good out of good—*that* art is known to all—
But Genius from the bad the good can call—
Thou, mimic, not from leading strings escaped,
Work'st but the matter that's already shaped!
The already shaped a nobler hand awaits—
All matter asks a spirit that creates.

THE MASTER.

The herd of Scribes by what they tell us
Show all in which their wits excel us ;
But the true Master we behold
In what his art leaves—just untold!

TO THE MYSTIC.

That is the real mystery which around
All life, is found ;—
Which still before all eyes for aye has been,
Nor eye hath seen!

ASTRONOMICAL WORKS.

All measureless, all infinite in awe,
 Heaven to great souls is given—
 And yet the sprite of littleness can draw
 Down to its inch—the Heaven!

THE DIVISION OF RANKS.

Yes, there's a patent of nobility
 Above the meanness of our common state;
 With what they *do* the vulgar natures buy
 Its titles—and with what they *are*, the great!

THEOPHANY.

When draw the Prosperous near me, I forget
 The gods of heaven; but where
 Sorrow and suffering in my sight are set,
 The gods, I feel, are there!

THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

What the chief end of Man?—Behold yon tree,
 And let it teach thee, Friend!
Will what that will-less yearns for;—and for thee
 Is compass'd Man's chief end!

ULYSSES.

To gain his home all oceans he explored—
 Here Scylla frown'd—and there Charybdis roar'd;
 Horror on sea—and horror on the land—
 In hell's dark boat he sought the spectre land,
 Till borne—a slumberer—to his native spot
 He woke—and sorrowing, knew his country not!

JOVE TO HERCULES.

'Twas not my nectar made thy strength divine,
 But 'twas thy strength which made my nectar thine!

THE SOWER.

See, full of hope, thou trustest to the earth
 The golden seed, and waitest till the spring
 Summons the buried to a happier birth ;
 But in Time's furrow duly scattering,
 Think'st thou, how deeds by wisdom sown may be,
 Silently ripen'd for Eternity ?

THE MERCHANT.

Where sails the ship ?—It leads the Tyrian forth
 For the rich amber of the liberal North.
 Be kind ye seas—winds lend your gentlest wing,
 May in each creek, sweet wells restoring spring !—
 To you, ye gods, belong the Merchant !—o'er
 The waves, his sails the wide world's goods explore ;
 And, all the while, wherever waft the gales,
 The wide world's good sails with him as he sails !

COLUMBUS.

Steer on, bold Sailor—Wit may mock thy soul that sees the land,
 And hopeless at the helm may drop the weak and weary hand,
 YET EVER—EVER TO THE WEST, for there the coast must lie,
 And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns before thy reason's eye ;
 Yea, trust the guiding God—and go along the floating grave,
 Though hid till now—yet now, behold the New World o'er the wave !
 With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
 And ever what the One foretels the Other shall fulfil.

THE ANTIQUE TO THE NORTHERN WANDERER.

And o'er the river hast thou past, and o'er the mighty sea,
 And o'er the Alps, the dizzy bridge hath borne thy steps to me ;
 To look all near upon the bloom my deathless beauty knows,
 And, face to face, to front the pomp whose fame through ages goes—
 Gaze on, and touch my relics now ! At last thou standest here,
 But art thou nearer now to me—or I to thee more near ?

THE ANTIQUE AT PARIS.

What the Grecian arts created,
 May the victor Gaul, elated,
 Bear with banners to his strand.*
 In museums many a row,
 May the conquering showman show
 To his startled Fatherland !

* To the shore of the Seine.

Mute to him, they crowd the halls,
 Ever on their pedestals
 Lifeless stand they!—He alone
 Who alone, the Muses seeing,
 Clasps—can warm them into being;
 The Muses to the Vandal—stone!

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

“ Who would himself with shadows entertain,
 Or gild his life with lights that shine in vain,
 Or nurse false hopes that do but cheat the true?
 Though with my dream my heaven should be resign'd—
 Though the free-pinion'd soul that now can dwell
 In the large empire of the Possible,
 This work-day life with iron chains may bind,
 Yet thus the mastery o'er ourselves we find,
 And solemn duty to our acts decreed,
 Meets us thus tutor'd in the hour of need,
 With a more sober and submissive mind!
 How front Necessity—yet bid thy youth
 Shun the mild rule of life's calm sovereign, Truth.”

So speak'st thou, friend, how stronger far than I;
 As from Experience—that sure port serene—
 Thou look'st; and straight, a coldness wraps the sky,
 The summer glory withers from the scene,
 Scared by the solemn spell; behold them fly,
 The godlike images that seem'd so fair!
 Silent the playful Muse—the rosy Hours
 Halt in their dance; and the May-breathing flowers
 Fall from the sister-Graces' waving hair.
 Sweet-mouth'd Apollo breaks his golden lyre,
 Hermes, the wand with many a marvel rife;—
 The veil, rose-woven by the young Desire
 With dreams, drops from the hueless cheeks of Life.
 The world seems what it *is*—A Grave! and Love
 Casts down the bondage wound his eyes above,
 And *sees*!—He sees but images of clay
 Where he dream'd gods; and sighs—and glides away.
 The youngness of the Beautiful grows old,
 And on thy lips the bride's sweet kiss seems cold;
 And in the crowd of joys—upon thy throne
 Thou sitt'st in state, and harden'st into stone.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART XII.

THE PARSONAGE.

It was not without misgiving that I knocked modestly at the door of Mr Jehu Tomkins. For himself, there was no solidity in his moral composition, nothing to grapple or rely upon. He was a small weak man of no character at all, and but for his powerful wife and active partner, would have become the smallest of unknown quantities in the respectable parish that contained him. Upon his own weak shoulders he could not have sustained the burden of an establishment, and must inevitably have dwindled into the lightest of light porters, or the most aged of errand-boys. Nothing could have saved him from the operation of a law, as powerful and certain as that of gravitation, in virtue of which the soft and empty-headed of this world walk to the wall, and resign, without a murmur, their places to their betters. As for the deaconess, I have said already that the fact of her being a lady, and the possessor of a heart, constituted the only ground of hope that I could have in reference to her. This I felt to be insecure enough when I held the knocker in my hand, and remembered all at once the many little tales that I had heard, every one of which went far to prove that ladies may be ladies without the generous weakness of their sex,—and carry hearts about with them as easily as they carry bags.

My first application was unsuccessful. The deacon was not at home. "Mr Tomkins and his lady had gone to hear the Reverend Doctor Whitefroth,"—a northern and eccentric light, now blazing for a time in the metropolis. It is a curious fact, and worthy to be recorded, that Mr Tomkins, and Mr Buster, and every non-conformist whom I had hitherto encountered, never professed to visit the house of prayer with any other object than that of *hearing*. It was never by any accident to worship or to pray. What, in truth was the vast but lowly looking building, into which hundreds crowded with the dapper deacon at their head, sabbath after sabbath—what but a temple sacred to

vanity and excitement, eloquence and perspiration! Which one individual, taken at random from the concourse, was not ready to declare that his business there that day was "to hear the dear good man," and nothing else? If you could lay bare—as, thank Heaven, you cannot—your fellow-creature's heart, whither would you behold stealing away the adoration that, in such a place, in such a time, is due to one alone—whither, if not to Mr Clayton? But let this pass.

I paid a second visit to my friend, and gained admittance. It was about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, and the shop had been closed some twenty minutes before. I was ushered into a well-furnished room behind the shop, where sat the firm—Mrs Jehu and the junior partner. The latter looked into his lady's face, perceived a smile upon it, and then—but not till then, he offered me his hand, and welcomed me with much apparent warmth. This ceremony over, Mr Tomkins grew fidgety and uneasy, and betrayed a great anxiety to get up a conversation which he had not heart enough to set a-going. Mrs Tomkins, a woman of the world, evinced no anxiety at all, sat smiling, and in peace. I perceived immediately that I must state at once the object of my visit, and I proceeded to the task.

"Mrs Tomkins," I commenced.

"Sir?" said that lady, and then a postman's knock brought us to a stop, and Jehu skipped across the room to listen at the door.

"That's him, my dear *Jemima*," exclaimed the linen-draper, "I know his knock," and then he skipped as quickly to his chair again.

The door of the apartment was opened by a servant girl, who entered the room alone and approached her mistress with a card. Mrs Tomkins looked at it through her eye-glass, said "she was most happy," and the servant then retired. The card was placed upon the table near me, and, as I believe, for my inspection. I took it up, and read the following

words, "*Mr Stanislaus Levisohn*." They were engraven in the centre of the paper, and were surrounded by a circle of rays, which in its turn was enveloped in a circle of clouds. In the very corner of the card, and in very small characters, the words "*general merchant*" were written.

There was a noise of shoe-cleaning outside the door for about five minutes, then the door was opened again by the domestic, and a remarkable gentleman walked very slowly in. He was a tall individual, with small cunning eyes, black eye-brows, and a beard. He was rather shabbily attired, and not washed with care. He had thick boorish hands, and he smelt unpleasantly of tobacco smoke; an affected grin, at variance with every feature, was planted on his face, and sickened an unprejudiced observer at the very first gaze. His mode of uttering English betrayed him for a foreigner. He was a native of Poland. Before uttering a syllable, the interesting stranger walked to a corner of the room, turned himself to the wall, and muttered a few undistinguishable words. He then bowed lowly to the company, and took a chair, grinning all the while.

"Is that a Polish move?" asked Mr Tomkins.

"It vos de coshtom mit de anshent tribes, my tear sare, vor alles tings, to recommend de family to de protection of de hevins. Vy not now mit all goot Christians?"

"Why not indeed?" added Mrs Tomkins. "May I offer you a glass of raisin wine?"

"Tank you. For de shtomack's sake—yase."

A glass was poured out. It was but decent to offer me another. I paid my compliments to the hostess and the gentlemen, and was about to drink it off, when the enlightened foreigner called upon me in a loud voice to desist.

"Shtay, mein young friend—we are not de heathen and de cannibal. It is our privilege to live in de Christian society mit de Christian lady. Ve most ask blessing—always—never forget—you excuse—vait tree minutes."

It was not for me to protest against so pious a movement, albeit it presented itself somewhat inopportune and out of place. Mr Levisohn covered his face with one hand, and murmured

a few words. The last only reached me. It was "Amen," and this was rather heaved up in a sigh, than articulately expressed.

"Do you like the wine?" asked Jehu, as if he thought it superfine.

"Yase, I like moch—especially de sherry and de port."

Jehu smiled, but made no reply.

Mrs Tomkins supposed that port and sherry were favourite beverages in Poland, but, for her part, she had found that nothing agreed so well with British stomachs as the native wines.

"Ah! my lady," said the Pole, "we can give up very moch so long ve got British religions."

"Very true, indeed," answered Mrs Tomkins. "Pray, Mr Levisohn, what may be your opinion of the lost sheep? Do you think they will come into the fold during our time?"

Before the gentleman replies, it may be proper to state on his behalf, that he had never given his questioner any reason to suppose that he was better informed on such mysterious subjects than herself. The history of his introduction into the family of the linen-draper is very short. He had been for some years connected with Mr Tomkins in the way of business, having supplied that gentleman with all the genuine foreign, but certainly English, perfumery, that was retailed with considerable profit in his overnice and pious establishment. Mrs Tomkins, no less zealous in the cause of the church than that of her own shop, at length, and all on a sudden, resolved to set about his conversion, and to present him to the chapel as a brand plucked with her own hand from the burning. As a preliminary step, he was invited to supper, and treated with peculiar respect. The matter was gently touched upon, but discussion postponed until another occasion. Mr Levisohn being very shrewd, very needy, and enjoying no particular principles of morality and religion, perceived immediately the object of his hostess, met her more than halfway in her Christian purposes, and accepted her numerous invitations to tea and supper with the most affectionate readiness. Within two months he was received into the bosom of the church, and became as celebrated for the depth and intensity of his belief as for the earnestness and promptitude with which he attended the meetings

of the brethren, particularly those in which eating and drinking did not constitute the least important part of the proceedings. Being a foreigner, he was listened to with the deepest attention, very often indeed to his serious annoyance, for his ignorance was awful, and his assurance, great as it was, not always sufficient to get him clear of his difficulties. His foreign accent, however, worked wonders for him, and whenever too hard pressed, afforded him a secure and happy retreat. An unmeaning grin, and "*me not pronounce*," had saved him from precipices, down which an Englishman, *cæteris paribus*, must unquestionably have been dashed.

"Vill dey come?" said Mr Levisohn, in answer to the question. "Yase, certainly, if dey like, I tink."

"Ah, sir, I fear you are a latitudinarian," said the lady.

"I hope Hevin, my dear lady, vill forgive me for dat, and all my wickedness. I am a shinner, I shtink!"

I looked at the converted gentleman, at the same moment that Mrs Jehu assured him that it would be a great thing if they were all as satisfied of their condition as he might be. "Your strong convictions of your worthlessness is alone a proof," she added, "of your accepted state."

"My lady," continued the humble Stanislaus, "I am rotten, I am a tief, a blackguard, a swindler, a pickpocket, a housebreak, a sticker mit de knife. I vish somebody would call me names all de day long, because I forget sometime dat I am de nashty vurm of de creation. I tink I hire a boy to call me names, and make me not forget. Oh, my lady, I always remember those fine words you sing—

"If I could read my tittle clear
To manshions in de shkies,
I say farevell to every fear,
And vipe my yeeping eyes."

"That is so conscientious of you. Pray, my dear sir, is there an Establishment in Poland? or have you Independent churches?"

"Ah, my dear lady, we have nothing at all!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yase, it is possible—it is true."

"Who could have thought it! What! nothing?"

"Noting at all, my lady. Do not ask me again, I pray you. It is

frightful to a goot Christian to talk dese tings."

"What is your opinion of the Arminian doctrine, Mr Stanislaus?"

"Do you mean de doctrine?" enquired Stanislaus, slowly, as though he found some difficulty in answering the question.

"Yes, my dear sir."

"I tink," said the gentleman, after some delay, "it would be very goot if were not for someting."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs Jehu, "that is so exactly my opinion!"

"Den dere is noting more to be said about dat," continued Stanislaus, interrupting her; "and I hope you vill not ask dese deep questions, my dear lady, vich are not at all proper to be answered, and vich put me into de low spirits. Shall ve sing a hymn?"

"By all means," exclaimed the hostess, who immediately made preparations for the ceremony. Hymn-books were introduced, and the servant-maid ordered up, and then a quartet was performed by Mr Levisohn, Mrs Tomkins, her husband, and Betsy. The subject of the song was the courtship of Isaac. Two verses only have remained in my memory, and the manner in which they were given out by the fervent Stanislaus will never be forgotten. They ran thus:—

"Ven Abraham's servant to procure
A vife for Isaac vent,
He met Rebekah, tould his vish,
Her parents gave consent.
* * * *

'Shtay,' Satan, my old master, cries,
'Or force shall thee detain.'
'Hinder me not, I vill be gone,
I vish to break my chain.'"

This being concluded, Mr Tomkins asked Mr Levisohn what he had to say in the business line, to which Mr Levisohn replied, "Someting very goot, but should he not vait until after soppare?" whereupon Mr Tomkins gave his lady a significant leer, and the latter retired, evidently to prepare the much desired repast. Then did little Jehu turn confidentially to Stanislaus, and ask him when he meant to deliver that ere *conac* that he had promised him so long ago.

"Ven Providence, my tear dikkon, paremits—I expect a case of goots at de cushtom-house every day; but my friend vot examins de marchandis, and vot saves me de duties ven I

makes it all right mit him, is vary ill, I am sorry for to say, and ve most vait, mit Christian patience, my dear sare, till he get well. You see dat?"

"Oh, yes; that's clear enough. Well, Stanny, I only hope that fellow won't die. I don't think you'd find it so easy to make it *all right* with any other chap; that's all!"

"I hope he vill not die. Ve mosht pray dat he live, my dear dikkon. I tink it vill be vell if der goot Mr Clayton pray mit der church for him. You shall speak for him."

"Well, what have you done about the *Eau de Cologne*?" continued Jehu Tomkins. "Have you nailed the fellow?"

"It vos specially about dis matter dat I vish to see you, my dear sare. I persvade der man to sell ten cases. He be very nearly vot you call in der mess. He valk into de Gazette next week. He shtarve now. I pity him. De ten cases cost him ten pounds. I give fifty shilling—two pound ten. He buy meat for de childs, and is thankful. I take ten shillings for my trouble. Der Christian satisfied mit vary little."

"Any good bills in the market, Stanislaus?"

Stanislaus Levisohn winked.

"Ho—you don't say so," said the deacon. "Have you got 'em with you?"

"After soppare, my dear sare," answered Stanislaus, who looked at me, and winked again significantly at Jehu.

Mrs Tomkins returned, accompanied by the vocal Betsy. The cloth was spread, and real silver forks, and fine cut tumblers, and blue plates with scripture patterns, speedily appeared. Then came a dish of fried sausages and parsley—then baked potatoes—then lamb chops. Then we all sat round the table, and then, against all order and propriety, Mrs Jehu grossly and publicly insulted her husband at his own board, by calling upon the enlightened foreigner to ask a blessing upon the meal.

The company sat down; but scarcely were we seated before Stanislaus resumed.

"I tank you, my tear goot Mrs Tomkins for dat shop mit der brown, ven it comes to my turn to be sarved. It look just der ting."

Mrs Jehu served her guest immediately.

"I vill take a sossage, tear lady, also, if you please."

"And a baked potato?"

"And a baked potato? Yase."

He was served.

"I beg your pardon, Christian lady, have you got, perhaps, der littel pickel-chesnut and der crimson-cabbage?"

"Mr Tomkins, go down-stairs and get the pickles," said the mistress of the house, and Tomkins vanished like a mouse on tiptoe.

Before he could return, Stanislaus had eaten more than half his chop, and discovered that, after all, "it was *not* just the ting." Mrs Jehu entreated him to try another. He declined at first; but at length suffered himself to be persuaded. Four chops had graced the dish originally; the remaining two were divided equally between the lady and myself. I begged that my share might be left for the worthy host, but receiving a recommendation from his wife "not to mind *him*," I said no more, but kept Mr Stanislaus Levisohn in countenance.

"I hope you'll find it to your liking, Mr Stukely," said our hostess.

"Mishter vat?" exclaimed the foreigner, looking quickly up. "I tink I" —

"What is the matter, my dear sir?" enquired the lady of the house.

"Noting, my tear friend, I tought der young gentleman vos a poor unconverted sinner dat I met a long time ago. Dat is all. Ve talk of something else."

Has the reader forgotten the dark-visaged individual, who at the examination of my lamented father before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy made his appearance in company with Mr Levy and the ready Ikey? Him I mean of the vivid imagination, who swore to facts which were no facts at all, and whom an unpoetic jury sentenced to vile imprisonment for wilful perjury? *There he sat*, transformed into a Pole, bearded and whiskered, and the hair of his head close clipped, but in every other regard the same as when the constable invited him to forsake a too prosaic and ungrateful world: and had Mr Levisohn been wise and guarded, the discovery would never have been made by me; for we had met but once before, then only for a short half hour, and under agitating circumstan-

ees. But my curiosity and attention once roused by his exclamation, it was impossible to mistake my man. I fixed my eye upon him, and the harder he pulled at his chop, and the more he attempted to evade my gaze, the more satisfied was I that a villain and an impostor was seated amongst us. Thinking, absurdly enough, to do my host and hostess a lasting service, I determined without delay to unmask the pretended saint, and to secure his victims from the designs he purposed.

"Mr Levisohn," I said immediately, "you have told the truth—we have met before."

"Nevare, my tear friend, you mistake; nevare in my life, upon my vurd."

"Mrs Tomkins," I continued, rising, "I should not be worthy of your hospitality if I did not at once make known to you the character of that man. He is a convicted criminal. I have myself known him to be guilty of the grossest practices." Mr Levisohn dropped his chop, turned his greasy face up, and then looked round the room, and endeavoured to appear unconcerned, innocent, and amazed all at once. At this moment Jehu entered the room with the pickles, and the face of the deaconess grew fearfully stern.

"Were you ever in the Court of Bankruptcy, Mr Levisohn?" I continued.

"I have never been out of London, my good sare. You labour under de mistake.—I excuse you. Ah!" he cried out suddenly, as if a new idea had struck him very hard; "I see now vot it is. I explain. You take me for somebody else."

"I do not, sir. I accuse you publicly of having committed perjury of the most shameless kind, and I can prove you guilty of the charge. Do you know a person of the name of Levy?"

Mr Stanislaus looked to the ceiling after the manner of individuals who desire, or who do not desire, as the case may be, to call a subject to remembrance. "No," he answered, after a long pause; "certainly not. I never hear dat name."

"Beware of him, Mrs Tomkins," I continued, "he is an impostor, a disgrace to mankind, and to the faith which he professes."

"What do you mean by that, you impertinent young man?" said Mrs Tomkins, her blood rising to her face, herself rising from her chair. "I should have thought that a man

who had been so recently expelled from his church would have had more decency. A pretty person you must be, to bring a charge of this kind against so good a creature as that."

"No, do not say dat," interposed Stanny; "I am not goot. I am a brute beast."

"Mr Tomkins," continued the lady, "I don't know what object that person has in disturbing the peace of our family, or why he comes here at all to-night. He is a mischief-making, hardened young man, or he would never have come to what he has. Well, I'm sure—What will Satan put into his head next!"

"I would wish you be not angry. Der young gentleman is, I dare say, very goot at heart. He is labouring under de deloosions."

"Mr Levisohn, pardon me, I am not. Proofs exist, and I can bring them to convict you."

"Do you hear that, Mr Tomkins. Were you ever insulted so before? Are you master in your own house?"

"What shall I do?" said Jehu, trembling with excitement at the door.

"Do! What! Give him his hat, turn him out!"

"Oh, my dear goot Christian friends," said Mr Levisohn, imploringly; "de boodels of der Christian growls ven he shees dese sights; vot is de goot of to fight? It is shtoopid. Let me be der peacemaker. Der yong man has been drink, perhaps. I forgive him from te bottom of my heart. If ve quarrel ve fight. If ve fight ve lose every ting."

"So Samson, ven his hair vos lost, Met the Philistines to his cost, Shook his vain limbs in shad shurprise, Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes."

"Mr Tomkins," I exclaimed, "I court inquiry, I can obtain proofs."

"We want none of your proofs, you backslider," cried the deaconess.

"Madam, you"—

"Get out of the house, ambassador of Satan! Mr Tomkins, will you tell him instantly to go?"

"Go!" squealed Tomkins from the door, not advancing an inch.

I seized my hat, and left the table.

"You will be sorry for this, sir," said I; "and you, madam"—

"Don't talk to me, you bad man. If you don't go this minute I'll spring the rattle and have up the watchmen."

I did not attempt to say another

word. I left the room, and hurried from the house. I had hardly shut the street door before it was violently opened again, and the head of Mr Levisohn made itself apparent.

"Go home," exclaimed that gentleman, "and pray to be shaved, you shtoopid ass."

It was not many days after the enacting of this scene, that I entered upon my duties as the instructor of the infant children of my friend. It was useless to renew my application to the deacon, and I abandoned the idea. The youngest of my pupils was the lisping Billy. It was my honour to introduce him at the very porch of knowledge—to place him on the first step of learning's ladder—to make familiar to him the simple letters of his native tongue, in whose mysterious combinations the mighty souls of men appear and speak. The lesson of the alphabet was the first that I gave, and a heavy sadness depressed and humbled me when, as the child repeated wonderingly after me, letter by letter, I could not but feel deeply and acutely the miserable blighting of my youthful promises. How long was it ago—it seemed but yesterday, when the sun used to shine brightly into my own dear bed-room, and awake me with its first gush of light, telling my ready fancy that he came to rouse me from inaction, and to encourage me to my labours. Oh, happy labours! Beloved books! What joy I had amongst you! The house was silent—the city's streets tranquil as the breath of morning. I heard nothing but the glorious deeds ye spoke of, and saw only the worthies that were but dust, when centuries now passed were yet unborn, but whose immortal spirits are vouchsafed still to elevate man, and cheer him onward. How intense and sweet was our communion; and as I read and read on, how gratefully repose crept over me; how difficult it seemed to think unkindly of the world, or to believe in all the tales of human selfishness and cruelty with which the old will ever mock the ear and dull the heart of the confiding and the young. How willing I felt to love, and how gay a place was earth, with her constant sun, and overflowing lap, and her thousand joys, for man! And how intense was the fire of *hope* that burn-

ed within me—fed with new fuel every passing hour, and how abiding and how beautiful *the future!* THE FUTURE! and it was here—a nothing—a dream—a melancholy phantasm!

There are seasons of adversity, in which the mind, plunged in despondency and gloom, is startled and distressed by pictures of a happier time, that travel far to fool and tantalize the suffering heart. I sat with the child, and gazing full upon him, beheld him not, but—a vision of my father's house. There sits the good old man, and at his side—ah, how seldom were they apart!—my mother. And there, too, is the clergyman, my first instructor. Every well-remembered piece of furniture is there. The chair, sacred to my sire, and venerated by me for its age, and for our long intimacy. I have known it since first I knew myself. The antique bookcase—the solid chest of drawers—the solemn sofa, all substantial as ever, and looking, as at first, the immoveable and natural properties of the domestic parlour. My mother has her eyes upon me, and they are full of tears. My father and the minister are building up my fortunes; are fixing in the sandy basis of futurity an edifice formed of glittering words, incorporeal as the breath that rears it. And the feelings of that hour come back upon me. I glow with animation, confidence, and love. I have the strong delight that beats within the bosom of the boy who has the parents' trusty smile for ever on him. I dream of pouring happiness into those fond hearts—of growing up to be their prop and staff in their decline. I pierce into the future, and behold myself the esteemed and honoured amongst men—the patient, well-rewarded scholar—the cherished and the cherisher of the dear authors of my life—all brightness—all glory—all unsullied joy. The child touches my wet cheek, and asks me why I weep?—why?—why? He knows not of the early wreck that has annihilated the unhappy teacher's peace.

We were still engaged upon our lesson, when John Thompson interrupted the proceeding, by entering the apartment in great haste, and placing in my hands a newspaper. "He had been searching," he said, "for one whole fortnight, to find a

situation that would suit me, and now he thought that he had hit upon it. There it was, 'a tutorer in a human family,' to teach the languages and the sciences. Apply from two to four. It's just three now. Send the youngster to his mother, and see after it, my friend. I wouldn't have you lose it for the world." I took the journal from his hands, and, as though placed there by the hand of the avenger to arouse deeper remorse, to draw still hotter blood from the lacerated heart, the following announcement, and nothing else, glared on the paper, and took possession of my sight.

"UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE. After a contest more severe than any known for years, Mr JOHN SMITHSON, of *Trinity College, Cambridge*, has been declared THE SENIOR WRANGLER of his year. Mr Smithson is, we understand, the son of a humble curate in Norfolk, whose principal support has been derived from the exertions of his son during his residence in the University. The honour could not have been conferred on a more deserving child of Alma Mater."

A hundred recollections crowded on my brain. My heart was torn with anguish. The perseverance and the filial piety of Smithson, so opposite to my unsteadiness and unnatural disloyalty, confounded and unmanned me. I burst into tears before the faithful Thompson, and covered my face for very shame.

"What is the matter, lad?" exclaimed the good fellow, pale with surprise, his eye trembling with honest feeling. "Have I hurt you? Drat the paper! Don't think, Stukely, I wished to get rid of you. Don't think so hard of your old friend. I thought to help and do you service; I know you have the feelings of a gentleman about you, and I wouldn't wound 'em, God knows, for any thing. There, think no more about it. I am so rough a hand, I'm not fit to live with Christians. I mean no harm, believe me. Get rid of you, my boy! I only wish you'd say this is your home, and never leave me—that would make me happy."

"Thompson," I answered, through my tears, "I am not deserving of your friendship. You have not offended me. You have never wronged me. You are all kindness and truth.

I have had no real enemy but myself. Read that paper."

I pointed to the paragraph, and he read it.

"What of it?" he asked.

"Thompson," listen to me; "what do you say of such a son?"

"I can guess his father's feelings," said my friend. "Earth's a heaven, Stukely, when father and child live together as God appointed them."

"But when a child breaks a parent's heart, Thompson—what then?"

"Don't talk about it, lad. I have got eleven of 'em, and that's a side of the picture that I can't look at with pleasure. I think the boys are good. They have gone on well as yet; but who can tell what a few years will do?"

"Or a few months, Thompson," I answered quickly, "or a few days, or hours, when the will is fickle, principles unfixed, and the heart treacherous and false. That Smithson and I, Thompson, were fellow-students. We left home together—we took up our abode in the University together—we were attached to the same college—taught by the same master—read from the same books. My feelings were as warm as his. My resolution to do well apparently as firm, my knowledge and attainments as extensive. If he was encouraged, and protected, and urged forward by the fond love of a devoted household—so was I. If parental blessings hallowed his entrance upon those pursuits which have ended so successfully for him—so did they mine. If he had motive for exertion, I had not less—we were equal in the race which we began together—look at us now!"

"How did it happen, then?"

"He was honest and faithful to his purpose. I was not. He saw one object far in the distance before him, and looked neither to the right nor left, but dug his arduous way towards it. He craved not the false excitement of temporary applause, nor deemed the opinion of weak men essential to his design. He had a sacred duty to perform, which left him not the choice of action, and he performed it to the letter. He had a feeling conscience, and a reasoning heart, and the home of his youth, and the sister who had grown up with him, the father who had laboured, the mo-

ther who had striven for him, visited him by night and by day—in his silent study, and in his lonely bed, comforting, animating, and supporting him by their delightful presence.”

“And what did you do?”

“Just the reverse of this. I had neither simplicity of aim, nor stability of affection. One slip from the path, and I hadn’t energy to take the road again. One vicious inclination, and the virtuous resolves of years melted before it. The sneer of a fool could frighten me from rectitude—the smile of a girl render me indifferent to the pangs that tear a parent’s heart. Look at us both. Look at him—the man whom I treated with contemptuous derision. What a return home for him—his mission accomplished—**HIS DUTY DONE!** Look at me, the outcast, the beggar, the despised—the author of a mother’s death, a father’s bankruptcy and ruin—with no excuse for misconduct, no promise for the future, no self-justification, and no hope of pardon beyond that afforded to the vilest criminal that comes repentant to the mercy-throne of God!”

“Well—but, sir—Stukely—don’t take the thing to heart. You are young—look for’rads. Oh, I tell you, it’s a blessed thing to be sorry for our faults, and to feel as if we wished to do better for the time to come. I’m an older man than you, and I bid you take comfort, and trust to God for better things, and better things will come, too. You are not so badly off now as you were this time twelve-month. And you know I’ll never leave you. Don’t despond—don’t give away. It’s unnatural for a man to do it, and he’s lost if he does. Oh, bless you, this is a life of suffering and sorrow, and well it is; for who wouldn’t go mad to think of leaving all his young ’uns behind him, and every thing he loves, if he wasn’t taught that there’s a quieter place above, where all shall meet agin? You know me, my boy; I can’t talk, but I want to comfort you and cheer you up—and so, give me your hand, old fellow, and say you won’t think of all this anymore, but try and forget it, and see about settling comfortably in life. What do you say to the advertisement? A tutorer in a human family, to teach the languages and the sciences. Come now, that’s right; I’m glad to see you

laugh. I suppose I don’t give the right pronunciation to the words. Well, never mind; laugh at your old friend. He’d rather see you laugh at him than tease your heart about your troubles.”

Thompson would not be satisfied until I had read the advertisement, and given him my opinion of its merits. He would not suffer me to say another word about my past misfortunes, but insisted on my looking forward cheerfully, and like a man. The situation appeared to him just the thing for me; and after all, if I had wrangled as well as that ’ere Smithson—(though, at the same time, *wrangling* seemed a very aggravating word to put into young men’s mouths at all)—perhaps I shouldn’t have been half as happy as a quiet comfortable life would make me. “I was cut out for a tutorer. He was sure of it. So he’d thank me to read the paper without another syllable.” The advertisement, in truth, was promising. “The advertiser, in London, desired to engage the services of a young gentleman, capable of teaching the ancient languages, and of giving his pupils ‘an introduction to the sciences.’ The salary would be liberal, and the occupation with a humane family in the country, who would receive the tutor as one of themselves. References would be required and given.”

“References would be required and given,” I repeated, after having concluded the advertisement, and put the paper down.

“Yes, that’s the only thing!” said Thompson, scratching his honest ear, like a man perplexed and driven to a corner. “We haven’t got no references to give. But I’ll tell you what we’ve got, though. We’ve got the papers of these freehold premises, and we’ve something like two thousand in the bank. I’ll give ’em them, if you turns out a bad ’un. That I’ll undertake to do, and shan’t be frightened either. Now, you just go, and see if you can get it. Where do you apply?”

“Wait, Thompson. I must not suffer you”——

“Did you hear what I said, sir? where do you apply?”

“At X. Y. Z.” said I, “in Swallow street, Saint James’s.”

“Then, don’t you lose a minute.

I shouldn't be surprised if the place is run down already. London's overstocked with tutors and men of learning. You come along o' me, Billy, and don't you lose sight of this 'ere chance, my boy. If they wants a reference, tell 'em I'll be glad to wait upon 'em."

Three days had not elapsed after this conversation, before my services were accepted by X. Y. Z.—and I had engaged to travel into Devonshire to enter at once upon my duties, as teacher in the dwelling-house of the Reverend Walter Fairman. X. Y. Z. was a man of business; and, fortunately for me, had known my father well. He was satisfied with my connexion, and with the unbounded recommendation which Thompson gave with me. Mr Fairman was incumbent of one of the loveliest parishes in England, and the guardian and teacher of six boys. My salary was fifty pounds per annum, with board and lodging. The matter was settled in a few hours, and before I had time to consider, my place was taken in the coach, and a letter was dispatched to Mr Fairman, announcing my intended departure. Nothing could exceed the joy of Thompson at my success—nothing could be kinder and more anxious than his valuable advice.

"Now," he said, as we walked together from the coach-office, "was I wrong in telling you that better things would turn up? Take care of yourself, and the best wrangler of the lot may be glad to change places with you. It isn't lots of learning, or lots of money, or lots of houses and coaches, that makes a man happy in this world. They never can do it; but they can do just the contrarery, and make him the miserablest wretch as crawls. A *contented mind* is 'the one thing needful.' Take what God gives gratefully, and do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. That's a maxim that my poor father was always giving me, and, I wish, when I take the young 'uns to church, that they could always hear it, for human natur needs it."

The evening before my setting out was spent with Thompson's family. I had received a special invitation, and Thompson, with the labouring sons, were under an engagement to the mistress of the house, to leave the

workshop at least an hour earlier than usual. Oh, it was a sight to move the heart of one more hardened than I can boast to be, to behold the affectionate party assembled to bid me farewell, and to do honour to our leave-taking. A little feast was prepared for the occasion, and my many friends were dressed, all in their Sunday clothes, befittingly. There was not one who had not something to give me for a token. Mary had worked me a purse; and Mary blushed whilst her mother betrayed her, and gave the little keepsake. Ellen thought a pincushion might be useful; and the knitter of the large establishment provided me with comforters. All the little fellows, down to Billy himself, had a separate gift, which each must offer with a kiss, and with a word or two expressive of his good wishes. All hoped I would come soon again, and Aleck more than hinted a request that I would postpone my departure to some indefinite period which he could not name. Poor tremulous heart! how it throbbed amongst them all, and how sad it felt to part from them! Love bound me to the happy room—the only love that connected the poor outcast with the wide cold world. This was the home of my affections—could I leave it—could I venture once more upon the boisterous waters of life without regret and apprehension?

Thompson kindly offered to accompany me on the following morning to the inn from which I was destined to depart, but I would not hear of it. He was full of business; had little time to spare, and none to throw away upon me. I begged him not to think of it, and he acquiesced in my wishes. We were sitting together, and his wife and children had an hour or two previously retired to rest.

"Them's good children, ain't they, Stukely?" enquired Thompson, after having made a long pause.

"You may well be proud of them," I answered.

"It looked nice of 'em to make you a little present of something before you went. But it was quite right. That's just as it should be. I like that sort of thing, especially when a man understands the spirit that a thing's given with. Now, some fellows would have been offended if any

thing had been offered 'em. How I do hate all that!"

"I assure you, Thompson, I feel deeply their kind treatment of their friend. I shall never forget it."

"You ain't offended, then?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, now, I am so happy to hear it, you can't think," continued Thompson, fumbling about his breeches pocket, and drawing from it at length something which he concealed in his fist. "There, take that," he suddenly exclaimed; "take it, my old fellow, and God bless you. It's no good trying to make a fuss about it."

I held a purse of money in my hand.

"No, Thompson," I replied, "I cannot accept it. Do not think me proud or ungrateful; but, I have no right to take it."

"It's only twenty guineas, man, and I can afford it. Now look, Stukely, you are going to leave me. If you don't take it, you'll make me as wretched as the day is long. You are my friend, and my friend mustn't go amongst strangers without an independent spirit. If you have twenty guineas in your pocket, you needn't be worrying yourself about little things. You'll find plenty of ways to make the money useful. You shall pay me, if you like, when you grow rich, and we meet again; but take it now, and make John Thompson happy."

In the lap of nature the troubled mind gets rest; and the wounds of the heart heal rapidly, once delivered there, safe from contact with the infectious world; and the bosom of the nursing mother is not more powerful or quick to lull the pain and still the sobs of her distressed ones. It is the sanctuary of the bruised spirit, and to arrive at it is to secure shelter and to find repose. Peace, eternal and blessed, birthright and joy of angels, whither do those glimpses hover that we catch of thee in this tumultuous life, weak, faint, and transient though they be, melting the human soul with heavenly tranquillity? Whither, if not upon the everlasting hills, where the brown line divides the sky, or on the gentle sea, where sea and sky are one—a liquid cupola—or in the leafy woods and secret vales, where beauty lends her thrilling voice to silence? How often will the remembrance only

of one bright spot—a vision of Paradise rising over the dull waste of my existence—send a glow of comfort to my aged heart, and a fresh feeling of repose which the harsh business of life cannot extinguish or disturb! And what a fair history comes with that shadowy recollection! How much of passionate condensed existence is involved in it, and how mysteriously, yet naturally connected with it, seem all the noblest feelings of my imperfect nature! The scene of beauty has become "a joy for ever."

I recall a spring day—a sparkling day of the season of youth and promise—and a nook of earth, fit for the wild unshackled sun to skip along and brighten with his inconstant giddy light. Hope is everywhere; murmuring in the brooks, and smiling in the sky. Upon the bursting trees she sits; she nestles in the hedges. She fills the throat of mating birds, and bears the soaring lark nearer and nearer to the gate of Heaven. It is the first holiday of the year, and the universal heart is glad. Grief and apprehension cannot dwell in the human breast on such a day; and, for an hour, even *Self* is merged in the general joy. I reach my destination; and the regrets for the past, and the fear for the future, which have accompanied me through the long and anxious journey, fall from the oppressed spirit, and leave it buoyant, cheerful, free—free to delight itself in a land of enchantment, and to revel again in the unsubstantial glories of a youthful dream. I paint the Future in the colours that surround me, and I confide in her again.

It was noon when we reached the headquarters of the straggling parish of Deerhurst—its chief village. We had travelled since the golden sunrise over noble earth, and amongst scenes scarcely less heavenly than the blue vault which smiled upon them. Now the horizon was bounded by a range of lofty hills linked to each other by gentle undulations, and bearing to their summits innumerable and giant trees; these, crowded together, and swayed by the brisk wind, presented to the eye the figure of a vast and supernatural sea, and made the intervening vale of loveliness a neglected blank. Then we emerged suddenly—yes, instantaneously—as

though designing nature, with purpose to surprize, had hid behind the jutting crag, beneath the rugged steep—upon a world of beauty; garden upon garden, sward upon sward, hamlet upon hamlet, far as the sight could reach, and purple shades of all beyond. Then, flashes of the broad ocean, like quick transitory bursts of light, started at intervals, washing the feet of a tall emerald cliff, or, like a lake, buried between the hills. Shorter and shorter become the intermissions, larger and larger grows the watery expanse, until, at length, the mighty element rolls unobstructed on, and earth, decked in her verdant leaves, her flowers and gems, is on the shore to greet her.

The entrance to the village is by a swift, precipitous descent. On either side are piled rude stones, placed there by a subtle hand, and with a poet's aim, to touch the fancy, and to soothe the traveller with thoughts of other times—of ruined castles, and of old terrace walks. Already have the stones fulfilled their purpose, and the ivy, the brier, and the saxifrage have found a home amongst them. At the foot of the declivity, standing like a watchful mother, is the church—the small, the unpretending, the venerable and lovely village church. You do not see a house till she is passed. Before a house was built about her, she was an aged church, and her favoured graves were rich in heavenly clay. The churchyard gate; and then at once, the limited and quiet village, nestling in a valley and shut out from the world: beautiful and self-sufficient. Hill upon hill behind, each greener than the last—hill upon hill before, all exclusion, and nothing but her own surpassing loveliness to console and cheer her solitude. And is it not enough? What if she know little of the sea beyond its voice, and nothing of external life—her crystal stream, her myrtle-covered cottages, her garden plots, her variegated flowers and massive foliage, her shady dells and scented lanes are joys enough for her small commonwealth. Thin curling smoke that rises like a spirit from the hidden bosom of one green hillock, proclaims the single house that has its seat upon the eminence. It is the parsonage—my future home.

With a trembling heart I left the

little inn, and took my silent way to the incumbent's house. There was no eye to follow me, the leafy street was tenantless, and seemed made over to the restless sun and dissolute winds to wanton through it as they pleased. As I ascended, the view enlarged—beauty became more beauteous, silence more profound. I reached the parsonage gate, and my heart yearned to tell how much I longed to live and die on this sequestered and most peaceful spot. The dwelling-house was primitive and low; its long and overhanging roof was thatched; its windows small and many. A myrtle, luxuriant as a vine, covered its entire front, and concealed the ancient brick and wood. A raised bank surrounded the green nest, and a gentle slope conducted to a lawn fringed with the earliest flowers of the year. I rang the loud bell, and a neatly dressed servant-girl gave me admittance to the house. In a room of moderate size, furnished by a hand as old at least as the grandsires of the present occupants, and well supplied with books, sat the incumbent. He was a man of fifty years of age or more, tall and gentlemanly in demeanour. His head was partly bald, and what remained of his hair was grey almost to whiteness. He had a noble forehead, a marked brow, and a cold grey eye. His mouth betrayed sorrow, or habitual deep reflection, and the expression of every other feature tended to seriousness. The first impression was unfavourable. A youth, who was reading with the minister when I entered the apartment, was dismissed with a simple inclination of the head, and the Rev. Walter Fairman then pointed to a seat.

"You have had a tedious journey, Mr Stukely," began the incumbent, "and you are fatigued, no doubt."

"What a glorious spot this is, sir!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is pretty," answered Mr Fairman, very coldly as I thought. "Are you hungry, Mr Stukely? We dine early; but pray take refreshment if you need it."

I declined respectfully.

"Do you bring letters from my agent?"

"I have a parcel in my trunk, sir, which will be here immediately. What magnificent trees!" I exclaimed

again, my eyes riveted upon a stately cluster, which were about a hundred yards distant.

"Have you been accustomed to tuition?" asked Mr Fairman, taking no notice of my remark.

"I have not, sir, but I am sure that I shall be delighted with the occupation. I have always thought so."

"We must not be too sanguine. Nothing requires more delicate handling than the mind of youth. In no business is experience, great discernment and tact, so much needed as in that of instruction."

"Yes, sir, I am aware of it."

"No doubt," answered Mr Fairman quietly. "How old are you?"

I told my age, and blushed.

"Well, well," said the incumbent, "I have no doubt we shall do. You are a Cambridge man, Mr Graham writes me?"

"I was only a year, sir, at the university. Circumstances prevented a longer residence. I believe I mentioned the fact to Mr Graham."

"Oh yes, he told me so. You shall see the boys this afternoon. They are fine-hearted lads, and much may be done with them. There are six. Two of them are pretty well advanced. They read Euripides and Horace. Is Euripides a favourite of yours?"

"He is tender, plaintive, and passionate," I answered; "but perhaps I may be pardoned if I venture to prefer the vigour and majesty of the sterner tragedian."

"You mean you like *Æschylus* better. Do you write poetry, Mr Stukely? Not Latin verses, but English poetry."

"I do not, sir."

"Well, I am glad of that. It struck me that you did. Will you really take no refreshment? Are you not fatigued?"

"Not in the least, sir. This lovely prospect, for one who has seen so little of nature as I have, is refreshment enough for the present."

"Ah," said Mr Fairman, sighing faintly, "you will get accustomed to it. There is something in the prospect, but more in your own mind. Some of our poor fellows would be easily served and satisfied, if we could feed them on the prospect. But if

you are not tired you shall see more of it if you will. I have to go down to the village. We have an hour till dinner-time. Will you accompany me?"

"With pleasure, sir,"

"Very well." Mr Fairman then rang the bell, and the servant girl came in.

"Where's Miss Ellen, Mary?" asked the incumbent.

"She has been in the village since breakfast, sir. Mrs Barnes sent word that she was ill, and Miss took her the rice and sago that Dr Mayhew ordered."

"Has Warden been this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Foolish fellow. I'll call on him. Mary, if Cuthbert the fisherman comes, give him that bottle of port wine; but tell him not to touch a drop of it himself. It is for his sick child, and it is committing robbery to take it. Let him have the blanket also that was looked out for him."

"It's gone, sir. Miss sent it yesterday."

"Very well. There is nothing more. Now, Mr Stukely, we will go."

I have said already that the first opinion which I formed of the disposition of Mr Fairman was not a flattering one. Before he spoke a word, I felt disappointed and depressed. My impression after our short conversation was worse than the first. The natural effect of the scene in which I suddenly found myself, had been to prepare my ever too forward spirit for a man of enthusiasm and poetic temperament. Mr Fairman was many degrees removed from warmth. He spoke to me in a sharp tone of voice, and sometimes, I suspected, with the intention of mocking me. His *manner*, when he addressed the servant-girl, was not more pleasing. When I followed him from the room, I regretted the haste with which I had accepted my appointment; but a moment afterwards I entered into fairyland again, and the passing shadow left me grateful to Providence for so much real enjoyment. We descended the hill, and for a time, in silence, Mr Fairman was evidently engaged in deep thought, and I had no wish to disturb him. Every now and then we lighted upon a view of especial beauty, and I was on the point of expressing my un-

bounded admiration, when one look at my cool and matter-of-fact companion at once annoyed and stopped me.

"Yes," said Mr Fairman at length, still musing. "It is very difficult—very difficult to manage the poor. I wonder if they are grateful at heart. What do you think, Mr Stukely?"

"I have nothing to say of the poor, sir, but praise."

Mr Fairman looked hard at me, and smiled unpleasantly.

"It is the scenery, I suppose. That will make you praise every thing for the next day or so. It will not do, though. We must walk on our feet, and be prosaic in this world. The poor are not as poets paint them, nor is there so much happiness in a hovel as they would lead you to expect. The poets are like you—they have nothing to say but praise. Ah, me! they draw largely on their imaginations."

"I do not, sir, in this instance," I answered, somewhat nettled. "My most valued friends are in the humblest ranks of life. I am proud to say so. I am not prepared to add, that the most generous of men are the most needy, although it has been my lot to meet with sympathy and succour at the hands of those who were much in want of both themselves."

"I believe you, Mr Stukely," answered the incumbent, in a more feeling tone. "I am not fond of theories; yet that's a theory with which I would willingly pass through life; but it will not answer. It is knocked on the head every hour of the day. Perhaps it is our own fault. We do not know how to reach the hearts, and educate the feelings of the ignorant and helpless. Just step in here."

We were standing before a hut at the base of the hill. It was a low dirty-looking place, all roof, with a neglected garden surrounding it. One window was in the cob-wall. It had been fixed there originally, doubtless with the object of affording light to the inmates; but light, not being essential to the comfort or happiness of the present tenants, was in a great measure excluded by a number of small rags which occupied the place of the diamond panes that had departed many months before. A child, ill-clad, in fragments of clothes, with long and dirty hair, unclean face, and naked feet, cried at the door, and loud

talking was heard within. Mr Fairman knocked with his knuckle before he entered, and a gruff voice desired him to "come in." A stout fellow, with a surly countenance and unshaven beard, was sitting over an apology for a fire, and a female of the same age and condition was near him. She bore an unhappy infant in her arms, whose melancholy peakish face, not twelve-months old, looked already conscious of prevailing misery. There was no flooring to the room, which contained no one perfect or complete article of furniture, but symptoms of many, from the blanketless bed down to the solitary coverless saucepan. Need I add, that the man who sat there, the degraded father of the house, had his measure of liquor before him, and that the means of purchasing it were never wanting, however impudently charity might be called upon to supply the starving family with bread?

The man did not rise upon our entrance. He changed colour very slightly, and looked more ignorantly surly, or tried to do so.

"Well, Jacob Warden," said the incumbent, "you are determined to brave it out, I see." The fellow did not answer.

"When I told you yesterday that your idleness and bad habits were bringing you to ruin, you answered—*I was a liar*. I then said, that when you were sorry for having uttered that expression, you might come to the parsonage and tell me so. You have not been yet—I am grieved to say it. What have I ever done to you, Jacob Warden, that you should behave so wickedly? I do not wish you to humble yourself to me, but I should have been glad to see you do your duty. If I did mine, perhaps, I should give you up, and see you no more, for I fear you are a hardened man."

"He hasn't had no work for a month," said the wife, in a tone of upbraiding, as if the minister had been the wilful cause of it.

"And whose fault is that, Mrs Warden? There is work enough for sober and honest men in the parish. Why was your husband turned away from the Squire's?"

"Why, all along of them spoons. They never could prove it agin him, that's one thing—though they tried it hard enough."

"Come, come, Mrs Warden, if you love that man, take the right way to show it. Think of your children."

"Yes; if I didn't—who would, I should like to know? The poor are trodden under foot."

"Not so, Mrs Warden, the poor are taken care of, if they are deserving. God loves the poor, and commands us all to love them. Give me your Bible?" The woman hesitated a minute, and then answered—

"Never mind the Bible, that won't get us bread."

"Give me your Bible, Mrs Warden."

"We have 'nt got it. What's the use of keeping a Bible in the house for children as can't read, when they are crying for summat to eat?"

"You have sold it, then?"

"We got a shilling on it—that's all."

"Have you ever applied to us for food, and has it been denied you?"

"Well, I don't know. The servant always looks grumpy at us when we come a-begging, and seems to begrudge us every mouthful. It's all very well to live on other persons' leavings. I dare say you don't give us what you could eat yourselves."

"We give the best we can afford, Mrs Warden, and, God knows, with no such feeling as you suppose. How is the child? Is it better?"

"Yes, no thanks to Doctor Mayhew either."

"Did he not call, then?"

"Call! Yes, but he made me tramp to his house for the physic, and when he passed the cottage the other day, I called after him; but devil a bit would he come back. We might have died first, of course: he knows, he isn't paid, and what does he care?"

"It is very wrong of you to talk so. You are well aware that he was hurrying to a case of urgency, and could not be detained. He visited you upon the following day, and told you so."

"Oh yes, the following day! What's that to do with it?"

"Woman" exclaimed Mr Fairman, solemnly, "my heart bleeds for those poor children. What will become of them with such an example before their eyes? I can say no more to you than I have repeated a hundred times before. I would make you happy in this world if I could; I would save you. You forbid me. I

would be your true friend, and you look upon me as an enemy. Heaven, I trust, will melt your heart! What is that child screaming for?"

"What! she hasn't had a blessed thing to day. We had nothing forher."

Mr Fairman took some biscuits from his pockets, and placed them on the table. "Let the girl come in, and eat," said he. "I shall send you some meat from the village. Warden, I cannot tell you how deeply I feel your wickedness. I did expect you to come to the parsonage and say you were sorry. It would have looked well, and I should have liked it. You put it out of my power to help you. It is most distressing to see you both going headlong to destruction. May you live to repent! I shall see you again this evening, and I will speak to you alone. Come, Mr Stukely, our time is getting short."

The incumbent spoke rapidly, and seemed affected. I looked at him, and could hardly believe him to be the cold and unimpassioned man that I had at first imagined him.

We pursued our way towards the village.

"There, sir," said the minister in a quick tone of voice, "what is the beautiful prospect, and what are the noble trees, to the heart of that man? What have they to do at all with man's morality? Had those people never seen a shrub or flower, could they have been more impenetrable, more insolent and suspicious, or steeped in vice much deeper? That man wants only opportunity, a large sphere of action, and the variety of crime and motive that are to be found amongst congregated masses of mankind, to become a monster. His passions and his vices are as wilful and as strong as those of any man born and bred in the sinks of a great city. They have fewer outlets, less capability of mischief—and there is the difference."

I ventured no remark, and the incumbent, after a short pause, continued in a milder strain.

"I may be, after all, weak and inefficient. Doubtless great delicacy and caution are required. Heavenly truths are not to be administered to these as to the refined and willing. The land must be ploughed, or it is useless to sow the seed. Am I not, perhaps, an unskilful labourer?"

Mr Fairman stopped at the first house in the village—the prettiest of the half dozen myrtle-covered cottages before alluded to. Here he tapped softly, and a gentle foot that seemed to know the visitor hastened to admit him.

"Well, Mary," said the minister, glancing round the room—a clean and happy-looking room it was—"where's Michael?"

"He is gone, sir, as you bade him, to make it up with Cousin Willett. He couldn't rest easy, sir, since you told him that it was no use coming to church so long as he bore malice. He won't be long, sir."

Mr Fairman smiled; and cold as his grey eye might be, it did not seem so steady now.

"Mary, that is good of him; tell him his minister is pleased. How is work with him?"

"He has enough to do, to carry him to the month's end, sir."

"Then at the month's end, Mary, let him come to the parsonage. I have something for him there. But we can wait till then. Have you seen the itinerant preacher since?"

"It is not his time, sir. He didn't promise to come till Monday week."

"Do neither you nor Michael speak with him, nor listen to his public preachings. I mean, regard him not as one having authority. I speak solemnly, and with a view to your eternal peace. Do not forget."

Every house was visited, and in all, opportunity was found for the exercise of the benevolent feelings by which the incumbent was manifestly actuated. He lost no occasion of affording his flock sound instruction and good advice. It could not be doubted for an instant, that their real welfare, temporal and everlasting, lay deeply in his heart. I was struck by one distinguishing feature in his mode of dealing with his people; it was so opposed to the doctrine and practice of Mr Clayton, and of those who were connected with him. With the latter, a certain degree of physical fervour, and a conventional peculiarity of expression, were insisted upon and accepted as evidences of grace and renewed life. With Mr Fairman, neither acquired heat, nor the more easily acquired jargon of a clique, were taken into account. He rather re-

pressed than encouraged their existence; but he was desirous, and even eager, to establish rectitude of conduct and purity of feeling in the disciples around him: these were to him tangible witnesses of the operation of that celestial Spirit before whose light the mists of simulation and deceit fade unresistingly away. I could not help remarking, however, that in every cottage the same injunction was given in respect of the itinerant; the same solemnity of manner accompanied the command; the same importance was attached to its obedience. There seemed to me, fresh from the hands of Mr Clayton, something of bigotry and uncharitableness in all this. I did not hint at this effect upon my own mind, nor did I inquire into the motives of the minister. I was not pleased; but I said nothing. As if Mr Fairman read my very thoughts, he addressed me on the subject almost before the door of the last cottage was closed upon us.

"*Bigoted and narrow-minded*, are the terms, Mr Stukely, by which the extremely liberal would characterize the line of conduct which I am compelled by duty to pursue. I cannot be frightened by harsh terms. I am the pastor of these people, and must decide and act for them. I am their shepherd, and must be faithful. Poor and ignorant, and unripe in judgment, and easily deceived by the shows and counterfeits of truth as the ignorant are, is it for me to hand them over to perplexity and risk? They are simple believers, and are contented. They worship God, and are at peace. They know their lot, and do not murmur at it. Is it right that they should be disturbed with the religious differences and theological subtleties which have already divided into innumerable sects the universal family of Christians whom God made one? Is it fair or merciful to whisper into their ears the plausible reasons of dissatisfaction, envy, and complaining, to which the uninformed of all classes but too eagerly listen? I have ever found the religious and the political propagandist united in the same individual. The man who proposes to the simple to improve his creed, is ready to point out the way to better his condition. He succeeds in rendering him unhappy in both, and there he leaves him. So would this man, and

I would rather die for my people, than tamely give them over to their misery."

A tall, stout, weather-beaten man, in the coarse dress of a fisherman, descending the hill, intercepted our way. It was the man Cuthbert, already mentioned by Mr Fairman. He touched his southwester to the incumbent.

"How is the boy, Cuthbert?" asked the minister, stopping at the same moment.

"All but well, sir. Doctor Mayhew don't mean to come again. It's all along of them nourishments that Miss Ellen sent us down. The Doctor says he must have died without them."

"Well, Cuthbert, I trust that we shall find you grateful."

"Grateful, sir!" exclaimed the man. "If ever I forget what you have done for that poor child, I hope the breath——" The brawny fisherman could say no more. His eyes filled suddenly with tears, and he held down his head, ashamed of them. He had no cause to be so.

"Be honest and industrious, Cuthbert; give that boy a good example. Teach him to love his God, and his neighbour as himself. That will be gratitude enough, and more than pay Miss Ellen."

"I'll try to do it, sir. God bless you!"

We said little till we reached the parsonage again; but before I re-entered its gate the Reverend Walter Fairman had risen in my esteem, and ceased to be considered a cold and unfeeling man.

We dined; the party consisting of the incumbent, the six students, and myself. The daughter, the only daughter and child of Mr Fairman, who was himself a widower, had not returned from the cottage to which she had been called in the morning. It was necessary that a female should be in constant attendance upon the aged invalid; a messenger had been despatched to the neighbouring village for an experienced nurse; and until her arrival Miss Fairman would permit no one but herself to undertake the duties of the sick chamber. It was on this account that we were deprived of the pleasure of her society, for her accustomed seat was at the head of her father's table. I was pleased with the pupils. They were

affable and well-bred. They treated the incumbent with marked respect, and behaved towards their new teacher with the generous kindness and freedom of true young gentlemen. The two eldest boys might be fifteen years of age. The remaining four could not have reached their thirteenth year. In the afternoon I had the scholars to myself. The incumbent retired to his library, and left us to pass our first day in removing the restraint that was the natural accompaniment of our different positions, and in securing our intimacy. I talked of the scenery, and found willing listeners. They understood me better than their master, for they were worshippers themselves. They promised to show me lovelier spots than any I had met with yet; sacred corners, known only to themselves, down by the sea, where the arbute and laurustinus grew like trees, and children of the ocean. Then there were villages near, more beautiful even than their own; one that lay in the lap of a large hill, with the sea creeping round, or rolling at its feet like thunder, sometimes. What lanes, too, Miss Fairman knew of! She would take me into places worth the looking at; and oh, what drawings she had made from them! Their sisters had bought drawings, and paid very dearly for them too, that were not half so finely done! They would ask her to show me her portfolio, and she would do it directly, for she was the kindest creature living. It was not the worst trait in the disposition of these boys, that, whatever might be the subject of conversation, or from whatever point we might start in our discourse, they found pleasure in making all things bear towards the honour and renown of their young mistress. The scenery was nothing without Miss Fairman and her sketches. The house was dull without her, and the singing in the church, if she were ill and absent, was as different as could be. There were the sweetest birds that could be, heard warbling in the high trees that lined the narrow roads; but at Miss Fairman's window there was a nightingale that beat them all. The day wore on, and I did not see the general favourite. It was dusk when she reached the parsonage, and then she retired immediately to rest, tired from the labours of the day. The friend of the family, Doctor Mayhew, had

accompanied Miss Fairman home; he remained with the incumbent, and I continued with my young companions until their bedtime. They departed, leaving me their books, and then I took a survey of the work that was before me. My duties were to commence on the following day, and our first subject was the tragedy of *Hecuba*. How very grateful did I feel for the sound instruction which I had received in early life from my revered pains-taking tutor, for the solid groundwork that he had established, and for the rational mode of tuition which he had from the first adopted. From the moment that he undertook to cultivate and inform the youthful intellect, this became itself an active instrument in the attainment of knowledge—not, as is so often the case, the mere idle depository of encumbering words. It was little that he required to be gained by rote, for he regarded all acquisitions as useless in which the understanding had not the chiefest share. He was pleased to communicate facts, and anxious to discover, from examination, that the principles which they contained had been accurately seen and understood. Then no labour and perseverance on his part were deemed too great for his pupil, and the business of his life became his first pleasure. In the study of Greek, for which at an early age I evinced great aptitude, I learnt the structure of the language and its laws from the keen observations of my master, whose rules were drawn from the classic work before us—rather than from grammars. To this hour I retain the information thus obtained, and at no period of my life have I ever had greater cause for thankfulness, than when, after many months of idleness and neglect, with a view to purchase bread I opened, not without anxiety, my book again, and found that time had not impaired my knowledge, and that light shone brightly on the pages, as it did of old. Towards the close of the evening, I was invited to the study of Mr Fairman. Doctor Mayhew was still with him, and I was introduced to the physician as the teacher newly arrived from London. The doctor was a stout good-humoured gentleman of the middle height, with a cheerful and healthy-looking countenance. He was, in truth, a jovial man, as well as a great snuff-taker. The incumbent offered me a chair, and plac-

ed a decanter of wine before me. His own glass of port was untouched, and he looked serious and dejected.

"Well, sir, how does London look?" enquired the doctor; "are the folks as mad as they used to be? What new invention is the rage now? What bubble is going to burst? What lord committed forgery last? Who was the last woman murdered before you started?"

I confessed my inability to answer.

"Well, never mind. There isn't much lost. I am almost ashamed of old England, that's the truth on't. I have given over reading the newspapers, for they are about as full of horrors as Miss What's-her-name's tales of the Infernals. What an age this is! all crime and fanaticism! Every man and everything is on the rush. Come, Fairman, take your wine.

Mr Fairman sat gazing on the fire, quietly, and took no notice of the request. "People's heads," continued the medical gentleman, "seem turned topsy-turvy. Dear me, how different it was in my time! What men are about, I can't think. The very last newspaper I read had an advertisement that I should as soon have expected to see there when my father was alive, as a ship sailing along this coast keel upwards. You saw it, Fairman. It was just under the Everlasting Life Pill advertisement; and announced that the Reverend Mr Somebody would preach on the Sunday following, at some conventicle, when the public were invited to listen to him—and that the doors would be opened half an hour earlier than usual to prevent squeezing. That's modern religion, and it looks as much like ancient play-acting as two peas. Where will these marching days of improvement bring us to at last?"

"Tell me, Mayhew," said Mr Fairman, "does it not surprise you that a girl of her age should be so easily fatigued?"

"My dear friend, that makes the sixth time of asking. Let us hope that it will be the last. I don't know what you mean by '*so easily*' fatigued. The poor girl has been in the village all day, fomenting and poulticing old Mrs Barnes, and if it had been any girl but herself, she would have been tired out long before. Make your mind easy. I have sent the naughty puss to bed, and she'll be as fresh as a rose in the morning."

"She must keep her exertions within proper bounds," continued the incumbent. "I am sure she has not strength enough to carry out her good intentions. I have watched her narrowly, and cannot be mistaken."

"You do wrong, then, Fairman. Anxious watching creates fear, without the shadow of an excuse for it. When we have anything like a bad symptom, it is time to get uneasy."

"Yes, but what do you call a bad symptom, Doctor?"

"Why, I call your worrying yourself into fidgets, and teasing me into an ill temper, a shocking symptom of bad behaviour. If it continue, you must take a doze. Come, my friend, let me prescribe that glass of good old port. It does credit to the cloth."

"Seriously, Mayhew, have you never noticed the short, hacking cough that sometimes troubles her?"

"Yes; I noticed it last January for the space of one week, when there was not a person within ten miles of you who was not either hacking, as you call it, or blowing his nose from morning till night. The dear child had a cold, and so had you, and I, and everybody else."

"And that sudden flush, too?"

"Why, you'll be complaining of the bloom on the peach next! That's health, and nothing else, take my word for it."

"I am, perhaps, morbidly apprehensive; but I cannot forget her poor mother. You attended her, Mayhew, and you know how suddenly that came upon us. Poor Ellen! what should I do without her!"

"Fairman, join me in wishing success to our young friend here. Mr Stukely, here's your good health; and success and happiness attend you. You'll find little society here; but it is of the right sort, I can tell you. You must make yourself at home." The minister became more cheerful, and an hour passed in pleasant conversation. At ten o'clock, the horse of Doctor Mayhew was brought to the gate, and the gentleman departed in great good-humour. Almost immediately afterwards, the incumbent himself conducted me to my sleeping apartment, and I was not loth to get my rest. I fell asleep with the beautiful village floating before my weary eyes, and the first day of my residence at the parsonage closed peacefully upon me.

It was at the breakfast table on the succeeding morning that I beheld the daughter of the incumbent, the favourite and companion of my pupils, and mistress of the house—a maiden in her twentieth year. She was simply and artlessly attired, gentle and retiring in demeanour, and femininely sweet rather than beautiful in expression. Her figure was slender, her voice soft and musical; her hair light brown, and worn plain across a forehead white as marble. The eye-brows which arched the small, rich, hazel eyes were delicately drawn, and the slightly aquiline nose might have formed a study for an artist. With the exception, however, of this last-named feature, there was little in the individual lineaments of the face to surprise or rivet the observer. Extreme simplicity, and perfect innocence—these were stamped upon the countenance, and were its charm. It was a strange feeling that possessed me when I first gazed upon her through the chaste atmosphere that dwelt around her. It was degradation deep and unaffected—a sense of shame and undeservedness. I remembered with self-abhorrence the relation that had existed between the unhappy Emma and myself, and the enormity and disgrace of my offence never looked so great as now, and here—in the bright presence of unconscious purity. She reassured and welcomed me with a natural smile, and pursued her occupation with quiet cheerfulness and unconstraint. I did not wonder that her father loved her, and entertained the thought of losing her with fear; for, young and gentle as she was, she evinced wisdom and age in her deep sense of duty, and in the government of her happy home. Method and order waited on her doings, and sweetness and tranquillity—the ease and dignity of a matron elevating and upholding the maiden's native modesty: And did she not love her sire as ardently? Yes, if her virgin soul spoke faithfully in every movement of her guileless face. Yes, if there be truth in tones that strike the heart to thrill it—in thoughts that write their meaning in the watchful eye, in words that issue straight from the fount of love, in acts that do not bear one shade of selfish purpose. It was not a labour of time to learn that the existence of the child, her peace and happiness, were merged in those of

the fond parent. He was every thing to her, as she to him. She had no brother—he no wife: these natural channels of affection cut away, the stream was strong and deep that flowed into each other's hearts. My first interview with the young lady was necessarily limited. I would gladly have prolonged it. The morning was passed with my pupils, and my mind stole often from the work before me to dwell upon the face and form of her, whom, as a sister, I could have doated on and cherished. How happy I should have been, I deemed, if I had been so blessed. Useless reflection! and yet pleased was I to dwell upon it, and to welcome its return, as often as it recurred. At dinner we met again. To be admitted into her presence seemed the reward for my morning toil—a privilege rather than a right. What labour was too great for the advantage of such moments?—moments indeed they were, and less—flashes of time, that were not here before they had disappeared. We exchanged but few words. I was still oppressed with the conviction of my own unworthiness, and wondered if she could read in my burning face the history of shame. How she must avoid and despise me, thought I, when she has discovered all, and how bold and wicked it was to darken the light in which she lived with the guilt that was a part of me! Not the less did I experience this when she spoke to me with kindness and unreserve. The feeling grew in strength. I was conscious of deceit and fraud, and could not shake the knowledge off. I was taking mean advantage of her confidence, assuming a character to which I had no claim, and listening to the accents of innocence and virtue with the equanimity of one good and spotless as herself. In the afternoon the young students resumed their work. When it was over, we strolled amongst the hills; and, at the close of a delightful walk, found ourselves in the enchanting village. Here we encountered Miss Fairman and the incumbent, and we returned home in company. In one short hour we reached it. How many hours have passed since *that* was ravished from the hand of Time, and registered in the tenacious memory! Years have floated by, and silently have dropped into the boundless sea, unheeded, unregretted;

and these few minutes—sacred relics—live and linger in the world, in mercy it may be, to lighten up my lonely hearth, or save the whitened head from drooping. The spirit of one golden hour shall hover through a life, and shed glory where he falls. What are the unfruitful, unremembered years that rush along, frightening mortality with their fatal speed—an instant in eternity! What are the moments loaded with passion, intense, and never-dying—years, ages upon earth! Away with the divisions of time, whilst one short breath—the smallest particle or measure of duration, shall outweigh ages. Breathless and silent is the dewy eve. Trailing a host of glittering clouds behind him, the sun stalks down, and leaves the emerald hills in deeper green. The lambs are skipping on the path—the shepherd as loth to lead them home as they to go. The labourer has done his work, and whistles his way back. The minister has much of good and wise to say to his young family. They hear the business of the day; their guardian draws the moral, and bids them think it over. Upon my arm I bear his child, the fairest object of the twilight group. She tells me histories of this charmed spot, and the good old tales that are as old as the gray church beneath us: she smiles, and speaks of joys amongst the hills, ignorant of the tearful eye and throbbing heart beside her, that overflow with new-found bliss, and cannot bear their weight of happiness.

Another day of natural gladness—and then the Sabbath; this not less cheerful and inspiring than the preceding. The sun shone fair upon the ancient church, and made its venerable gray stones sparkle and look young again. The dark-green ivy that for many a year has clung there, looked no longer sad and sombre, but gay and lively as the newest of the newborn leaves that smiled on every tree. The inhabitants of the secluded village were already a-foot when we proceeded from the parsonage, and men and women from adjacent villages were on the road to join them. The deep-toned bell pealed solemnly, and sanctified the vale; for its sound strikes deeply ever on the broad ear of nature. Willows and yew-trees shelter the graves of the departed villagers, and the living wend their way

beneath them, subdued to seriousness, it may be, by the breathless voice that dwells in every well-remembered mound. There is not one who does not carry on his brow the thoughts that best become it now. All are well dressed, all look cleanly and contented. The children are with their parents, their natural and best instructors. Whom should they love so well? To whom is honour due if not to them? The village owns no school to disannul the tie of blood, to warp and weaken the affection that holds them well together.

All was quietness and decorum in the house of prayer. Every earnest eye was fixed, not upon Mr Fairman, but on the book from which the people prayed, in which they found their own good thoughts portrayed, their pious wishes told, their sorrow and repentance in clearest form described. Every humble penitent was on his knees. With one voice, loud and heartfelt, came the responses which spoke the people's acquiescence in all the pastor urged and prayed on their behalf. The worship over, Mr Fairman addressed his congregation, selecting his subject from the lesson of the day, and fitting his words to the capacities of those who listened. Let me particularly note, that whilst the incumbent pointed distinctly to the cross as the only ground of a sinner's hope, he insisted upon good works as the necessary and essential accompaniment of his faith. "Do not tell me, my dear friends," he said, at the conclusion of his address—"do not tell me that you believe, if your daily life is unworthy a believer. I will not trust you. What is your belief, if your heart is busy in contrivances to overreach your neighbour? What is it, if your mind is filled with envy, malice, hatred, and revenge? What if you are given over to disgraceful lusts—to drunkenness and debauchery? What if you are ashamed to speak the truth, and are willing to become a liar? I tell you, and I have warrant for what I say, that your conduct one towards another must be straightforward, honest, generous, kind, and affectionate, or you cannot be in a safe and happy state. You owe it to yourselves to be so; for if you are poor and labouring men, you have an immortal soul within you, and it is your greatest ornament. It is that which

gives the meanest of us a dignity that no earthly honours can supply; a dignity that it becomes the first and last of us by every means to cherish and support. Is it not, my friends, degrading, fearful to know that we bear about with us the very image of our God, and that we are acting worse than the very brutes of the field? Do yourselves justice. Be pure—pure in mind and body. Be honest, in word and deed. Be loving to one another. Crush every wish to do evil, or to speak harshly; be brothers, and feel that you are working out the wishes of a benevolent and loving Father, who has created you for love, and smiles upon you when you do his bidding." There was more to this effect, but nothing need be added to explain the scope and tendency of his discourse. His congregation could not mistake his meaning; they could not fail to profit by it, if reason was not proof against the soundest argument. As quietly as, and, if it be possible, more seriously than, they entered the church, did the small band of worshippers, at the close of the service, retire from it. Could it be my fancy, or did the wife in truth cling closer to her husband—the father clasp his little boy more firmly in his hand? Did neighbour nod to neighbour more eagerly as they parted at the churchyard gate—did every look and movement of the many groups bespeak a spirit touched, a mind reprov'd? I may not say so, for my own heart was melted by the scene, and might mislead my judgment. There was a second service in the afternoon. This concluded, we walked to the sea-beach. In the evening Mr Fairman related a connected history from the Old Testament, whilst the pupils tracked his progress on their maps, and the narrative became a living thing in their remembrances. Serious conversation then succeeded; to this a simple prayer, and the day closed, sweetly and calmly, as a day might close in Paradise.

The events of the following month partook of the character of those already glanced at. The minister was unremitting in his attendance upon his parishioners, and no day passed during which something had not been accomplished for their spiritual improvement or worldly comfort. His loving daughter was a handmaid at his side, ministering with him, and

shedding sunshine where she came. The villagers were frugal and industrious; and seemed, for the most part, sensible of their incumbent's untiring efforts. Improvement appeared even in the cottage of the desperate Warden. Mr Fairman obtained employment for him. For a fortnight he had attended to it, and no complaint had reached the parsonage of misbehaviour. His wife had learned to bear her imagined wrongs in silence, and could even submit to a visit from her best friend without insulting him for the condescension. My own days passed smoothly on. My occupation grew every day more pleasing, and the results of my endeavours as gratifying as I could wish them. My pupils were attached to me, and I beheld them improving gradually and securely under their instruction. Mr Fairman, who, for a week together, had witnessed the course of my tuition, and watched it narrowly, was pleased to express his approbation in the warmest terms. Much of the coldness with which I thought he had at first encountered me disappeared, and his manner grew daily more friendly and confiding. His treatment was most generous. He received me into the bosom of his family as a son, and strove to render his fair habitation my genuine and natural home.

Another month passed by, and the colour and tone of my existence had suffered a momentous change. In the acquirement of a fearful joy, I had lost all joy. In rendering every moment of my life blissful and ecstatic, I had robbed myself of all felicity. A few weeks before, and my state of being had realized a serenity that defied all causes of perturbation and disquiet. Now it was a sea of agitation and disorder; and a breath, a nothing had brought the restless waves upon the quiet surface. Through the kindness of Mr Fairman, my evenings had been almost invariably passed in the society of himself and his daughter. The lads were early risers, and retired, on that account, at a very early hour to rest. Upon their dismissal, I had been requested to join the company in the drawing-room. This company included sometimes Doctor Mayhew, the neighbouring squire, or a chance visitor, but consisted oftentimes only of the incumbent and his daughter. Aware of the friendly motive which

suggested the request, I obeyed it with alacrity. On these occasions, Miss Fairman used her pencil, whilst I read aloud; or she would ply her needle, and soothe at intervals her father's ear with strains of music, which he, for many reasons, loved to hear. Once or twice the incumbent had been called away, and his child and I were left together. I had no reason to be silent whilst the good minister was present, yet I found that I could speak more confidently and better when he was absent. We conversed with freedom and unrestraint. I found the maiden's mind well stored—her voice was not more sweet than was her understanding clear and cloudless. Books had been her joy, which, in the season of suffering, had been my consolation. They were a common source of pleasure. She spoke of them with feeling, and I could understand her. I regarded her with deep unfeigned respect; but, the evening over, I took my leave, as I had come—in peace. Miss Fairman left the parsonage to pay a two-days' visit at a house in the vicinity. Until the evening of the first day I was not sensible of her absence. It was then, and at the customary hour of our reunion, that, for the first time, I experienced, with alarm, a sense of loneliness and desertion—that I became tremblingly conscious of the secret growth of an affection that had waited only for the time and circumstance to make its presence and its power known and dreaded. In the daily enjoyment of her society, I had not estimated its influence and value. Once denied it, and I dared not acknowledge to myself how precious it had become, how silently and fatally it had wrought upon my heart. The impropriety and folly of self-indulgence were at once apparent—yes, the vanity and wickedness—and, startled by what looked like guilt, I determined manfully to rise superior to temptation. I took refuge in my books; they lacked their usual interest, were ineffectual in reducing the ruffled mind to order. I rose and paced my room, but I could not escape from agitating thought. I sought the minister in his study, and hoped to bring myself to calm and reason by dwelling seriously on the business of the day—with him, the father of the lady, and *my master*. He was not there. He had left the parsonage with Doctor Mayhew an hour

before. I walked into the open air restless and unhappy, relying on the freshness and repose of night to be subdued and comforted. It was a night to soften anger—to conquer envy—to destroy revenge—beautiful and bright. The hills were bathed in liquid silvery light, and on their heights, and in the vale, on all around, lay passion slumbering. What could I find on such a night, but favour and incitement, support and confirmation, flattery and delusion? Every object ministered to the imagination, and love had given that wings. I trembled as I pursued my road, and fuel found its unobstructed way rapidly to the flame within. Self-absorbed, I wandered on. I did not choose my path. I believed I did not, and I stopped at length—before the house that held her. I gazed upon it with reverence and love. One room was lighted up. Shadows flitted across the curtained window, and my heart throbbed sensibly when, amongst them, I imagined I could trace her form. I was borne down by a conviction of wrong and culpability, but I could not move, or for a moment draw away my look. It was a strange assurance that I felt—but I did feel it, strongly and emphatically—that I should see her palpably before I left the place. I waited for that sight in certain expectation, and it came. A light was carried from the room. Diminished illumination there, and sudden brightness against a previously darkened casement, made this evident. The light ascended—another casement higher than the last was, in its turn, illumined, and it betrayed her figure. She approached the window, and, for an instant—oh how brief!—looked into the heavenly night. My poor heart sickened with delight, and I strained my eyes long after all was blank and dark again.

Daylight, and the employments of day, if they did not remove, weakened the turbulence of the preceding night. The more I found my passion acquiring mastery, with greater vigour I renewed my work, and with more determination I pursued the objects that were most likely to fight and overcome it. I laboured with the youths for a longer period. I undertook to prepare a composition for the following day which I knew must take much thought and many hours in working out. I armed myself at all

points—but the evening came and found me once more conscious of a void that left me prostrate. Mr Fairman was again absent from home. I could not rest in it, and I too sallied forth, but this time, to the village. I would not deliberately offer violence to my conscience, and I shrunk from a premeditated visit to the distant house. My own acquaintances in the village were not many, or of long standing, but there were some half dozen, especial favourites of the incumbent's daughter. To one of these I bent my steps, with no other purpose than that of baffling time that hung upon me painfully and heavily at home. For a few minutes I spoke with the aged female of the house on general topics; then a passing observation—in spite of me—escaped my lips in reference to Miss Eilen. The villager took up the theme and expatiated widely. There was no end to what she had to say of good and kind for the dear lady. I could have hugged her for her praise. Prudence bade me forsake the dangerous ground, and so I did, to return again with tenfold curiosity and zest. I asked a hundred questions, each one revealing more interest and ardour than the last, and involving me in deeper peril. It was at length accomplished. My companion hesitated suddenly in a discourse, then stopped, and looked me in the face, smiling cunningly. "I tell you what, sir," she exclaimed at last, and loudly, "you are over head and ears in love, and that's the truth on't."

"Hush, good woman," I replied, blushing to the forehead, and hastening to shut an open door. "Don't speak so loud. You mistake, it is no such thing. I shall be angry if you say so—very angry. What can you mean?"

"Just what I say, sir. Why, do you know how old I am? Seventy-three. I think I ought to tell, and where's the harm of it? Who couldn't love the sweetest lady in the parish—bless her young feeling heart!"

"I tell you—you mistake—you are to blame. I command you not to repeat this to a living soul. If it should come to the incumbent's ears"—

"Trust me for that, sir. I'm no blab. He shan't be wiser for such as me. But do you mean to tell me, sir, with that red face of your'n, you haven't lost your heart—leave alone

your trembling? ah, well, I hopes you'll both be happy, anyhow."

I endeavoured to remonstrate, but the old woman only laughed and shook her aged head. I left her, grieved and apprehensive. My secret thoughts had been discovered. How soon might they be carried to the confiding minister and his unsuspecting daughter! What would they think of me! It was a day of anxiety and trouble, that on which Miss Fairman returned to the parsonage. I received my usual invitation; but I was indisposed, and did not go. I resolved to see her only during meals, and when it was impossible to avoid her. I would not seek her presence. Foolish effort! It had been better to pass hours in her sight, for previous separation made union more intense, and the passionate enjoyment of a fleeting instant was hoarded up, and became nourishment for the livelong day.

It was a soft rich afternoon in June, and chance made me the companion of Miss Fairman. We were alone: I had encountered her at a distance of about a mile from the parsonage, on the sea-shore, whither I had walked distressed in spirit, and grateful for the privilege of listening in gloomy quietude to the soothing sounds of nature—medicinal ever. The lady was at my side almost before I was aware of her approach. My heart throbbed whilst she smiled upon me, sweetly as she smiled on all. Her deep hazel eye was moist. Could it be from weeping?

"What has happened, Miss Fairman?" I asked immediately.

"Do I betray my weakness, then?" she answered. "I am sorry for it; for dear papa tells all the villagers that no wise man weeps—and no wise woman either, I suppose. But I cannot help it. We are but a small family in the village, and it makes me very sad to miss the old faces one after another, and to see old friends dropping and dropping into the silent grave."

As she spoke the church-bell tolled, and she turned pale, and ceased. I offered her my arm, and we walked on.

"Whom do you mourn, Miss Fairman?" I asked at length.

"A dear good friend—my best and oldest. When poor mamma was dying, she made me over to her care.

She was her nurse, and was mine for years. It is very wrong of me to weep for her. She was good and pious, and is blest."

The church-bell tolled again, and my companion shuddered.

"Oh! I cannot listen to that bell," she said. "I wish papa would do away with it. What a withering sound it has! I heard it first when it was tolling for my dear mother. It fell upon my heart like iron then, and it falls so now."

"I cannot say that I dislike the melancholy chime: Death is sad. Its messenger should not be gay."

"It is the soul that sees and hears. Beauty and music are created quickly if the heart be joyful. So my book says, and it is true. You have had no cause to think that bell a hideous thing."

"Yet I have suffered youth's severest loss. I have lost a mother."

"You speak the truth. Yes, I have a kind father left me—and you"—

"I am an orphan, friendless and deserted. God grant, Miss Fairman, you may be spared my fate for years."

"Not friendless or deserted either, Mr Stukely," answered the young lady kindly; "papa does not deserve, I am sure, that you should speak so harshly."

"Pardon me, Miss Fairman. I did not mean to say that. He has been most generous to me—kinder than I deserve. But I have borne much, and still must bear. The fatherless and motherless is in the world alone. He needs no greater punishment."

"You must not talk so. Papa will, I am sure, be a father to you, as he is to all who need one. You do not know him, Mr Stukely. His heart is overflowing with tenderness and charity. You cannot judge him by his manner. He has had his share of sorrow and misfortune; and death has been at his door oftener than once. Friends have been unfaithful and men have been ungrateful; but trial and suffering have not hardened him. You have seen him amongst the poor, but you have not seen him as I have; nor have I beheld him as his Maker has, in the secret workings of his spirit, which is pure and good, believe me. He has received injury like a child, and dealt mercy and love with the liberality of an angel. Trust my father, Mr Stukely."

The maiden spoke quickly and

passionately, and her neck and face crimsoned with animation. I quivered, for her tones communicated fire—but my line of conduct was marked, and it shone clear in spite of the clouds of emotion which strove to envelope and conceal it—as they did too soon.

“I would trust him, Miss Fairman, and I do,” I answered with a faltering tongue. “I appreciate his character and I revere him. I could have made my home with him. I prayed that I might do so. Heaven seemed to have directed my steps to this blissful spot, and to have pointed out at length a resting place for my tired feet. I have been most happy here—too happy—I have proved ungrateful, and I know how rashly I have forfeited this and every thing. I cannot live here. This is no home for me. I will go into the world again—cast myself upon it—do any thing. I could be a labourer on the highways, and be contented if I could see that I had done my duty,

and behaved with honour. Believe me, Miss Fairman, I have not deliberately indulged—I have struggled, fought, and battled, till my brain has tottered. I am wretched and forlorn—but I will leave you—to-morrow—would that I had never come—.” I could say no more. My full heart spoke its agony in tears.

“What has occurred? What afflicts you? You alarm me, Mr Stukely.”

I had sternly determined to permit no one look to give expression to the feeling which consumed me, to obstruct by force the passage of the remotest hint that should struggle to betray me; but as the maiden looked full and timidly upon me, I felt in defiance of me, and against all opposition, the tell-tale passion rising from my soul, and creeping to my eye. It would not be held back. In an instant, with one treacherous glance, all was spoken and revealed.

By that dejected city, Arno runs,
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons.
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Return'd as bright a blue, to vernal skies.
And thence, my little wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, thee, too, the hours on silent wing
Brought, while anemonies were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground,
Where stood fair Florence: there thy voice first blest
My ear, and sank like balm into my breast:
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten were in store.
But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptured brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
What then the bliss to see again thy face,
And all that Rumour has announced of grace!
I urge, with fevered breast, the four-month day.
O! could I sleep to wake again in May.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

SANDT AND KOTZEBUE.

Sandt.—GENERALLY men of letters in our days, contrary to the practice of antiquity, are little fond of admitting the young and unlearned into their studies or their society.

Kotzebue.—They should rather those than others. The young *must* cease to be young, and the unlearned *may* cease to be unlearned. According to the letters you bring with you, sir, there is only youth against you. In the seclusion of a college life, you appear to have studied with much assiduity and advantage, and to have pursued no other courses than the paths of wisdom.

Sandt.—Do you approve of the pursuit?

Kotzebue.—Who does not?

Sandt.—None, if you will consent that they direct the chase, bag the game, inebriate some of the sportsmen, and leave the rest behind in the slough. May I ask you another question?

Kotzebue.—Certainly.

Sandt.—Where lie the paths of wisdom? I did not expect, my dear sir, to throw you back upon your chair. I hope it was no rudeness to seek information from you?

Kotzebue.—The paths of wisdom, young man, are those which lead us to truth and happiness.

Sandt.—If they lead us away from fortune, from employments, from civil and political utility; if they cast us where the powerful persecute, where the rich trample us down, and where the poorer (at seeing it) despise us, rejecting our counsel and spurning our consolation, what valuable truth do they enable us to discover, or what rational happiness to expect? To say that wisdom leads to truth, is only to say that wisdom leads to wisdom; for such is truth. Nonsense is better than falsehood; and we come to that.

Kotzebue.—How?

Sandt.—No falsehood is more palpable than that wisdom leads to happiness—I mean in this world; in another, we may well indeed believe that the words are constructed of very different materials. But here we are, standing on a barren molehill that crumbles and sinks under our tread; here we are, and show me from hence, Von Kotzebue, a discoverer who has not suffered for his discovery, whether it be of a world or of a truth—whether a Columbus or a Galileo. Let us come down lower: Show me a man who has detected the injustice of a law, the absurdity of a tenet, the malversation of a minister, or the impiety of a priest, and who has not been stoned, or hanged, or burnt, or imprisoned, or exiled, or reduced to poverty. The chain of Prometheus is hanging yet upon his rock, and weaker limbs writhe daily in its rusty links. Who then, unless for others, would be a darer of wisdom? And yet, how full of it is even the inanimate world? We may gather it out of stones and straws. Much lies within the reach of all: little has been collected by the wisest of the wise. O slaves to passion! O minions to power! ye carry your own scourges about you; ye endure their tortures daily; yet ye crouch for more. Ye believe that God beholds you; ye know that he will punish you, even worse than ye punish yourselves; and still ye lick the dust where the Old Serpent went before you.

Kotzebue.—I am afraid, sir, you have formed to yourself a romantic and strange idea, both of happiness and of wisdom.

Sandt.—I too am afraid it may be so. My idea of happiness is, the power of communicating peace, good-will, gentle affections, ease, comfort, independence, freedom, to all men capable of them.

Kotzebue.—The idea is, truly, no humble one.

Sandt.—A higher may descend more securely on a stronger mind. The power of communicating those blessings to the capable, is enough for my aspirations. A stronger mind may exercise its faculties in the divine work of creating the capacity.

Kotzebue.—Childish! childish!—Men have cravings enow already; give them fresh capacities, and they will have fresh appetites. Let us be contented in the sphere wherein it is the will of Providence to place us; and let us render ourselves useful in it to the utmost of our power, without idle aspirations after impracticable good.

Sandt.—O sir! you lead me where I tremble to step; to the haunts of your intellect, to the recesses of your spirit. Alas! alas! how small and how vacant is the central chamber of the lofty pyramid?

Kotzebue.—Is this to me?

Sandt.—To you, and many mightier. Reverting to your own words; could not you yourself have remained in the sphere you were placed in?

Kotzebue.—What sphere? I have written dramas, and novels, and travels. I have been called to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Sandt.—You sought celebrity.—I blame not that. The thick air of multitudes may be good for some constitutions of mind, as the thinner of solitudes is for others. Some horses will not run without the clapping of hands; others fly out of the course rather than hear it. But let us come to the point. Imperial courts! What do they know of letters? What letters do they countenance—do they tolerate?

Kotzebue.—Plays.

Sandt.—Playthings.

Kotzebue.—Travels.

Sandt.—On their business. O ye paviours of the dreary road along which their cannon rolls for conquest! my blood throbs at every stroke of your rammers. When will ye lay them by?

Kotzebue.—We are not such drudges.

Sandt.—Germans! Germans! Must ye never have a rood on earth ye can call your own, in the vast inheritance of your fathers?

Kotzebue.—Those who strive and labour, gain it; and many have rich possessions.

Sandt.—None; not the highest.

Kotzebue.—Perhaps you may think them insecure; but they are not lost yet, although the rapacity of France does indeed threaten to swallow them up. But her fraudulence is more to be apprehended than her force. The promise of liberty is more formidable than the threat of servitude. The wise know that she never will bring us freedom; the brave know that she never can bring us thralldom. She herself is alike impatient of both; in the dazzle of arms she mistakes the one for the other, and is never more agitated than in the midst of peace.

Sandt.—The fools that went to war against her, did the only thing that could unite her; and every sword they drew was a conductor of that lightning which fell upon their heads. But we must now look at our homes. Where there is no strict union, there is no perfect love; and where no perfect love, there is no true helper. Are you satisfied, sir, at the celebrity and the distinctions you have obtained?

Kotzebue.—My celebrity and distinctions, if I must speak of them, quite satisfy me. Neither in youth nor in advancing age—neither in difficult nor in easy circumstances, have I ventured to proclaim myself the tutor or the guardian of mankind.

Sandt.—I understand the reproof, and receive it humbly and gratefully. You did well in writing the dramas, and the novels, and the travels; but, pardon my question, who called you to the courts of princes in strange countries?

Kotzebue.—They themselves.

Sandt.—They have no more right to take you away from your country, than to eradicate a forest, or to subvert a church in it. You belong to the land that bore you, and were not at liberty—(if right and liberty are one, and unless they are, they are good for nothing)—you were not at liberty, I repeat it, to enter into the service of an alien.

Kotzebue.—No magistrate, higher or lower, forbade me. Fine notions of freedom are these!

Sandt.—A man is always a minor in regard to his fatherland; and the ser-

vants of his fatherland are wrong and criminal, if they whisper in his ear that he may go away, that he may work in another country, that he may ask to be fed in it, and that he may wait there until orders and tasks are given for his hands to execute. Being a German, you voluntarily placed yourself in a position where you might eventually be coerced to act against Germans.

Kotzebue.—I would not.

Sandt.—Perhaps you think so.

Kotzebue.—Sir, I know my duty.

Sandt.—We all do; yet duties are transgressed, and daily. Where the will is weak in accepting, it is weaker in resisting. Already have you left the ranks of your fellow-citizens—already have you taken the enlisting money and marched away.

Kotzebue.—Phrases! metaphors! and let me tell you, M. Sandt, not very polite ones. You have hitherto seen little of the world, and you speak rather the language of books than of men.

Sandt.—What! are books written by some creatures of less intellect than ours? I fancied them to convey the language and reasonings of men. I was wrong, and you are right, Von Kotzebue! They are, in general, the productions of such as have neither the constancy of courage, nor the continuity of sense, to act up to what they know to be right, or to maintain it, even in words, to the end of their lives. You are aware that I am speaking now of political ethics. This is the worst I can think of the matter, and bad enough is this.

Kotzebue.—You misunderstand me. Our conduct must fall in with our circumstances. We may be patriotic, yet not puritanical in our patriotism, not harsh, nor intolerant, nor contracted. The philosophical mind should consider the whole world as its habitation, and not look so minutely into it as to see the lines that divide nations and governments; much less should it act the part of a busy shrew, and take pleasure in giving loose to the tongue, at finding things a little out of place.

Sandt.—We will leave the shrew where we find her: she certainly is better with the comedian than with the philosopher. But this indistinctness in the moral and political line begets indifference. He who does not keep his own country more closely in view than any other, soon mixes land with sea, and sea with air, and loses sight of every thing, at least, for which he was placed in contact with his fellow men. Let us unite, if possible, with the nearest: Let usages and familiarities bind us: this being once accomplished, let us confederate for security and peace with all the people round, particularly with people of the same language, laws, and religion. We pour out wine to those about us, wishing the same fellowship and conviviality to others: but to enlarge the circle would disturb and deaden its harmony. We irrigate the ground in our gardens: the public road may require the water equally: yet we give it rather to our borders; and first to those that lie against the house! God himself did not fill the world at once with happy creatures: he enlivened one small portion of it with them, and began with single affections, as well as pure and unmixed. We must have an object and an aim, or our strength, if any strength belongs to us, will be useless.

Kotzebue.—There is much good sense in these remarks: but I am not at all times at leisure and in readiness to receive instruction. I am old enough to have laid down my own plans of life; and I trust I am by no means deficient in the relations I bear to society.

Sandt.—Lovest thou thy children? Oh! my heart bleeds! But the birds can fly; and the nest requires no warmth from the parent, no cover against the rain and the wind.

Kotzebue.—This is wildness: this is agony. Your face is laden with large drops; some of them tears, some not. Be more rational and calm, my dear young man! and less enthusiastic.

Sandt.—They who will not let us be rational, make us enthusiastic by force. Do you love your children? I ask you again. If you do, you must love them more than another man's. Only they who are indifferent to all, profess a parity.

Kotzebue.—Sir! indeed your conversation very much surprises me.

Sandt.—I see it does: you stare, and would look proud. Emperors and kings, and all but maniacs, would lose that faculty with me. I could speedily bring them to a just sense of their nothingness, unless their ears were calked and pitched, although I am no Savonarola. He, too, died sadly!

Kotzebue.—Amid so much confidence of power, and such an assumption of authority, your voice is gentle—almost plaintive.

Sandt.—It should be plaintive. Oh, could it be but persuasive!

Kotzebue.—Why take this deep interest in me? I do not merit nor require it. Surely any one would think we had been acquainted with each other for many years.

Sandt.—What! should I have asked you such a question as the last, after long knowing you?

Kotzebue, (aside.)—This resembles insanity.

Sandt.—The insane have quick ears, sir, and sometimes quick apprehensions.

Kotzebue.—I really beg your pardon.

Sandt.—I ought not then to have heard you, and beg yours. My madness could release many from a worse; from a madness which hurts them grievously; a madness which has been and will be hereditary: mine, again and again I repeat it, would burst asunder the strong swathes that fasten them to pillar and post. Sir! sir! if I entertained not the remains of respect for you, in your domestic state, I should never have held with you this conversation. Germany is Germany: she ought to have nothing political in common with what is not Germany. Her freedom and security now demand that she celebrate the communion of the faithful. Our country is the only one in all the explored regions on earth that never has been conquered. Arabia and Russia boast it falsely; France falsely; Rome falsely. A fragment off the empire of Darius fell and crushed her: Valentinian was the footstool of Sapor, and Rome was buried in Byzantium. Boys must not learn this, and men will not. Britain, the wealthiest and most powerful of nations, and, after our own, the most literate and humane, received from us colonies and laws. Alas! those laws, which she retains as her fairest heritage, we value not: we surrender them to gangs of robbers, who fortify themselves within walled cities, and enter into leagues against us. When they quarrel, they push us upon one another's sword, and command us to thank God for the victories that enslave us. These are the glories we celebrate; these are the festivals we hold, on the burial-mounds of our ancestors. Blessed are those who lie under them! blessed are also those who remember what they were, and call upon their names in the holiness of love.

Kotzebue.—Moderate the transport that inflames and consumes you. There is no dishonour in a nation being conquered by a stronger.

Sandt.—There may be great dishonour in letting it be stronger; great, for instance, in our disunion.

Kotzebue.—We have only been conquered by the French in our turn.

Sandt.—No, sir, no: we have not been, in turn or out. Our puny princes were disarmed by promises and lies: they accepted paper crowns from the very thief who was sweeping into his hat their forks and spoons. A cunning traitor snared incautious ones, plucked them, devoured them, and slept upon their feathers.

Kotzebue.—I would rather turn back with you to the ancient glories of our country than fix my attention on the sorrowful scenes more near to us. We may be justly proud of our literary men, who unite the suffrages of every capital, to the exclusion of almost all their own.

Sandt.—Many Germans well deserve this honour, others are manger-fed and hirelings.

Kotzebue.—The English and the Greeks are the only nations that rival us in poetry, or in any works of imagination.

Sandt.—While on this high ground we pretend to a rivalry with England and Greece, can we reflect, without a sinking of the heart, on our inferiority in political and civil dignity? Why are we lower than they? Our mothers are like their mothers; our children are like their children; our limbs are as strong, our capacities are as enlarged, our desire of improvement in the arts

and sciences is neither less vivid and generous, nor less temperate and well-directed. The Greeks were under disadvantages which never bore in any degree on us; yet they rose through them vigorously and erectly. They were Asiatic in what ought to be the finer part of the affections; their women were veiled and secluded, never visited the captive, never released the slave, never sat by the sick in the hospital, never heard the child's lesson repeated in the school. Ours are more tender, compassionate, and charitable, than poets have feigned of the past, or prophets have announced of the future; and, nursed at their breasts and educated at their feet, blush we not at our degeneracy? The most indifferent stranger feels a pleasure at finding, in the worst-written history of Spain, her various kingdoms ultimately mingled, although the character of the governors, and perhaps of the governed, is congenial to few. What delight, then, must overflow on Europe, from seeing the mother of her noblest nation rear again her venerable head, and bless all her children for the first time united!

Kotzebue.—I am bound to oppose such a project.

Sandt.—Say not so: in God's name, say not so.

Kotzebue.—In such confederacy I see nothing but conspiracy and rebellion, and I am bound, I tell you again, sir, to defeat it, if possible.

Sandt.—Bound! I must then release you.

Kotzebue.—How should you, young gentleman, release me?

Sandt.—May no pain follow the cutting of the knot! But think again: think better: spare me!

Kotzebue.—I will not betray you.

Sandt.—That would serve nobody: yet, if in your opinion betraying me can benefit you or your family, deem it no harm; so much greater has been done by you in abandoning the cause of Germany. Here is your paper; here is your ink.

Kotzebue.—Do you imagine me an informer?

Sandt.—From maxims and conduct such as yours, spring up the brood, the necessity, and the occupation of them. There would be none, if good men thought it a part of goodness to be as active and vigilant as the bad. I must go, sir! Return to yourself in time! How it pains me to think of losing you! Be my friend!

Kotzebue.—I would be.

Sandt.—Be a German!

Kotzebue.—I am.

Sandt, (having gone out.)—Perjurer and profaner! Yet his heart is kindly. I must grieve for him! Away with tenderness! I disrobe him of the privilege to pity me or to praise me, as he would have done had I lived of old. Better men shall do more. God calls them: me too he calls: I will enter the door again. May the greater sacrifice bring the people together, and hold them evermore in peace and concord. The lesser victim follows willingly. *(Enters again.)*

Turn! die! *(strikes.)*

Alas! alas! no man ever fell alone. How many innocent always perish with one guilty! and writhe longer!

Unhappy children! I shall weep for you elsewhere. Some days are left me. In a very few the whole of this little world will lie between us. I have sanctified in you the memory of your father. Genius but reveals dishonour, commiseration covers it.

THE JEWELLER'S WIFE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

WHEN the Empecinado, after escaping from the Burgo de Osma, rejoined his band, and again repaired to the favourite skirmishing ground on the banks of the Duero, he found the state of affairs in Old Castile becoming daily less favourable for his operations. The French overran the greater part of the province, and visited with severe punishment any disobedience of their orders; so that the peasantry no longer dared to assist the guerillas as they had previously done. Many of the villages on the Duero had become *afrancesados*, not, it is true, through love, but through dread of the invaders, and in the hope of preserving themselves from pillage and oppression. However much the people in their hearts might wish success to men like the Empecinado, the guerillas were too few and too feeble to afford protection to those who, by giving them assistance or information, would incur the displeasure of the French. The clergy were the only class that, almost without an exception, remained staunch to the cause of Spanish independence, and their purses and refectories were ever open to those who took up arms in its defence.

Noways deterred by this unfavourable aspect of affairs, the Empecinado resolved to carry on the war in Old Castile, even though unaided and alone. He established his bivouac in the pine-woods of Coca, and sent out spies towards Somosierra and Burgos, to get information of some convoy of which the capture might yield both honour and profit.

It was on the second morning after the departure of the spies, and a few minutes before daybreak, that the little camp was aroused by a shot from a sentry, placed on the skirt of the wood. In an instant every man was on his feet. It was the Empecinado's custom, when outlying in this manner, to make one-half his band sleep fully armed and equipped, with their horses saddled and bridled beside them; and a fortunate precaution it was in this instance. Scarcely had the men time

to untether and spring upon their horses, when the sentry galloped headlong into the camp.

"*Los Franceses! Los Franceses!*" exclaimed he, breathless with speed.

One of the Empecinado's first qualities was his presence of mind, which never deserted him even in the most critical situations. Instantly forming up that moiety of his men which was already in the saddle, he left a detachment in front of those who were hastily saddling and arming, and with the remainder retired a little to the left of the open ground on which the bivouac was established. Almost before he had completed this arrangement, the jingling of arms and clattering of horses' feet were heard, and a squadron of French cavalry galloped down the glade. The Empecinado gave the word to charge, and as Fuentes at the head of one party advanced to meet them, he himself attacked them in flank. The French, not having anticipated much opposition from a foe whom they had expected to find sleeping, were somewhat surprized at the fierce resistance they met. A hard fight took place, rendered still more confused by the darkness, or rather by a faint grey light, which was just beginning to appear, and gave a shadowy indistinctness to surrounding objects. The Spaniards were inferior in number to their opponents, and it was beginning to go hard with them, when the remainder of the guerillas, now armed and mounted, came up to their assistance. On perceiving this accession to their adversaries' force, the French thought they had been led into an ambuscade, and retreating in tolerable order to the edge of the wood, at last fairly turned tail and ran for it, leaving several killed and wounded on the ground, and were pursued for some distance by the guerillas, who, however, only succeeded in making one prisoner. This was a young man in the dress of a peasant, who being badly mounted, was easily overtaken. On being brought before the Empecinado, the latter with no small surprize recog-

nized a native of Aranda, named Pedro Gutierrez, who was one of the emissaries he had sent out two days previously to get information concerning the movements of the enemy.

With pale cheek and faltering voice, the prisoner answered the Empecinado's interrogatories. It appears that he had been detected as a spy by the French, who had given him his choice between a halter and the betrayal of his countrymen and employers. With the fear of death before his eyes, he had consented to turn traitor.

The deepest silence prevailed among the guerillas during his narrative, and remained unbroken for a full minute after he had concluded. The Empecinado's brow was black as thunder, and his features assumed an expression which the trembling wretch well knew how to interpret.

"*Que podia hacer, señores?*" said the culprit, casting an appealing, imploring glance around him. "The rope was round my neck; I have an aged father, and am his only support. Life is very sweet. What could I do?"

"*Die!*" replied the Empecinado, in his deep stern voice—"Die like a man *then*, instead of dying like a dog *now!*"

He turned his back upon him, and ten minutes later, the body of the unfortunate spy was dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and the guerillas marched off to seek another and a safer bivouac.

A few days after this incident the other spies returned, and after receiving their report, and consulting with his lieutenant, Mariano Fuentes, the Empecinado broke up the little camp, and led his band in the direction of the *camino real*.

Along that part of the high-road, from Madrid to the Pyrenees, which winds through the mountain range of Onrubias, an escort of fifty French dragoons was marching, about an hour before dusk, on an evening of early spring. Two carriages, and three or four heavily-laden carts, each drawn by half-a-dozen mules, composed the whole of the convoy; the value of which, however, might be deemed considerable, judging from the strength of the escort, and the precautions observed by the officer in command to avoid a surprise—precautions which

were not of much avail; for, on reaching a spot where the road widened considerably, and was traversed by a broad ravine, the party was suddenly charged on either flank by double their number of guerillas. The dragoons made a gallant resistance, but it was a short one, for they had no room or time to form in any order, and were far overmatched in the hand-to-hand contest that ensued. With the very first who fled went a gentleman in civilian's garb, who sprang out of the most elegant of the two carriages, and mounting a fine Andalusian horse led by a groom, was off like the wind, disregarding the shrieks of his travelling companion, a female two or three-and-twenty years old, of great beauty, and very richly attired. The cries and alarm of the lady thus deserted were redoubled, when an instant later a guerilla of fierce aspect presented himself at the carriage-door.

"Have no fear, señora," said the Empecinado, "you are in the hands of honourable men, and no harm shall be done you." And having by such-like assurances succeeded in calming her terrors, he obtained from her some information as to the contents of the carts and carriages, as well as regarding herself and her late companion.

The man who had abandoned her, and consulted his own safety by flying with the escort, was her husband, Monsieur Barbot, jeweller and diamond merchant to the late King Charles the Fourth. Alarmed by the unsettled state of things in Spain, he was hastening to take refuge in France, with his handsome wife and his great wealth—of the latter of which no inconsiderable portion was contained in the carriage, in the shape of caskets of jewellery, diamonds, and other valuables.

Repairing to the neighbouring mountains, the guerillas proceeded to examine their booty, which the Empecinado permitted them to divide among themselves, with the exception of the carriage and its contents, including the lady, which he reserved for his own share.

On the following day came letters from the French military governor of Aranda del Duero, and from Monsieur Barbot, who had taken refuge in that town, and offered a large sum as ransom for his wife. To this application

the Empecinado did not vouchsafe any answer, but marched off to his native village of Castrillo, taking with him jewels, carriage, and lady. The latter he established in the house of his brother Manuel, recommending her to the care of his sister-in-law, and commanding that she should be treated with all possible respect, and her wishes attended to on every point.

The Empecinado's exultation at the success of his enterprize was great, but he little foresaw all the danger and trouble that his rich capture was hereafter to occasion him. He had become violently enamoured of his fair prisoner, and in order to have leisure to pay his court to her, he sent off his partida on a distant expedition under the command of Fuentes, and himself remained at Castrillo, doing his utmost to find favour in the eyes of the beautiful Madame Barbot. He was then in the prime of life, a remarkably handsome man, and notwithstanding that the French affected to treat him as a brigand, his courage and patriotism were admitted by the unprejudiced among all parties, and his bold and successful deeds had already procured him a degree of renown that was an additional recommendation of him to the fair sex. It may not, therefore, be deemed very surprising that, after the first few days of her captivity were passed, and she had become a little used to the novelty of her position, the lady began to consider the Empecinado with some degree of favour, and seemed not altogether disposed to be inconsolable in her widowhood. He on his part spared no pains to please her. His very nature seemed changed by the violence of his new passion; and so great was the metamorphosis that his best friends scarcely recognized him for the same man. He seemed totally to have forgotten the career to which he had devoted himself, and the hatred and war of extermination he had vowed against the French. The restless activity and spirit of enterprize which formed such distinguishing traits in his character, were completely lulled to sleep by the charms of the fair Barbot. Nor was the change in his external appearance less striking. Aware that the rude manners and attire of a guerilla were not likely to please the fastidious taste of a town-bred dame, he hastened to discard

them. His rough bushy beard and mustaches were carefully trimmed and adjusted by the most expert barber of the neighbourhood; his sheep-skin jacket, heavy boots, and jingling double-roweled spurs thrown aside, and in their place he assumed the national garb, so well adapted to show off a handsome person, and which, although now almost disused throughout Spain, far surpasses in elegance the prevailing costumes of the nineteenth century: a short light jacket of black velvet, and waistcoat of the richest silk, both profusely decorated with gold filigree buttons; purple velvet breeches fastened at the knee with bunches of ribands; silk stockings, and falling boots of chamois leather, by the most expert maker in Cordova; a crimson silk sash round his waist, and round his neck a silk handkerchief, of which the ends were drawn through a magnificent jewelled ring. A green velvet cap, ornamented with sables and silver, and an ample cloak trimmed with silver lace, the spoil of a commandant of French gendarmes, completed this picturesque costume.

Thus attired, and mounted on a splendid horse, the Empecinado escorted the object of his new flame to all the fêtes and merry-makings of the surrounding country. Not a *romeria* in the neighbouring villages, not a fair or a bull-fight in all the valley of the Duero, but were graced by the presence of Martin Diez and his dulcinea, whose fine horse and gallant equipment, but more especially the beauty of the rider, inspired universal admiration. As might be expected, many of those who had known the Empecinado a poor vine-dresser, became envious of his good fortune, and others who envied him not, were indignant at seeing him waste his time in such degrading effeminacy, instead of following up the career which he had so nobly begun. There was much murmuring, therefore, to which, however, he gave little heed; and several weeks had passed in the manner above described, when an incident occurred to rouse him from the sort of lethargy in which he was sunk.

A despatch reached him from the Captain-General, Don Gregorio Cuesta, requiring his immediate presence at Ciudad Rodrigo, there to receive directions concerning the execution of a service of the greatest im-

portance, and which was to be intrusted to him.

This order had its origin in circumstances of which the Empecinado was totally ignorant. The jeweller Barbot, finding that neither large offers nor threats of punishment had any effect upon the Empecinado, who persisted in keeping his wife prisoner, made interest with the Duke of Infantado, then general of one of the Spanish armies, and besought him to exert his influence in favour of the captive lady, and to have her restored to her friends. The duke, who was a very important personage at the court of Charles the Fourth, and the favourite of Ferdinand and the Seventh at the beginning of his reign, entertained a particular friendship for Barbot; and, if the *chronique scandaleuse* of Madrid might be believed, a still more particular one for his wife. He immediately wrote to General Cuesta, desiring that the lady might be sent back to her husband without delay, as well as all the jewels and other spoil that had been seized by the Empecinado.

With much difficulty did the guerilla make up his mind to abandon the inglorious position, and to go where duty called him. Strongly recommending his captive to his brother and sister-in-law, he set out for Ciudad Rodrigo, escorted by a sergeant and ten men of his partida. They had not proceeded half a mile from Castrillo, when, from behind a hedge bordering the road, a shot was fired, and the bullet slightly wounded the Empecinado's charger. Two of the escort pushed their horses through the hedge, and immediately returned, dragging between them a grey-haired old man, seventy years of age, who clutched in his wrinkled fingers a rusty carbine that had just been discharged.

"He is surely mad!" exclaimed the Empecinado, gazing in astonishment at the venerable assassin. "*Dime, viejo*; do you know me? And why do you seek my life?"

"*Si, si, te conozco*. You are the Empecinado—the bloody Empecinado. Give me back my Pedro, whom you murdered. *Ay di me! mi Pedrillo, te han matado!*"

And the old man's frame quivered with rage, as he glared on the Empecinado with an expression of unutterable hate.

One of the guerillas stepped forward—

"'Tis old Gutierrez, the father of Pedro, who was hung in the Piñares de Coca, for betraying us to the French."

"Throw his carbine into yonder pool, and leave the poor wretch," said the Empecinado; "his son deserved the death he met."

"He missed his aim to-day, but he may point truer another time," said one of the men, half drawing a pistol from his holster.

"Harm him not!" said the Empecinado sternly, and the party rode on.

"*Maldito seas!*" screamed the old man, casting himself in the dust of the road, in a paroxysm of impotent fury. "*Maldito! Maldito! Ay de mi! mi Pedrillo!*"

And his curses and lamentations continued till the guerillas were out of hearing.

On arriving at Ciudad Rodrigo, the Empecinado went immediately to General Cuesta, who, although he did not receive him unkindly, could not but blame him greatly for the enormous crime he had committed in carrying off a lady who was distinguished by so mighty a personage as the Duke of Infantado. He told him it was absolutely necessary to devise some plan by which the Duke's anger might be appeased. Murat also had sent a message to the central junta, saying, that if satisfaction were not given, he would send troops to lay waste the whole district of Penafiel, in which Castrillo was situated; and it was probable, that if he had not done so already, it was because a large portion of the inhabitants of that district were believed to be well affected to the French. Without exactly telling him what he must do, the old general gave him a despatch for the *corregidor* of Penafiel, and desired him to present himself before that functionary, and concert with him the measures to be taken.

The Empecinado took his leave, and was quitting the governor's palace when he overtook at the door an *avogado*, who was a countryman of his, and whom he had left at Castrillo when he set out from that place. The sight of this man was a ray of light to the Empecinado, who immediately suspected that his enemies were intriguing against him. He proposed to the lawyer that they should walk.

to the inn, to which the latter consented. They had to traverse a lonely place, known by the name of San Francisco's Meadow, and on arriving there, behind the shelter of some walls, the Empecinado seized the advocate by the collar, and swore he would strangle him if he did not instantly confess what business had brought him to Ciudad Rodrigo, as well as all the plans or plots against the Empecinado to which he might be privy.

The lawyer, who had known Diez from his childhood, and was fully aware of his desperate character and of his own peril, trembled for his life, and besought him earnestly to use no violence, for that he was willing to tell all he knew. Thereupon the Empecinado loosened his grasp, which had wellnigh throttled the poor avogado, and cocking a pistol, as a sort of warning to the other to tell the truth, bade him sit down beside him and proceed with his narrative.

The lawyer informed him that the *ayuntamiento* or corporation of Castrillo, and those of all the towns and villages of the district, found themselves in great trouble on account of the convoy he had intercepted, and more particularly of the lady whom he kept prisoner, and whose friends it appeared were persons of much influence with both contending parties, for that the junta and the French had alike demanded her liberty; and while the latter were about to send troops to put the whole country to fire and sword, the former, as well as the Spanish generals, had refused to afford them any protection against the consequences of her detention, and accused the *ayuntamiento* and the priests of encouraging the Empecinado to hold her in captivity. He himself had been sent to Ciudad Rodrigo to beg General Cuesta's advice, and the general had declared himself unable to assist them, but recommended them to restore the lady and treasure, if they did not wish the French to lay waste the country, and take by force the bone of contention.

The Empecinado, suspecting that General Cuesta had not used all due frankness with him in this matter, handed to the lawyer the letter that had been given him for the corregidor of Penafiel, and compelled him, much against his will, to open and read it. Its contents coincided with what the

avogado had told him; the general advising the corregidor to use every means to compromise the matter, rather than wait till the French should do themselves justice by the strong hand.

Perceiving that, from various motives, every body was against him in this matter, the Empecinado bethought himself how he should get out of the scrape.

"As an old friend and countryman, and more especially as a lawyer," said he to the avogado, "you are the most fitting man to give me advice in this difficulty. Tell me, then, what I ought to do, in order that our native town, which is innocent in the matter, should suffer no prejudice."

"You speak now like a sensible man," replied the other, "and as a friend will I advise you. Let us immediately set off to Penafiel, deliver the general's letter to the corregidor, and take him with us to Castrillo. There, for form's sake, an examination of your conduct in the affair can take place. You shall give up the jewels, the carriage, and the lady, and set off immediately to join your *partida*."

"To the greater part of that I willingly agree," said the Empecinado. "The jewels are buried in the cellar, and the carriage is in the stable. Take both when you list. But as to the lady, before I give her up, I will give up my own soul. She is my property; I took her in fair fight, and at the risk of my life."

"You will think better of it before we get to Castrillo," replied the lawyer.

The Empecinado shook his head, but led the way to the inn, where they took horse, and the next day reached Penafiel, whence they set out the following morning for Castrillo, which is a couple of leagues further, accompanied by the corregidor, his secretary, and two *alguazils*. The Empecinado was induced to leave his escort at Penafiel, in order that the sort of *pro formâ* investigation which was to be gone through might not appear to have taken place under circumstances of intimidation. The avogado started a couple of hours earlier than the rest of the party, to have things in readiness, so that the proceedings might be got through as rapidly as possible.

It was about eight o'clock on a fine summer's morning that the Empeci-

nado and his companions reached Castriño. As they entered the town, an old mendicant, who was lying curled up like a dog in the sunshine under the porch of a house, lifted his head at the noise of the horses. As his eyes rested upon Diez, he made a bound forward with an agility extraordinary in one of his years, and fell almost under the feet of the Empecinado's horse, making the startled animal spring aside with a violence and suddenness sufficient to unhorse many a less practised rider than the one who bestrode him. The Empecinado lifted his whip in anger, but the old man, who had risen to his feet, showed no sign of fear, and as he stood in the middle of the road, and immediately in the path of the Empecinado, the latter recognized the wild features and long grey hair of old Gutierrez.

"*Maldito seas!*" cried the old man, extending his arms towards the guerilla. "Murderer! the hour of vengeance is nigh. I saw it in my dreams. My Pedrillo showed me his assassin trampled under the feet of horses. *Asesino! Venga la hora de tu muerte!*"

And the old man, who was half crazed by his misfortunes, relapsed into an incoherent strain of lamentations for his son, and curses upon him whom he called his murderer.

The Empecinado, who, on recognizing old Gutierrez, had lowered his riding-whip, and listened unmoved to his curses and predictions, rode forward, explaining as he went, to the astonished corregidor, the scene that had just occurred. A little further on he separated from his companions, giving them rendezvous at ten o'clock at the house of the ayuntamiento. Proceeding to his brother's dwelling, he paid a visit to Madame Barbot, breakfasted with her, and then prepared to keep his appointment. He placed a brace of pistols and a poniard in his belt, and taking a loaded *trabuco* or blunderbuss, in his hand, wrapped himself in his cloak so as to conceal his weapons, and repaired to the town-hall.

He found the tribunal already installed, and every thing in readiness. Saluting the corregidor, he began pacing up and down the room without taking off his cloak. The corregidor repeatedly urged him to be seated, but he refused, and continued his walk,

replying to the questions that were put to him, his answers to which were duly written down. About a quarter of an hour had passed in this manner, when a noise of feet and talking was heard in the street, and the Empecinado, as he passed one of the windows that looked out upon the *plaza*, saw, with no very comfortable feelings, that a number of armed peasants were entering the town-hall. He perceived that he was betrayed, but his presence of mind stood his friend, and with his usual promptitude, he in a moment decided how he should act. Without allowing it to appear that he had any suspicion of what was going on, he walked to the door of the audience chamber, and before any one could interfere, shut and locked it. Then stepping up to the corregidor, he threw off his cloak, and presented his *trabuco* at the magistrate's head.

"Señor Corregidor," said he, "this is not our agreement, but a base act of treachery. Commend yourself to God, for you are about to die."

The corregidor was so dreadfully terrified at these words, and at the menacing action of the Empecinado, that he swooned away, and fell down under the table—the escribano fled into an adjoining chamber, and concealed himself under a bed—while the alguazils, trembling with fear, threw themselves upon their knees, and petitioned for mercy. The Empecinado, finding himself with so little trouble master of the field of battle, took possession of the papers that were lying upon the table, and, unlocking the door, proceeded to the principal staircase, which he found occupied by inhabitants of the town, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces. Placing his blunderbuss under his arm, with his hand upon the trigger, "Make way!" cried he; "the first who moves a finger may reckon upon the contents of my *trabuco*." His menace and resolute character produced the desired effect; a passage was opened, and he left the house in triumph. On reaching the street, however, he found a great crowd of men, women, and even children, assembled, who occupied the plaza and all the adjacent streets, and received him with loud cries of "*Death to the Empecinado! Muera el ladron y mal Cristiano!*" The armed men whom he had left in the town-house fired several shots at

him from the windows, but nobody dared to lay hands upon him, as he marched slowly and steadily through the crowd, trabuco in hand, and casting glances on either side that made those upon whom they fell shrink involuntarily backwards.

On the low roof of one of the houses of the plaza, that formed the angle of the Calle de la Cruz, or street of the cross, old Gutierrez had taken his station. With the fire of insanity in his bloodshot eyes, and a grin of exultation upon his wasted features, he witnessed the persecution of the Empecinado, and while his ears drank in the yells and hootings of the multitude, he added his shrill cracked voice to the uproar. When the shots were fired from the town-hall, he bounded and capered upon the platform, clapping his meagre fingers together in ecstacy; but as the Empecinado got further from the house, and the firing was discontinued, an expression of anxiety replaced the look of triumph that had lighted up the old maniac's face. Diez still moved on unhurt, and was now within a few paces of the house on which Gutierrez had perched himself. The old man's uneasiness increased. "Va a escapar!" muttered he to himself; "they will let him escape. Oh, if I had a gun, my Pedrillo would soon be avenged!"

The Empecinado was passing under the house. A sudden thought struck Gutierrez. Stamping with his foot, he broke two or three of the tiles on which he was standing, and snatching up a large heavy fragment, he leaned over the edge of the roof to get a full view of the Empecinado, who was at that moment leaving the plaza and entering the Calle de la Cruz. In five seconds more he would be out of sight. As it was, it was only by leaning very far forward that Gutierrez could see him, walking calmly along, and keeping at bay the angry but cowardly mob that yelped at his heels, like a parcel of village curs pursuing a bloodhound, whose look alone prevents their too near approach.

Throwing his left arm round a chimney, the old man swung himself forward, and with all the force that he possessed, hurled the tile at the object of his hate. The missile struck the Empecinado upon the temple, and he fell, stunned and bleeding, to the ground.

"Viva!" screamed Gutierrez; but a cry of agony followed the shout of exultation. The chimney by which the old man supported himself was loose and crumbling, and totally unfit to bear his weight as he hung on by it, and leaned forward to gloat over his vengeance. It tottered for a moment, and then fell with a crash into the street. The height was not great, but the pavement was sharp and uneven; the old man pitched upon his head, and when lifted up was already a corpse.

When the mob saw the Empecinado fall, they threw themselves upon him with as much ferocity as they had previously shown cowardice, and beat and ill-treated him in every possible manner. Not satisfied with that, they bound him hand and foot, and pushed him through a cellar window, throwing after him stones, and every thing they could find lying about the street. At last, wearied by their own brutality, they left him for dead, and he remained in that state till nightfall, when the corregidor and the ayuntamiento proceeded to inspect his body, in order to certify his death, and have him buried. When he was brought out of the cellar, however, they perceived he still breathed, and sent for a surgeon, and also for a priest to administer the last sacraments. They then carried him upon a ladder to the *posito*, or public granary, a strong building, where they considered he would be in safety, and put him to bed, bathed in blood and covered with wounds and bruises.

The corregidor, fearing that the news of the riot, and of the death of the Empecinado, would reach Penafiel, and that the escort which had been left there, and the many partizans that Diez had in that town, would come over to Castrillo to avenge his death, persuaded one of the curés, or parish priests of the latter place, to go over to Penafiel in all haste, and, counterfeiting great alarm, to spread the report that the French had entered Castrillo, seized the Empecinado, and carried him off to Aranda. This was accordingly done; and the Empecinado's escort being made aware of the vicinity of the French and the risk they ran, immediately mounted their horses and marched to join Mariano Fuentes, accompanied by upwards of fifty young men, all partizans of the Empecinado,

and eager to revenge him. This matter being arranged, the corregidor had the jewels that were buried in the cellar of Manuel Diez dug up, and having taken possession of them, and installed Madame Barbot with all due attention in one of the principal houses of the town, he forwarded a report to General Cuesta of all that had occurred. The general immediately sent an escort to conduct the lady and the treasure to Ciudad Rodrigo, and ordered that as soon as the Empecinado was in a state to be moved, he should also be sent under a strong guard to that city.

Meanwhile, the Empecinado's vigorous constitution triumphed over the injuries he had received, and he was getting so rapidly better, that for his safer custody the corregidor thought it necessary to have him heavily ironed. Deeming it impossible he should escape, and there being no troops in the village, no sentry was placed over him, so that at night his friends were able to hold discourse with him through the grating of one of the windows of the posito. In this manner he contrived to send a message to his brother Manuel, who, having also got into trouble on account of Madame Barbot's detention, had been compelled to take refuge in the mountains of Bilbuena, three leagues from Castrillo. Manuel took advantage of a dark night to steal into the town in disguise, and to speak with the Empecinado. He informed him that the superior of the Bernardine Monastery, in the Sierra de Balbuena, had been advised that it was the intention of the Empecinado's enemies to deliver him over to the French, in order that they might shoot him. The Empecinado replied, that he strongly suspected there was some such plot in agitation, and desired his brother to seek out Mariano Fuentes, and order him to march his band into the neighbourhood of Castrillo, and that on their arrival he would send them word what to do.

Eight days elapsed, and the Empecinado was now completely cured of his wounds, so that he was in much apprehension lest he should be sent off to Ciudad Rodrigo before the arrival of Fuentes. On the eighth night, however, his brother came to the window, and informed him that the partida was in the neighbourhood, and only waited his orders to march upon

Castrillo, rescue him, and revenge the treatment he had received. This the Empecinado strongly enjoined them not to do, but desired his brother to come to his prison door at two o'clock the next morning with a led horse, and that he had the means to set himself at liberty. Manuel Diez did as he was ordered, wondering, however, in what manner the Empecinado intended to get out of the posito, which was a solidly constructed edifice with a massive door and grated windows. But the next night, when the guerilla heard the horses approaching his prison, he seized the door by an iron bar that traversed it on the inner side, and, exerting his prodigious strength, tore it off the hinges as though it had been of pasteboard. His feet being fastened together by a chain, he was compelled to sit sideways upon the saddle; but so elated was he to find himself once more at liberty that he pushed his horse into a gallop, and with his fetters clanking as he went, dashed through the streets of Castrillo, to the astonishment and consternation of the inhabitants, who knew not what devil's dance was going on in their usually quiet town.

At Olmos, a village a quarter of a league from Castrillo, the fugitives halted, and roused a smith, who knocked off the Empecinado's irons. After a short rest at the house of an approved friend they remounted their horses, and a little after daybreak reached the place where Fuentes had taken up his bivouac. The Empecinado was received with great rejoicing, and immediately resumed the command. He passed a review of his band, and found it consisted of two hundred and twenty men, all well mounted and armed.

Great was the alarm of the inhabitants of Castrillo when they found the prison broken open and the prisoner gone; and their terror was increased a hundred-fold, when a few hours later news was brought that the Empecinado was marching towards the town at the head of a strong body of cavalry. Some concealed themselves in cellars and suchlike hiding-places, others left the town and fled to the neighbouring woods; but the majority, despairing of escape by human means from the terrible anger of the Empecinado, shut themselves up in their houses, closed the doors and windows,

and prayed to the Virgin for deliverance from the impending evil. Never had there been seen in Castrillo such a counting of rosaries and beating of breasts, such genuflexions, and mumbling of aves and paters, as upon that morning.

At noon the Empecinado entered the town at the head of his band, trumpets sounding, and the men firing their pistols and carbines into the air, in sign of joy at having recovered their leader. Forming up the *partida* in the market-place, the Empecinado sent for the *corregidor* and other authorities, who presented themselves before him pale and trembling, and fully believing they had not five minutes to live.

"Fear nothing!" said the Empecinado, observing their terror. "It is certain I have met foul treatment at your hands; and it was the harder to bear coming from my own countrymen and townsmen. But you have been misled, and will one day repent your conduct. I have forgotten your ill usage, and only remember the poverty of my native town, and the misery in which this war has plunged many of its inhabitants."

Sosaying, he delivered to the *alcalde* and the parish priests a hundred ounces of gold for the relief of the poor and support of the hospital, and ten more to be spent in a *novillada*, or bull-bait and festival for the whole town. Cutting short their thanks and excuses, he left Castrillo and marched to the village of Sacramenia, where he quartered his men, and, accompanied by Mariano Fuentes, went to pay a visit to a neighbouring monastery. The monks received him with open arms and a hearty wel-

come, hailing him as the main prop of the cause of independence in Old Castile. They sat down to dinner in the refectory; and the conversation turning upon the state of the country, the Empecinado expressed his unwillingness to carry on the war in that province, on account of the little confidence he could place in the inhabitants, so many of whom had become *afrancesados*; and as a proof of this, he related all that had occurred to him at Castrillo. Upon hearing this the abbot, who was a man distinguished for his talents and patriotism, recommended Diez to lead his band to New Castile, where he would not have to encounter the persecutions of those who, having known him poor and insignificant, envied him his good fortune, and sought to throw obstacles in his path. He offered to get him letters from the general of the order of San Bernardo to the superiors of the various monasteries, in order that he might receive such assistance and support as they could give, and he might chance to require.

"No one is a prophet in his own country," said the good father; "Mahomet in his native town of Medina met with the same ill-treatment that you, Martin Diez, have encountered in the place of your birth. Abandon, then, a province which does not recognize your value, and go where your reputation has already preceded you, to defend the holy cause of Spain and of religion."

Struck by the justice of this reasoning, the Empecinado resolved to change the scene of his operations, and the next morning marched his squadron in the direction of New Castile.

THE TALE OF A TUB: AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER.

HOW JACK RAN MAD A SECOND TIME.

AFTER Jack and Martin parted company, you may remember that Jack, who had turned his face northward, got into high favour with the landlord of the North Farm Estate, who, being mightily edified with his discourses and sanctimonious demeanour, and not aware of his having been mad before, or being, perchance, just as mad himself—took him in, made much of him, gave him a cottage upon his manor to live in, and built him a tabernacle in which he might hold forth when the spirit moved him. In process of time, however, it happened that North Farm and the Albion Estates came into the possession of one proprietor, Esquire Bull, in whose house Martin had always been retained as domestic chaplain—at least, ever since that desperate scuffle with Lord Peter and his crew, when he tried to land some Spanish smugglers on the coast, for the purpose of carrying off Martin, and establishing himself in Squire Bull's house in his stead. Squire Bull, who was a man of his word, and wished to leave all things on North Farm as he found them, Jack and his tabernacle included, undertook at once to pay him a reasonable salary, with the free use of his house and tabernacle to him and his heirs for ever. But knowing that on a previous occasion, (which you may recollect,*) Jack's melancholy had gone so far that he had hanged himself, though he was cut down just before giving up the ghost, and by dint of bloodletting and galvanism, had been revived; and also that, notwithstanding his periodical fits and hallucinations, he could beat even Peter himself, who had been his instructor, for cunning and casuistry, he took care that, before Jack was allowed to take possession under his new lease, every thing should be made square between them. So he had the terms of their indenture all written out on parchment, signed, sealed, and delivered before witnesses, and even got a private Act of Parliament carried through, for the purpose

of making every thing between them more secure. And well it was for the Squire that he bethought himself of his precaution in time, as you will afterwards hear.

This union of the two entailed properties in the Bull family, brought Jack and Martin a good deal more into one another's company than they had formerly been; and 'twas clear, that Jack, who had now got somewhat ashamed of his threadbare raiment, and tired of his spare oatmeal diet, was mightily struck with the dignified air and comfortable look of Martin, and grudged him the frequency with which he was invited to Squire Bull's table. By degrees, he began to conform his own uncouth manner to an imitation of his. He wore a better coat, which he no longer rubbed against the wall to take the gloss from off it; he ceased to interlard all his ordinary speech with texts of Scripture; his snuffle abated audibly; he gave up his habit of extempore rhapsody, and lost, in a great measure, his aversion to Christmas tarts and plum-pudding. After a time, he might even be seen with a fishing-rod over his shoulder; then he contrived sundry improvements in gun-locks and double-barrels, for which he took out a patent, and in fact did not entirely escape the suspicion of being a poacher. He held assemblies in his house, where at times he allowed a little singing; nay, on one occasion, a son of his—for he had now a large family—was found accompanying a psalm-tune upon the (barrel) organ, and it was rumoured about the house, that Jack, though he thought it prudent to disclaim this overture, had no great objection to it. Be that as it may, it is certain, that instead of his old peaked hat and band, Jack latterly took to wearing broad-brimmed beavers, which he was seen trying to mould into a spout-like shape, much resembling a shovel. And so far had the transformation gone, that the Vicar of Fudley, meeting him one evening walking to an assembly ar-

* John Bull, Part IV. ch. ii.

rayed in a court coat, with this extraordinary hat upon his head, and a pair of silver buckles in his shoes, pulled off his hat to him at a little distance, mistaking him for a near relation of Martin, if not for Martin himself.

There was no great harm you will think in all these whims, and for my own part, I believe that Jack was never so honest a fellow as he was during this time, when he was profiting by Martin's example. He kept his own place, ruling his family in a quiet and orderly way, without disturbing the peace of his neighbours; and seemed to have forgotten his old tricks of setting people by the ears, and picking quarrels with constables and justices of the peace. Howbeit, those who knew him longest and best, always said that this was too good to last: that with him these intervals of sobriety and moderation were always the prelude to a violent access of his peculiar malady, and that by-and-bye he would break out again, and that there would be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot.

It so happened that Squire Bull had a good many small village schools on his Estate of North Farm, to which the former proprietors had always been in the custom of appointing the ushers themselves; and much to Jack's annoyance, when Squire Bull succeeded, the latter had taken care in his bargain with him, to keep the right of appointment to these in his own hand. But, at the same time, he told Jack fairly, that as he had no wish to dabble in Latin, Greek, or school learning himself, he left him at full liberty to say whether those whom he appointed were fit for the situation or not—so that if they turned out to be ignoramuses, deboshed fellows, or drunken dogs, Jack had only to say so on good grounds, and they were forthwith sent adrift. Matters went on for a time very smoothly on this footing. Nay, it was even said that Jack was inclined to carry his complaisance rather far, and after a time seldom troubled himself much about the usher's qualifications, provided his credentials were all right. He might ask the young fellow, who presented John's commission, perhaps, what was the first letter of the Greek alphabet? what was Latin for beef and greens? or where Moses was when the candle was blown out?—but if the candidate answered these questions correctly, and if there were no

scandal or *fama clamosa* against him, as Jack in his peculiar jargon expressed it, he generally shook hands with him at once, put the key of the school-house in his hand, and told him civilly to walk up-stairs.

The truth was, however, that in this respect Jack had little reason to complain; for though the Squire, in the outset, may not have been very particular as to his choice, and it was said once or twice gave an ushership to an old exciseman, on account of his skill in mensuration of fluids, he had latterly become very particular, and would not hear of settling any body as schoolmaster on North Farm, who did not come to him with an excellent character, certified by two or three respectable householders at least. But, strangely enough, it was observed that just in proportion as the Squire became more considerate, Jack became more arrogant, pestilent, and troublesome. Now-a-days he was always discovering some objection to the Squire's appointments: one usher, it seemed, spoke too low, another too loud, one used an ear-trumpet, another a pair of grass-green spectacles; one had no sufficient gifts for flogging; another flogged either too high or too low—(for Jack was like the deserter, there was no pleasing him as to the mode of conducting the operation;) and, finally, another was rejected because he was unacquainted with the vernacular of Oasian—to the great injury and damage, as was alleged, of two Highland chairmen, who at an advanced period of life were completing their education in the school in question. At first Squire Bull, honest gentleman, had given in to these strange humours on the part of Jack, believing that this new-born zeal on his part was in the main conscientious, though he could not help thinking it at times sufficiently whimsical and preposterous. He had even gone so far, occasionally, as to send Jack a list of those to whom he proposed giving the usherships, accompanied with a polite note, in some such terms as these, "Squire Bull presents his respects, and begs his good friend Jack will read over the enclosed list, and take the trouble of choosing for himself;" a request with which Jack was always ready to comply. And, further, as Jack had always a great hankering after little-goes and penny subscrip-

tions of every kind, and was eternally trumpeting forth some new nostrum or *scheme* of this kind, as he used to call it, the Squire had been prevailed upon to purchase from him a good many tickets for these schemes from time to time, for which he always paid in hard cash, though I have never heard that any of them turned up prizes, except it may have been to Jack himself.

Jack, as we have said, grew bolder as the Squire became more complying, thinking that, in the matter of these appointments, as he had once got his hand in, it would be his own fault if he could not contrive to wriggle in his whole body. It so happened, too, that just about the very time that one of John's usherships became vacant, one of those atrabilious and hypochondriac fits came over Jack, with which, as we have said, he was periodically afflicted, and which, though they certainly unsettled his brain a little, only served, as in the case of other lunatics, to render him, during the paroxysm, more cunning, inventive, and mischievous. After moving about in a moping way for a day or two—mumbling in corners, and pretending to fall on his knees, in his old fashion, in the midst of the street, he suddenly got up, flung his broad-brimmed beaver into the kennel, trampled his wig in the dirt, so as to expose his large ears as of old, ran home, pulled his rusty black doublet out of the chest where it had lain for years, squeezing it on as he best could—for he had got somewhat corpulent in the mean time—and thus transfigured, he set out to consult the village attorney, with whom it was observed he remained closeted for several hours, turning over Burns' Justice, and perusing an office-copy of his indenture with the Squire—a planetary conjunction from which those who were astrologically given boded no good.

What passed between these worthies on this occasion—whether the attorney really persuaded Jack that, if he set about it, he would undertake to find him a flaw in his contract with Squire Bull, which would enable him to take the matter of the usherships into his own hand, and to do as he pleased; or whether Jack—as he seemed afterwards to admit in private—believed nothing of what the attor-

ney told him, but was resolved to take advantage of the Squire's good-nature, and to run all risks as to the result, 'tis hard to say. Certain it was, however, that Jack posted down at once from the attorney's chamber to the village school, which happened to be then vacant, and gathering the elder boys about him, he told them he had reason to believe the Squire was about to send them another usher, very different from the last, who was a mortal enemy to marbles, pitch-and-toss, chuck-farthing, ginger-bread, and half holydays; with a corresponding liking to long tasks and short commons; that the use of the cane would be regularly taught, along with that of the globes, accompanied with cuts and other practical demonstrations; that the only chance of escaping this visitation was to take a bold line, and show face to the usher at once, since otherwise the chance was, that at no distant period they might be obliged to do the very reverse.

Jack further reasoned the matter with the boys learnedly, somewhat in this fashion—"That as no one could have so strong an interest in the matter, so no one could be so good a judge of the qualifications of the schoolmaster as the schoolboy; that the close and intimate relation between these parties was of the nature of a mutual contract, in the formation of which both had an equal right to be consulted; so that, without mutual consent, or, as it were, a harmonious call by the boys, there could be no valid ushership, but a mere usurpation of the power of the tawse, and unwarrantable administration of the birchen twig; that, further, this latter power involved a fundamental feature, in which they could not but feel they had all a deep interest—and which, he might say, lay at the bottom of the whole question; that he himself perfectly remembered that, in former days, the schoolboys had always exercised this privilege, which he held to be equally salutary and constitutional; and that he would, at his leisure, show them a private memorandum-book of his own, in which, though he had hitherto said nothing about it, he had found an entry to that effect made some thirty years before. In short, he told them, if they did not wish to be rode over rough-shod, they must stand up boldly for themselves, and try to get all the

schools in the neighbourhood to join them, if necessary, in a regular barring-out, or general procession, in which they were to appear with flags and banners, bearing such inscriptions as the following: "*Pro aris et focis*"—"Liberty is like the air we breathe," &c. &c., and, lastly, in large gilt capitals—"No usher to be intruded into any school contrary to the will of the scholars in schoolroom assembled." And, in short, that this process was to be repeated until they succeeded in getting quit of Squire Bull's usher, and getting an usher who would flog them with all the forbearance and reserve with which Sancho chastised his own flesh while engaged in the process of disenchanting Dulcinea del Toboso. At the same time, with that cunning which was natural to him, Jack took care to let the scholars know that *his* name was not to be mentioned in the transaction; and that, if they were asked any questions, they must be prepared to say, nay, to swear, for that matter, that they objected to John's usher from no personal dislike to the man himself, and without having received fee or reward, in the shape of apples, lollypops, gingerbread, barley-sugar, or sweetmeats whatever—or sixpences, groats, pence, halfpence, or other current coin of the realm.

It will be readily imagined that this oration of Jack, pronounced as it was with some of his old unction, and accompanied with that miraculous and subtle twist of the tongue which we have described in a former chapter,* produced exactly the effect upon his audience which might be expected. The boys were delighted—tossed up their caps—gave Jack three cheers, and told him if he stood by them they would stand by him, and that they were much mistaken if they did not contrive to make the schoolhouse too hot for any usher whom Squire Bull might think fit to send them.

It happened not long after, as Jack had anticipated, that one morning a young man called upon with a letter from the Squire, intimating that he had named him to the vacant usher-ship; and requesting Jack to examine into his qualifications as usual. Jack begged him to be seated, and (having privately sent a message to the school-

boys) continued to entertain him with enquiries as to John's health and the state of the weather, till he heard, by the noise in the court, that the boys had arrived. In they marched accordingly, armed with horn-books, primers, slates, rulers, Gunter's-scales, and copy-books, taking up their station near the writing-desk. The young usher-elect, though he thought this a whimsical exhibition, supposed that the urchins had been brought there only to do honour to his examination, and accordingly begged Jack, as he was in a hurry, to proceed. "Fair and softly, young man," said Jack, in his blindest tones; "we must first see what these intelligent young gentlemen have got to say to that. Tom, my fine fellow, here is a gentleman sent by Squire Bull to be your usher. What do you say to him?" "I don't like him," said Tom. "May I venture to ask why?" said the usher, putting in a word. "Don't like him," repeated Tom. "Don't like him neither," said Dick. "And no mistake," added Peter, with a grin, which immediately circulated round the school. "It is quite impossible," said Jack, "under existing circumstances, that the matter can proceed any further; it is plain the school can never be edified by such an usher. But, stop, that there may be no misconception on the subject. Here you, Smith—do you really mean to say, on soul and conscience, you don't think this respectable gentleman can do you any good?" Of course, Smith stated that his mind was quite made up on the subject. "Come here, Jenkins," said Jack, beckoning to another boy; "tell the truth now—honour bright, remember. Has any body given or promised you any apples, parliament, or other sweetmeat unknown, to induce you to vote against the usher?" Jenkins, who had just wiped his lips of the last remains of a gingerbread cake, which somehow or other had dropped into his pocket by accident, protested, on his honour, that he was quite above such a thing, and was, in fact, actuated purely by a conscientious zeal for the cause of flogging all over the world. "The scruples of these intelligent and ingenuous youths," said John, turning to the usher, "must,

* Tale of a Tub. Sect. xi.

in conscience, receive effect; the law, as laid down in my copy of Squire Bull's own contract, is this—'That noe ushere be yntred intoe anie schoole against ye wille of ye schoole-boys in schoole-roome assembled.' So, with your permission, we will adjourn the consideration of the case till the Greek Calends, or latter Lammass, if that be more convenient." And, so saying, he left John's letter lying on the table, and shut the schoolroom door in the face of the astonished usher.

Squire Bull, as may be imagined, was not a little astonished and mortified at hearing from the usher, who returned looking foolish and choppfallen, of this outbreak on the part of Jack, for whom he had really begun to conceive a sort of sneaking kindness; but knowing of old his fantastical and melancholic turn, he attributed this sally rather to the state of his bowels, which at all times he exceedingly neglected, and which, being puffed up with flatulency and indigestion to an extraordinary degree, not unfrequently acted upon his brain—generating therein strange conceits and dangerous hallucinations—than to any settled intention on Jack's part to pick a quarrel with him or evade performance of the conditions of their indenture, so long as he was not under the influence of hypochondria. And having this notion as to Jack's motives, and knowing nothing of the private confab at the village lawyer's, he could not help believing that, by a brisk course of purgatives and an antiphlogistic treatment—and without resorting to a strait-waistcoat, which many who knew Jack's pranks at once recommended him to adopt—he might be cured of those acrid and intoxicating vapours, which, ascending into the brain, led him into such extravagant vagaries. "I'faith," said the Squire, "since the poor man has taken this mad fancy into his head as to the terms of his bargain, the best way to restore him to his senses is to bring the matter, as he himself seemed to desire it, before the Justices of the Peace at once: 'Tis a hundred to one but he will have come to his senses long before they have come to a decision; at all events, unless he is madder than I take him to be, when he finds how plain the terms of the indenture are, he will surely submit with a good grace.'

So thought the Squire; and, accordingly, by his direction, the usher-elect brought his case before the Justices at their next sittings, who forthwith summoned Jack before them to know why he refused performance of his contract with the Squire. Jack came on the day appointed, attended by the attorney—though for that matter he might have safely left him behind, being fully as much master of all equivocation or chicanery as if he had never handled anything but quills and quirks from his youth upward. This, indeed, was probably the effect of his old training in Peter's family, for whose hairsplitting distinctions and Jesuitical casuistries, notwithstanding his dislike to the man himself, he had a certain admiration, founded on a secret affinity of nature. Indeed it was wonderful to observe how, with all Jack's hatred to Peter, real or pretended, he took after him in so many points—insomuch that at times, their look, voice, manner, and way of thinking, were so closely alike, that those who knew them best might very well have mistaken them for each other. The usher having produced the Squire's copy of the indenture, pointed out the clause by which Jack became bound to examine and admit to the schools on North Farm any qualified usher whom the Squire might send—as the condition on which he was to retain his right to the tabernacle and his own mansion upon the Farm—at the same time showing Jack's seal and signature at the bottom of the deed. Jack, being called upon by the justices to show cause, pulled out of his pocket an old memorandum-book—very greasy, musty, and ill-flavoured—and which, from the quantity of dust and cobwebs with which it was overlaid, had obviously been lying on the shelf for half a century at least. This he placed in the hands of his friend Snacks the attorney, pointing out to him a page or two which he had marked with his thumb nail, as appropriate to the matter in hand. And there, to be sure, was to be found, among a quantity of other nostrums, recipes, cooking receipts, prescriptions, and omnium-gatherums of all kinds, an entry to this effect:—"That noe ushere be yntred intoe anie schoole against ye wille of ye schoole-boys in schoole-roome assembled." Whereupon the attorney maintained,

that, as this memorandum-book of Jack's was plainly of older date than the indenture, and had evidently been seen by the Squire at or prior to the time of signing, as appeared from some of the entries which it contained being incorporated in the deed, it must be presumed, that its whole contents, though not to be found in the indenture *per expressum*, or *totidem verbis*, were yet included therein *implicitly*, or in a latent form, inasmuch as they were not *per expressum* excluded therefrom;—this being, as you will recollect, precisely the argument which Jack had borrowed from Peter, when the latter construed their father's will in the question as to the lawfulness of their wearing shoulder-knots; and very much of the same kind with that celebrated thesis which Peter afterwards maintained in the matter of the brown loaf. And though he was obliged to admit (what indeed from the very look of the book he could not well dispute) that no such rule had ever been known or acted upon—and on the contrary that Jack, until this last occasion, had always admitted the Squire's ushers without objection whatsoever; yet he contended vehemently, that now that his conscience was awakened on the subject, the past must be laid out of view; and that the old memorandum-book, as part and parcel of the indenture itself, must receive effect; and farther, that whether he, Jack, was right or wrong in this matter, the Justices had no right to interfere with them.

But the Justices, on looking into this antiquated document, found that, besides this notandum, the memorandum-book contained a number of other entries of a very extraordinary kind—such, for instance, as that Martin was no better than he should be, and ought to be put down speedily: that Squire Bull had no more right to nominate ushers than he had to be Khan of Tartary: that that right belonged exclusively to Jack himself, or to the schoolboys under Jack's control and direction: that Jack was to have the sole right of laying down rules for his own government, and of enforcing them against himself by the necessary compulsors, if the case should arise; thus, that Jack should have full powers to censure, fine, punish, flog, flay, banish, imprison, or set himself in the stocks as often as he should think fit; but

that whether Jack did right or wrong, in any given case, Jack was himself to be the sole judge, and neither Squire Bull nor any of his Justices of the Peace was to have one word to say to him or his proceedings in the matter: on the contrary, that any such interference on their part, was to be regarded as a high grievance and misdemeanour on their part, for which Jack was to be entitled at the least to read them a lecture from the writing-desk, and shut the school-room door in their own or their children's face.

There were many other whimsical and extravagant things contained in this private note-book, so much so, that it was evident no man in his senses could ever have intended to make them part of his bargain with Jack. But the matter was put beyond a doubt by the usher producing the original draft of the indenture, on which some of these crotchets, including this fancy about the right of the schoolboys to reject the usher if they did not like him, had been *interlined* in Jack's hand: but all of which the Squire, on revising the deed, had scored out with his own pen, adding in the margin, opposite to the very passage, the words, in italics—“*See him damned first.—J. B.*” And as it could not be disputed that Jack and the Squire ultimately subscribed the deed, omitting all this nonsense—the Justices had no hesitation in holding, that Jack's private memorandum-book, even if he had always carried it in his breeches pocket, and quoted it on all occasions, instead of leaving it—as it was plain he had done—for many a long year, in some forgotten corner of his trunk or lumber-room, could no more affect the construction of the indenture between himself and Squire, or afford him any defence against performance of his part of that indenture, than if he had founded on the statutes of Prester John, on the laws of Hum-Bug, Fee-Faw-Fum, or any other Emperor of China for the time being. And so, after hearing very deliberately all that the attorney for Jack had to say to the contrary, they decided that Jack must forthwith proceed to examine the usher, and give him possession, if qualified, of the school-house and other appurtenances; or else make up his mind to a thundering action of damages if he did not.

The Justices thought that Jack, on hearing the case fairly stated, and their opinion given against him, with a long string of cases in point, would yield, and give the usher possession in the usual way; but no: no sooner was the sentence written out than Jack entered an appeal to the Quarter-sessions. There the whole matter was heard over again, at great length, before a full bench; but after Jack and his attorney had spoken till they were tired, the Quarter-sessions, without a moment's hesitation, confirmed the sentence of the Justices, with costs.

Jack, who had blustered exceedingly as to his chances of bamboozling the Quarter-sessions, and quashing the sentence of the Justices, looked certainly not a little discomfited at the result of his appeal. For some days after, he was observed to walk about looking gloomy and disheartened, and was heard to say to some of his family, that he began to think matters had really gone too far between him and his good friend the Squire, to whom he owed his bread; that, on second thoughts, he would give up the point about intruding ushers on the schools, and see whether the Squire might not be prevailed on to arrange matters on an amicable footing; and that he would take an opportunity, the next time he had an assembly at his house, of consulting his friends on the subject. And had Jack stuck to this resolution, there is little doubt that, by some device or other, he would have gained all he wanted; for the Squire, being an easy, good-natured man, and wishing really to do his duty in the matter of the ushership, would probably, if Jack had yielded in this instance with a good grace, have probably allowed him in the end to have things very much his own way. But to the surprise of every body, the next time Jack had a party of friends with him, he rose up, and putting on that peculiarly sanctimonious expression which his countenance generally assumed when he had a mind to confuse and mystify his auditors by a string of enigmas and Jesuitical reservations, made a long, unintelligible, and inconsistent harangue, the drift of which no one could well understand, except that it bore that "both the Justices and the Quarter-sessions were a set of ignoramuses, who could not understand a word of Jack's contract, and knew

nothing of black-letter whatever; but that, nevertheless, as they had decided against him, he, as a loyal subject, must and would submit;—not, however, that he had the least idea of taking the Squire's usher, or any other usher whatsoever, on trials, contrary to the schoolboys' wishes; *that*, he begged to say, he would never hear of:—still he would obey the law by laying no claim himself to the usher's salary, nor interfering with the usher's drawing it; and yet that he could not exactly answer for others not doing so;"—Jack knowing all the time, that, claim as he might, he himself had no more right to the salary than to the throne of the Celestial Empire; while, on the other hand, by locking up the schoolroom, and keeping the key in his pocket, he had rendered it impossible for the poor wight of an usher to recover one penny of it—the legal condition of his doing so being his actual possession of the schoolhouse itself, of which Jack, by this last manoeuvre, had contrived to deprive him. But, as if to finish the matter, and to prove the knavish spirit in which this protestation was made, he instantly got a *private* friend and relative of his own, with whom the whole scheme had been arranged beforehand, to come forward and bring an action on the case, in which the latter claimed the whole fund which would have belonged to the unlucky usher—in terms, as he said, of some old arrangement made by the Squire's predecessor as to school-salaries during vacancy; to be applied, as the writ very coolly stated it, "for behoof of Jack's destitute widow, in the event of his decease, and of his numerous and indigent family."

Many of Jack's own family, who were present on this occasion, remonstrated with him on the subject, foreseeing that if he went on as he had begun and threatened to proceed, he must soon come to a rupture with the Squire, which could end in nothing else than his being turned out of house and hall, and thrown adrift upon the wide world, without a penny in his pocket. But the majority—who were puffed up with more than Jack's own madness, and had a notion that by sheer boldness and bullying on their part, the Squire would, after a time, be sure to give way, encouraged Jack to go on at all hazards, and not to retract a hair's breadth in his demands. And Jack, who had now become mis-

chievously crazed on the subject, and began to be as arrogant and conceited of his own power and authority, as ever my Lord Peter had been in his proudest and most pestilential days, was not slow to follow their advice.

'Twas of no consequence that a friend of the Squire's, who had known Jack long, and had really a great kindness towards him, tried to bring about an arrangement between him and the Squire upon very handsome terms. He had a meeting with Jack;—at which he talked the matter over in a friendly way—telling him that though the Squire must reserve in his own hands the nomination of his own ushers, he had always been perfectly willing to listen to reason in any objections that might be taken to them; only some reason he must have, were it only that Jack could not abide the sight of a red-nosed usher:—let that reason, such as it was, be put on paper, and he would consider of it; and if, from any peculiar idiosyncrasy in Jack's temperament and constitution, he found that his antipathy to red noses was unsuperable, probably he would not insist on filling up the vacancy with a nose of that colour. Jack, who was always more rational when alone than when he had got the attorney and the more frantic members of his family at his elbow, acknowledged, as he well might, that all this seemed very reasonable; and that he really thought that on these terms the Squire and he would have little difficulty in coming to an agreement. So they parted, leaving the Squire's friend under the impression that all was right, and that he had only to get an agreement to that effect drawn out, signed and sealed by the parties.

Next morning, however, he received a letter by the penny-post, written no doubt in Jack's hand, but obviously dictated by the attorney, in these terms:—

“Honoured Sir—Lest there should be any misconception between us as to our yesterday's conversation, I have put into writing the substance of what was agreed on between us, which I understand to be this: that there shall be no let or impediment to the Squire's full and absolute right of naming an usher in all cases of vacancy; that I shall have an equally full right to object to the said usher

for any reasons that may be satisfactory to myself, and thereupon to exclude him from the school; leaving it to the Squire, if he pleases, to send another, whom I shall have the right of handling in the same fashion; with this further proviso, that if the Squire does not fill up the office to my satisfaction within half-a-year, I shall be entitled to take the appointment into my own hands. I need hardly add that no Justices of the Peace are to take cognizance of anything done by me in the matter, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Hoping that this statement of our mutual views will be found correct and satisfactory—I remain, your humble servant,

“JACK.”

The moment the Squire's friend perused this missive, he saw plainly that all hope of bringing Jack to his senses was at an end; and that under the advice of evil counsellors, lunatic friends, and lewd fellows of the baser sort, Jack would shortly bring himself and his family to utter ruin.

And now, as might be expected, Jack's disorder, which had hitherto been comparatively of the calm and melancholy kind, broke out into the most violent and phrenetic exhibitions. He sometimes raved incoherently, for hours together, against the Squire; often, in the midst of his speeches, he was assailed with epileptic fits, during which he displayed the strangest contortions and most laughable gestures; he threw entirely aside the decent coat he had worn for some time back, and habitually attired himself in the old and threadbare raiment, which he had worn after he and Martin had been so unceremoniously sent to the right-about by Lord Peter, and even ran about the streets with his band tied round his peaked beaver, bearing thereon the motto—“*Nemo me impune lacessit*.” If his madness had only led him to make a spectacle and laughing-stock of himself, by these wild vagaries and mountebank exhibitions, all had been well; but this did not satisfy Jack; his old disposition for a riot had returned, and a riot, right or wrong, he was determined to have. So he set to work to frighten the women of the village with stories, as to the monsters whom the Squire would send among them as ushers, who would do nothing but teach their

children drinking, chuck-farthing, and cock-fighting; to the schoolboys themselves, he talked of the length, breadth, and thickness, of the usher's birch, which he assured them was dipped in vinegar every evening, in order to afford a more agreeable stimulus to the part affected; he plied them with halfpence and strong beer; exhorted them to insurrections and barrings-out; taught them how to mock at any usher who would not submit to be Jack's humble servant; and by gibes and scurril ballads, which he would publish in the newspapers, try to make his life a burden to him. He also instructed them how best to stick darts into his wig, cover his back with spittle, fill his pockets with crackers, burn assafoetida in the fire, extinguish the candles with fulminating powder, or blow up the writing-desk by a train of combustibles. Above all, he counselled the urchins to stand firm the next time that John sent an usher down to that quarter, and vehemently to protest for the doctrine of election as to their own usher, and reprobation as to the Squire's; assuring them, that provided they took his advice, and followed the plan which he would afterwards impart to them in confidence at the proper time, he could almost take it upon himself to say, that in a short time, no tyrannical usher, or cast-off tutor of the Squire, should venture to show his face, with or without tawse or ferule, within the boundaries of North Farm.

It was not long before an opportunity offered of putting these precious schemes in practice; for shortly afterwards, the old usher of a school on the northermost boundary of the North Farm estates having died, the usher-ship became vacant, and John, as usual, appointed a successor in his room. Being warned this time by what had taken place on the last occasion, the Squire took care to apply beforehand to the Justices of the Peace—got a peremptory *mandamus* from them, directing Jack to proceed forthwith, and, after the usual trials, to put the usher in possession of the school-house by legal form, and without regard to any protest or interruption from any or all of the schoolboys put together. So down the usher proceeded, accompanied by a posse of constables and policemen of various divisions, till they arrived at the

schoolhouse, which lay adjacent to the churchyard, and then demanded admittance. It happened that in this quarter resided some of Jack's family, who, as we have already mentioned, differed from him entirely, thinking him totally wrong in the contest with the Squire, and being completely satisfied that all his glosses upon his contract were either miserable quibbles or mere hallucinations, and that it was his duty, so long as he ate John's bread, and slept under John's roof, to perform fairly the obligations he had come under:—and so, on reading the Justices' warrant, which required them, on pain of being set in the stocks, and forfeiture of two shillings and sixpence of penalty, besides costs, to give immediate possession to the Squire's usher, they at once resolved to obey, called for the key of the school-house, and proceeded to the door, accompanied by the usher and the authorities, for the purpose of complying with the warrant and admitting the usher as in times past. But on arriving there, never was there witnessed such a scene of confusion. The churchyard was crowded with ragamuffins of every kind, from all the neighbouring parishes; scarcely was there a sot or deboshed fellow within the district who had not either come himself or found a substitute; gipsies, beggarwomen, and thimblerriggers were thick as blackberries; while Jack himself—who, upon hearing of what was going forward, had come down by the night coach with all expedition—was standing on a tombstone near the doorway, and holding forth to the whole bevy of rascals whom he had assembled about him. It was evident from his tones and gestures that Jack had been exciting the mob in every possible way; but as the justices and the constables drew near, he changed the form of his countenance, pulled a psalm-book out of his pocket, and, with much sanctity and appearance of calmness, gave out the tune; in which the miscellaneous assemblage around him joined, with similar unction and devotion. When the procession reached the door, they found the whole inside of the school-house already packed with urchins and blackguards of all kinds, who, having previously gained admission by the window, had forcibly barricaded the door against the constables, being assisted in the defence thereof

by the mob without, who formed a double line, and kept hustling the poor usher and the constables from side to side, helping themselves to a purse or two in passing, and calling out at the same time, "take care of pickpockets"—occasionally amusing themselves also by playfully smashing the beaver of some of the justices of the peace over their face, to the tune of "all round my hat," sung in chorus, on the Mainzerian system, amidst peals of laughter.

Meantime Jack was skipping up and down upon the tombstone, calling out to his myrmidons—"Good friends! Sweet friends! Let me not stir your spirits up to mutiny. Though that cairn of granite stones lies very handy and inviting, I pray you refrain from it. Tough it not. I humbly entreat my friend with the dirty shirt not to break the scone of the respectable gentleman whom I have in my eye, with that shillelah of his—though I must admit that he is labouring under strong and just provocation." "For mercy's sake, my dear sir!" he would exclaim to a third—"don't push my respected friend the justice into yonder puddle—the one which lies so convenient on your right hand there; though, to be sure, the ground is slippery, and the thing *might* happen, in a manner without any one's being able to prevent it." And so on he went, taking care to say nothing for which the justices could afterwards venture to commit him to Bridewell; but, in truth, stirring up the rabble to the utmost, by nods, looks, winks, and covert speeches, intended to convey exactly the opposite meaning from what the words bore.

At last by main force, and after a hard scuffle, the constables contrived to force the schoolhouse door open, and so to make way for the justices, the usher, and those of Jack's family who, as we have seen already, had made up their minds to give the usher possession, to enter. But having entered, the confusion and bedevilment was ten times worse than even in the churchyard itself. The benches were lined with a pack of overgrown rascals in corduroy vestments, and with leather at the knees, from all the neighbouring villages; in a gallery at one end sat a Scotch bagpiper, flanked by a blind fiddler, and an itinerant performer on the hurdygurdy,

accompanied by his monkey—who in the course of his circuit through the village, had that morning received a special retainer, in the shape of half a quartern of gin, for the occasion; while in the usher's chair were ensconced two urchins of about fourteen years of age, smoking tobacco, playing at all fours, and drinking purl, with their legs diffused in a picturesque attitude along the writing-desk. One of the justices tried to command silence—till the Squire's commission to the usher should be read; but no sooner had he opened his mouth than the whole multitude burst forth as if the confusion of tongues had taken place for the first time; twenty spoke together, ten whistled, as many more sang psalms and obscene songs alternately; the bagpiper droned his worst; the fiddler uttered notes that made the hair of those who heard them stand on end; while the hurdygurdy man did his utmost to grind down both his companions, in which task he was ably assisted by the grinning and chattering of the honourable and four-footed gentleman on his left. Meantime stones, tiles, and rafters, pewter pint-pots, fragments of slates, rulers, and desks, were circulating through the schoolhouse in all directions, in the most agreeable confusion.

One of the justices tried to speak, but even from the first it was all dumb show; and scarcely had he proceeded through two sentences, when his oration was extinguished as suddenly and by the same means as the conflagration of the Royal Palace at Lilliput. After many attempts to obtain a hearing, it became obvious that all chance of doing so in the schoolhouse was at an end; and so the usher, the justices, and the rest, adjourned to the next ale-house, where they had the usher's commission quietly read over in presence of the landlord and the waiter, and handed him over the keys of the house before the same witnesses; of all which, and of their previous deforcement by a mob of rapscallions, they took care to have an instrument regularly drawn out by a notary-public. Thereafter they ordered a rump and dozen, being confident that as the day was bitterly cold, and the snow some feet deep upon the ground, the courage of the rioters would be cooled before they

had finished dinner; and so it was, for towards evening, the temperature having descended considerably beneath the freezing point, the mob, who had now exhausted their beer and gin, and who saw that there was no more fun to be expected for the day, began to disperse each man to his home, so that before nightfall the coast was clear; on which the justices, with the *posse comitatus*, escorted the usher to the schoolhouse, opened the door, put him formally in possession, and, wishing him much good of his new appointment, departed.

But how did Jack, you will ask, bear this rebuff on the part of his own kin? Why, very ill indeed; in truth, he became furious, and seemed to have lost all natural feelings towards his own flesh and blood. He summoned such of his family as had given admission to the usher before him, called a sort of court-martial of the rest of his relations to enquire into their conduct; and, notwithstanding the accused protested that they had the highest respect and regard for Jack, were his humble servants to command in all ordinary matters, and only acted in this instance in obedience to the justices' warrant, (the which, if they had disobeyed, they were certain to have been at that moment cooling their heels in the stocks,) Jack, who was probably worked up to a kind of frenzy by his more violent of his inmates, kicked them out of the room, and sent a set of his myrmidons after them, with instructions to tear their coats off their backs, strip them of their wigs and small-clothes, and turn them into the street. Against this the unlucky wights appealed to the justices for protection, who, to be sure, sent down some policemen, who beat off the mob, and enabled them to make their doors fast against Jack and his emissaries. But beyond that they could give them little assistance; for though Jack and his abettors could not actually venture upon a trespass by forcing their way within doors, they contrived to render the very existence of all who were not of their way of thinking miserable. If it was an usher who, in spite of all their efforts to exclude him, had fairly got admittance into the schoolhouse, they set up a sentry-box at his very door, in which a rival usher held forth on Cocker and the alphabet; they drew

off a few stray boys from the village school, and this detachment, recruited and reinforced by all the idlers of the neighbourhood, to whom mischief was sport, was studiously instructed to keep up a perpetual whistling, hooting, howling, hissing, and imitations of the crowing of a cock, so as to render it impossible for the usher and boys within the school to hear or profit by one word that was said. If the scholars within were told to say A, the blackguards without were bellowing B; or if the usher asked how many three times three made, the answer from the outside would be "ten," or else that "it depended upon circumstances." Every week some ribald and libellous paragraph would appear in the county newspaper, headed "Advertisement," in such terms as the following:—"We have just learned from the best authority, that the usher of a school not a hundred miles off from Hogs-Norton, has lately been detected in various acts of forgery, petty larceny, sedition, high treason, burglary, &c. &c. If this report be not officially contradicted by the said usher within a fortnight, by advertisement, duly inserted and paid for in this newspaper, we shall hold the same to be true." Or sometimes more mysteriously thus:—"Delicacy forbids us to allude to the shocking reports which are current respecting the usher of Mullaglass. Christian charity would lead us to hope they were unfounded, but Christian verity compels us to state that we believe every word of them." And though Jack and his editor sometimes overshot their mark, and got soused in damages at the instance of those whom they had libelled, yet Jack, who found that it answered his ends, persevered, and so kept the whole neighbourhood in hot water.

You would not believe me were I to tell you of half the tyrannical and preposterous pranks which he performed about this period; but some of them I can't help noticing. He had picked up some subscriptions, for instance, from charitable folks in the neighbourhood, to build a school upon a remote corner of North Farm, where not a single boy had learned his alphabet within the memory of man; and what, think ye, does he do with the money, but insists on clapping down the new school exactly opposite the

old school in the village, merely to spite the poor usher, against whom he had taken a dislike—though there was no more need to build a school there than to ship a cargo of coals for Newcastle. Again, having ascertained that one of his servants had been seen shaking hands with some of Jack's family with whom he had quarrelled as above mentioned, he refused to give him a character, though the poor fellow was only thinking of taking service somewhere in the plantations.

Notwithstanding all Jack's efforts, however, it sometimes happened that when an usher was appointed he could not get up a sufficient cabal against him, and that even the schoolboys, knowing something of the man before, had no objection to him. In such cases Jack resorted to various schemes in order to cast the candidate upon his examinations. Sometimes he would shut him up in a small closet, telling him he must answer a hundred and fifty questions, in plane and spherical trigonometry, within as many minutes, and that he would be allowed the assistance of Johnson's Dictionary, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, for the purpose. At other times he would ask the candidate, with a bland smile, what was his opinion of things in general, and of the dispute between him (Jack) and the Squire in particular; and if that question was not answered to his satisfaction, he remitted him to his studies. When no objection could be made to the man's parts, Jack would say that he had scruples of conscience, because he doubted whether his commission had been fairly come by, or whether he had not bribed the Squire by a five-pound note to obtain it. At last he did not even take the trouble of going through this farce, but would at once, if he disliked the look of the man's face, tell him he was busy at the moment;—that he might lay the Squire's letter on the table, and call again that day six months for an answer. He no longer pretended, in fact, to any fairness or justice in his dealings; for though those who sided with him might be guilty of all the offences in the calendar, Jack continued to wink so hard, and shut his ears so close, as not to see or hear of them; while as to the unhappy wights who differed from him, he had the eyes of Argus and the ear of Dionysius, and the tender mercies of a Spanish inquisitor,

discovering *scandalum magnatum* and high treason in ballads which they had written twenty years before, and in which Jack, though he received a presentation copy at the time, had never pretended, up to that moment, to detect the least harm.

The last of these freaks which I shall here mention took place on this wise. Jack had never been accustomed to invite any one to his assemblies but the ushers who had been appointed by the Squire, and it was always understood that they alone had a vote in all vestry matters. But when John quarrelled with his family, as above mentioned, and a large part of the oldest and most respectable of his relatives drew off from him, it occurred to Jack that he could bring in a set of new auxiliaries, upon whose vote he could count in all his family squabbles, or his deutes, with Squire Bull; and the following was the device he fell upon for that end.

Here and there upon North Farm, where the village schools were crowded, little temporary schoolhouses had been run up, where one or two of the monitors were accustomed to teach such of the children as could not be accommodated in the larger school. But these assistants had always been a little looked down upon, and had never been allowed a seat at Jack's board. Now, however, he began to change his tone towards them, and to court and flatter them on all occasions. One fine morning he suddenly made his appearance on the village green, followed by some of his hangers on, bearing a theodolite, chains, measuring-rods, sextants, compasses, and other instruments of land-surveying. Jack set up his theodolite, took his observations, began noting measurements, and laying down the bases of triangles in all directions, then, having summed up his calculations with much gravity, gave directions to those about him to line off with stakes and ropes the space which he pointed out to them, and which in fact enclosed nearly half the village. In the course of these operations, the usher, who had witnessed these mathematical proceedings of Jack from the window, but could not comprehend what the man would be at, sallied forth, and accosting Jack, asked him what he meant by these strange lines of circumvallation. "Why," answered Jack, "I have

been thinking for some time past of relieving you of part of your heavy duties, and dividing the parish-school between you and your assistant; so in future you will confine yourself to the space outside the ropes, and leave all within the inclosure to him." It was in vain that the usher protested he was quite equal to the duty; that the boys liked him, and disliked his assistant; that if the village was thus divided, the assistant would be put upon a level with him, and have a vote in the vestry, to which he had no more right than to a seat in the House of Commons. Jack was not to be moved from his purpose, but gave orders to have a similar apportionment made in most of the neighbouring villages, and then inviting the assistants to a party at his house, he had them sworn in as vestrymen, telling them, that in future they had the same right to a seat at his board as the best of John's ushers had. Here again, however, he found he had run his head against a wall, and that he was not the mighty personage he took himself for; for, on a complaint to the justices of the peace, a dozen special constables were sent down, who tore up the posts, removed the ropes, and demolished all Jack's inclosures in a trice.

These frequent defeats rendered Jack nearly frantic. He now began to quarrel even with his best friends, not a few of whom, though they had gone with him a certain length, now left his house, and told him plainly they would never set foot in it again. He burst forth into loud invectives against Martin, who had always been a good friend to his penny subscriptions, and more than once had come to his assistance when Jack was hard pressed by Hugh, a dissenting school-master, between whom and Jack there had long been a bloody feud. Jack now denounced Martin in set terms; accused him of being in the pay of Peter, with whom he said he had been holding secret conferences of late at the Cross-Keys; and of setting the Squire's mind against him (Jack)—whereas poor Martin, till provoked by Jack's abuse to defend himself, had never said an unkind word against him. Finding, however, that, with all his efforts, he did not make much way with the men, Jack directed his battery chiefly against the women,

who were easily caught by his sanctimonious air, and knowing nothing earthly of the subject, took for gospel all that Jack chose to tell them. He held love-feasts in his house up to a late hour, at which he generally harangued on the subject of the persecutions which he endured. He vowed the justices were all in a conspiracy against him; that they were constantly intruding into his grounds, notwithstanding his warnings that spring-guns were set in the premises; that on one occasion a tall fellow of a sheriff's officer had made his way into his house and served him with a writ of *facias* even in the midst of one of his assemblies, a disgrace he never could get over; that he could not walk ten yards in any direction, or saunter for an instant at the corner of a street, without being ordered by a policeman to move on; in short, that he lived in perpetual terror and anxiety—and all this because he had done his best to save them and their children from the awful scourge of deboshed and despotical ushers. At the conclusion of these meetings he invariably handed round his hat, into which the silly women dropped a good many shillings, which Jack assured them would be applied for the public benefit, meaning thereby his own private advantage.

Jack, however, with all his craze, was too knowing not to see that the women, beyond advancing him a few shillings at a time, would do little for his cause so far as any terms with Squire Bull was concerned; so, with the view of making a last attack upon the Squire, and driving him into terms, he began to look about for assistance among those with whom he had previously been at loggerheads. It cost him some qualms before he could so far abase his stomach as to do so; but at last he ventured to address a long and pitiful letter to Hugh, in which he set forth all his disputes with John, and dwelt much on his scruples of conscience; begged him to forget old quarrels, and put down his name to a Round Robin, which he was about to address to the Squire in his own behalf. To this epistle Hugh answered as follows:—"Dearly beloved,—my bowels are grieved for your condition, but I see only one cure for your scruples of conscience. Strip off the Squire's livery, and give up your place, as I did, and your peace of mind will be restored

to you. In the mean time, I do not see very well why I should help you to pocket the Squire's wages, and do nothing for it. Yours, in the spirit of meekness and forgiveness—HUGH." After this rebuff, Jack, you may easily believe, saw there was little hope of assistance from that quarter.

As a last resource, he called a general meeting of his friends, at which it was resolved to present the proposed Round Robin to John, signed by as many names as they could muster; in which Jack, who seemed to be of opinion that the more they asked the greater was their chance of getting something at least, set forth the articles he wanted, and without which, he told John, he could no longer remain in his house; but that he and his relatives and friends would forthwith, if this petition was rejected, walk out, to the infinite scandal of the neighbourhood, leaving the Squire without a teacher or a writing-master within fifty miles to supply their place. They demanded that the Squire should give up the nomination of the ushers entirely, though in whose favour they did not explain; and that Jack was in future to be a law unto himself, and to be supreme in all matters of education, with power to himself to define in what such matters consisted. On these requests being conceded, they stated that they would continue to give their countenance to the Squire as in times past; otherwise the whole party must quit possession incontinently. Jack prevailed on a good many to sign this document—though some did not like the idea of walking out, demurred, and added after the word *incontinently*, "*i. e.* when convenient,"—and thus signed, they put the

Round Robin under a twopenny cover, and dispatched it to "John Bull, Esquire"—with haste.

If they really thought the Squire was to be bullied into these terms by this last sally, they found themselves consumedly mistaken; for after a time, down came a long and perfectly civil letter from the Squire's secretary, telling them their demands were totally out of the question, and that the Squire would see them at the antipodes sooner than comply with them.

Did Jack then, you will ask, walk out as he had threatened, when he got the Squire's answer? Not he. He now gave notice that he intended to apply for an Act of Parliament on the subject: and that, in the meantime, the matter might stand over. Meantime, and in case matters should come to the worst, he is busily engaged begging all over the country, for cash to erect a new wooden tenement for him, in the event of his having to leave his old one of stone and lime. Some say even that he has been seen laying down several pounds of gunpowder in the cellar of his present house, and has been heard to boast of his intention to blow up his successor when he takes possession; but for my own part, and seeing how he has shuffled hitherto, I believe that he is no nearer removing than he was a year ago. Indeed he has said confidentially to several people, that even if his new house were all ready for him, he could not, with his asthmatic tendency, think of entering it for a twelvemonth or so, till the lath and plaster should be properly seasoned. Of all this, however, we shall hear more anon.

PAUL DE COCKNEYISMS.

BY A COCKNEY.

WHEN any one thinks of French literature, there immediately rises before him a horrid phantasmagoria of repulsive objects—murders, incests, parricides, and every imaginable shape of crime that horror e'er conceived or fancy feigned. He sees the whole efforts of a press, brimful of power and talent, directed against every thing that has hitherto been thought necessary to the safety of society, or the happiness of domestic life—marriage deliberately written down, and proved to be the cause of all the miseries of the social state: and strange to say, in the crusade against matrimony, the sharpest swords and strongest lances are wielded by women. Those women are received into society—men's wives and daughters associate with them—and their books are noticed in the public journals without any allusions to the Association for the prevention of vice, but rather with the praises which, in other times and countries, would have been bestowed on works of genius and virtue. The taste of the English public has certainly deteriorated within the last few years; and popularity, the surest index of the public's likings, though not of the writer's deservings, has attended works of which the great staple has been crime and blackguardism. A certain rude power, a sort of unhealthy energy, has enabled the writer to throw an interest round pickpockets and murderers; and if this interest were legitimately produced, by the exhibition of human passions modified by the circumstances of the actor—if it arose from the development of one real, living, thinking, doing, and suffering man's heart, we could only wonder at the author's choice of such a subject, but we should be ready to acknowledge that he had widened our sphere of knowledge—and made us feel, as we all do, without taking the same credit for it to ourselves that the old blockhead in France does, that being human, we have sympathies with all, even the lowest and wickedest of our kind. But the interest those works excite arises from no such legitimate source—not from the development of

our common nature, but from the creation of a new one—from startling contrasts, not of two characters but of one—tenderness, generosity in one page; fierceness and murder in the next. But though our English *tastes* are so far deteriorated as to tolerate, or even to admire, the records of cruelty and sin now proceeding every day from the press—our English *morals* would recoil with horror from the deliberate wickedness which forms the great attraction of the French modern school of romance. The very subjects chosen for their novels, by the most popular of their female writers, shows a state of feeling in the authors more dreadful to contemplate than the mere coarse raw-head-and-bloody-bones descriptions of our chroniclers of Newgate. A married woman, the heroine—high in rank, splendid in intellect, radiant in beauty—has for the hero a villain escaped from the hulks. There is no record of his crimes—we are not called upon to follow him in his depredations, or see him cut throats in the scientific fashion of some of our indigenous rascals. He is the philosopher,—the instructor—the guide. The object of *his* introduction is to show the iniquity of human laws—the object of *her* introduction is to show the absurdity of the institution of marriage. This would never be tolerated in England. Again, a married woman is presented to us—for the sympathy which with us attends a young couple to the church-door, only begins in France after they have left it: as a child she has been betrothed to a person of her own rank—at five or six incurable idiocy takes possession of her proposed husband—but when she is eighteen the marriage takes place—the husband is a mere child still; for his intellect has continued stationary though his body has reached maturity—a more revolting picture was never presented than that of the condition of the idiot's wife—her horror of her husband—and of course her passion for another. The most interesting scenes between the lovers are constantly interrupted by the hideous representative of

matrimony, the grinning husband, who rears his slavering countenance from behind the sofa, and impresses his unfortunate wife with a sacred awe for the holy obligations of marriage.

Again, a dandy of fifty is presented to us, whose affection for his ward has waited, of course, till she is wedded to another, to ripen into love. He still continues her protector against the advances of others; for jealousy is a good point of character in every one but the husband, and there it is only ridiculous. The husband in this case is another admirable specimen of the results of wedlock for life—he is a chattering, shallow pretender—a political economist, prodigiously dull and infinitely conceited—an exaggerated type of the Hume-Bowring statesman—and, as is naturally to be expected, our sympathies are awakened for the wretched wife, and we rejoice to see that her beauty and talents, her fine mind and pure ideas, are appreciated by a dashing young fellow, who outwits our original friend the dandy of fifty and the philosophical député; the whole leaving a pleasing impression on the reader's mind from the conviction that the heroine is no longer neglected.

From the similarity of these stories—and they are only taken at random from a great number—it will be seen that the spirit of almost all of them is the same. But when we go lower in the scale, and leave the class of philosophic novels, we find their tales of life and manners still more absurd in their total untruthness than the others were hateful in their design. There is a novel just now appearing in one of the most widely-circulated of the Parisian papers, so grotesquely overdone, that if it had been meant for a caricature of the worst parts of our own hulk-and-gallows authors, it would have been very much admired; but meant to be serious, powerful, harrowing, and all the rest of it, it is a most curious exhibition of a nation's taste and a writer's audacity. The *Mysteries of Paris*, by Eugene Sue, has been dragging its slow length along for a long time, and gives no sign of getting nearer its denouement than when it began. A sovereign prince is the hero—his own daughter, whom he has disowned, the heroine; and the tale commences by his fighting a man on the street, and taking a fancy to his unknown child, who is

the inhabitant of one of the lowest dens in the St Giles' of Paris! The other *dramatis personæ* are convicts, receivers of stolen goods, murderers, intriguers of all ranks—the aforesaid prince, sometimes in the disguise of a workman, sometimes of a pickpocket, acting the part of a providence among them, rewarding the good and punishing the guilty. The English personages are the Countess Sarah McGregor—the lawful wife of the prince—her brother Tom, and Sir Walter Murph, Esquire. These are all jostled, and crowded, and pushed, and flurried—first in flash kens, where the language is slang; then in country farms, and then in halls and palaces—and so intermixed and confused, that the clearest head gets puzzled with the entanglements of the story; and confusion gets worse confounded as the farrago proceeds. How M. Sue will manage ever to come to a close is an enigma to us; and we shall wait with some impatience to see how he will distribute his poetic justice, when he can't get his puppets to move another step. Horror seems the great ingredient in the present literary fare of France, and in the *Mystères de Paris* the most confirmed glutton of such delicacies may sup full of them. In the midst of such depraved and revolting exhibitions, it is a sort of satisfaction, though not of the loftiest kind, to turn to the coarse fun and ludicrous descriptions of Paul de Kock. And, after all, our friend Paul has not many more sins than coarseness and buffoonery to answer for. As to his attempting, of set purpose, to corrupt people's morals, it never entered into his head. He does not know what morals are; they never form any part of his idea of manners or character. If a good man comes in his way, he looks at him with a strange kind of unacquaintance that almost rises into respect; but he is certainly more affectionate, and on far better terms, with men about town—amative hairdressers, flirting grisettes, and the whole genus, male and female, of the epiciers. It would no doubt be an improvement if the facetious Paul could believe in the existence of an honest woman; but such women as come in his way he describes to the life. A ball in a dancing-master's private room up six pairs of stairs, a picnic to one of the suburbs, a dinner at a restaurateur's, or a family con-

sultation on a proposal of marriage, are far more in Paul's way than tales of open horror or silk-and-satin depravity. One is only sorry, in the midst of so much gaiety and good-humour, to stumble on some scene or sentiment that gives one the inclination to throw the book in the fire, or start, like Cæsar, on the top of the diligence to pull the author's ears. But the next page sets all right again; and you go on laughing at the disasters of my neighbour Raymond, or admiring the graces or Chesterfieldian politeness of M. Bellequeue. French nature seems essentially different from all the other natures hitherto known; and yet, though so new, there never rises any doubt that it is a nature, a reality, as Thomas Carlyle says, and not a sham. The personages presented to us by Paul de Kock can scarcely, in the strict sense of the word, be called human beings; but they are French beings of real flesh and blood, speaking and thinking French in the most decided possible manner, and at intervals possessed of feelings which make us inclined to include them in the great genus *homo*, though with so many inseparable accidents, that it is impossible for a moment to shut one's eyes to the species to which they belong. But such as they are in their shops, and back-parlours, and ball-rooms, and *fêtes champêtres*, there they are in Paul de Kock—nothing extenuated, little set down in malice—vain, empty, frivolous, good-tempered, gallant, lively, and absurd. Let us go to the wood of Romainville to celebrate the anniversary of the marriage of M. and Madame Moutonnet on the day of St Eustache.

“At a little distance from the ball, towards the middle of the wood, a numerous party is seated on the grass, or rather on the sand; napkins are spread on the ground, and covered with plates and cold meat and fruits. The bottles are placed in the cool shade, the glasses are filled and emptied rapidly; good appetites and open air make every thing appear excellent. They make plates out of paper, and toss pieces of paté and sausage to each other. They eat, they drink, they sing, they laugh and play tricks. It seems a struggle who shall be funniest. It is well known that all things are allowable in the country; and the cits now assembled in the wood of Romainville seem fully persuaded of the fact. A jolly old

governor of about fifty tries to carve a turkey, and can't succeed. A little woman, very red, very fat, and very round, hastens to seize a limb of the bird; she pulls at one side, the jolly old governor at the other—the leg separates at last, and the lady goes sprawling on the grass, while the gentleman topples over in the opposite direction with the remainder of the animal in his hand. The shouts of laughter redouble, and M. Moutonnet—such is the name of the jolly old governor—resumes his place, declaring that he will never try to carve any thing again. ‘I knew you would never be able to manage it,’ said a large woman bluntly, in a tone that agreed exactly with her starched and crabbed features. She was sitting opposite the stout gentleman, and had seen with indignation the alacrity with which the little lady had flown to M. Moutonnet's assistance.

“‘In the twenty years we have been married,’ she continued, ‘have you ever carved any thing at home, sir?’

“‘No, my dear, that's very true;’ replied the stout gentleman in a submissive voice, and trying to smile his better half into good-humour.

“‘You don't know how to help a dish of spinach, and yet you attempt a dish like that!’

“‘My dear—in the country, you know——’

“‘In the country, sir, as in the town, people shouldn't try things they can't perform.’

“‘You know, Madame Moutonnet, that generally I never attempt any thing—but to day’——

“‘To day you should have done as you do on other days,’ retorted the lady.

“‘Ah, but, my love, you forget that this is Saint Eustache——’

“‘Yes, yes, this is Saint Eustache!’ is repeated in chorus by the whole company, and the glasses are filled and jingled as before.

“‘To the health of Eustache; Eustache for ever!’

“‘To yours, ladies and gentlemen,’ replied M. Moutonnet graciously smiling—‘and yours, my angel.’

“It is to his wife M. Moutonnet addresses himself. She tries to assume an amiable look, and condescends to approach her glass to that of M. Eustache Moutonnet. M. Eustache Moutonnet is a rich laceman of the Rue St Martin; a man highly respected

in trade; no bill of his was ever protested, nor any engagement failed in. For the thirty years he has kept shop he has been steadily at work from eight in the morning till eight at night. His department is to take care of the day-book and ledger; Madame Moutonnet manages the correspondence and makes the bargains. The business of the shop and the accounts are confided to an old clerk and Mademoiselle Eugénie Moutonnet, with whom we shall presently become better acquainted.

"M. Moutonnet, as you may perhaps already have perceived, is not commander-in-chief at home. His wife directs, rules, and governs all things. When she is in good-humour—a somewhat extraordinary occurrence—she allows her husband to go and take his little cup of coffee, provided he goes for that purpose to the coffee-house at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil—for it is famous for its liberal allowance of sugar, and M. Moutonnet always brings home three lumps of it to his wife. On Sundays they dine a little earlier, to have time for a promenade to the Tuileries or the Jardin Turk. Excursions into the country are very rare, and only on extraordinary occasions, such as the fête-day of M. and Madame Moutonnet. That regular life does not hinder the stout lace-merchant from being the happiest of men—so true is it that what is one man's poison is another man's meat. M. Moutonnet was born with simple tastes—he required to be led and managed like a child. Don't shrug your shoulders at this avowal, ye spirited gentlemen, so proud of your rights, so puffed up with your merits. You! who think yourselves always masters of your actions, you yield to your passions every day! they lead you, and sometimes lead you very ill.

Well, M. Moutonnet has no fear of that—he has no passions—he knows nothing but his trade, and obedience to his spouse. He finds that a man can be very happy, though he does not know how to carve a turkey, and lets himself be governed by his wife. Madame Moutonnet is long past forty, but it is a settled affair that she is never to be more than thirty-six. She never was handsome, but she is large and tall, and her husband is persuaded she is superb. She is not a co-

quette, but she thinks herself superior to every body else in talents and beauty. She never cared a rush about her husband, but if he was untrue to her she would tear his eyes out. Madame Moutonnet, you perceive, is excessively jealous of her rights. A daughter is the sole issue of the marriage of M. Eustache Moutonnet and Mademoiselle Barbe Desormeaux. She is now eighteen years old, and at eighteen the young ladies in Paris are generally pretty far advanced. But Eugénie has been educated severely—and although possessed of a good deal of spirit, is timid, docile, submissive, and never ventures on a single observation in presence of her parents. She has cleverness, grace, and sensibility, but she is ignorant of the advantages she has received from nature—her sentiments are as yet concentrated at the bottom of her heart. She is not coquettish—or rather she scarcely ventures to give way to the inclination so natural to women, which leads them to please and to be pretty. But Eugénie has no need of those little arts, so indispensable to others, or to have recourse to her mirror every hour. She is well made, and she is beautiful; her eyes are soft and expressive, her voice is tender and agreeable, her brow is shadowed by dark locks of hair, her mouth furnished with fine white teeth. In short, she has that nameless something about her, which charms at first sight, which is not always possessed by greater beauties and more regular features. We now know all the Moutonnet family; and since we have gone so far, let us make acquaintance with the rest of the party who have come to the wood of Romainville to celebrate the Saint Eustache.

"The little woman who rushed so vigorously to the assistance of M. Moutonnet, is the wife of a tall gentleman of the name of Bernard, who is a toyman in the Rue St Denis. M. Bernard plays the amiable and the fool at the same time. He laughs and quizzes, makes jokes, and even puns; he is the wit of the party. His wife has been rather good-looking, and wishes to be so still. She squeezes in her waist till she can hardly breathe, and takes an hour to fit her shoes on—for she is determined to have a small foot. Her face is a little too red; but her eyes are very lively, and she is con-

stantly trying to give them as mischievous an expression as she can. Madame Bernard has a great girl of fifteen, whom she dresses as if she were five, and treats occasionally to a new doll, by way of keeping her a child. By the side of Madame Bernard is seated a young man of eighteen, who is almost as timid as Eugenie, and blushes when he is spoken to, though he has stood behind a counter for six months. He is the son of a friend of M. Bernard, and his wife has undertaken to patronize him, and introduce him to good society.

"A person of about forty years of age, with one of those silly countenances which there is no mistaking at the first glance, is seated beside Eugenie. M. Dupont—such is his name—is a rich grocer of the Rue aux Ours. He wears powder and a queue, because he fancies they are becoming, and his hairdresser has told him that they are very aristocratic. His coat of sky-blue, and his jonquil-coloured waistcoat, give him still more the appearance of a simpleton, and agree admirably with the astonished expression of his gooseberry eyes. He dangles two watch-chains, that hang down his nankeen trowsers, with great satisfaction, and seems struck with admiration at the wisdom of his own remarks. He thinks himself captivating and full of wit. He has the presumption of ignorance, propped up by money. Finally, he is a bachelor, which gives him great consideration in all the families where there are marriageable daughters. M. and Madame Gerard, perfumers in the Rue St Martin, are also of the party. The perfumer enacts the gallant gay Lothario, and in his own district has the reputation of a prodigious rake, though he is ugly, and ill-made, and squints. But he fancies he overcomes all these drawbacks by covering himself with odours and perfumes—accordingly, you smell him half an hour before he comes in sight. His wife is young and pretty. She married him at fifteen, and has a boy of nine, who looks more like her brother than her son. The little Gerard hollos and jumps about, breaks the glasses and bottles, and makes as much noise as all the rest of the company put together. 'He's a little lion,' exclaims M. Gerard; 'he's exactly what I was. You never could hear yourselves

speak wherever I was, at his age. People were delighted with me. My son is my perfect image.'

"M. Gerard's sister, an old maid of forty-five, who takes every opportunity of declaring that she never intends to marry, and sighs every time M. Dupont looks at her, is next to M. Moutonnet. The old clerk of the laceman—M. Bidois—who waits for Madame Moutonnet's permission before he opens his mouth, and fills his glass every time she is not looking—is placed at the side of Mademoiselle Cecile Gerard; who, though she swears every minute that she never will marry, and that she hates the men, is very ill pleased to have old M. Bidois for her neighbour, and hints pretty audibly that Madame Bernard monopolizes all the young beaux. A young man of about twenty, tall, well-made, with handsome features, whose intelligent expression announces that he is intended for higher things than perpetually to be measuring yards of calico, is seated at the right hand of Eugenie. That young man, whose name is Adolphe, is assistant in a fashionable warehouse where Madame Moutonnet deals; and as he always gives good measure, she has asked him to the fête of St Eustache. And now we are acquainted with all the party who are celebrating the marriage-day of M. Moutonnet."

We are not going to follow Paul de Kock in the adventures of all the party so carefully described to us. Our object in translating the foregoing passage, was to enable our readers to see the manner of people who indulge in pic-nics in the wood of Romainville, desiring them to compare M. Moutonnet and *his* friends, with any laceman and *his* friends he may choose to fix upon in London. A laceman as well to do in the world as M. Moutonnet, a grocer as rich as M. Dupont, and even a perfumer as fashionable as M. Gerard, would have a white-bait dinner at Blackwall, or make up a party to the races at Epsom—and as to admitting such a humble servitor as M. Bidois to their society, or even the unfriended young mercer's assistant, M. Adolphe, they would as soon think of inviting one of the new police. Five miles from town our three friends would pass themselves off for lords, and blow up the waiter for not making haste with their brandy and water, in

the most aristocratic manner imaginable. In France, or at least in Paul de Kock, there seems no straining after appearances. The laceman continues a laceman when he is miles away from the little back shop; and even the laceman's lady has no desire to be mistaken for the wife of a squire. Madame Moutonnet seems totally unconscious of the existence of any lady whatever, superior to herself in rank or station. The Red Book is to her a sealed volume. Her envies, hatreds, friendships, rivalries, and ambitions, are all limited to her own circle. The wife of a rich laceman, on the other hand, in England, most religiously despises the wives of almost all other tradesmen; she scarcely knows in what street the shop is situated, but from the altitudes of Balham or Hampstead, looks down with supreme disdain on the toiling creatures who stand all day behind a counter. The husband, in the same way, manages to cast off every reminiscence of the shop, in the course of his three miles in the omnibus, and at six or seven o'clock you might fancy they were a duke and duchess, sitting in a gaudily furnished drawing room, listening to two elegant young ladies torturing a piano, and another still more elegant young lady severely flogging a harp. The effect of this, so far as our English Paul de Kocks are concerned, is, that their linen-draper, and lacemen, and rich perfumers, are represented assuming a character that does not belong to them, and aping people whom they falsely suppose to be their betters; whereas the genuine Paul paints the Parisian tradesmen without any affectation at all. Ours are made laughable by the common farcical attributes of all pretensions, great or small; while real unsophisticated shopkeeping (French) nature is the staple of Paul's character-sketches, and they are more valuable, and in the end more interesting, accordingly. Who cares for the exaggerated efforts of a Manchester warehouseman to be polished and gentlemanly? It is only acting after all, and gives us no insight into his real character, or the character of his class, any more than Mr Coates' anxiety to be Romeo enlightened us as to his disposition in other respects. The Manchester warehouseman, though he fails in his attempt at fashionable parts, may be a very estimable and pains-taking individual,

and, with the single exception of that foible, offers nothing to the most careful observer to distinguish him from the stupid and respectable in any part of the world. And in this respect, any one starting as the chronicler of citizen life among us, would labour under a great disadvantage. Whether our people are phlegmatic, or stupid, or sensible—all three of which epithets are generally applicable to the same individual—or that they have no opportunities of showing their peculiarities from the domestic habits of the animal—it is certain that, however better they may be qualified for the business of life than their neighbours, they are far less fitted for the pages of a book. And the proof of it is this, that wherever any of our novelists has introduced a tradesman, he has either been an invention altogether, or a caricature. Even Bailie Nicol Jarvie never lived in the Saut Market in half such true flesh and blood as he does in *Rob Roy*. At all events, the inimitable Bailie is known to the universe at large by the additions made to his real character by the prodigal hand of his biographer, and the ridiculous contrasts in which he is placed with the caterans and reivers of the hills. In the city of Glasgow he was looked upon, and justly, as an honour to the gude town—consulted on all difficult matters, and famous for his knowledge of the world and his natural sagacity. Would this have been a fit subject for description? or is it just to think of the respectable Bailie in the ridiculous point of view in which he is presented to us in the Highlands? How would Sir Peter Laurie look if he had been taken long ago by Algerine pirates, and torn, with all his civic honours thick upon him, from the magisterial chair, and made hairdresser to the ladies of the harem—threatened with the bastinado for awkwardness in combing, as he now commits other unfortunate fellows to the treadmill for crimes scarcely more enormous? Paul de Kock derives none of his interest from odd juxtapositions. He knows nothing about caves and prisons and brigands—but he knows every corner of coffee-houses, and beer-shops, and ball-rooms. And these ball-rooms give him the command of another set of characters, totally unknown to the English world of fiction, because non-existent in England. With us, no

shop-boy or apprentice would take his sweetheart to a public hop at any of the licensed music-houses. No decent girl would go there, nor even any girl that wished to keep up the appearance of decency. No flirtations, to end in matrimony, take their rise between an embryo boot-maker and a barber's daughter, in the course of the *chaine Anglaise* beneath the trees of the Green Park, or even at the Yorkshire Stingo. Fathers have flinty hearts, and the above-mentioned barber would probably increase the beauty of his daughter's "bonny black eye," by giving her another, if she talked of going to a ball, whether in a room or the open air. The Puritans have left their mark. Dancing is always sinful, and Satan is perpetual M.C. But let us follow the barber, or rather hairdresser—for the mere gleaner of beards is not intended by the name—into his own amusements. In Paul de Kock, he goes to a coffee-house, drinks a small cup of coffee, and pockets the entire sugar; or to a ball, where he performs all the offices of a court chamberlain, and captivates all hearts by his graceful deportment. His wife, perhaps, goes with him, and flirts in a very business-like manner with a tobaccoconist; and his daughter is whirled about in a waltz by Eugene or Adolphe, the young confectioner, with as much elegance and decorum as if they were a young marquis and his bride in the dancing hall at Devonshire House. Our English friend goes to enjoy a pipe, or, if he has lofty notions, a cigar, and gin and water, at the neighbouring inn. Or when he determines on having a night of real rational enjoyment, he goes to some tavern where singing is the order of the evening. A stout man in the chair knocks on the table, and being the landlord, makes disinterested enquiries if every gentleman has a bumper. He then calls on himself for a song, and states that he is to be accompanied on the piano by a distinguished performer; whereupon, a tall young man of a moribund expression of countenance, and with his hair closely pomatumed over his head, rises, and, after a low bow, seats himself at the instrument. The stout man sings, the young man plays, and thunders of applause, and various fresh orders for kidneys and strong ale, and welch rabbits and cold-without, reward

their exertions. Drinking goes on for some time, and waiters keep flying about with dishes of all kinds, and the hairdresser becomes communicative to his next neighbour, a butcher from Whitechapel, and they exchange their sentiments about kidneys and music in general, and the kidneys and music now offered to them in particular. In a few minutes, a gentleman with a strange obliquity in his vision, seated in the middle of the coffee-room, takes off his hat, and after a thump on the table from the landlord's hammer, commences a song so intensely comical, that when it is over, the orders for supper and drink are almost unanimous. The house is now full, the theatres have discharged their hungry audiences, and a distinguished guinea-a-week performer seats himself in the very next box to the hairdresser. That worthy gentleman by this time is stuffed so full of kidneys, and has drank so many glasses of brandy and water, that he can scarcely understand the explanations of the Whitechapel butcher, who has a great turn for theatricals, and wishes to treat the dramatic performer to a tumbler of gin-twist. Another knock on the table produces a momentary silence, and a little man starts off with an extempore song, where the conviviality of the landlord, and the goodness of his suppers, are duly chronicled. The hairdresser hears a confused buzz of admiration, and even attempts to join in it, but thinks it, at last, time to go. He goes, and narrowly escapes making the acquaintance of Mr Jardine, from his extraordinary propensity to brush all the lamp-posts he encounters with the shoulder of his coat; and gets home, to the great comfort of his wife and daughter, who have gone cozily off to sleep, in the assurance that their distinguished relative is safely locked up in the police-office. The Frenchman, on the other hand, never gets into mischief from an overdose of *eau sucrée*, though sometimes he certainly becomes very robustious from a glass or two of *vin ordinaire*; and nothing astonishes us so much as the small quantities of small drink which have an effect on the brains of the steadiest of the French population. They get not altogether drunk, but decidedly very talkative, and often quarrelsome, on a miserable modicum of their indigenous small-beer, to a degree which would not be excusable if it were

brandy. We constantly find whole parties at a picnic in a most prodigious state of excitement after two rounds of a bottle—jostling the peasants, and talking more egregious nonsense than before. And when they quarrel, what a Babel of words, and what a quakerism of hands! Instead of a round or two between the parties, as it would be in our own pugnacious disagreements, they merely, when it comes to the worst, push each other from side to side, and shout lustily for the police; and squalling women, and chattering men, and ignorant country people, and elegant mercers' apprentices, and gay-mannered grocers, hustle, and scream, and swear, and lecture, and threaten, and bluster—but not a single blow! The guardian of the public peace appears, and the combatants vanish into thin air; and in a few minutes after this dreadful *mêlée*, the violin strikes up a fresh waltz, and all goes “gaily as a marriage-bell.” We don't say, at the present moment, that one of these methods of conducting a quarrel is better than the other, (though we confess we are rather partial to a hit in the bread-basket, or a tap on the

claret-cork)—all we mean to advance is, that with the materials to work upon, Paul de Kock, as a faithful describer of real scenes, has a manifest advantage over the describer of English incidents of a parallel kind.

The affectations of a French cit, when that nondescript animal condescends to be affected, are more varied and interesting than those of their brethren here. He has a taste for the fine arts—he talks about the opera—likes to know artists and authors—and, though living up five or six pairs of stairs in a narrow lane, gives *soirées* and *conversaciones*. More ludicrous all this, and decidedly less disgusting, than the assumptions of our man-milliners and fishmongers. There is a short sketch by Paul de Kock, called a *Soirée Bourgeoise*, which we translate entire, as an illustration of this curious phase of French character; and we shall take an early opportunity of bringing before our readers the essays of the daily feuilletonists of the Parisian press, which give a clearer insight into the peculiarities of French domestic literature than can be acquired in any other quarter.

A CIT'S SOIREE.

Lights were observed some time ago, in the four windows of an apartment on the second floor of a house in the Rue Grenetat. It was not quite so brilliant as the Cercle des Etrangers, but still it announced something. These four windows, with lights glancing in them all, had an air of rejoicing, and the industrious inhabitants of the Rue Grenetat, who don't generally go to much expense for illumination, even in their shops, looked at the four windows which eclipsed the street lamps in their brilliancy, and said, “There's certainly something very extraordinary going on this evening at M. Lupot's!” M. Lupot is an honest tradesman, who has retired from business some time. After having sold stationary for thirty years, without ever borrowing of a neighbour, or failing in a payment, M. Lupot, having scraped together an income of three hundred and twenty pounds, disposed of his stock in trade, and closed his ledger, to devote himself entirely to the pleasures of domestic life with his excellent spouse, Madame Felicité Lupot—a woman of

an amazingly apathetic turn of mind, who did admirably well in the shop as long as she had only to give change for half-crowns, but whose abilities extended no further. But this had not prevented her from making a very good wife to her husband, (which proves that much talent is not required for that purpose,) and presenting him with a daughter and a son.

The daughter was the eldest, and had attained her seventeenth year; and M. Lupot, who spared nothing on her education, did not despair of finding a husband for her with a soul above sticks of sealing-wax and wafers—more especially as it was evident she had no turn for trade, and believed she had a decided genius for the fine arts—for she had painted her father as a shepherd with his crook, when she was only twelve, and had learned a year after to play “Je suis Lindore” by ear on the piano. M. Lupot was proud of his daughter, who was thus a painter and a musician; who was a foot taller than her papa; who held herself as upright as a Prussian grenadier; who made a

curtsy like Taglioni, who had a Roman nose three times the size of other people's, a mouth to match, and eyes so arch and playful, that it was difficult to discover them. The boy was only seven; he was allowed to do whatever he chose—he was so very young; and Monsieur Ascanius availed himself of the permission, and was in mischief from morning to night. His father was too fond of him to scold him, and his mother wouldn't take the trouble to get into a passion.

Well, then, one morning M. Lupot soliloquized—"I have a good fortune, a charming family, and a wife who has never been in a rage; but all this does not lead to a man's being invited, courted, and made much of in the world. Since I have cut the hotpress-wove and red sealing-wax, I have seen nobody but a few friends—retired tradesmen like myself—who drop in to take a hand at *vingt-et-un*, or *loto*; but I wish more than that—my daughter must not live in so narrow a circle; my daughter has a decided turn for the arts; I ought to have artists to my house. I will give *soirées*, tea-parties—yes, with punch at parting, if it be necessary. We shall play *bouillote* and *écarte*, for my daughter can't endure *loto*. Indeed, I wish to set people talking about my re-unions, and to find a husband for Celanire worthy of her." M. Lupot was seated near his wife, who was seated on an elastic sofa, and was caressing a cat on her knee. He said to her—

"My dear *Félicité*, I intend to give *soirées*—to receive lots of company. We live in too confined a sphere for our daughter, who was born for the arts—and for Ascanius, who, it strikes me, will make some noise in the world."

Madame Lupot continued to caress the cat, and replied, "Well, what have I to do with that? Do I hinder you from receiving company? If it doesn't cause me any trouble—for I must tell you first of all, you musn't count on me to help you"—

"You will have nothing at all to do, my dear *Félicité*, but the honours of the house."

"I must be getting up every minute"—

"You do it so gracefully," replied the husband—"I will give all the orders, and Celanire will second me."

Mademoiselle was enchanted with

the intention of her sire, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh yes! papa," she said, "invite as many as you can, I will learn to play some country-dances that we may have a ball, and finish my head of Belisarius—you must get it framed for the occasion."

And the little Ascanius whooped and hollo'd in the middle of the room. "I shall have tea and punch and cakes. I'll eat every thing!"

After this conversation M. Lupot had set to work. He went to his friends and his friends' friends—to people he hardly knew, and invited them to his party, begging them to bring any body with them they liked.

M. Lupot had formerly sold rose-coloured paper to a musician, and drawing pencils to an artist. He went to his ancient customers, and pressed them to come and to bring their professional friends with them. In short, M. Lupot was so prodigiously active that in four days he had run through nearly the whole of Paris, caught an immense cold, and spent seven shillings in cab hire. Giving an entertainment has its woes as well as its pleasures.

The grand day, or rather the grand evening, at last arrived. All the lamps were lighted, and they had even borrowed some from their neighbours; for Celanire had discovered that their own three lamps did not give light enough both for the public-room and the supper-room—(which on ordinary occasions was a bed-chamber.) It was the first time that M. Lupot had borrowed any thing—but also it was the first time that M. Lupot gave a *soirée*.

From the dawn of day M. Lupot was busy in preparation: He had ordered in cakes and refreshments; bought sundry packs of cards, brushed the tables, and tucked up the curtains. Madame Lupot had sat all the time quietly on the sofa, ejaculating from time to time, "I'm afraid 'twill be a troublesome business all this receiving company."

Celanire had finished her Belisarius, who was an exact likeness of Blue Beard, and whom they had honoured with a Gothic frame, and placed in a conspicuous part of the room. Mademoiselle Lupot was dressed with amazing care. She had a new gown, her hair plaited *à la Clotilde*. All this must make a great

sensation. Ascanius was rigged out in his best; but this did not hinder him from kicking up a dust in the room, from getting up on the furniture, handling the cards, and taking them to make houses; from opening the cupboards, and laying his fingers on the cakes.

Sometimes M. Lupot's patience gave way, and he cried, "Madame, I beg you'll make your son be quiet." But Madame Lupot answered without turning her head, "Make him quiet yourself, M. Lupot—You know very well it's *your* business to manage him."

It was now eight o'clock, and nobody was yet arrived. Mademoiselle looked at her father, who looked at his wife, who looked at her cat. The father of the family muttered every now and then—"Are we to have our grand soirée all to ourselves?" And he cast doleful looks on his lamps, his tables, and all his splendid preparations. Mademoiselle Celanire sighed and looked at her dress, and then looked in the mirror. Madame Lupot was as unmoved as ever, and said, "Is this what we've turned every thing topsy-turvy for?" As for little Ascanius, he jumped about the room, and shouted, "If nobody comes, what lots of cakes we shall have!" At last the bell rang. It is a family from the Rue St Denis, retired perfumers, who have only retained so much of their ancient profession, that they cover themselves all over with odours. When they enter the room, you feel as if a hundred scent-bottles were opened at once. There is such a smell of jasmine and vanille, that you have good luck if you get off without a headache. Other people drop in. M. Lupot does not know half his guests, for many of them are brought by others, and even these he scarcely knows the names of. But he is enchanted with every thing. A young fashionable is presented to him by some unknown third party, who says, "This is one of our first pianists, who is good enough to give up a great concert this evening to come here." The next is a famous singer, a lion in musical parties, who is taken out every where, and who will give one of his latest compositions, though unfortunately labouring under a cold. This man won the first prize at the Conservatory, an unfledged Boildieu, who will be a great composer of operas—when he can get librettos to his music,

and music to his librettos. The next is a painter. He has shown at the exhibition—he has had wonderful success. To be sure nobody bought his pictures, because he didn't wish to sell them to people that couldn't appreciate them. In short, M. Lupot sees nobody in his rooms that is not first-rate in some way or other. He is delighted with the thought—ravished, transported. He can't find words enough to express his satisfaction at having such geniuses in his house. For their sakes he neglects his old friends—he scarcely speaks to them. It seems the new-comers, people he has never seen before, are the only people worthy of his attentions. Madame Lupot is tired of getting up, curtsying, and sitting down again. But her daughter is radiant with joy; her husband goes from room to room, rubbing his hands, as if he had bought all Paris, and got it a bargain. And little Ascanius never comes out of the bed-room without his mouth full. But it is not enough to invite a large party; you must know how to amuse them; it is a thing which very few people have the art of, even those most accustomed to have soirées. In some you get tired, and you are in great ceremony; you must restrict yourself to a conversation that is neither open, nor friendly, nor amusing. In others, you are pestered to death by the amphitryon, who is perhaps endowed with the bump of music, and won't leave the piano for fear some one else should take his place. There are others fond of cards, who only ask their friends that they may make up a table. Such individuals care for nothing but the game, and don't trouble themselves whether the rest of their guests are amused or not. Ah! there are few homes that know how to receive their company, or make every body pleased. It requires a tact, a cleverness, an absence of self, which must surely be very unusual since we see so few specimens of them in the soirées we attend.

M. Lupot went to and fro—from the reception-room to the bed-chamber, and back again—he smiled, he bowed, and rubbed his hands. But the new-comers, who had not come to his house to see him smile and rub his hands, began to say, in very audible whispers, "Ah, well, do people pass the whole night here looking at each other? Very delightful—very!"

M. Lupot has tried to start a conversation with a big man in spectacles, with a neckcloth of great dimensions, and who makes extraordinary faces as he looks round on the company. M. Lupot has been told, that the gentleman with the large neckcloth is a literary man, and that he will probably be good enough to read or recite some lines of his own composition. The ancient stationer coughs three times before venturing to address so distinguished a character, but says at last—“Enchanted to see at my house a gentleman so—an author of such—”

“Ah, you’re the host here, are you?—the master of the house?”—said the man in the neckcloth.

“I flatter myself I am—with my wife, of course—the lady on the sofa—you see her? My daughter, sir—she’s the tall young lady, so upright in her figure. She designs, and has an excellent touch on the piano. I have a son also—a little fiend—it was he who crept this minute between my legs—he’s an extraordinary clev—”

“There is one thing, sir,” replied the big man, “that I can’t comprehend—a thing that amazes me—and that is, that people who live in the Rue Grenetat should give parties. It is a miserable street—a horrid street—covered eternally with mud—choked up with cars—a wretched part of the town, dirty, noisy, pestilential—bah!”

“And yet, sir, for thirty years I have lived here.”

“Oh Lord, sir, I should have died thirty times over! When people live in the Rue Grenetat they should give up society, for you’ll grant it is a regular trap to seduce people into such an abominable street. I”——

M. Lupot gave up smiling and rubbing his hands. He moves off from the big man in the spectacles, whose conversation had by no means amused him, and he goes up to a group of young people who seem examining the Belisarius of Mademoiselle Celanire.

“They’re admiring my daughter’s drawing,” said M. Lupot to himself; “I must try to overhear what these artists are saying.” The young people certainly made sundry remarks on the performance, plentifully intermixed with sneers of a very unmistakable kind.

“Can you make out what the head is meant for?”

“Not I. I confess I never saw any thing so ridiculous?”

“It’s Belisarius, my dear fellow.”

“Impossible!—it’s the portrait of some grocer, some relation, probably, of the family—look at the nose—the mouth—”

“It is intolerable folly to put a frame to such a daub.”

“They must be immensely silly.”

“Why, it isn’t half so good as the head of the Wandering Jew at the top of a penny ballad.”

M. Lupot has heard enough. He slips off from the group without a word, and glides noiselessly to the piano. The young performer who had sacrificed a great concert to come to his soirée, had sat down to the instrument and run his fingers over the notes.

“What a spinnet!” he cried—“what a wretched kettle! How can you expect a man to perform on such a miserable instrument? The thing is absurd—hear this A—hear this G—it’s like a hurdy-gurdy—not one note of it in tune!” But the performer stayed at the piano notwithstanding, and played incessantly, thumping the keys with such tremendous force, that every minute a chord snapped; when such a thing happened—he burst into a laugh, and said, “Good! there’s another gone—there will soon be none left.”

M. Lupot flushed up to the ears. He felt very much inclined to say to the celebrated performer, “Sir, I didn’t ask you here to break all the chords of my piano. Let the instrument alone if you don’t like it, but don’t hinder other people from playing on it for our amusement.”

But the good M. Lupot did not venture on so bold a speech, which would have been a very sensible speech nevertheless; and he stood quietly while his chords were getting smashed, though it was by no means a pleasant thing to do.

Mademoiselle Celanire goes up to her father. She is distressed at the way her piano is treated; she has no opportunity of playing her air; but she hopes to make up for it by singing a romance, which one of their old neighbours is going to accompany on the guitar.

It is not without some difficulty that M. Lupot obtains silence for his daughter’s song. At sight of the old neighbour and his guitar a smothered laugh is visible in the assembly. It is undeniable that the gentleman is not unlike a respectable Troubadour with a bar-

rel organ, and that his guitar is like an ancient harp. There is great curiosity to hear the old gentleman touch his instrument. He begins by beating time with his feet and his head, which latter movement gives him very much the appearance of a mandarin that you sometimes see on a mantelpiece. Nevertheless Mademoiselle Lupot essays her ballad; but she can never manage to overtake her accompanier, who, instead of following the singer, seems determined to make no alteration in the movement of his head and feet. The ballad is a failure—Celanire is confused, she has mistaken her notes—she loses her recollection; and, instead of hearing his daughter's praises, M. Lupot overhears the young people whispering—"It wouldn't do in a beer-shop."

"I must order in the tea," thought the ex-stationer—"it will perhaps put them into good-humour."

And M. Lupot rushes off to give instructions to the maid; and that old individual, who has never seen such a company before, does not know how to get on, and breaks cups and saucers without mercy, in the effort to make haste.

"Nannette, have you got ready the other things you were to bring in with the tea?—the muffins—the cakes?"

"Yes, sir"—replied Nannette—"all is ready—every thing will be in in a moment."

"But there is another thing I told you, Nannette—the sandwiches."

"The witches, sir?—the sand?"—enquired the puzzled Nannette.

"It is an English dish—I explained it to you before—slices of bread and butter, with ham between."

"Oh la, sir!" exclaimed the maid—"I have forgotten that ragoût—oh dear!"

"Well—make haste, Nannette; get ready some immediately, while my daughter hands round the tea and muffins—you can bring them in on a tray."

The old domestic hurries into the kitchen grumbling at the English daintiness, and cuts some slices of bread and covers them with butter; but as she had never thought of the ham, she cogitates a long time how she can supply the want of it—at last, on looking round, she discovers a piece of beef that had been left at dinner.

"Pardieu," she says, "I'll cut some

lumps of this and put them on the bread. With plenty of salt they'll pass very well for ham—they'll drive me wild with their English dishes—they will."

The maid speedily does as she says, and then hurries into the room with a tray covered with her extempore ham sandwiches.

Every body takes one,—for they have grown quite fashionable along with tea. But immediately there is an universal murmur in the assembly. The ladies throw their slices into the fire, the gentlemen spit theirs on the furniture, and they cry—"why the devil do people give us things like these?—they're detestable."

"It's my opinion, God forgive me! the man means to feed us with scraps from the pig-trough," says another.

"It's a regular do, this soirée," says a third.

"The tea is disgustingly smoked," says a fourth.

"And all the little cakes look as if they had been fingered before," says the fifth.

"Decidedly they wish to poison us," says the big man in the neckcloth, looking very morose.

M. Lupot is in despair. He goes in search of Nannette, who has hidden herself in the kitchen; and he busies himself in gathering up the fragments of the bread and butter from the floor and the fireplace.

Madame Lupot says nothing; but she is in very bad humour, for she has put on a new cap, which she felt sure would be greatly admired; and a lady has come to her and said—

"Ah, madame, what a shocking head-dress!—your cap is very old-fashioned—those shapes are quite gone out."

"And yet, madame," replies Madame Lupot, "I bought it, not two days ago, in the Rue St Martin."

"Well, madame—Is that the street you go to for the fashions?" Go to Mademoiselle Alexina Larose Carrefour Gaillon—you'll get delicious caps there—new fashions and every thing so tasteful: for Heaven's sake, madame, never put on that cap again. You look, at least, a hundred."

"It's worth one's while, truly," thought Madame Lupot, "to tire one's self to death receiving people, to be treated to such pretty compliments."

Her husband; in the meanwhile, continued his labours in pursuit of the rejected sandwiches.

The big man in spectacles, who wondered that people could live in the Rue Grenetat, had no idea, nevertheless, of coming there for nothing. He has seated himself in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, and informs the company that he is going to repeat a few lines of his own to them.—The society seems by no means enchanted with the announcement, but forms itself in a circle, to listen to the poet. He coughs and spits, wipes his mouth, takes a pinch of snuff, sneezes, has the lamps raised, the doors shut, asks a tumbler of sugar and water, and passes his hand through his hair. After continuing these operations for some minutes, the literary man at last begins. He spouts his verses in a voice enough to break the glasses; before he has spoken a minute, he has presented a tremendous picture of crimes, and deaths, and scaffolds, sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts, when suddenly a great crash from the inner room attracts universal attention. It is the young Ascanius, who was trying to get a muffin on the top of a pile of dishes, and has upset the table, with muffin, and dishes, and all on his own head. M. Lupot runs off to ascertain the cause of the dreadful cries of his son; the company follow him, not a little rejoiced to find an excuse for hearing no more of the poem; and the poet, deprived in this way of an audience, gets up in a furious passion, takes his hat, and rushes from the room, exclaiming—"It serves me right. How could I have been fool enough to recite good verses in the Rue Grenetat!"

Ascanius is brought in and roars lustily, for two of the dishes have been broken on his nose; and as there is no chance now, either of poetry or music, the party have recourse to cards—for it is impossible to sit all night and do nothing.

They make up a table at *bouillote*, and another at *ecarté*. M. Lupot takes his place at the latter. He is forced to cover all the bets when his side refuses; and M. Lupot, who

never played higher than shilling stakes in his life, is horrified when they tell him—"You must lay down fifteen francs to equal our stakes."

"Fifteen francs!" says M. Lupot, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"It means, that you must make up the stakes of your side, to what we have put down on this. The master of the house is always expected to make up the difference."

M. Lupot dare not refuse. He lays down his fifteen francs and loses them; next game the deficiency is twenty. In short, in less than half an hour, the ex-stationer loses ninety francs. His eyes start out of his head—he scarcely knows where he is; and to complete his misery, the opposite party, in lifting up the money they have won, upset one of the lamps he had borrowed from his neighbours, and smashed it into fifty pieces.

At last the hour of separation comes. The good citizen has been anxious for it for a long time. All his gay company depart, without even wishing good-night to the host who has exerted himself so much for their entertainment. The family of the Lupots are left alone; Madame, overcome with fatigue, and vexed because her cap had been found fault with; Celanire, with tears in her eyes, because her music and Belisarius had been laughed at; and Ascanius sick and ill, because he has nearly burst himself with cakes and muffins; M. Lupot was, perhaps, the unhappiest of all, thinking of his ninety francs and the broken lamp. Old Annette gathered up the crumbs of the sandwiches, and muttered—"Do they think people make English dishes to have them thrown into the corners of the room?"

"It's done," said M. Lupot; "I shall give no more soirées. I begin to think I was foolish in wishing to leave my own sphere. When people of the same class lark and joke each other, it's all very well; but when you meddle with your superiors, and they are uncivil, it hurts your feelings. Their mockery is an insult, and you don't get over it soon. My dear Celanire, I shall decidedly try to marry you to a stationer."

THE WORLD OF LONDON. SECOND SERIES. PART III.

THE ARISTOCRACIES OF LONDON LIFE.

OF GENTILITY-MONGERING.

THE HEAVY SWELL was recorded in our last for the admiration and instruction of remote ages. When the nineteenth century shall be long out of date, and centuries in general out of their *teens*, posterity will revert to our delineation of the heavy swell with pleasure undiminished, through the long succession of ages yet to come; the macaroni, the fop, the dandy, will be forgotten, or remembered only in our graphic portraiture of the heavy swell. But the heavy swell is, after all, a harmless nobody. His curse, his besetting sin, his *monomania*, is vanity tinctured with pride: his weak point can hardly be called a crime, since it affects and injures nobody but himself, if, indeed, it can be said to injure him who glories in his vocation—who is the echo of a sound, the shadow of a shade.

The GENTILITY-MONGERS, on the contrary, are positively noxious to society, as well particular as general. There is a twofold or threefold iniquity in their goings-on; they sin against society, their families, and themselves; the whole business of their lives is a perversion of the text of Scripture, which commandeth us, "in whatever station we are, therewith to be content."

The gentility-monger is a family man, having a house somewhere in Marylebone, or Pancras parish. He is sometimes a man of independent fortune—how acquired, nobody knows; that is his secret, his mystery. He will let no one suppose that he has ever been in trade; because, when a man intends gentility-mongering, it must never be known that he has formerly carried on the tailoring, or the shipping, or the cheese-mongering, or the fish-mongering, or any other mongering than the gentility-mongering. His house is very stylishly furnished; that is to say, as unlike the house of a man of fashion as possible—the latter having only things the best of their kind, and for use; the former displaying every variety of extravagant gimerackery, to impress you with a profound idea of combined wealth and taste, but which,

to an educated eye and mind only, conveys a lively idea of ostentation. When you call upon a gentility-monger, a broad-shouldered, coarse, ungentlemanlike footman, in Aurora plushes, ushers you to a drawing-room; where, on tables round, and square, and hexagonal, are set forth jars, porcelain, china, and delft; shells, spars; stuffed parrots under bell-glasses; corals, minerals, and an infinity of trumpery, among which albums, great, small, and intermediate, must by no means be forgotten.

The room is papered with some *splendacious* pattern in blue and gold; a chandelier of imposing gingerbread depends from the richly ornamented ceiling; every variety of ottoman, lounge, settee, is scattered about, so that to get a chair involves the right-of-search question; the bell-pulls are painted in Poonah; there is a Brussels carpet of flaming colours, curtains with massive fringes, bad pictures in gorgeous frames; prints, after Ross, of her Majesty and Prince Albert, of course; and mezzotints of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, for whom the gentility-monger has a profound respect, and of whom he talks with a familiarity showing that it is not *his* fault, at least, if these exalted personages do not admit him to the honour of their acquaintance.

In fact, you see the drawing-room is not intended for sitting down in, and when the lady appears, you are inclined to believe she never sits down; at least the full-blown swell of that satin skirt seems never destined to the compression of a chair. The conversation is as usual—"Have you read the morning paper?"—meaning the Court Circular and fashionable intelligence; "do you know whether the Queen is at Windsor or Claremont, and how long her Majesty intends to remain; whether town is fuller than it was, or not so full; when the next Almacks' ball takes place; whether you were at the last drawing-room, and which of the fair *debutantes* you most admire; whether Tamburini is to be denied us next year?" with many

lamentations touching the possible defection, as if the migrations of an opera thrush were of the least consequence to any rational creature—of course you don't say so, but lament Tamburini as if he were your father; "whether it is true that we are to have the two Fannies, Taglioni and Cerito, this season; and what a heaven of delight we shall experience from the united action of these twenty supernatural pettitoes." You needn't express yourself after this fashion, else you will shock miss, who lounges near you in an agony of affected rapture: you must sigh, shrug your shoulders, twirl your cane, and say "divine—yes—hope it may be so—exquisite—*exquisite*." This naturally leads you to the last new songs, condescendingly exhibited to you by miss, if you are *somebody*, (if *nobody*, miss does not appear;) you are informed that "*My heart is like a pickled salmon*" is dedicated to the Duchess of Mundungus, and thereupon you are favoured with sundry passages (out of Debrett) upon the intermarriages, &c., of that illustrious family; you are asked whether Bishop is the composer of "*I saw her in a twinkling*," and whether the *minor* is not fine? Miss tells you she has transposed it from G to C, as suiting her voice better—whereupon mamma acquaints you, that a hundred and twenty guineas for a harp is moderate, she thinks; you think so too, taking that opportunity to admire the harp, saying that you saw one exactly like it at Lord (any Lord that strikes you) So-and-So's, in St James's Square. This produces an invitation to dinner; and with many lamentations on English weather, and an eulogium on the climate of Florence, you pay your parting compliments, and take your leave.

At dinner you meet a claret-faced Irish absentee, whose good society is a good dinner, and who is too happy to be asked any where that a good dinner is to be had; a young silky clergyman, in black curled whiskers, and a white *choker*; one of the meaner fry of M.P.'s; a person who *calls himself* a foreign count; a claimant of a dormant peerage; a baronet of some sort, not above the professional; sundry propriety-faced people in yellow waistcoats, who say little, and whose social position you cannot well make out; half-a-dozen ladies of an uncertain age, dressed in grand style, with turbans of

imposing *tournure*; and a young, diffident, equivocal-looking gent who sits at the bottom of the table, and whom you instinctively make out to be a family doctor, tutor, or nephew, with expectations. No young ladies, unless the young ladies of the family, appear at the dinner-parties of these gentility-mongers; because the motive of the entertainment is pride, not pleasure; and therefore prigs and frumps are in keeping, and young women with brains, or power of conversation, would only distract attention from the grand business of life, that is to say, dinner; besides, a seat at table here is an object, where the expense is great, and nobody is asked for his or her own sake, but for an object either of ostentation, interest, or vanity. Hospitality never enters into the composition of a gentility-monger: he gives a dinner, wine, and a shake of the hand, but does not know what the word *welcome* means: he says, now and then, to his wife, "My dear, I think we must give a dinner;" a dinner is accordingly determined on, cards issued three weeks in advance, that you may be premeditatedly dull; the dinner is gorgeous to repletion, that conversation may be kept as stagnant as possible. Of those happy surprise invitations—those unexpected extemporaneous dinners, that as they come without thinking or expectation, so go off with *eclat*, and leave behind the memory of a cheerful evening—he has no idea; a man of fashion, whose place is fixed, and who has only himself to please, will ask you to a slice of crimped cod and a hash of mutton, without ceremony; and when he puts a cool bottle on the table, after a dinner that he and his friend have really enjoyed, will never so much as apologize with, "my dear sir, I fear you have had a wretched dinner," or "I wish I had known: I should have had something better." This affected depreciation of his hospitality he leaves to the gentility-monger, who will insist on cramming you with fish, flesh, and fowls, till you are like to burst; and then, by way of apology, get his guests to pay the reckoning in plethoric laudation of his mountains of victual.

If you wait in the drawing-room, kicking your heels for an hour after the appointed time, although you arrived to a *minute*, as every Christian does, you may be sure that somebody

who patronizes the gentility-monger, probably the Honourable Mr Sniftky, is expected, and has not come. It is vain for you to attempt to talk to your host, hostess, or miss, who are absorbed, body and soul, in expectation of Honourable Sniftky; the propriety-faced people in the yellow waistcoats attitudinize in groups about the room, putting one pump out, drawing the other in, inserting the thumb gracefully in the arm-hole of the yellow waistcoats, and talking *icicles*; the young fellows play with a sprig of lily-of-the-valley in a button-hole—admire a flowing portrait of miss, asking one another if it is not very like—or hang over the back of a chair of one of the turbaned ladies, who gives good evening parties; the host receives a great many compliments upon one thing and another, from some of the professed diners-out, who take every opportunity of paying for their dinner beforehand; every body freezes with the chilling sensation of dinner deferred, and “curses, not loud but deep,” are imprecated on the Honourable Sniftky. At last, a prolonged *rat-tat-tat* announces the arrival of the noble beast, the lion of the evening; the Honourable Sniftky, who is a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, is announced by the footman out of livery, (for the day,) and announces himself a minute after: he comes in a long-tailed coat and boots, to show his contempt for his entertainers, and mouths a sort of apology for keeping his betters waiting, which is received by the gentility-monger, his lady, and miss, with nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles of unqualified admiration and respect.

As the order of precedence at the house of a gentility-monger is not strictly understood, the host desires Honourable Sniftky to take down miss; and calling out the names of the other guests, like a muster-master of the guards, pairs them, and sends them down to the dining-room, where you find the nephew, or family doctor, (or whatever he is,) who has inspected the arrangement of the table, already in waiting.

You take your place, not without that excess of ceremony that distinguishes the table of a gentility-monger; the Honourable Sniftky, *ex-officio*, takes his place between mamma and miss, glancing vacancy round the table, lest any body should think him-

self especially honoured by a fixed stare; covers are removed by the mob of occasional waiters in attendance, and white soup and brown soup, thick and heavy as judges of assize, go circuit.

Then comes hobnobbing, with an interlocutory dissertation upon a *plateau*, *candelabrum*, or some other superfluous machine, in the centre of the table. One of the professed diners-out, discovers for the twentieth time an inscription in dead silver on the pedestal, and enquires with well-affected ignorance whether that is a *present*; the gentility-monger asks the diner-out to wine, as he deserves, then enters into a long apologetical self-laudation of his exertions in behalf of the CANNIBAL ISLANDS, ABORIGINES, PROTECTION, AND BRITISH SUBJECT TRANSPORTATION SOCIETY, (some emigration crimping scheme, in short,) in which his humble efforts to diffuse civilization and promote Christianity, however unworthy, (“No, no!” from the diner-out,) gained the esteem of his fellow-labourers, and the approbation of his own con—— “Shall I send you some fish, sir?” says the man at the foot of the table, addressing himself to the Honourable Sniftky, and cutting short the oration.

A monstrous salmon and a huge turbot are now dispensed to the hungry multitude; the gentility-monger has no idea that the biggest turbot is not the best; he knows it is the *dearest*, and that is enough for him; he would have his dishes like his cash-book, to show at a glance how much he has at his banker’s. When the flesh of the guests has been sufficiently fishified, there is an *interregnum*, filled up with another circuit of wine, until the arrival of the *pièces de resistance*, the imitations of made dishes, and the usual *etceteras*. The conversation, meanwhile, is carried on in a *staccato* style; a touch here, a hit there, a miss almost every where; the Honourable Sniftky turning the head of mamma with affected compliments, and hobnobbing to himself without intermission. After a sufficiently tedious interval, the long succession of wasteful extravagance is cleared away with the upper tablecloth; the dowagers, at a look from our hostess, rise with dignity and decorously retire, miss modestly bringing up the rear—the man at the foot of the table with the handle of the

door in one hand, and a napkin in the other, bowing them out.

Now the host sings out to the Honourable Sniftky to draw his chair closer and be jovial, as if people, after an oppressively expensive dinner, can be jovial *to order*. The wine goes round, and laudations go with it; the professed diners-out enquire the vintage; the Honourable Mr Sniftky intrenches himself behind a rampart of fruit dishes, speaking only when he is spoken to, and glancing inquisitively at the several speakers, as much as to say, "What a fellow you are, to talk;" the host essays a *bon-mot*, or tells a story bordering on the *ideal*, which he thinks is fashionable, and shows that he knows life; the Honourable Sniftky drinks claret from a beer-glass, and after the third bottle affects to discover his mistake, wondering what he could be thinking of; this produces much laughter from all save the professed diners-out, who dare not take such a liberty, and is *the* jest of the evening.

When the drinkers, drinkables, and talk are quite exhausted, the noise of a piano recalls to our bewildered recollections the ladies, and we drink their healths: the Honourable Sniftky, pretending that it is foreign-post night at the Foreign Office, walks off without even a bow to the assembled diners, the gentility-monger following him submissively to the door; then returning, tells us that he's sorry Sniftky's gone, he's such a good-natured fellow, while the gentleman so characterized gets into his cab, drives to his club, and excites the commiseration of every body there, by relating how he was bored with an old *ruffian*, who insisted upon his (Sniftky's) going to dinner in Bryanston Square; at which there are many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and "what could you expect?—Bryanston Square!—served you right."

In the mean time, the guests, relieved of the presence of the Honourable Sniftky, are rather more at their ease; a baronet (who was lord mayor, or something of that sort) waxes jocular, and gives decided indications of something like "how came you so;" the man at the foot of the table contradicts one of the diners-out, and is contradicted in turn by the baronet; the foreign count is in deep conversation with a hard-featured man, supposed to be a stockjobber; the clergy-

man extols the labours of the host in the matter of the Cannibal Islands' Aborigines Protection Society, in which his reverence takes an interest; the claimant of the dormant peerage retails his pedigree, pulling to pieces the attorney-general, who has expressed an opinion hostile to his pretensions.

In the mean time, the piano is joined by a harp, in musical solicitation of the company to join the ladies in the drawing-room; they do so, looking flushed and plethoric, sink into easy-chairs, sip tea, the younger beaux turning over, with miss, Books of Beauty and Keepsakes: at eleven, coaches and cabs arrive, you take formal leave, expressing with a melancholy countenance your sense of the delightfulness of the evening, get to your chambers, and forget, over a broiled bone and a bottle of Dublin stout, in what an infernal, prosy, thankless, stone-faced, yellow-waistcoated, unsympathizing, unintellectual, selfish, stupid set you have been condemned to pass an afternoon, assisting at the ostentatious exhibition of vulgar wealth, where gulsity has been unrelieved by one single sally of wit, humour, good-nature, humanity, or charity; where you come without a welcome, and leave without a friend.

The whole art of the gentility-mongers of all sorts in London, and *a fortiori* of their wives and families, is to lay a tax upon social intercourse as nearly as possible amounting to a prohibition; their dinners are criminally wasteful, and sinfully extravagant to this end; to this end they insist on making *price* the test of what they are pleased to consider *select society* in their own sets, and they consequently cannot have a dance without guinea tickets, nor a *pic-nic* without dozens of champagne. This shows their native ignorance and vulgarity more than enough; genteel people go upon a plan directly contrary, not merely enjoying themselves, but enjoying themselves without extravagance or waste: in this respect the gentility-mongers would do well to imitate people of fashion.

The exertions a gentility-monger will make, to rub his skirts against people above him; the humiliations, mortifications, snubbing, he will submit to, are almost incredible. One would hardly believe that a retired tradesman, of immense wealth, and

enjoying all the respect that immense wealth will secure, should actually offer large sums of money to a lady of fashion, as an inducement to procure for him cards of invitation to her *set*, which he stated was the great object of his existence. Instead of being indignant at his presumption, the lady in question, pitying the poor man's folly, attempted to reason with him, assuring him with great truth that whatever might be his wealth, his power or desire of pleasing, he would be rendered unhappy and ridiculous, by the mere dint of pretension to a circle to which he had no legitimate claim, and advising him, as a friend, to attempt some more laudable and satisfactory ambition.

All this good advice was, however, thrown away; our gentility-monger persevered, contriving somehow to gain a passport to some of the *outer* circles of fashionable life; was ridiculed, laughed at, and honoured with the *soubriquet* (he was a pianoforte maker) of the *Semi-Grand*!

We know another instance, where two young men, engaged in trade in the city, took a splendid mansion at the West End, furnished it sumptuously, got some desperate knight or baronet's widow to give parties at their house, inviting whomsoever she thought proper, at their joint expense. It is unnecessary to say, the poor fellows succeeded in getting into good society, not indeed in the *Court Circular*, but in the—*Gazette*.

There is another class of gentility-mongers more to be pitied than the last; those, namely, who are endeavouring to "make a connexion," as the phrase is, by which they may gain advancement in their professions, and are continually on the look-out for introductions to persons of quality, their hangers-on and dependents. There is too much of this sort of thing among medical men in London, the family nature of whose profession renders connexion, private partiality, and personal favour, more essential to them than to others. The lawyer, for example, need not be a gentility-monger; he has only to get round attorneys, for the opportunity to show what he can do; when he has done this, in which a little toadying, "*on the sly*," is necessary—all the rest is easy. The court and the public are his judges; his

powers are at once appreciable; his talent can be calculated, like the money in his pocket; he can now go on straight forward, without valuing the individual preference or aversion of any body.

But a profession where men make way through the whisperings of women, and an inexhaustible variety of *sotto voce* contrivances, must needs have a tendency to create a subserviency of spirit and of manner, which naturally directs itself into gentility-mongering: where realities, such as medical experience, reading, and skill, are remotely, or not at all, appreciable, we must take up with appearances; and of all appearances, the appearance of proximity to people of fashion is the most taking and seductive to people *not* of fashion. It is for this reason that a rising physician, if he happen to have a lord upon his sick or visiting list, never has done telling his plebeian patients the particulars of his noble case, which they swallow like almond milk, finding it an excellent *placebo*.

As it is the interest of a gentility-monger, and his constant practice, to be attended by a fashionable physician, in order that he may be enabled continually to talk of what Sir Henry thinks of this, and how Sir Henry objects to that, and the opinion of Sir Henry upon t'other, so it is the business of the struggling doctor to be a gentility-monger, with the better chance of becoming one day or other a fashionable physician. Acting on this principle, the poor man must necessarily have a house in a professional neighbourhood, which usually abuts upon a neighbourhood fashionable or exclusive; he must hire a carriage by the month, and be for ever stepping in and out of it, at his own door, keeping it purposely bespattered with mud to show the extent of his visiting acquaintance; he must give dinners to people "who *may* be useful," and be continually on the look-out for those lucky accidents which have made the fortunes, and, as a matter of course, the *merit*, of so many professional men.

He becomes a Fellow of the Royal Society, which gives him the chance of conversing with a lord, and the right of entering a lord's (the president's) house, which is turned into a sandwich-shop four times a-year for his reception; this, being the nearest ap-

proach he makes to acquaintance with great personages, he values with the importance it deserves.

His servants, with famine legibly written on their brows, are assiduous and civil; his wife, though half-starved, is very genteel, and at her dinner parties burns candle-ends from the palace.*

If you pay her a morning visit, you will have some such conversation as follows.

"Pray, Mr —, is there any news to-day?"

"Great distress, I understand, throughout the country."

"Indeed—the old story, shocking—very.—Pray, have you heard the delightful news? The Princess-Royal has actually cut a tooth!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I assure you; and the sweet little royal love of a martyr has borne it like a hero."

"Positively?"

"Positively, I assure you; Doctor Tryton has just returned from a consultation with his friend Sir Henry, upon a particularly difficult case—Lord Scruffskin—case of elephantiasis I think they call it, and tells me that Sir Henry has arrived express from Windsor with the news."

"Indeed!"

"Do you think, Mr —, there will be a general illumination?"

"— Really, madam, I cannot say."

"*There ought to be,* [with emphasis.] You must know, Mr —, Dr Tryton has forwarded to a high quarter a beautifully bound copy of his work on ulcerated sore throat; he says there is a great analogy between ulcers of the throat and den—den—den—something, I don't know what—teething, in short. If nothing comes of it, Dr Tryton, thank Heaven, can do without it; but you know, Mr —, it may, on a future occasion, be *useful to our family.*"

If there is, in the great world of London, one thing more spirit-sinking than another, it is to see men condemned, by the necessities of an overcrowded profession, to sink to the meannesses of pretension for a despe-

rate accident by which they may insure success. When one has had an opportunity of being behind the scenes, and knowing what petty shifts, what poor expedients of living, what anxiety of mind, are at the bottom of all this empty show, one will no longer marvel that many born for better things should sink under the difficulties of their position, or that the newspapers so continually set forth the miserably unprovided for condition in which they so often are compelled to leave their families. To dissipate the melancholy that always oppresses us when constrained to behold the ridiculous antics of the gentility-mongers, which we chronicle only to endeavour at a reformation—let us contrast the hospitality of those who, with wiser ambition, keep themselves, as the saying is, "*to themselves*;" and, as a bright example, let us recollect our old friend Joe Stimpson.

Joe Stimpson is a tanner and leather-seller in Bermondsey, the architect of his own fortune, which he has raised to the respectable elevation of somewhere about a quarter of a million sterling. He is now in his seventy-second year, has a handsome house, without any pretension, overlooking his tanyard. He has a joke upon prospects, calling you to look from the drawing-room window at his tanpits, asking you if you ever saw any thing like that at the west end of the town; replying in the negative, Joe, chuckling, observes that it is the finest prospect *he* ever saw in his life, and although he has been admiring it for half a century, he has not done admiring it yet. Joe's capacity for the humorous may be judged of by this specimen; but in attention to business few can surpass him, while his hospitality can command a wit whenever he chooses to angle for one with a good dinner. He has a wife, a venerable old smiling lady in black silk, neat cap, and polished shoes; three daughters, unmarried; and a couple of sons, brought up, after the London fashion, to inherit their father's business, or, we might rather say, *estate*.

Why the three Miss Stimpsons re-

* In a wax-chandler's shop in Piccadilly, opposite St James's Street, may be seen stumps, or, as the Scotch call them, *doups* of wax-lights, with the announcement "Candle-ends from Buckingham Palace." These are eagerly bought up by the gentility-mongers, who burn, or it may be, in the excess of their loyalty, *eat* them!

main unmarried, we cannot say, nor would it be decorous to enquire; but hearing them drop a hint now and then about visits, "a considerable time ago," to Brighthelmstone and Bath, we are led, however reluctantly in the case of ladies now evangelical, to conclude, their attention has formerly been directed to gentility-mongering at these places of fashionable resort; the tanyard acting as a repellant to husbands of a social position superior to their own, and their great fortunes operating in deterring worthy persons of their own station from addressing them; or being the means of inducing them to be too prompt with refusals, these amiable middle-aged young ladies are now "on hands," paying the penalty of one of the many curses that pride of wealth brings in its train. At present, however, their "affections are set on things above;" and, without meaning any thing disrespectful to my friend Joe Stimpson, Sarah, Harriet, and Susan Stimpson are certainly the three least agreeable members of the family. The sons are, like all other sons in the houses of their fathers, steady, business-like, unhappy, and dull; they look like fledged birds in the nest of the old ones, out of place; neither servants nor masters, their social position is somewhat equivocal, and having lived all their lives in the house of their father, seeing as he sees, thinking as he thinks, they can hardly be expected to appear more than a brace of immature Joe Stimpsons. They are not, it is true, tainted with much of the world's wickedness, neither have they its self-sustaining trials, its hopes, its fears, its honest struggles, or that experience which is gathered only by men who quit, when they can quit it, the petticoat string, and the paternal despotism of even a happy home. As for the old couple, time, although silvering the temples and furrowing the front, is hardly seen to lay his heavy hand upon the shoulder of either, much less to put his finger on eyes, ears, or lips—the two first being yet as "wide awake," and the last as open to a joke, or any other good thing, as ever they were; in sooth, it is no displeasing sight to see this jolly old couple with nearly three half centuries to answer for, their affection unimpaired, faculties unclouded, and temper undisturbed by the near approach, beyond hope of respite, of that

stealthy foe whose assured advent strikes terror to us all. Joe Stimpson, if he thinks of death at all, thinks of him as a pitiful rascal, to be kicked down stairs by the family physician; the Bible of the old lady is seldom far from her hand, and its consolations are cheering, calming, and assuring. The peevish fretfulness of age has nothing in common with man or wife, unless when Joe, exasperated with his evangelical daughters' continual absence at the class-meetings, and love-feasts, and prayer-meetings, somewhat indignantly complains, that "so long as they can get to heaven, they don't care who goes to —," a place that Virgil and Tasso have taken much pains in describing, but which the old gentleman sufficiently indicates by one emphatic monosyllable.

Joe is a liberal-minded man, hates cant and humbug, and has no prejudices—hating the French he will not acknowledge is a prejudice, but considers the bounden duty of an Englishman; and, though fierce enough upon other subjects of taxation, thinks no price too high for drubbing them. He was once prevailed upon to attempt a journey to Paris; but having got to Calais, insisted upon returning by the next packet, swearing it was a shabby concern, and he had seen enough of it.

He takes in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, because his father did it before him—but he never reads it; he takes pride in a corpulent dog, which is ever at his heels; he is afflicted with face-ache, and swears at any body who calls it *tic-douloureux*.

When you go to dine with him, you are met at the door by a rosy-cheeked lass, with ribands in her cap, who smiles a hearty welcome, and assures you, though an utter stranger, of the character of the house and its owner. You are conducted to the drawing-room, a plain, substantial, *honest*-looking apartment; there you find the old couple, and are received with a warmth that gives assurance of the nearest approach to what is understood by *home*. The sons, released from business, arrive, shake you heartily by the hand, and are really glad to see you; of the daughters we say nothing, as there is nothing in *them*.

The other guests of the day come dropping in—all straightforward, business-like, free, frank-hearted fellows—aristocrats of wealth, the best, because

the *unpretending*, of their class; they come, too, *before* their time, for they know their man, and that Joe Stimpson keeps nobody waiting for nobody. When the clock—for here is no *gong*—strikes five, you descend to dinner; plain, plentiful, good, and well dressed; no tedious course, with long intervals between; no oppressive *set-out* of superfluous plate, and what, perhaps, is not the least agreeable accessory, no piebald footmen hanging over your chair, whisking away your plate before you have done with it, and watching every bit you put into your mouth.

Your cherry-cheeked friend and another, both in the family from childhood, (another good sign of the house,) and looking as if they really were glad—and so they are—to have an opportunity of obliging you, do the servitorial offices of the table; you are sure of a glass of old sherry, and you may call for strong beer, or old port, with your cheese—or, if a Scotchman, for a dram—without any other remark than an invitation to “try it again, and make yourself comfortable.”

After dinner, you are invited, as a young man, to smoke a cigar with the “boys,” as Joe persists in calling them. You ascend to a bed-room, and are requested to keep your head out of window while smoking, lest the “Governor” should snuff the fumes when he comes up stairs to bed: while you are “craning” your neck, the cherry-cheeked lass enters with brandy and

water, and you are as merry and easy as possible. The rest of the evening passes away in the same unrestrained interchange of friendly courtesy; nor are you permitted to take your leave without a promise to dine on the next Sunday or holiday—Mrs Stimpson rating you for not coming last Easter Sunday, and declaring she cannot think “why young men should mope by themselves, when she is always happy to see them.”

Honour to Joe Stimpson and his missus! They have the true *ring* of the ancient coin of hospitality; none of your hollow-sounding *raps*: they know they have what I want, *a home*, and they will not allow me, at their board, to know that I want one: they compassionate a lonely, isolated man, and are ready to share with him the hearty cheer and unaffected friendliness of their English fireside: they know that they can get nothing by me, nor do they ever dream of an acknowledgment for their kindness; but I owe them for many a social day redeemed from cheerless solitude; many an hour of strenuous labour do I owe to the relaxation of the old wainscoted dining-room at Bermondsey.

Honour to Joe Stimpson, and to all who are satisfied with their station, happy in their home, have no repinings after empty sounds of rank and shows of life; and who extend the hand of friendly fellowship to the homeless, *because they have no home!*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

“There is a quantity of talent latent among men, ever rising to the level of the great occasions that call it forth.”

This illustration, borrowed by Sir James Mackintosh from chemical science, and so happily applied, may serve to indicate the undoubted truth, that talent is a *growth* as much as a *gift*; that circumstances call out and develop its latent powers; that as soil, flung upon the surface from the uttermost penetrable depths of earth, will be found to contain long-dormant germs of vegetable life, so the mind of man, acted upon by circumstances, will ever be found equal to a certain sum of production—the amount of which will be chiefly determined by the force and direction of the external influence which first set it in motion.

The more we reflect upon this im-

portant subject, we shall find the more, that external circumstances have an influence upon intellect, increasing in an accumulating ratio; that the political institutions of various countries have their fluctuating and contradictory influences; that example controls in a great degree intellectual production, causing after-growths, as it were, of the first luxuriant crop of master-minds, and giving a character and individuality to habits of thought and modes of expression; in brief, that great occasions will have great instruments, and there never was yet a noted time that had not noted men. Dull, jog-trot, money-making, commercial times will make, if they do not find,

dull, jog-trot, money-making, commercial men: in times when ostentation and expense are the measures of respect, when men live rather for the world's opinion than their own, poverty becomes not only the evil but the shame, not only the curse but the disgrace, and will be shunned by every man as a pestilence; every one will fling away immortality, to avoid it; will sink, as far as he can, his art in his trade; and he will be the greatest genius who can turn most money.

It may be urged that true genius has the power not only to *take* opportunities, but to make them: true, it may make such opportunities as the time in which it lives affords; but these opportunities will be great or small, noble or ignoble, as the time is eventful or otherwise. All depends upon the time, and you might as well have expected a Low Dutch epic poet in the time of the great herring fishery, as a Napoleon, a Demosthenes, a Cicero in this, by some called the nineteenth, but which we take leave to designate the "*dot-and-carry-one*" century. If a Napoleon were to arise at any corner of any London street, not five seconds would elapse until he would be "*hooked*" off to the station-house by Superintendent DOGSNOSE of the D division, with an exulting mob of men and boys hooting at his heels: if Demosthenes or Cicero, disguised as Chartist orators, mounting a tub at Deptford, were to Philippicize, or entertain this motley auditory with speeches against Catiline or Verres, straightway the Superintendent of the X division, with a *posse* of constables at his heels, dismounts the patriot orator from his tub, and hands him over to a plain-spoken business-like justice of the peace, who regards an itinerant Cicero in the same unsympathizing point of view with any other vagabond.

What is become of the eloquence of the bar? Why is it that flowery orators find no grist coming to their mills? How came it that, at Westminster Hall, Charles Philips missed his market? What is the reason, that if you step into the Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas, or Exchequer, you will hear no such thing as a speech—behold no such animal as an orator—only a shrewd, plain, hard-working, steady man, called an attorney-general, or a sergeant, or a leading counsel,

quietly talking over a matter of law with the judge, or a matter of fact with the jury, like men of business as they are, and shunning, as they would a rattlesnake, all clap-trap arguments, figures, flowers, and the obsolete embroidery of rhetoric?

The days of romantic eloquence are fled—the great constitutional questions that called forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," from men like Erskine, are *determined*. Would you have men oratorical over a bottomry bond, Demosthenic about an action of trespass on the case, or a rule to compute?

To be sure, when Follett practised before committees of the House of Commons, and, by chance, any question involving points of interest and difficulty in Parliamentary law and practice came before the Court, there was something worth hearing: the *opportunity* drew out the *man*, and the *orator* stepped before the *advocate*. Even now, sometimes, it is quite refreshing to get a topic in these Courts worthy of Austin, and Austin working at it. But no man need go to look for orators in our ordinary courts of law, judgment, patience, reading, and that rare compound of qualities known and appreciated by the name of *tact*, tell with judges, and influence juries; the days of *palaver* are gone, and the talking heroes extinguished for ever.

All this is well known in London; but the three or four millions (it may be *five*) of great men, philosophers, poets, orators, patriots, and the like, in the rural districts, require to be informed of this our declension from the heroics, in order to appreciate, or at least to understand, the modesty, sobriety, business-like character, and division of labour, in the vast amount of talent abounding in every department of life in London.

London overflows with talent. You may compare it, for the purpose of illustration, to one of George Robins' patent filters, into which pours turbid torrents of Thames water, its sediment, mud, dirt, weeds, and rottenness; straining through the various *strata*, its grosser particles are arrested in their course, and nothing that is not pure, transparent, and limpid is transmitted. In the great filter of London life, conceit, pretension, small provincial abilities, *pseudo*-talent, *soi-disant* intellect, are tried, rejected, and flung

out again. True genius is tested by judgment, fastidiousness, emulation, difficulty, privation; and, passing through many ordeals, persevering, makes its way through all; and at length, in the fulness of time, flows forth, in acknowledged purity and refinement, upon the town.

There is a perpetual onward, upward tendency in the talent, both high and low, mechanical and intellectual, that abounds in London:

“Emulation hath a thousand sons,”

who are ever and always following fast upon your heels. There is no time to dawdle or linger on the road, no “stop and go on again:” if you but step aside to fasten your shoe-tie, your place is occupied—you are edged off, pushed out of the main current, and condemned to circle slowly in the lazy eddy of some complimenting clique. Thousands are to be found, anxious and able to take your place; while hardly one misses you, or turns his head to look after you should you lose your own: you *live* but while you *labour*, and are no longer remembered than while you are reluctant to repose.

Talent of all kinds brings forth perfect fruits, only when concentrated upon one object: no matter how versatile men may be, mankind has a wise and salutary prejudice against diffused talent; for although *knowledge* diffused immortalizes itself, diffused *talent* is but a shallow pool, glittering in the noonday sun, and soon evaporated; *concentrated*, it is a well, from whose depths perpetually may we draw the limpid waters. Therefore is the talent of London concentrated, and the division of labour minute. When we talk of a lawyer, a doctor, a man of letters, in a provincial place, we recognize at once a man who embraces all that his opportunities present him with, in whatever department of his profession. The lawyer is, at one and the same time, advocate, chamber counsel, conveyancer, pleader; the doctor an accoucheur, apothecary, physician, surgeon, dentist, or at least, in a greater or less degree, unites in his own person, these—in London, distinct and separate—professions, according as his sphere of action is narrow or extended; the country journalist is sometimes proprietor, editor, sub-editor, traveller, and canvasser, or two or more of these heterogeneous and incompatible avo-

cations. The result is, an obvious, appreciable, and long-established superiority in that product which is the result of minutely divided labour.

The manufacture of a London watch or piano will employ, each, at least twenty trades, exclusive of the preparers, importers, and venders of the raw material used in these articles; every one of these tradesmen shall be, nay, *must* be, the best of their class, or at least the best that can be obtained; and for this purpose, the inducements of high wages are held out to workmen generally, and their competition for employment enables the manufacturer to secure the most skilful. It is just the same with a broken-down constitution, or a lawsuit: the former shall be placed under the care of a lung-doctor, a liver-doctor, a heart-doctor, a dropsy-doctor, or whatever other doctor is supposed best able to understand the case; each of these doctors shall have read lectures and published books, and made himself known for his study and exclusive attention to one of the “thousand ills that flesh is heir to:” the latter shall go through the hands of dozens of men skilful in that branch of the law connected with the particular injury. So it is with every thing else of production, mechanical or intellectual, or both, that London affords: the extent of the market permits the minute division of labour, and the minute division of labour reacts upon the market, raising the price of its produce, and branding it with the signs of a legitimate superiority.

Hence the superior intelligence of working men, of all classes, high and low, in the World of London; hence that striving after excellence, that never-ceasing tendency to advance in whatever they are engaged in, that so distinguishes the people of this wonderful place; hence the improvements of to-day superseded by the improvements of to-morrow; hence speculation, enterprize, unknown to the inhabitants of less extended spheres of action.

Competition, emulation, and high wages give us an aristocracy of talent, genius, skill, *tact*, or whatever you like to call it; but you are by no means to understand that any of these aristocracies, or better classes, stand prominently before their fellows *socially*, or, that one is run after in preference to

another; nobody runs after anybody in the World of London.

In this respect, no capital, no country on the face of the earth, resembles us; every where else you will find a leading class, giving a tone to society, and moulding it in some one or other direction; a predominating *set*, the pride of those who are *in*, the envy of those who are *below* it. There is nothing of this kind in London; here every man has his own set, and every man his proper pride. In every set, social or professional, there are great names, successful men, prominent; but the set is nothing the greater for them: no man sheds any lustre upon his fellows, nor is a briefless barrister a whit more thought of because he and Lyndhurst are of the same profession.

Take a look at other places: in money-getting places, you find society following, like so many dogs, the aristocracy of 'Change: every man knows the worth of every other man, that is to say, *what* he is worth.

A good man, elsewhere a relative term, is *there* a man good for *so* much; hats are elevated and bodies depressed upon a scale of ten thousand pounds to an inch; "I hope you are well," from one of the aristocracy of these places is always translated to mean, "I hope you are solvent," and "how d'ye do?" from another, is equivalent to "doing a bill."

Go abroad, to Rome for example—You are smothered beneath the petticoats of an ecclesiastical aristocracy. Go to the northern courts of Europe—You are ill-received, or perhaps not received at all, save in military uniform; the aristocracy of the epaulet meets you at every turn, and if you are not at least an ensign of militia, you are nothing. Make your way into Germany—What do you find there? an aristocracy of functionaries, mobs of nobodies living upon everybodies; from Herr Von, Aulic councillor, and Frau Von, Aulic counsellor, down to Herr Von, crossing-sweeper, and Frau Von, crossing-sweeperess—for the women there must be *better-half* even in their titles—you find society led, or, to speak more correctly, society *consisting* of functionaries, and they, every office son of them, and their wives—nay, their very curs—alike insolent and dependent. "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at *me*!"

There, to get into society, you must first get into a place: you must contrive to be the *servant* of the public before you are permitted to be the *master*: you must be paid by, before you are in a condition to despise, the *canaille*.

Passing Holland and Belgium as more akin to the genius of the English people, as respects the supremacy of honest industry, its independent exercise, and the comparative insignificance of aristocracies, conventionally so called, we come to FRANCE: there we find a provincial and a Parisian aristocracy—the former a servile mob of placemen, one in fifty, at least, of the whole population; and the latter—oh! my poor head, what a *clanjaffrey* of *journalistes*, *feuilletonistes*, *artistes*, dramatists, novelists, *vaudevillistes*, poets, literary ladies, lovers of literary ladies, *hommes de lettres*, *claqueurs*, *littérateurs*, *gérants*, *censeurs*, *rapporteurs*, and *le diable boiteux* verily knows what else!

These people, with whom, or at least with a great majority of whom, common sense, sobriety of thought, consistency of purpose, steady determination in action, and sound reasoning, are so sadly eclipsed by their vivacity, *empressement*, prejudice, and party zeal, form a prominent, indeed, the prominent aristocracy of the *salons*: and only conceive what must be the state of things in France, when we know that Paris acts upon the provinces, and that Paris is acted upon by this foolscap aristocracy, without station, or, what is perhaps worse, enjoying station without property; abounding in maddening and exciting influences, but lamentably deficient in those hard-headed, *ungenius-like* qualities of patience, prudence, charity, forbearance, and peace-lovings, of which their war-worn nation, more than any other in Europe, stands in need.

When, in the name of goodness, is the heart of the philanthropist to be gladdened with the desire of peace fulfilled over the earth? When are paltry family intrigues to cease, causing the blood of innocent thousands to be shed? When will the aristocracy of genius in France give over jingling, like castanets, their trashy rhymes "*gloire*" and "*victoire*," and apply themselves to objects worthy of creatures endowed with the faculty of reason? Or, if they must

have fighting, if it is their nature, if the prime instinct with them is the thirst of human blood, how cowardly, how paltry, is it to bound on their fellow-countrymen to war with England, to war with Spain, to war with every body, while snug in their offices, doing their little best to bleed nations with their pen!

Why does not the foolscap aristocracy rush forth, inkhorn in hand, and restore the glories (as they call them) of the Empire, nor pause till they mend their pens victorious upon the brink of the Rhine.

To resume: the aristocracies of our provincial capitals are those of literature in the one, and lickspitting in the other: mercantile towns have their aristocracies of money, or muckworm aristocracies: Rome has an ecclesiastical—Prussia, Russia, military aristocracies: Germany, an aristocracy of functionaries: France has two, or even three, great aristocracies—the military, place-hunting, and foolscap.

Now, then, attend to what we are going to say: London is cursed with no predominating, no overwhelming, no characteristic aristocracy. There is no set or clique of any sort or description of men that you can point to, and say, that's the London set. We turn round and desire to be informed what set do you mean: every *salon* has its set, and every pot-house its set also; and the frequenters of each set are neither envious of the position of the other, nor dissatisfied with their own: the pretenders to fashion, or hangers-on upon the outskirts of high life, are alone the servile set, or spaniel set, who want the proper self-respecting pride which every distinct aristocracy maintains in the World of London.

We are a great firmament; a moonless azure, glowing with stars of all magnitudes, and myriads of *nebulae* of no magnitudes at all: we move harmoniously in our several orbits, minding our own business, satisfied with our position, thinking, it may be, with harmless vanity, that we bestow more light upon earth than any ten, and that the eyes of all terrestrial stargazers are upon us. Adventurers, pretenders, and quacks, are our meteors, our *aurores*, our comets, our falling-stars, shooting athwart our hemisphere, and exhaling into irretrievable darkness: our tuft-hunters are satellites of Jupiter,

invisible to the naked eye: our clear frosty atmosphere that sets us all a-twinkling is prosperity, and we, too, have our clouds that hide us from the eyes of men. The noonday of our own bustling time beholds us dimly; but posterity regards us as it were from the bottom of a well. Time, that exact observer, applies his micrometer to every one of us, determining our rank among celestial bodies without appeal, and from time to time enrolling in his *ephemeris* such new luminaries as may be vouchsafed to the long succession of ages.

If there is one thing that endears London to men of superior order—to true aristocrats, no matter of what species, it is that universal equality of outward condition, that republicanism of everyday life, which pervades the vast multitudes who hum, and who drone, who gather honey, and who, without gathering, consume the products of this gigantic hive. Here you can never be extinguished or put out by any overwhelming interest.

Neither are we in London pushed to the wall by the two or three hundred great men of every little place. We are not invited to a main of small talk with the cock of his own dunghill; we are never told, as a great favour, that Mr Alexander Scaldhead, the phrenologist, is to be there, and that we can have our "bumps" felt for nothing; or that the Chevalier Doembrowski (a London pickpocket in disguise) is expected to recite a Polish ode, accompanying himself on the Jew's harp; we are not bored with the misconduct of the librarian, who *never* has the first volume of the last new novel, or invited to determine whether Louisa Fitzmythe or Angelina Stubbsville deserves to be considered the heroine; we are not required to be in raptures because Mrs Alfred Shaw or Clara Novello are expected, or to break our hearts with disappointment because they didn't come: the arrival, performances, and departure, of Dürer's horses, or Wombwell's wild beasts, affect us with no extraordinary emotion; even Assizes time concerns most of us nothing.

Then, again, how vulgar, how commonplace in London is the aristocracy of wealth; of Mrs Grub, who, in a provincial town, keeps her carriage, and is at once the envy and the scan-

dal of all the ladies who have to proceed upon their ten toes, we wot not the existence. Mr Bill Wright, the banker, the respected; respectable, influential, twenty per cent Wright, in London is merely a licensed dealer in money; he visits at Camberwell Hill, or Hampstead Heath, or wherever other tradesmen of his class delight to dwell; his wife and daughters patronize the Polish balls, and Mr Bill Wright, jun., sports a stall at the (English) opera; we are not overdone by Mr Bill Wright, overcome by Mrs Bill Wright, or the Misses Bill Wright, nor overcrowded by Mr Bill Wright the younger: in a word, we don't care a crossed cheque for the whole Bill Wrightish connexion.

What are carriages, or carriage-keeping people in London? It is not here, as in the provinces, by their carriages shall you know them; on the contrary, the carriage of a duchess is only distinguishable from that of a *parvenu*, by the superior expensiveness and vulgarity of the latter.

The vulgarity of ostentatious wealth with us, defeats the end it aims at. That expense which is lavished to impress us with awe and admiration, serves only as a provocative to laughter, and inducement to contempt; where great wealth and good taste go together, we at once recognize the harmonious adaptation of means and ends; where they do not, all extrinsic and adventitious expenditure availeth its disbursers nothing.

What animal on earth was ever so inhumanly preposterous as a lord mayor's footman, and yet it takes sixty guineas, at the least, to make that poor lick-plate a common laughing-stock?

No, sir; in London we see into, and see through, all sorts of pretension: the pretension of wealth or rank, whatever kind of quackery and imposture. When I say *we*, I speak of the vast multitudes forming the educated, discriminating, and thinking classes of London life. We pass on to *what* a man *is*, over *who* he is, and *what* he *has*; and, with one of the most accurate observers of human character and nature to whom a man of the world ever sat for his portrait—the inimitable La Bruyere—when offended with the hollow extravagance of vulgar riches, we exclaim—“*Tu te trompes, Philemon, si avec ce carrosse brillant,*

ce grand nombre de coquins qui te suivent, et ces six bêtes qui te traînent, tu penses qu'on t'en estime d'avantage: ou ecarte tout cet attirail qui t'est étranger, pour pénétrer jusqu'à toi qui n'es qu'un fat.”

In London, every man is responsible for himself, and his position is the consequence of his conduct. If a great author, for example, or artist, or politician, should choose to outrage the established rules of society in any essential particular, he is neglected and even shunned in his private, though he may be admired and lauded in his public capacity. Society marks the line between the *public* and the *social* man; and this line no eminence, not even that of premier minister of England, will enable a public man to confound.

Wherever you are invited in London to be introduced to a great man, by any of his parasites or hangers-on, you may be assured that your great man is no such thing; you may make up your mind to be presented to some quack, some hollow-skulled fellow, who makes up by little arts, small tactics, and every variety of puff, for the want of that inherent excellence which will enable him to stand alone. These gentlemen form the Cockney school proper of art, literature, the drama, every thing; and they go about seeking praise, as a goatsucker hunts insects, with their mouths wide open; they pursue their prey in troops, like jackals, and like them, utter at all times a melancholy, complaining howl; they imagine that the world is in a conspiracy not to admire them, and they would bring an action against the world if they could. But as that is impossible; they are content to rail against the world in good set terms; they are always puffing in the papers, but in a side-winded way, yet you can trace them always at work; through the daily, weekly, monthly periodicals, in desperate exertion to attract public attention. They have at their head one sublime genius, whom they swear by, and they admire him the more, the more incomprehensible and oracular he appears to the rest of mankind.

These are the men who cultivate extensive tracts of forehead, and are deeply versed in the effective display of depending ringlets and ornamental whiskers; they dress in black, with white *chokers*, and you will be sure to

find a lot of them at evening parties of the middling sort of doctors, or the better class of boarding-houses.

This class numbers not merely literary men, but actors, artists, adventuring politicians, small scientifics, and a thousand others, who have not energy or endurance to work their way in solitary labour, or who feel that they do not possess the power to go alone.

Public men in London appear naked at the bar of public opinion; laced coats, ribands, embroidery, titles, avail nothing, because these things are common, and have the common fate of common things, to be cheaply estimated. The eye is satiated with them, they come like shadows, so depart; but they do not feed the eye of the mind; the understanding is not the better for such gingerbread; we are compelled to look out for some more substantial nutriment, and we try the inward man, and test his capacity. Instead of measuring his bumps, like a landsurveyor, we dissect his brain, like an anatomist; we estimate him, whether he be high or low, in whatever department of life, not by what he says he can do, or means to do, but by what he *has* done. By this test is every man of talent tried in London; this is his grand, his formal difficulty, to get the opportunity of showing what he can do, of being put into circulation, of having the chance of being tested, like a shilling, by the *ring* of the customer and the *bite* of the critic; for the opportunity, the chance to edge in, the chink to *wedge* in, the *purchase* whereon to work the length of his lever, he must be ever on the watch; for the sunshine blink of encouragement, the April shower of praise, he must await the long winter of "hope deferred" passing away. Patience, the *courage* of the man of talent, he must exert for many a dreary and unrewarded day; he must see the quack and the pretender lead an undiscerning public by the nose, and say nothing; nor must he exult when the too-long enduring public at length kicks the pretender and the quack into deserved oblivion. From many a door that will hereafter gladly open for him, he must be content to be presently turned away. Many a scanty meal, many a lonely and unfriended evening, in this vast wilderness, must he pass in trying on his armour, and preparing himself for the fight that he

still believes *will* come, and in which his spirit, strong within him, tells him he must conquer. While the night yet shrouds him he must labour, and with patient, and happily for him, if, with religious hope, he watch the first faint glimmerings of the dawning day; for his day, if he is worthy to behold it, will come, and he will yet be recompensed "by that time and chance which happeneth to all." And if his heart fails him, and his coward spirit turns to flee, often as he sits, tearful, in the solitude of his chamber, will the remembrance of the early struggles of the immortals shame that coward spirit. The shade of the sturdy Johnson, hungering, dinnerless, will mutely reproach him for sinking thus beneath the ills that the "scholar's life assail." The kindly-hearted, amiable Goldsmith, pursued to the gates of a prison by a mercenary wretch who fattened upon the produce of that lovely mind, smiling upon him, will bid him be of good cheer. A thousand names, that fondly live in the remembrance of our hearts, will he conjure up, and all will tell the same story of early want, and long neglect, and lonely friendlessness. Then will he reproach himself, saying, "What am I, that I should quail before the misery that broke not minds like these? What am I, that I should be exempt from the earthly fate of the immortals?"

Nor marvel, then, that men who have passed the fiery ordeal, whose power has been tried and not found wanting, whose nights of probation, difficulty, and despair are past, and with whom it is now noon, should come forth, with deportment modest and subdued, exempt from the insolent assumption of vulgar minds, and their yet more vulgar hostilities and friendships: that such men as Campbell and Rogers, and a thousand others in every department of life and letters, should partake of that quietude of manner, that modesty of deportment, that compassion for the unfortunate of their class, that unselfish admiration for men who, successful, have deserved success, that abomination of cliques, coteries, and *conversazioni*, and all the littleness of inferior fry: that such men should have parasites, and followers, and hangers-on; or that, since men like themselves are few and far between, they should live for and with such men alone.

But thou, O Vanity! thou curse, thou shame, thou sin, with what tides of *pseudo* talent hast thou not filled this ambitious town? Ass, dolt, miscalculator, quack, pretender, how many hast thou befooled, thou father of multifarious fools? Serpent, tempter, evil one, how many hast thou seduced from the plough tail, the carpenter's bench, the schoolmaster's desk, the rural scene, to plunge them into misery and contempt in this, the abiding-place of their betters, thou unhang'd cheat? Hence the querulous piping against the world and the times, and the neglect of genius, and appeals to posterity, and damnation of managers, publishers, and the public; hence cliques, and *claqueurs*, and coteries, and the would-if-I-could-be aristocracy of letters; hence bickerings, quarellings, backbitings, slanderings, and reciprocity of contempt; hence the impossibility of literary union, and the absolute necessity imposed upon the great names of our time of shunning, like a pestilence, the hordes of vanity-struck individuals who would tear the coats off their backs, in desperate adherence to the skirts. Thou, too, O Vanity! art responsible for greater evils:—Time misspent, industry misdirected, labour unrequited, because uselessly or imprudently applied: poverty and isolation, families left unprovided for, pensions, solicitations, patrons, meanesses, subscriptions!

True talent, on the contrary, in London, meets its reward, if it lives to be rewarded; but it has, of its own right, no *social* pre-eminence, nor is it set above or below any of the other aristocracies, in what we may take the liberty of calling its private life. In this, as in all other our aristocracies, men are regarded not as of their set, but as of themselves: they are *individually* admired, not worshipped as a congregation: their social influence is not aggregated, though their public influence may be. When a man, of whatever class, leaves his closet, he is expected to meet society upon equal terms: the scholar, the man of rank, the politician, the *millionaire*, must merge in the gentleman: if he chooses to individualize his aristocracy in his own person, he must do so at home, for it will not be understood or submitted to any where else.

The rewards of intellectual labour applied to purposes of remote, or not

immediately appreciable usefulness, as in social literature, and the loftier branches of the fine arts, are, with us, so few, as hardly to be worth mentioning, and pity 'tis that it should be so. The law, the church, the army, and the faculty of physic, have not only their fair and legitimate remuneration for independent labour, but they have their several prizes, to which all who excel, may confidently look forward when the time of weariness and exhaustion shall come; when the pressure of years shall slacken exertion, and diminished vigour crave some haven of repose, or, at the least, some mitigated toil, with greater security of income: some place of honour with repose—the ambition of declining years. The influence of the great prize of the law, the church, and other professions in this country, has often been insisted upon with great reason: it has been said, and truly said, that not only do these prizes reward merit already passed through its probationary stages, but serve as inducements to all who are pursuing the same career. It is not so much the example of the prizeholder, as the *prize*, that stimulates men onward and upward: without the hope of reaching one of those comfortable stations, hope would be extinguished, talent lie fallow, energy be limited to the mere attainment of subsistence; great things would not be done, or attempted, and we would behold only a dreary level of indiscriminate mediocrity. If this be true of professions, in which, after a season of severe study, a term of probation, the knowledge acquired in early life sustains the professor, with added experience of every day, throughout the rest of his career, with how much more force will it apply to professions or pursuits, in which the mind is perpetually on the rack to produce novelties, and in which it is considered derogatory to a man to reproduce his own ideas, copy his own pictures, or multiply, after the same model, a variety of characters and figures!

A few years of hard reading, constant attention in the chambers of the conveyancer, the equity draftsman, the pleader, and a few years more of that disinterested observance of the practice of the courts, which is liberally afforded to every young barrister, and indeed which many enjoy throughout life, and he is competent, with

moderate talent, to protect the interests of his client, and with moderate mental labour to make a respectable figure in his profession. In like manner, four or five years sedulous attendance on lectures, dissections, and practice of the hospitals, enables your physician to see how little remedial power exists in his boasted art; knowing this, he feels pulses, and orders a recognized routine of draughts and pills with the formality which makes the great secret of his profession. When the patient dies, nature, of course, bears the blame; and when nature, happily uninterfered with, recovers his patient, the doctor stands on tiptoe. Henceforward his success is determined by other than medical sciences: a pill-box and pair, a good house in some recognized locality, Sunday dinners, a bit of a book, grand power of head-shaking, shoulder-shrugging, bamboozling weak-minded men and women, and, if possible, a religious connexion.

For the clergyman, it is only necessary that he should be orthodox, humble, and pious; that he should on no occasion, right or wrong, set himself in opposition to his ecclesiastical superiors; that he should preach unpretending sermons; that he should never make jokes, nor understand the jokes of another: this is all that he wants to get on respectably. If he is ambitious, and wishes one of the great prizes, he must have been a free-thinking reviewer, have written pamphlets, or made a fuss about the Greek particle, or, what will avail him more than all, have been tutor to a minister of state.

Thus you perceive, for men whose education is *intellectual*, but whose practice is more or less *mechanical*, you have many great, intermediate, and little prizes in the lottery of life; but where, on the contrary, are the prizes for the historian, transmitting to posterity the events, and men, and times long since past; where the prize of the analyst of mind, of the dramatic, the epic, or the lyric poet, the essayist, and all whose works are likely to become the classics of future times; where the prize of the public journalist, who points the direction of public opinion, and, himself without place, station, or even name, teaches Governments their duty, and prevents Ministers of State becoming, by hardihood or ignorance, intolerable evils; where

the prize of the great artist, who has not employed himself making faces for hire, but who has worked in loneliness and isolation, living, like Barry, upon raw apples and cold water, that he might bequeath to his country some memorial worthy the age in which he lived, and the art *for* which he lived? For these men, and such as these, are no prizes in the lottery of life; a grateful country sets apart for them no places where they can retire in the full enjoyment of their fame; condemned to labour for their bread, not in a dull mechanical routine of professional, official, or business-like duties, but in the most severe, most wearing of all labour, *the labour of the brain*, they end where they begun. With struggling they begin life, with struggling they make their way in life, with struggling they end life; poverty drives away friends, and reputation multiplies enemies. The man whose thoughts will become the thoughts of our children, whose minds will be reflected in the mirror of *his* mind, who will store in their memories his household words, and carry his lessons in their hearts, dies not unwillingly, for he has nothing in life to look forward to; closes with indifference his eyes on a prospect where no gleam of hope sheds its sunlight on the broken spirit; he dies, is borne by a few humble friends to a lowly sepulchre, and the newspapers of some days after give us the following paragraph:—

“We regret to be obliged to state that Dr —, or —, Esq. (as the case may be) died, on Saturday last, at his lodgings two pair back in Back Place, Pimlico, (or) at his cottage (a miserable cabin where he retired to die) at Kingston-upon-Thames. It is our melancholy duty to inform our readers that this highly gifted and amiable man, who for so many years delighted and improved the town, and who was a most strenuous supporter of the (Radical or Conservative) cause, (*it is necessary to set forth this miserable statement to awaken the gratitude of faction towards the family of the dead,*) has left a rising family totally unprovided for. We are satisfied that it is only necessary to allude to this distressing circumstance, in order to enlist the sympathies, &c. &c., (in short, *to get up a subscription*).”

We confess we are at a loss to understand why the above advertisement

should be kept stereotyped, to be inserted with only the interpolation of name and date, when any man dies who has devoted himself to pursuits of a purely intellectual character. Nor are we unable to discover in the melancholy, and, as it would seem, unavoidable fates of such men, substantial grounds of that diversion of the aristocracy of talent to the pursuit of professional distinction, accompanied by profit, of which our literature, art, and science are now suffering, and will continue to suffer, the consequences.

In a highly artificial state of society, where a command, not merely of the essentials, but of some of the superfluities of life are requisite as passports to society, no man will willingly devote himself to pursuits which will render him an outlaw, and his family dependent on the tardy gratitude of an indifferent world. The stimulus of fame will be inadequate to maintain the energies even of *great* minds, in a contest of which the victories are wreaths of barren bays. Nor will any man willingly consume the morning

of his days in amassing intellectual treasures for posterity, when his contemporaries behold him dimming with unavailing tears his twilight of existence, and dying with the worse than deadly pang, the consciousness that those who are nearest and dearest to his heart must eat the bread of charity. Nor is it quite clear to our apprehension, that the prevalent system of providing for merely intellectual men, by a State annuity or pension, is the best that can be devised: it is hard that the pensioned aristocracy of talent should be exposed to the taunt of receiving the means of their subsistence from this or that minister, upon suppositions of this or that ministerial assistance which, whether true or false, cannot fail to derogate from that independent dignity of mind which is never extinguished in the breast of the true aristocrat of talent, save by unavailing struggles, long-continued, with the unkindness of fortune.

We wish the aristocracy of power to think over this, and so very heartily bid them farewell.

THE LOST LAMB.

BY DELTA.

A SHEPHERD laid upon his bed,
 With many a sigh, his aching head,
 For him—his favourite boy—on whom
 Had fallen death, a sudden doom.
 "But yesterday," with sobs he cried,
 "Thou wert, with sweet looks, at my side,
 Life's loveliest blossom, and to-day,
 Woes me! thou liest a thing of clay!
 It cannot be that thou art gone;
 It cannot be, that now, alone,
 A grey-hair'd man on earth am I,
 Whilst thou within its bosom lie?
 Methinks I see thee smiling there,
 With beaming eyes, and sunny hair,
 As thou wert wont, when fondling me,
 To clasp my neck from off my knee!
 Was it thy voice? Again, oh speak,
 My boy, or else my heart will break!"

Each adding to that father's woes,
 A thousand bygone scenes arose;
 At home—a field—each with its joy,
 Each with its smile—and all his boy!
 Now swell'd his proud rebellious breast,
 With darkness and with doubt opprest;
 Now sank despondent, while amain
 Unnerving tears fell down like rain:

Air—air—he breathed, yet wanted breath—
 It was not life—it was not death—
 But the drear agony between,
 Where all is heard, and felt, and seen—
 The wheels of action set ajar ;
 The body with the soul at war.
 'Twas vain, 'twas vain ; he could not find
 A haven for his shipwreck'd mind ;
 Sleep shunn'd his pillow. Forth he went—
 The moon from midnight's azure tent
 Shone down, and, with serenest light,
 Flooded the windless plains of night ;
 The lake in its clear mirror show'd
 Each little star that twinkling glow'd ;
 Aspens, that quiver with a breath,
 Were stirless in that hush of death ;
 The birds were nestled in their bowers ;
 The dewdrops glitter'd on the flowers ;
 Almost it seem'd as pitying Heaven
 A while its sinless calm had given
 To lower regions, lest despair
 Should make abode for ever there ;
 So tranquil—so serene—so bright—
 Brooded o'er earth the wings of night.

O'ershadow'd by its ancient yew,
 His sheep-cot met the shepherd's view ;
 And, placid, in that calm profound,
 His silent flocks lay slumbering round :
 With flowing mantle, by his side,
 Sudden, a stranger he espied,
 Bland was his visage, and his voice
 Soften'd the heart, yet bade rejoice.—
 “ Why is thy mourning thus ? ” he said,
 “ Why thus doth sorrow bow thy head ?
 Why faltereth thus thy faith, that so
 Abroad despairing thou dost go ?
 As if the God who gave thee breath,
 Held not the keys of life and death !
 When from the flocks that feed about,
 A single lamb thou choosest out,
 Is it not that which seemeth best
 That thou dost take, yet leave the rest ?
 Yes ! such thy wont ; and, even so,
 With his choice little ones below
 Doth the Good Shepherd deal ; he breaks
 Their earthly bands, and homeward takes,
 Early, ere sin hath render'd dim
 The image of the seraphim ! ”

Heart-struck, the shepherd home return'd ;
 Again within his bosom burn'd
 The light of faith ; and, from that day,
 He trode serene life's onward way.

COMTE.

It is pleasant to find in some extreme, uncompromising, eccentric work, written for the complete renovation of man, a new establishment of truth, little else, after all its tempest of thought has swept over the mind, than another confirmation of old, and long-settled, and temperate views. Our sober philosophy, like some familiar landscape seen after a thunder storm, comes out but the more distinct, the brighter, and the more tranquil, for the bursting cloud and the windy tumult that had passed over its surface. Some such experience have we just had. Our Conservative principles, our calm and patient manner of viewing things, have rarely received a stronger corroboration than from the perusal of the extraordinary work of M. Comte—a work written, assuredly, for no such comfortable purpose, but for the express object (so far as we can at present state it to our readers) of re-organizing political society, by means of an intellectual reformation amongst political thinkers.

We would not be thought to throw an idle sneer at those generous hopes of the future destiny of society which have animated some of the noblest and most vigorous minds. It is no part of a Conservative philosophy to doubt on the broad question of the further and continuous improvement of mankind. Nor will the perusal of M. Comte's work induce, or permit, such a doubt. But while he leaves with his reader a strong impression of the unceasing development of social man, he leaves a still stronger impression of the futile or mischievous efforts of those—himself amongst the number—who are thrusting themselves forward as the peculiar and exclusive advocates of progress and improvement. He exhibits himself in the attitude of an innovator, as powerless in effect as he is daring in design; whilst, at the same time, he deals a *crashing* blow (as upon rival machinators) on that malignant party in European politics, whether it call itself liberal or of the movement, whose most distinct aim seems to be

to unloose men from the bonds of civil government. We, too, believe in the silent, irresistible progress of human society, but we believe also that he is best working for posterity, as well as for the welfare of his contemporaries, who promotes order and tranquil effort in his own generation, by means of those elements of order which his own generation supplies.

That which distinguishes M. Comte's work from all other courses of philosophy, or treatises upon science, is the attempt to reduce to the *scientific method* of cogitation the affairs of human society—morality, politics; in short, all those general topics which occupy our solitary and perplexed meditation, or sustain the incessant strife of controversy. These are to constitute a new science, to be called *Social Physics*, or *Sociology*. To apply the Baconian, or, as it is here called, the positive method, to man in all phases of his existence—to introduce the same fixed, indissoluble, imperturbable order in our ideas of morals, politics, and history, that we attain in astronomy and mechanics, is the bold object of his labours. He does not here set forth a model of human society based on scientific conclusions; something of this kind is promised us in a future work; in the present undertaking he is especially anxious to compel us to think on all such topics in the scientific method, *and in no other*. For be it known, that science is not only weak in herself, and has been hitherto incompetent to the task of unravelling the complicate proceedings of humanity, but she has also a great rival in the form of a theologic method, wherein the mind seeks a solution for its difficulties in a power above nature. The human being has contracted an inveterate habit of viewing itself as standing in a peculiar relation to a supreme Architect and Governor of the world—a habit which in many ways, direct and indirect, interferes, it seems, with the application of the positive method. This habit is to be corrected; such supreme Architect and Governor is to be dismissed from

the imagination of men ; science is to supply the sole mode of thought, and humanity to be its only object.

We have called M. Comte's an extraordinary book, and this is an epithet which our readers are already fully prepared to apply. But the book, in our judgment, is extraordinary in more senses than one. It is as remarkable for the great mental energy it displays, for its originality and occasional profundity of thought, as it is for the astounding conclusions to which it would conduct us, for its bold paradoxes, and for what we can designate no otherwise than its egregious errors. As a discipline of the mind, so far as a full appreciation is concerned of the scientific method, it cannot be read without signal advantage. The book is altogether an anomaly ; exhibiting the strangest mixture that ever mortal work betrayed of manifold blunder and great intellectual power. The man thinks at times with the strength of a giant. Neither does he fail, as we have already gathered, in the rebellious and destructive propensities for which giants have been of old renowned. Fable tells us how they could have no gods to reign over them, and how they threatened to drive Jupiter himself from the skies. Our intellectual representative of the race nourishes designs of equal temerity. Like his earth-born predecessors, his rage, we may be sure, will be equally vain. No thunder will be heard, neither will the hills move to overwhelm him ; but in due course of time he will lie down, and be covered up with his own earth, and the heavens will be as bright and stable as before, and still the abode of the same unassailable Power.

For the style of M. Comte's work, it is not commendable. The philosophical writers of his country are in general so distinguished for excellence in this particular, their exposition of thought is so remarkably felicitous, that a failure in a Frenchman in the mere art of writing, appears almost as great an anomaly as any of the others which characterize this production. During the earlier volumes, which are occupied with a review of the recognized branches of science, the vices of style are kept within bounds ; but after he has entered on what is the great subject of all his lucubrations, his social physics, they grow distress-

ingly conspicuous. The work extends to six volumes, some of them of unusually large capacity ; and by the time we arrive at the last and most bulky, the style, for its languor, its repetitions, its prolixity, has become intolerable.

Of a work of this description, distinguished by such bold features, remarkable for originality and subtlety, as well as for surprising hardihood and eccentricity of thought, and bearing on its surface a manner of exposition by no means attractive, we imagine that our readers will not be indisposed to receive some notice. Its errors—supposing we are capable of coping with them—are worthy of refutation. Moreover, as we have hinted, the impression it conveys is, in relation to politics, eminently Conservative ; for, besides that he has exposed, with peculiar vigour, the utter inadequacy of the movement, or liberal party, to preside over the organization of society, there is nothing more calculated to render us content with an *empirical* condition of tolerable well-being, than the exhibition (and such, we think, is here presented to us) of a strong mind palpably at fault in its attempt to substitute, out of its own theory of man, a better foundation for the social structure than is afforded by the existing unphilosophical medley of human thought. Upon that portion of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive* which treats of the sciences usually so called, we do not intend to enter, nor do the general remarks we make apply to it. Our limited object is to place our reader at the point of view which M. Comte takes in his new science of Sociology ; and to do this with any justice to him or to ourselves, in the space we can allot to the subject, will be a task of sufficient difficulty.

And first, as to the title of the work, *Philosophie Positive*, which has, perhaps, all this while been perplexing the reader. The reasons which induced M. Comte to adopt it, shall be given in his own words ; they could not have been appreciated until some general notion had been given of the object he had in view.

"There is doubtless," he says, in his *Avertissement*, "a close resemblance between my *Philosophie Positive*, and what the English, especially since the days of Newton, understand by *Natural Philoso-*

phy. But I would not adopt this last expression, any more than that of *Philosophy of the Sciences*, which would have perhaps been still more precise, because neither of these has yet been extended to all orders of phenomena; whilst *Philosophie Positive*, in which I comprehend the study of the social phenomena, as well as all others, designs a uniform manner of reasoning applicable to all subjects on which the human mind can be exerted. Besides which, the expression *Natural Philosophy* is employed in England to denote the aggregate of the several sciences of observation, considered even in their most minute details; whereas, by the title of *Philosophie Positive*, I intimate, with regard to the several positive sciences, a study of them only in their generalities, conceiving them as submitted to a uniform method, and forming the different parts of a general plan of research. The term which I have been led to construct is, therefore, at once more extended and more restricted than other denominations, which are so far similar that they have reference to the same fundamental class of ideas."

This very announcement of M. Comte's intention to comprehend in his course of natural philosophy the study of the several phenomena, compels us to enquire how far these are fit subjects for the strict application of the scientific method. We waive the metaphysical question of the free agency of man, and the theological question of the occasional interference of the Divine Power; and presuming these to be decided in a manner favourable to the project of our Sociologist, we still ask if it be possible to make of the affairs of society—legislation and politics, for instance—a department of science?

The mere multiplicity and complication of facts in this department of enquiry, have been generally regarded as rendering such an attempt hopeless. In any social problem of importance, we invariably feel that to embrace the whole of the circumstances, with all their results and dependencies, is really out of our power; and we are forced to content ourselves with a judgment formed on what appear to us the principal facts. Thus arise those limited truths, admitting of exceptions, of qualification, of partial application, on which we are fain to rely in the conduct of human affairs. In framing his measures, how often is the statesman, or the jurist, made aware of the utter impossibility of guarding them against every species of objection, or of so

constructing them that they shall present an equal front on every side! How still more keenly is the speculative politician made to feel, when giving in his adherence to some great line of policy, that he cannot gather in under his conclusions *all* the political truths he is master of! He reluctantly resigns to his opponent the possession, or at least the usufruct, of a certain class of truths which he is obliged to postpone to others of more extensive or more urgent application.

But this multiplicity and complication of facts may merely render the task of the Sociologist extremely difficult, not impossible; and the half truths, and the perplexity of thought above alluded to, may only prove that his scientific task has not yet been accomplished. Nothing is here presented in the nature of the subject to exclude the strict application of *the method*. There is, however, one essential, distinctive attribute of human society which constitutes a difference in the nature of the subject, so as to render impossible the same scientific survey and appreciation of the social phenomena of the world that we may expect to obtain of the physical. This is the gradual and incessant *development* which humanity has displayed, and is still displaying. Who can tell us that that *experience* on which a fixed and positive theory of social man is to be formed, is all before us? From age to age that experience is enlarging.

In all recognized branches of science nature remains the same, and continually repeats herself; she admits of no novelty; and what appears new to us, from our late discovery of it, is as old as the most palpable sequence of facts that, generation after generation, catches the eye of childhood. The new discovery may disturb our theories, it disturbs not the condition of things. All is still the same as it ever was. What we possessed of real knowledge is real knowledge still. We sit down before a maze of things bewildering enough; but the vast mechanism, notwithstanding all its labyrinthian movements, is constant to itself, and presents always the same problem to the observer. But in this department of humanity, in this sphere of social existence, the case is otherwise. The human being, with hand, with intellect, is incessantly at work—has a progressive movement—*grows*

from age to age. He discovers, he invents, he speculates; his own inventions react upon the inventor; his own thoughts, creeds, speculations, become agents in the scene. Here *new facts* are actually from time to time starting into existence; new elements are introduced into society, which science could not have foreseen; for if they could have been foreseen, they would already have been there. A new creed, even a new machine, may confound the wisest of speculations. Man is, in relation to the science that would survey society, a *creator*. In short, that stability in the order of events, that invariable recurrence of the same linked series, on which science depends for its very existence, here, in some measure, fails us. In such degree, therefore, as humanity can be described as progressive, or developing itself, in such degree is it an untractable subject for the scientific method. We have but one world, but one humanity before us, but one specimen of this self-developing creature, and that perhaps but half grown, but half developed. How can we know whereabouts *we are* in our course, and what is coming next? We want the history of some extinguished world in which a humanity has run its full career; we need to extend our observation to other planets peopled with similar but variously developed inhabitants, in order scientifically to understand such a race as ours.

What, for example, could be more safely stated as an eternal law of society than that of property?—a law which so justly governs all our political reasonings, and determines the character of our political measures the most prospective—a law which M. Comte has not failed himself to designate as fundamental. And yet, by what right of demonstration can we pronounce this law to be inherent in humanity, so that it shall accompany the race during every stage of its progress? That industry should be rewarded by a personal, exclusive property in the fruits of industry, is the principle consecrated by our law of property, and to which the spontaneous passions of mankind have in all regions of the earth conducted. Standing where we do, and looking out as far as our intellectual vision can extend, we pronounce it to be the basis of society; but if we added that, as long as the world lasts, it

must continue to be the basis of society, that there are no elements in man to furnish forth, if circumstances favoured their development, a quite different principle for the social organization, we feel that we should be overstepping the modest bounds of truth, and stating our proposition in terms far wider and more absolute than we were warranted. Experiments have been made, and a tendency has repeatedly been manifested, to frame an association of men in which the industry of the individual should have its immediate reward and motive in the participated prosperity of the general body—where the good of the whole should be felt as the interest of each. *How* such a principle is to be established, we confess ourselves utterly at a loss to divine; but that no future events unforeseen by us, no unexpected modification of the circumstances affecting human character, shall ever develop and establish such a principle—this is what no scientific mind would venture to assert. Our knowledge is fully commensurate to our sphere of activity, nor need it, nor *can* it, pass beyond that sphere. We know that the law of property now forms the basis of society; we know that an attempt to abrogate it would be the signal for war and anarchy; and we know this also, that *at no time* can its opposite principle be established by force, because its establishment will require a wondrous harmony in the social body; and a civil war, let the victory fall where it may, must leave mankind full of dissension, rancour, and revenge. Our convictions, therefore, for all practical purposes, can receive no confirmation. If the far future is to be regulated by different principles, of what avail the knowledge of them, or how can they be intelligible to us, to whom are denied the circumstances necessary for their establishment, and for the demonstration of their reasonableness?

“The great Aristotle himself,” says M. Comte, speaking of the impossibility of any man elevating himself above the circumstances of his age—“The great Aristotle himself, the profoundest thinker of ancient times, (*la plus forte tête de toute l'antiquité*,) could not conceive of a state of society not based on slavery, the irrevocable abolition of which commenced a few generations after-

wards."—Vol. iv. p. 38. In the sociology of Aristotle, slavery would have been a fundamental law.

There is another consideration, not unworthy of being mentioned, which bears upon this matter. In one portion of M. Comte's work, (we cannot now lay our hand upon the passage,) the question comes before him of the comparative *happiness* of the savage and the civilized man. He will not entertain it, refuses utterly to take cognizance of the question, and contents himself with asserting the fuller *development* of his nature displayed by the civilized man. M. Comte felt that science had no scale for this thing happiness. It was not ponderable, nor measurable, nor was there an uniformity of testimony to be collected thereon. How many of our debates and controversies terminate in a question of this kind—of the comparative happiness of two several conditions? Such questions are, for the most part, practically decided by those who have to *feel*; but to estimate happiness by and for the feelings of others, would be the task of science. Some future Royal Society must be called upon to establish a *standard measure* for human felicity.

We are speaking, it will be remembered, of the production of a science. A scientific discipline of mind is undoubtedly available in the examination of social questions, and may be of eminent utility to the moralist, the jurist, and the politician—though it is worthy of observation that even the habit of scientific thought, if not in some measure tempered to the occasion, may display itself very inconveniently and prejudicially in the determination of such questions. Our author, for instance, after satisfying himself that marriage is a fundamental law of society, is incapable of tolerating any infraction whatever of this law in the shape of a divorce. He would give to it the rigidity of a law of mechanics; he finds there should be cohesion here, and he will not listen to a single case of separation: forgetful that a law of society may even be the more stable for admitting exceptions which secure for it the affection of those by whom it is to be revered and obeyed.

With relation to the *past*, and in one point of view—namely, so far as regards the development of man in

his speculative career—our Sociologist has endeavoured to supply a law which shall meet the peculiar exigencies of his case, and enable him to take a scientific survey of the history of a changeful and progressive being. At the threshold of his work we encounter the announcement of a *new law*, which has regulated the development of the human mind from its rudest state of intellectual existence. As this law lies at the basis of M. Comte's system—as it is perpetually referred to throughout his work—as it is by this law he proceeds to view history in a scientific manner—as, moreover, it is by aid of this law that he undertakes to explain the *provisional existence* of all theology, explaining it in the past, and removing it from the future—it becomes necessary to enter into some examination of its claims, and we must request our readers' attention to the following statement of it:—

"In studying the entire development of the human intelligence in its different spheres of activity, from its first efforts the most simple up to our own days, I believe I have discovered a great fundamental law, to which it is subjected by an invariable necessity, and which seems to me capable of being firmly established, whether on those proofs which are furnished by a knowledge of our organization, or on those historical verifications which result from an attentive examination of the past. The law consists in this—that each of our principal conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different states of theory: the *theologic*, or fictitious; the *metaphysic*, or abstract; the scientific, or *positive*. In other terms, the human mind, by its nature, employs successively, in each of its researches, three methods of philosophizing, the character of which is essentially different, and even radically opposed; at first the theologic method, then the metaphysical, and last the positive method. Hence three distinct philosophies, or general systems of conceptions on the aggregate of phenomena, which mutually exclude each other; the first is the necessary starting-point of the human intelligence; the third is its fixed and definite state; the second is destined to serve the purpose only of transition.

"In the *theologic* state, the human mind, directing its researches to the intimate nature of things, the first causes and the final causes of all those effects which arrest its attention, in a word, towards an absolute knowledge of things, represents to itself

the phenomena as produced by the direct and continuous action of supernatural agents, more or less numerous, whose arbitrary intervention explains all the apparent anomalies of the universe.

"In the *metaphysic* state, which is, in its essence, a modification of the former, the supernatural agents are displaced by abstract forces, veritable entities (personified abstractions) inherent in things, and conceived as capable of engendering by themselves all the observed phenomena—whose explanation, thenceforth, consists in assigning to each its corresponding entity.

"At last, in the *positive* state the human mind, recognizing the impossibility of obtaining absolute notions, renounces the search after the origin and destination of the universe, and the knowledge of the intimate causes of phenomena, to attach itself exclusively to the discovery, by the combined efforts of ratiocination and observation, of their effective laws; that is to say, their invariable relations of succession and of similitude. The explanation of things, reduced now to its real terms, becomes nothing more than the connexion established between the various individual phenomena and certain general facts, the number of which the progress of science tends continually to diminish.

"The *theologic* system has reached the highest state of perfection of which it is susceptible, when it has substituted the providential action of one only being for the capricious agency of the numerous independent divinities who had previously been imagined. In like manner, the last term of the *metaphysic* system consists in conceiving, instead of the different special entities, one great general entity, *nature*, considered as the only source of all phenomena. The perfection of the *positive* system, towards which it unceasingly tends, though it is not probable it can ever attain to it, would be the ability to represent all observable phenomena as particular cases of some one general fact; such, for instance, as that of gravitation."—Vol. I. p. 5.

After some very just, and indeed admirable, observations on the necessity, or extreme utility, of a theologic hypothesis at an early period of mental development, in order to promote any systematic thought whatever, he proceeds thus:—

"It is easily conceivable that our understanding, compelled to proceed by degrees almost imperceptible, could not pass abruptly, and without an intermediate stage, from the *theologic* to the *positive* philosophy. Theology and physics are so profoundly incompatible, their conceptions have a character so radically opposed, that

before renouncing the one to employ exclusively the other, the mind must make use of intermediate conceptions of a bastard character, fit, for that very reason, gradually to operate the transition. Such is the natural destination of metaphysical conceptions; they have no other real utility. By substituting, in the study of phenomena, for supernatural directive agency an inseparable entity residing in things, (although this be conceived at first merely as an emanation from the former,) man habituates himself, by degrees, to consider only the facts themselves, the notion of these metaphysical agents being gradually subtilized, till they are no longer in the eyes of men of intelligence any thing but the names of abstractions. It is impossible to conceive by what other process our understanding could pass from considerations purely supernatural, to considerations purely natural, from the theologic to the positive régime."—P. 13.

We need hardly say that we enter our protest against the supposition that theology is not the *last*, as well as the *first*, of our forms of thought—against the assertion that is here, and throughout the work, made or implied, that the scientific method, rigidly applied in its appropriate field of enquiry, would be found incompatible with the great argument of an intelligent Cause, and would throw the whole subject of theology out of the range of human knowledge. It would be superfluous for us to re-state that argument; and our readers would probably be more displeased to have presented before them a hostile view of this subject, though for the purpose only of controversy, than they would be edified by a repetition of those reasonings which have long since brought conviction to their minds. We will content ourselves, therefore, with this protest, and with adding—as a fact of experience, which, in estimating a law of development, may with peculiar propriety be insisted on—that hitherto no such incompatibility has made itself evident. Hitherto science, or the method of thinking, which its cultivation requires and induces, has not shown itself hostile to the first great article of religion—that on which revelation proceeds to erect all the remaining articles of our faith. If it is a fact that, in rude times, men began their speculative career by assigning individual phenomena to the immediate causation of supernatural powers, it is equally a fact that they

have hitherto, in the most enlightened times, terminated their inductive labours by assigning that *unity* and *correlation* which science points out in the universe of things to an ordaining intelligence. We repeat, as a matter of experience, it is as rare in this age to find a reflective man who does not read *thought* in this unity and correlation of material phenomena, as it would have been, in some rude superstitious period, to discover an individual who refused to see, in any one of the specialities around him, the direct interference of a spirit or demon. In our own country, men of science are rather to blame for a too detailed, a puerile and injudicious, manner of treating this great argument, than for any disposition to desert it.

Contenting ourselves with this protest, we proceed to the consideration of the *new law*. That there is, in the statement here made of the course pursued in the development of speculative thought, a measure of truth; and that, in several subjects, the course here indicated may be traced, will probably, by every one who reads the foregoing extracts, be at once admitted. But assuredly very few will read it without a feeling of surprise at finding what (under certain limitations) they would have welcomed in the form of a general observation, proclaimed to them as a *law*—a scientific law—which from its nature admits of no exception; at finding it stated that every branch of human knowledge must of necessity pass through these three theoretic stages. In the case of some branches of knowledge, it is impossible to point out what can be understood as its several theologic and metaphysic stages; and even in cases where M. Comte has himself applied these terms, it is extremely difficult to assign to them a meaning in accordance with that which they bear in this statement of his law; as, for instance, in his application of them to his own science of social physics. But we need not pause on this. What a palpable fallacy it is to suppose, because M. Comte finds the positive and theologic methods incompatible, that, historically speaking, and in the minds of men, which certainly admit of stranger commixtures than this, they should “mutually exclude each other”—that, in short, men have not been all along, in various degrees and proportions, both *theologic* and *positive*?

What is it, we ask, that M. Comte means by the *succession* of these several stages or modes of thinking? Does he mean that what is herecalled the positive method of thought is not equally *spontaneous* to the human mind as the theologic, but depends on it for its development? Hardly so. The predominance of the positive method, or its complete formation, may be postponed; but it clearly has an origin and an existence independent of the theologic. No barbarian ever deified, or supernaturalized, every process around him; the re must always have been a portion of his experience entertained merely as *experience*. The very necessity man has to labour for his subsistence, brings him into a practical acquaintance with the material world, which induces observation, and conducts towards a natural philosophy. If he is a theologian the first moment he gives himself up to meditation, he is on the road to the Baconian method the very day he begins to labour. The rudest workman uses the lever; the mathematician follows and calculates the law which determines the power it bestows; here we have industry and then science, but what room for the intervention of theology?

Or does M. Comte mean this only—which we presume to be the case—that these methods of thought are, in succession, predominant and brought to maturity? If so, what necessity for this *metaphysic* apparatus for the sole purpose of *transition*? If each of these great modes, the positive and theologic, has its independent source, and is equally spontaneous—if they have, in fact, been all along contemporary, though in different stages of development, the function attributed to the metaphysic mode is utterly superfluous; there can be no place for it; there is no transition for it to operate. And what can be said of a *law of succession* in which there is no relation of cause and effect, or of invariable sequence, between the phenomena?

Either way the position of M. Comte is untenable. If he intends that his two great modes of thought, the theologic and the positive, (between which the metaphysic performs the function of transition,) are *not* equally spontaneous, but that the one must in the order of nature precede the other; then, besides that this is an unfounded supposition, it would

follow—since the mind, or *organization*, of man remains from age to age the same in its fundamental powers—that, at this very time, no man could be inducted into the positive state of any branch of knowledge, without first going through its theologic and metaphysic. Truth must be expounded through a course of errors. Science must be eternally postponed, in every system of education, to theology, and a theology of the rudest description—a result certainly not contemplated by M. Comte. If, on the other hand, he intends that they *are* equally spontaneous in their character, equally native to the mind, then, we repeat, what becomes of the elaborate and “indispensable” part ascribed to the *metaphysic* of effectuating a transition between them? And how can we describe that as a scientific *law* in which there is confessedly no immediate relation of cause and effect, or sequency, established? The statement, if true, manifestly requires to be resolved into the law, or laws, capable of explaining it.

Perhaps our readers have all this while suspected that we are acting in a somewhat captious manner towards M. Comte; they have, perhaps, concluded that this author could not have here required their assent, strictly speaking, to a *law*, but that he used the term vaguely, as many writers have done—meaning nothing more by it than a course of events which has frequently been observed to take place; and under this impression they may be more disposed to receive the measure of truth contained in it than to cavil at the form of the statement. But indeed M. Comte uses the language of science in no such vague manner; he requires the same assent to this law that we give to any one of the recognized laws of science—to that of gravitation for instance, to which he himself likens it, pronouncing it, in a subsequent part of his work, to have been as incontrovertibly established. Upon this law, think what we may of it, M. Comte leans throughout all his progress; he could not possibly dispense with it; on its stability depends his whole social science; by it, as we have already intimated, he becomes master of the past and of the future; and an appreciation of its necessity to him, at once places us at that point of view from

which M. Comte contemplates our mundane affairs.

It is his object to put the scientific method in complete possession of the whole range of human thought, especially of the department, hitherto unreduced to subjection, of social phenomena. Now there is a great rival in the field—theology—which, besides imparting its own supernatural tenets, influences our modes of thinking on almost all social questions. Theology cannot itself be converted into a branch of science; all those tenets by which it sways the hopes and fears of men are confessedly above the sphere of science: if science, therefore, is to rule absolutely, it must remove theology. But it can only remove by explaining; by showing how it came there, and how, in good time, it is destined to depart. If the scientific method is entirely to predominate, it must explain religion, as it must explain every thing that exists, or has existed; and it must also reveal the law of its departure—otherwise it cannot remain sole mistress of the speculative mind. Such is the office which the law of development we have just considered is intended to fulfil; how far it is capable of accomplishing its purpose we must now leave our readers to decide.

Having thus, as he presumes, cleared the ground for the absolute and exclusive dominion of the positive method, M. Comte proceeds to erect the *hierarchy*, as he very descriptively calls it, of the several sciences. His classification of these is based on the simplest and most intelligible principle. We think that we rather add to, than diminish from, the merits of this classification, when we say, that it is such as seems spontaneously to arise to any reflective mind engaged in a review of human knowledge. Commencing with the most simple, general, and independent laws, it proceeds to those which are more complicated, which presume the existence of other laws; in such manner that at every stage of our scientific progress we are supporting ourselves on the knowledge acquired in the one preceding.

“The positive philosophy,” he tells us, “falls naturally into five divisions, or five fundamental sciences, whose order of succession is determined by the necessary or invariable subordination (estimated according to no hypothetical opinions) of their several phenomena; these are, astronomy,

mechanics, (*la physique*,) chemistry, physiology, and lastly, social physics. The first regards the phenomena the most general, the most abstract, the most remote from humanity; they influence all others, without being influenced by them. The phenomena considered by the last are, on the contrary, the most complicated, the most concrete, the most directly interesting to man; they depend more or less on all the preceding phenomena, without exercising on them any influence. Between these two extremes, the degrees of speciality, of complication and personality, of phenomena, gradually increase, as well as their successive dependence."—Vol. I. p. 96.

The principle of classification is excellent, but is there no rank dropt out of this *hierarchy*? The metaphysicians, or psychologists, who are wont to consider themselves as standing at the very summit—where are they? They are dismissed from their labours—their place is occupied by others—and what was considered as having substance and reality in their proceedings, is transferred to the head of physiology. The phrenologist is admitted into the hierarchy of science as an honest, though hitherto an unpractised, and not very successful labourer; the metaphysician, with his class of internal observations, is entirely scouted. M. Comte considers the *mind* as one of those abstract entities which it is the first business of the positive philosophy to discard. He speaks of man, of his organization, of his thought, but not, scientifically, of his *mind*. This entity, this occult cause, belongs to the *metaphysic* stage of theorizing. "There is no place," he cries, "for this illusory psychology, the last transformation of theology!"—though, by the way, so far as a belief in this abstract entity of mind is concerned, the *metaphysic* condition of our knowledge appears to be quite as old, quite as primitive, as any conception whatever of theology. Now, whether M. Comte be right in this preference of the phrenologist, we will not stay to discuss—it were too wide a question; but thus much we can briefly and indisputably show, that he utterly misconceives, as well as underrates, the *kind of research* to which psychologists are addicted. As M. Comte's style is here unusually vivacious, we will quote the whole passage. Are we uncharitable in supposing that the prospect of demolishing, at one fell swoop, the brilliant reputations of a

whole class of Parisian *savans*, added something to the piquancy of the style?

"Such has gradually become, since the time of Bacon, the preponderance of the positive philosophy; it has at present assumed indirectly so great an ascendant over those minds even which have been most estranged from it, that metaphysicians devoted to the study of our intelligence, can no longer hope to delay the fall of their pretended science, but by presenting their doctrines as founded also upon the observation of facts. For this purpose they have, in these later times, attempted to distinguish, by a very singular subtlety, two sorts of observations of equal importance, the one external, the other internal; the last of which is exclusively destined for the study of intellectual phenomena. This is not the place to enter into the special discussion of this sophism. I will limit myself to indicate the principal consideration, which clearly proves that this pretended direct contemplation of the mind by itself, is a pure illusion.

"Not a long while ago men imagined they had explained vision by saying that the luminous action of bodies produces on the retina pictures representative of external forms and colours. To this the physiologists [query, the *physiologists*] have objected, with reason, that if it was *as images* that the luminous impressions acted, there needed another eye within the eye to behold them. Does not a similar objection hold good still more strikingly in the present case?

"It is clear, in fact, from an invincible necessity, that the human mind can observe directly all phenomena except its own. For by whom can the observation be made? It is conceivable that, relatively to moral phenomena, man can observe himself in regard to the passions which animate him, from this anatomical reason, that the organs which are the seat of them are distinct from those destined to the function of observation. Though each man has had occasion to make on himself such observations, yet they can never have any great scientific importance; and the best means of knowing the passions will be always to observe them without; [*indeed!*] for every state of passion very energetic—that is to say, precisely those which it would be most essential to examine, are necessarily incompatible with the state of observation. But as to observing in the same manner intellectual phenomena, while they are proceeding, it is manifestly impossible. The thinking individual cannot separate himself in two parts, of which the one shall reason, and

the other observe it reasoning. The organ observed and the organ observing being in this case identical, how can observation be carried on?

"This pretended psychological method is thus radically absurd. And only consider to what procedures profoundly contradictory it immediately conducts! On the other hand, they recommend you to isolate yourself as much as possible from all external sensation; and, above all, they interdict you every intellectual exercise; for if you were merely occupied in making the most simple calculation, what would become of your *internal* observation? On the other hand, after having thus, by dint of many precautions, attained to a perfect state of intellectual slumber, you are to occupy yourself in contemplating the operations passing in your mind—while there is no longer any thing passing there. Our descendants will one day see these ludicrous pretensions transferred to the stage."—P. 34.

They seem transferred to the stage already—so completely burlesqued is the whole process on which the psychologist bases his results. He does not pretend to observe the mind itself; but he says, you can remember previous states of consciousness, whether of passion or of intellectual effort, and pay renewed attention to them. And assuredly there is no difficulty in understanding this. When, indeed, M. Cousin, after being much perplexed with the problem which Kant had thrown out to him, of objective and subjective truth, comes back to the public and tells them, in a second edition of his work, that he has succeeded in discovering, in the inmost recesses of the mind, and at a depth of the consciousness to which neither he nor any other had before been able to penetrate, this very sense of the absolute in truth of which he was in search—something very like the account which M. Comte gives, may be applicable. But when M. Cousin, or other psychologists, in the ordinary course of their investigations, observe mental phenomena, they simply pay attention to what memory brings them of past experiences; observations which are not only a legitimate source of knowledge, but which are continually made, with more or less accuracy, by every human being. If they are impossible according to the doctrines of phrenology, let phrenology look to this, and rectify her blunder in the best way, as speedily as she can. M.

Comte may think fit to depreciate the labours of the metaphysician; but it is not to the experimental philosopher alone that he is indebted for that positive method which he expounds with so exclusive an enthusiasm. M. Comte is a phrenologist; he adopts the fundamental principles of Gall's system, but repudiates, as consummately absurd, the list of organs, and the minute divisions of the skull, which at present obtain amongst phrenologists. How came he, a phrenologist, so far and no further, but from certain information gathered from his consciousness, or his memory, which convicted phrenology of error? And how can he, or any other, rectify this erroneous division of the cranium, and establish a more reasonable one, unless by a course of craniological observations directed and confirmed by those internal observations which he is pleased here to deride?

His hierarchy being erected, he next enters on a review of the several received sciences, marking throughout the successful, or erroneous, application of the positive method. This occupies three volumes. It is a portion of the work which we are restricted from entering on; nor shall we deviate from the line we have prescribed to ourselves. But before opening the fourth volume, in which he treats of social physics, it will not be beside our object to take a glance at the *method* itself, as applied in the usual field of scientific investigation, to nature, as it is called—to inorganic matter, to vegetable and animal life.

We are not here determining the merits of M. Comte in his exposition of the scientific method; we take it as we find it; and, in unsophisticated mood, we glance at the nature of this mental discipline—to make room for which, it will be remembered, so wide a territory is to be laid waste.

Facts, or phenomena, classed according to their similitude or the law of their succession—such is the material of science. All enquiry into causes, into substance, into being, pronounced impertinent and nugatory; the very language in which such enquiries are couched not allowed, perhaps, to have a meaning—such is the supreme dictate of the method, and all men yield to it at least a nominal submission. Very different is the aspect which science presents to us in these severe generalities, than

when she lectures fluently before gorgeous orreries; or is heard from behind a glittering apparatus, electrical or chemical; or is seen, gay and sportive as a child, at her endless game of unwearying experiment. Here she is the harsh and strict disciplinarian. The museful, meditative spirit passes from one object of its wonder to another, and finds, at every pause it makes, that science is as strenuous in forbidding as in satisfying enquiry. The planet rolls through space—ask not how!—the mathematician will tell you at what rate it flies—let his figures suffice. A thousand subtle combinations are taking place around you, producing the most marvellous transformations—the chemist has a table of substances, and a table of proportions—names and figures both—*why* these transmutations take place, is a question you should be ashamed to ask. Plants spring up from the earth, and grow, and blossom at your feet, and you look on with delight, and an unsubduable wonder, and in a heedless moment you ask what is *life*? Science will generalize the fact to you—give you its formula for the expression of *growth, decomposition, and recombination*, under circumstances not as yet very accurately collected. Still you stand gazing at the plant which a short while since stole through a crevice of the earth, and taking to itself, with such subtle power of choice, from the soil or the air, the matter that it needed, fashioned it to the green leaf and the hanging blossom. In vain! Your scientific monitor calls you from futile reveries, and repeats his formula of decomposition and recombination. As *attraction* in the planet is known only as a movement admitting of a stated numerical expression, so *life* in the plant is to be known only as decomposition and recombination taking place under certain circumstances. Think of it as such—no more. But, O learned philosopher! you exclaim, you shall tell me that you know not what manner of thing *life* is, and I will believe you; and if you add that I shall never discover it, I will believe you; but you cannot prevent me from knowing that it is something I do not know. Permit me, for I cannot help it, still to wonder what *life* is. Upon the dial of a watch the hands are moving, and a child asks *why*? Child! I respond, that the hands *do* move is an ultimate fact—so,

represent it to yourself—and here, moreover, is the law of their movement—the longer index revolves twelve times while the shorter revolves once. This is knowledge, and will be of use to you—more you cannot understand. And the child is silent, but still it keeps its eye upon the dial, and knows there is something that it does not know.

But while you are looking, in spite of your scientific monitor, at this beautiful creature that grows fixed and rooted in the earth—what is this that glides forth from beneath its leaves, with self-determined motion, not to be expressed by a numerical law, pausing, progressing, seeking, this way and that, its pasture?—what have we here? *Irritability and a tissue*. Lo! it shrinks back as the heel of the philosopher has touched it, coiling and writhing itself—what is this? *Sensation and a nerve*. Does the nerve *feel*? you inconsiderately ask, or is there some sentient being, other than the nerve, in which sensation resides? A smile of derision plays on the lip of the philosopher. *There is sensation*—you cannot express the fact in simpler or more general terms. Turn your enquiries, or your microscope, on the organization with which it is, in order of time, connected. Ask not me, in phrases without meaning, of the unintelligible mysteries of ontology. And you, O philosopher! who think and reason thus, is not the thought within thee, in every way, a most perplexing matter? Not more perplexing, he replies, than the pain of yonder worm, which seems now to have subsided, since it glides on with apparent pleasure over the surface of the earth. Does the organization of the man, or something else within him, *think*?—does the organization of that worm, or something else within it, *feel*?—they are virtually the same questions, and equally idle. Phenomena are the sole subjects of science. Like attraction in the planet, like life in the vegetable, like sensation in the animal, so thought in man is an ultimate fact, which we can merely recognize, and place in its order in the universe. Come with me to the dissecting-room, and examine that cerebral apparatus with which it is, or *was*, connected.

All this “craves wary walking.” It is a trying course, this *method*, for the uninitiated. How it strains the mind by the very limitations it imposes

on its outlook ! How mysterious is this very sharp, and well-defined separation from all mystery ! How giddy is this path that leads always so close over the unknowable ! Giddy as that bridge of steel, framed like a scimitar, and as fine, which the faithful Moslem, by the aid of his Prophet, will pass with triumph on his way to Paradise. But of our bridge, it cannot be said that it has one foot on earth and one in heaven. Apparently, it has no foundation whatever ; it rises from cloud, it is lost in cloud, and it spans an impenetrable abyss. A mist, which no wind disperses, involves both extremities of our intellectual career, and we are seen to pass like shadows across the fantastic, inexplicable interval.

We now open the fourth volume, which is emblazoned with the title of *Physique Social*. And here we will at once extract a passage, which, if our own remarks have been hitherto of an unattractive character, shall reward the reader for his patience. It is taken from that portion of the work—perhaps the most lucid and powerful of the whole—where, in order to demonstrate the necessity of his new science of Sociology, M. Comte enters into a review of the two great political parties which, with more or less distinctness, divide every nation of Europe ; his intention being to show that both of them are equally incompetent to the task of organizing society. We shall render our quotation as brief as the purpose of exposition will allow :—

“ It is impossible to deny that the political world is intellectually in a deplorable condition. All our ideas of *order* are hitherto solely borrowed from the ancient system of religious and military power, regarded especially in its constitution, catholic and feudal ; a doctrine which, from the philosophic point of view of this treatise, represents incontestably the *theologic* state of the social science. All our ideas of *progress* continue to be exclusively deduced from a philosophy purely negative, which, issuing from Protestantism, has taken in the last age its final form and complete development ; the doctrines of which constitute, in reality, the *metaphysic* state of politics. Different classes of society adopt the one or the other of these, just as they are disposed to feel chiefly the want of conservation or that of amelioration. Rarely, it is true, do these antagonist doctrines present themselves in all their plenitude, and with their primi-

tive homogeneity ; they are found less and less in this form, except in minds purely speculative. But the monstrous medley which men attempt in our days of their incompatible principles, cannot evidently be endowed with any virtue foreign to the elements which compose it, and tends only, in fact, to their mutual neutralization.

“ However pernicious may be at present the theologic doctrine, no true philosophy can forget that the formation and first development of modern societies were accomplished under its benevolent tutelage ; which I hope sufficiently to demonstrate in the historical portion of this work. But it is not the less incontestably true that, for about three centuries, its influence has been, amongst the nations most advanced, essentially retrograde, notwithstanding the partial services it has throughout that period rendered. It would be superfluous to enter here into a special discussion of this doctrine, in order to show its extreme insufficiency at the present day. The deplorable absence of all sound views of social organization can alone account for the absurd project of giving, in these times, for the support of social order, a political system which has already been found unable to sustain itself before the spontaneous progress of intelligence and of society. The historical analysis which we shall subsequently institute of the successive changes which have gradually brought about the entire dissolution of the catholic and feudal system, will demonstrate, better than any direct argument, its radical and irrevocable decay. The theologic school has generally no other method of explaining this decomposition of the old system than by causes merely accidental or personal, out of all reasonable proportion with the magnitude of the results ; or else, when hard driven, it has recourse to its ordinary artifice, and attempts to explain all by an appeal to the will of Providence, to whom is ascribed the intention of raising a time of trial for the social order, of which the commencement, the duration, and the character, are all left equally obscure.” * * *—P. 14.

“ In a point of view strictly logical, the social problem might be stated thus :—construct a doctrine that shall be so rationally conceived that it shall be found, as it develops itself, to be still always consistent with its own principles. Neither of the existing doctrines satisfies this condition, even by the rudest approximation. Both display numerous and direct contradictions, and on important points. By this alone their utter insufficiency is clearly exhibited. The doctrine which shall fulfil this condition, will, from this test, be recognized as the one capable of reorgan-

izing society; for it is an *intellectual re-organization* that is first wanted—a re-establishment of a real and durable harmony amongst our social ideas, disturbed and shaken to the very foundation. Should this regeneration be accomplished in one intelligence only, (and such must necessarily be its manner of commencement,) its extension would be certain; for the number of intelligences to be convinced can have no influence except as a question of time. I shall not fail to point out, when the proper opportunity arrives, the eminent superiority, in this respect, of the positive philosophy, which, once extended to social phenomena, will necessarily combine the ideas of men in a strict and complete manner, which in no other way can be attained.”—P. 20.

M. Comte then mentions some of the inconsistencies of the theologic school.

“Analyze, for example, the vain attempts, so frequently renewed during two centuries by so many distinguished minds, to subordinate, according to the theologic formula, reason to faith; it is easy to recognize the radical contradiction this attempt involves, which establishes reason herself as supreme judge of this very submission, the extent and the permanence of which is to depend upon her variable and not very rigid decisions. The most eminent thinker of the present catholic school, the illustrious *De Maistre*, himself affords a proof, as convincing as involuntary, of this inevitable contradiction in his philosophy, when, renouncing all theologic weapons, he labours in his principal work to re-establish the Papal supremacy on purely historical and political reasonings, instead of limiting himself to command it by right divine—the only mode in true harmony with such a doctrine, and which a mind, at another epoch, would not certainly have hesitated to adopt.”—P. 25.

After some further observations on the theologic or retrograde school, he turns to the *metaphysic*, sometimes called the anarchical, sometimes *doctrine critique*, for M. Comte is rich in names.

In submitting, in their turn, the *metaphysic* doctrine to a like appreciation, it must never be overlooked that, though exclusively critical, and therefore purely revolutionary, it has not the less merited, for a long time, the title of progressive, as having in fact presided over the principal political improvements accomplished in the course of the three last centuries,

and which have necessarily been of a *negative* description. If, when conceived in an absolute sense, its dogmas manifest, in fact, a character directly anarchical, when viewed in an historical position, and in their antagonism to the ancient system, they constitute a provisional state, necessary to the introduction of a new political organization.

“By a necessity as evident as it is deplorable, a necessity inherent in our feeble nature, the transition from one social system to another can never be direct and continuous; it supposes always, during some generations at least, a sort of interregnum, more or less anarchical, whose character and duration depend on the importance and extent of the renovation to be effected. (While the old system remains standing, though undermined, the public reason cannot become familiarized with a class of ideas entirely opposed to it.) In this necessity we see the legitimate source of the present *doctrine critique*—a source which at once explains the indispensable services it has hitherto rendered, and also the essential obstacles it now opposes to the final reorganization of modern societies. * * *

“Under whatever aspect we regard it, the general spirit of the metaphysic revolutionary system consists in erecting into a normal and permanent state a necessarily exceptional and transitory condition. By a direct and total subversion of political notions, the most fundamental, it represents government as being, by its nature, the necessary enemy of society, against which it sedulously places itself in a constant state of suspicion and watchfulness; it is disposed incessantly to restrain more and more its sphere of activity, in order to prevent its encroachments, and tends finally to leave it no other than the simple functions of general police, without any essential participation in the supreme direction of the action of the collective body or of its social development.

“Approaching to a more detailed examination of this doctrine, it is evident that the absolute right of free examination (which, connected as it is with the liberty of the press and the freedom of education, is manifestly its principal and fundamental dogma) is nothing else, in reality, but the consecration, under the vicious abstract form common to all metaphysic conceptions, of that transitional state of unlimited liberty in which the human mind has been spontaneously placed, in consequence of the irrevocable decay of the theologic philosophy, and which must naturally remain till the establishment in the social domain of the positive method.* . . . However salutary and indispensable in its historical

* “There is,” says M. Comte here in a note, which consists of an extract from a
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position, this principle opposes a grave obstacle to the reorganization of society, by being erected into an absolute and permanent dogma. To examine always without deciding ever, would be deemed great folly in any individual. How can the dogmatic consecration of a like disposition amongst all individuals, constitute the definitive perfection of the social order, in regard, too, to ideas whose finity it is so peculiarly important, and so difficult, to establish? Is it not evident, on the contrary, that such a disposition is, from its nature, radically anarchical, inasmuch as, if it could be indefinitely prolonged, it must hinder every true mental organization?

"No association whatever, though destined for a special and temporary purpose, and though limited to a small number of individuals, can subsist without a certain degree of reciprocal confidence, both intellectual and moral, between its members, each one of whom finds a continual necessity for a crowd of notions, to the formation of which he must remain a stranger, and which he cannot admit but on the faith of others. By what monstrous exception can this elementary condition of all society be banished from that total association of mankind, where the point of view which the individual takes, is most widely separated from that point of view which the collective interest requires, and where each member is the least capable, whether by nature or position, to form a just appreciation of these general rules, indispensable to the good direction of his personal activity. Whatever intellectual development we may suppose possible, in the mass of men it is evident, that social order will remain always necessarily incompatible with the permanent liberty left to each, to throw back every day into endless discussion the first principles even of society. * * *

"The dogma of *equality* is the most essential and the most influential after that which I have just examined, and is, besides, in necessary relation to the principle of the unrestricted liberty of judgment; for this last indirectly leads to the conclusion of an equality of the most fundamental character—an equality of intelligence. In its bearing on the ancient system, it has happily promoted the development of modern civilization, by presiding over the final dissolution of the old social classification. But this function constitutes the sole progressive destination

of this energetic dogma, which tends in its turn to prevent every just reorganization, since its destructive activity is blindly directed against the basis of every new classification. For, whatever that basis may be, it cannot be reconciled with a pretended equality, which, to all intelligent men, can now only signify the triumph of the inequalities developed by modern civilization, over those which had predominated in the infancy of society.

* * * * *

"The same philosophical appreciation is applicable with equal ease to the dogma of the *sovereignty of the people*. Whilst estimating, as is fit, the indispensable transitional office of this revolutionary dogma, no true philosopher can now misunderstand the fatal anarchical tendency of this metaphysical conception, since in its absolute application it opposes itself to all regular institution, condemning indefinitely all superiors to an arbitrary dependence on the multitude of their inferiors, by a sort of transference to the people of the much-reprobated right of kings."

As our author had shown how the *theologic* philosophy was inconsistent often with itself, so, in criticising the *metaphysics*, he exposes here also certain self-contradictions. He reproaches it with having, in its contests with the old system, endeavoured, at each stage, to uphold and adopt some of the elementary principles of that very system it was engaged in destroying.

"Thus," he says, "there arose a Christianity more and more simplified, and reduced at length to a vague and powerless theism, which, by a strange medley of terms, the metaphysicians distinguished by the title of *natural religion*, as if all religion was not inevitably *supernatural*. In pretending to direct the social reorganization after this vain conception, the metaphysic school, notwithstanding its destination purely revolutionary, has always implicitly adhered, and does so, especially and distinctly, at the present day, to the most fundamental principle of the ancient political doctrine—that which represents the social order as necessarily reposing on a theological basis. This is now the most evident, and the most pernicious inconsistency of the metaphysic doctrine. Armed with this concession, the school of Bossuet and De Maistre will always maintain an incontestable logical superiority over

previous work—"there is no liberty of conscience in astronomy, in physics, in chemistry, even in physiology; every one would think it absurd not to give credit to the principles established in these sciences by competent men. If it is otherwise in politics, it is because the ancient principles having fallen; and new ones not being yet formed, there are, properly speaking, in this interval no established principles."

the irrational detractors of Catholicism, who, while they proclaim the want of a religious organization, reject, nevertheless, the elements indispensable to its realization. By such a concession the revolutionary school concur in effect, at the present day, with the retrograde, in preventing a right organization of modern societies, whose intellectual condition more and more interdicts a system of politics founded on theology."

Our readers will doubtless agree with us, that this review of political parties (though seen through an extract which we have been compelled to abbreviate in a manner hardly permissible in quoting from an author) displays a singular originality and power of thought; although each one of them will certainly have his own class of objections and exceptions to make. We said that the impression created by the work was decidedly *conservative*, and this quotation has already borne us out. For without implying that we could conscientiously make use of every argument here put into our hands, we may be allowed to say, as the lawyers do in Westminster Hall, *if this be so*, then it follows that we of the retrograde, or as we may fairly style ourselves in England—seeing this country has not progressed so rapidly as France—we of the stationary party are fully justified in maintaining our position, unsatisfactory though it may be, till some better and more definite system has been revealed to us, than any which has yet made its advent in the political world. If the revolutionary, metaphysic, or liberal school have no proper office but that of destruction—if its nature be essentially transitional—can we be called upon to forego this position, to quit our present anchorage, until we know whereto we are to be transferred? Shall we relinquish the traditions of our monarchy, and the discipline of our church, before we hear what we are to receive in exchange? M. Comte would not advise so irrational a proceeding.

But M. Comte has himself a *constructive* doctrine; M. Comte will give us in exchange—what? The Scientific Method!

We have just seen something of this scientific method. M. Comte himself is well aware that it is a style of thought by no means adapted to the multitude. Therefore there will arise with the scientific method an alto-

gether new class, an intellectual aristocracy, (not the present race of *savans* or their successors, whom he is particularly anxious to exclude from all such advancement,) who will expound to the people the truths to which that method shall give birth. This class will take under its control all that relates to education. It will be the seat of the moral power, not of the administrative. This, together with some arguments to establish, what few are disposed to question, the fundamental character of the laws of property and of marriage, is all that we are here presented with towards the definite re-organization of society.

We shall not go back to the question, already touched upon, and which lies at the basis of all this—how far it is possible to construct a science of Sociology. There is only one way in which the question can be resolved in the affirmative—namely, by constructing the science.

Meanwhile we may observe, that the general consent of a cultivated order of minds to a certain class of truths, is not sufficient for the purposes of government. We take, says M. Comte, our chemistry from the chemist, our astronomy from the astronomer; if these were fixed principles, we should take our politics with the same ease from the graduated politician. But it is worth while to consider what it is we do when we take our chemistry from the chemist, and our astronomy from the astronomer. We assume, on the authority of our teacher, certain facts which it is not in our power to verify; but his reasonings upon these facts we must be able to comprehend. We follow him as he explains the facts by which knowledge has been obtained, and yield to his statement a rational conviction. Unless we do this, we cannot be said to have any knowledge whatever of the subject—any chemistry or astronomy at all. Now, presuming there were a science of politics, as fixed and perfect as that of astronomy, the people must, at all events, be capable of understanding its exposition, or they could not possibly be governed by it. We need hardly say that those ideas, feelings, and sentiments, which can be made general, are those only on which government can rest.

In the course of the preceding extract, our author exposes the futility

of that attempt which certain churchmen are making, as well on this side of the Channel as the other, to reason men back into a submission of their reason. Yet, if the science of Sociology should be above the apprehension of the vulgar, (as M. Comte seems occasionally to presume it would be,) he would impose on his intellectual priesthood a task of the very same kind, and even still more hopeless. A multitude once taught to argue and decide on politics, must be reasoned back into a submission of their reason to political teachers—teachers who have no sacred writings, and no traditions from which to argue a delegated authority, but whose authority must be founded on the very reasonableness of the entire system of their doctrine. But this is a difficulty we are certainly premature in discussing, as the true Catholic church in politics has still itself to be formed.

We are afraid, notwithstanding all his protestations, M. Comte will be simply classed amongst the *Destructives*, so little applicable to the generality of minds is that mode of thought, to establish which (and it is for this we blame him) he calls, and so prematurely, for so great sacrifices.

The fifth volume—the most remarkable, we think, of the whole—contains that historical survey which has been more than once alluded to in the foregoing extracts. This volume alone would make the fortune of any expert Parisian scribe who knew how to select from its rich store of original materials, who had skill to arrange and expound, and, above all, had the dexterity to adopt somewhat more ingeniously than M. Comte has done, his abstract statements to our reminiscences of historical facts. Full of his own generalities, he is apt to forget the concrete matter of the annalist. Indeed, it is a peculiarity running through the volume, that generalizations, in themselves of a valuable character, are shown to disadvantage by an unskilful alliance with history.

We will make one quotation from this portion of the work, and then we must leave M. Comte. In reviewing the theological progress of mankind, he signalizes three epochs, that of Fetichism, of Polytheism, and of Monotheism. Our extract shall relate to the first of these, to that primitive state of religion, or idolatry, in which *things themselves* were worshipped; the human being transferring to them

immediately a life, or power, somewhat analogous to its own.

“ Exclusively habituated, for so long a time, to a theology eminently metaphysic, we must feel at present greatly embarrassed in our attempt to comprehend this gross primitive mode of thought. It is thus that fetichism has often been confounded with polytheism, when to the latter has been applied the common expression of idolatry, which strictly relates to the former only; since the priests of Jupiter or Minerva would, no doubt, have as justly repelled the vulgar reproach of worshipping images, as do the Catholic doctors of the present day a like unjust accusation of the Protestants. But though we are happily sufficiently remote from fetichism to find a difficulty in conceiving it, yet each one of us has but to retrace his own mental history, to detect the essential characters of this initial state. Nay, even eminent thinkers of the present day, when they allow themselves to be involuntarily ensnared (under the influence, but partially rectified, of a vicious education) to attempt to penetrate the mystery of the essential production of any phenomenon whose laws are not familiar to them, they are in a condition personally to exemplify this invariable instinctive tendency to trace the generation of unknown effects to a cause analogous to life, which is no other, strictly speaking, than the principle of fetichism. * * *

“ Theologic philosophy, thoroughly investigated, has always necessarily for its base pure fetichism, which deifies instantly each body and each phenomenon capable of exciting the feeble thought of infant humanity. Whatever essential transformations this primitive philosophy may afterwards undergo, a judicious sociological analysis will always expose to view this primordial base, never entirely concealed, even in a religious state the most remote from the original point of departure. Not only, for example, the Egyptian theocracy has presented, at the time of its greatest splendour, the established and prolonged coexistence, in the several castes of the hierarchy, of one of these religious epochs, since the inferior ranks still remained in simple fetichism, whilst the higher orders were in possession of a very remarkable polytheism, and the most exalted of its members had probably raised themselves to some form of monotheism; but we can at all times, by a strict scrutiny, detect in the theologic spirit traces of this original fetichism. It has even assumed, amongst subtle intelligences, the most metaphysical forms. What, in reality, is that celebrated conception of a soul of the world amongst the ancients, or that analogy, more modern, drawn between the earth and an

immense living animal, and other similar fancies, but pure fetishism disguised in the pomp of philosophical language? And, in our own days even, what is this cloudy pantheism which so many metaphysicians, especially in Germany, make great boast of, but generalized and systematized fetishism, enveloped in a learned garb fit to amaze the vulgar."—Vol. V. p. 38.

He then remarks on the perfect adaptation of this primitive theology to the initial torpor of the human understanding, which it spares even the labour of creating and sustaining the facile fictions of polytheism. The mind yields passively to that natural tendency which leads us to transfer to objects without us, that sentiment of existence which we feel within, and which, appearing at first sufficiently to explain our own personal phenomena, serves directly as an uniform base, an absolute unquestioned interpretation, of all external phenomena. He dwells with quite a touching satisfaction on this child-like and contented condition of the rude intellect.

"All observable bodies," he says, "being thus immediately personified and endowed with passions suited to the energy of the observed phenomena, the external world presents itself spontaneously to the spectator in a perfect harmony, such as never again has been produced, and which must have excited in him a peculiar sentiment of plenary satisfaction, hardly by us in the present day to be characterized, even when we refer back with a meditation the most intense on this cradle of humanity."

Do not even these few fragments bear out our remarks, both of praise and censure? We see here traces of a deep penetration into the nature of

man, coupled with a singular negligence of the historical picture. The principle here laid down as that of fetishism, is important in many respects; it is strikingly developed, and admits of wide application; but (presuming we are at liberty to seek in the rudest periods for the origin of religion) we do not find any such systematic procedure amongst rude thinkers—we do not find any condition of mankind which displays that complete ascendancy of the principle here described. Our author would lead us to suppose, that the deification of objects was uniformly a species of explanation of natural phenomena. The accounts we have of fetishism, as observed in barbarous countries, prove to us that this animation of stocks and stones has frequently no connexion whatever with a desire to explain *their* phenomena, but has resulted from a fancied relation between those objects and the human being. The *charm* or the *amulet*—some object whose presence has been observed to cure diseases, or bring good-luck—grows up into a god; a strong desire at once leading the man to pray to his amulet, and also to attribute to it the power of granting his prayer.*

We carry on our quotation one step further, for the sake of illustrating the impracticable *unmanageable* nature of our author's generalizations when historically applied. Having advanced to this stage in the development of theologic thought, he finds it extremely difficult to extricate the human mind from that state in which he has, with such scientific precision, fixed it.

"Speculatively regarded, this great transformation of the religious spirit

* Take, for instance, the following description of fetishism in Africa. It is the best which just now falls under our hand, and perhaps a longer search would not find a better. Those only who never read *The Doctor*, will be surprised to find it quoted on a grave occasion:—

"The name Fetish, though used by the negroes themselves, is known to be a corrupt application of the Portuguese word for witchcraft, *feitico*; the vernacular name is *Bossum*, or *Bossifoe*. Upon the Gold Coast every nation has its own, every village, every family, and every individual. A great hill, a rock any way remarkable for its size or shape, or a large tree, is generally the national Fetish. The king's is usually the largest tree in his country. They who choose or change one, take the first thing they happen to see, however worthless—a stick, a stone, the bone of a beast, bird, or fish, unless the worshipper takes a fancy for something of better appearance, and chooses a horn, or the tooth of some large animal. The ceremony of consecration he performs himself, assembling his family, washing the new object of his devotion, and sprinkling them with the water. He has thus a household or personal god, in which he has as much faith as the Papist in his relics, and with as much reason. Barbot says that some of the Europeans on that coast not only encouraged their slaves in this superstition, but believed in it, and practised it themselves."—Vol. V. p. 136.

(from fetishism to polytheism) is perhaps the most fundamental that it has ever undergone, though we are at present so far separated from it as not to perceive its extent and difficulty. The human mind, it seems to me, passed over a less interval in its transit from polytheism to monotheism, the more recent and better understood accomplishment of which has naturally taught us to exaggerate its importance—an importance extremely great only in a certain social point of view, which I shall explain in its place. When we reflect that fetishism supposes matter to be eminently active, to the point of being truly alive, while polytheism necessarily compels it to an inertia almost absolute, submitted passively to the arbitrary will of the divine agent; it would seem at first impossible to comprehend the real mode of transition from one religious *régime* to the other.”—P. 97.

The transition, it seems, was effected by an early effort of generalization; for as men recognized the similitude of certain objects, and classified them into one species, so they approximated the corresponding Fetishes, and reduced them at length to a principal Fetish, presiding over this class of phenomena; who thus, liberated from matter, and having of necessity an independent being of its own, became a god.

“For the gods differ essentially from pure fetishes, by a character more general and more abstract, pertaining to their indeterminate residence. They, each of them, administer a special order of phenomena, and have a department more or

less extensive; while the humble fetish governs one object only, from which it is inseparable. Now, in proportion as the resemblance of certain phenomena was observed, it was necessary to classify the corresponding fetishes, and to reduce them to a chief, who, from this time, was elevated to the rank of a god—that is to say, an ideal agent, habitually invisible, whose residence is not rigorously fixed. There could not exist, properly speaking, a fetish common to several bodies; this would be a contradiction, every fetish being necessarily endowed with a material individuality. When, for example, the similar vegetation of the several trees in a forest of oaks, led men to represent, in their theological conceptions, what was *common* in these objects, this abstract being could no longer be the fetish of a tree, but became the god of the forest.”—P. 101.

This apparatus of transition is ingenious enough, but surely it is utterly uncalled for. The same uncultured imagination that could animate a tree, could people the air with gods. Whenever the cause of any natural event is *invisible*, the imagination cannot rest in Fetishism; it must create some being to produce it. If thunder is to be theologically explained—and there is no event in nature more likely to suggest such explanation—the imagination cannot animate the thunder; it must create some being that thunders. No one, the discipline of whose mind had not been solely and purely *scientific*, would have created for itself this difficulty, or solved it in such a manner.

At the end of the same chapter from which this extract is taken, the *Doctor* tells a story which, if faith could be put in the numerous accounts which men relate of themselves, (and such, we presume, was the original authority for the anecdote,) might deserve a place in the history of superstition.

“One of the most distinguished men of the age, who has left a reputation which will be as lasting as it is great, was, when a boy, in constant fear of a very able but unmerciful schoolmaster; and in the state of mind which that constant fear produced, he fixed upon a great spider for his fetish, and used every day to pray to it that he might not be flogged.”

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THE PRACTICE OF AGRICULTURE.

SKILFUL PRACTICE IS APPLIED SCIENCE. This fact is illustrated in every chapter of the excellent and comprehensive work now before us.

In a previous article, (see the number for June 1842,) we illustrated at some length the connexion which now exists, and which hereafter must become more intimate, between practical agriculture and modern science. We showed by what secret and silent steps the progress and gradual diffusion of modern scientific discoveries had imperceptibly led to great improvements in the agriculture of the present century—by what other more open and manifest applications of science it had directly, and in the eyes of all, been advanced—to what useful practical discussions the promulgation of scientific opinions had given rise—and to what better practice such discussions had eventually led. Above all, we earnestly solicited the attention of the friends of agriculture to what science seemed not only capable of doing, but anxious also to effect, for the further advance of this important art—what new lessons to give, new suggestions to offer, and new means of fertility to place in the hands of, the skilful experimental farmer.

It is but a comparatively short time since that article was written, and yet the spread of sound opinion, of correct and enlightened views, and of a just appreciation, as well of the aids which science is capable of giving to agriculture, as of the expediency of

availing ourselves of all these aids, which within that period has taken place among practical men, has really surprised us. Nor have we been less delighted by the zeal with which the pursuit of scientific knowledge, in its relations to agriculture, has been entered upon in every part of the empire—by the progress which has been made in the acquisition of this knowledge—and by the numerous applications already visible of the important principles and suggestions embodied in the works then before us, (JOHNSTON'S *Lectures and Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*.) But on this important topic we do not at present dwell. We may have occasion to return to the subject in a future number, and in the mean time we refer our readers to the remarks contained in our previous article.

The truly scientific man—among those, we mean, who devote themselves to such studies as are susceptible of important applications to the affairs and pursuits of daily life—the truly scientific man does not despise the *practice* of any art, in which he sees the principles he investigates embodied and made useful in promoting the welfare of his fellow-men. He does not even undervalue it—he rather upholds and magnifies its importance, as the agent or means by which his greatest and best discoveries can be made to subserve their greatest and most beneficent end. In him this may possibly arise from no unusual

liberality of mind; it may spring from a selfish desire to see the principles he has established or made his own carried out to their legitimate extent, and their value established and acknowledged—for it is the application of a principle that imparts to it its highest value.

Science is to practical skill in the arts of life as the soul is to the body. They are united as faith and works are in concerns of higher moment. As both, though separately good, must yet be united in the finished Christian, so the perfection of husbandry implies the union of all the lights of existing theoretical knowledge with all the skill of the most improved agricultural practice.

Though such is the belief of those scientific men who are able and willing to do the most for practical agriculture, who see most clearly what *can* be done for it, and the true line along which agricultural improvement may now most hopefully direct her course—yet with this opinion the greater part of practical men are still far from sympathizing. Some voices even—becoming every day more feeble, however, and recurring at more distant intervals—continue to be raised against the utility and the applications of science; as if practice with *stationary* knowledge were omnipotent in developing the resources of nature; as if a man, in a rugged and partially explored country, could have too much light to guide his steps.

In the history of maritime intercourse there was a time when the timid seaman crept from port to port, feeling his cautious and wary way from headland to headland, and daring no distant voyage where seas, and winds, and rocks, unknown to him, increased the dangers of his uncertain life. Then a bolder race sprung up—tall ships danced proudly upon the waves, and many brave hearts manned and guided them; yet still they rarely ventured from sight of land. Men became bewildered still, perplexed, and full of fear, when sea and sky alone presented themselves. But a third period arose—and in the same circumstances, men not more brave appeared collected, fearless, and full of hope. Faith in a trembling needle gave confidence to the most timorous, and neither the rough Atlantic nor

the wide Pacific could deter the bold adventurer, or the curious investigator of nature.

And yet it was not till this comparatively advanced stage of the nautical art—when man had obtained a faithful guide in his most devious and trackless wanderings—when he was apparently set free from the unsteady dominion of the seas and of the fickle winds—and amid his labyrinthine course could ever and at once turn his face towards his happy and expectant home;—it was not till this period that science began to lend her most useful and most extensive aids, and that her value in the advancement of the sailor's art began to be justly appreciated. The astronomer forthwith taught him more accurately to observe the heavens, and compiled laborious tables for his daily use. Geography and hydrography obtained higher estimation, and harbour-engineering and ship-building were elevated into more important separate arts, chiefly from their applications to his use. Nautical schools and nautical surveys, and lighthouse boards, with all their attendant scientific researches, and magnetic observations, and voyages of discovery, all sprung up—at once the causes and the consequences of the advancement of his art towards perfection; and latest, though yet far from being the last, all the new knowledge that belongs to steam-navigation has been incorporated in the vast body of nautical science. *The further an art advances, the more necessary does science become to it.*

Thus it is with agriculture. It cannot be denied that the tillage of the soil, with almost every other branch of husbandry, has made large strides among us—that we have more productive and better cultivated provinces, and more skilful farmers, than are to be found in any other part of the world in which equal disadvantages of climate prevail. Any one will readily satisfy himself of this, who, with an agricultural eye, shall visit the other parts of Europe to which the same northern sky is common with ourselves. And it is because we have reached this pitch of improvement—at which many think we ought to be content to stop—because we have dismissed our frail and diminutive boats, and sail now in majestic and decorated ships, provided with such abundant

stores that we need not, night by night, to seek the harbour for new supplies—that we begin to feel the want of some directing principle—to look about for some favouring star to guide our wanderings upon the deep. To the trembling needle of science we must now turn to point our way. Feeble and uncertain it may itself appear—waving as it directs us—and therefore by many may be depreciated and despised—yet it will surely lead us right if we have faith in its indications. Let the practical man then build his ships skilfully and well—after the best models, and of the soundest oak—let their timbers be Kyanized, their cables of iron, their cordage and sails of the most approved make and material—let their sailors be true men and fearless, and let stores be providently laid in for the voyage; but let not the trembling needle of science be forgotten; for though the distant harbour he would gain be well known to him—without the aid of the needle he may never be able to reach it.

In thus rigging out his ship—in other words, in fitting up his farm and doing all for it, and upon it, which experience and skilful practice can suggest—he cannot have a better guide than the book now before us.

THE BOOK OF THE FARM is not a mere didactic treatise on practical agriculture, of which we already possess several of deserved reputation; nor yet a laborious compilation, systematically arranged, of every thing which, in the opinion of the author, it should interest the farmer to know. Of such Cyclopædias, that of London will not soon find a rival. But, as its name implies, *The Book of the Farm* contains a detail of all the operations, the more minute as well as the greater, which the husbandman will be called upon to undertake upon his farm—in the exact order in point of time in which they will successively demand his attention. Beginning at the close of the agricultural year, when the crops are reaped and housed, and the long winter invites to new and peculiar, and, as they may be called, preparatory labours, the reader is taught what work in each succeeding month and season should be undertaken—why at that season—for what purpose it is to be done—in what way it can best be

performed—how at the least cost of money and the smallest waste of time—and how the master may at all times ascertain if his work has been efficiently performed.

We confess that we have been much struck with the wide range of *practical* subjects on which the author gives, in such a way as to show that he is himself familiar with them, the most minute directions for the guidance at once of the master farmer himself, and for the direction of those who are under his orders. We have satisfied ourselves that by carefully *examining* the contents of this one book, we should be prepared not merely to pass an examination, but actually to undertake the office of public examiner in any or all of the several crafts and mysteries of the farm-builder, the weather-seer, the hedge-planter, the ditcher, the drainer, the ploughman, the cattle-feeder, the stock-buyer, the drover, the pig-killer, the fat cattle seller, the butcher, the miller, and the grieve or general overseer of the farm.

We know not what other gentle crafts the still unpublished parts of the work may hereafter teach us; but so faithfully and so minutely, in general so clearly, and with so much apparent enjoyment, does the author enter into the details of all the above lines of life, that we have been deceived (we suppose) into the persuasion that Mr Stephens must, in his lifetime, have “played many parts”—that he has himself, as occasion offered, or as work fell in his way, engaged in every one of these as well as of the other varied occupations it falls in his way to describe.

How, otherwise, for instance, should he so well understand the duties and habits, and sympathize with the privations and simple enjoyments, of the humble and way-worn drover?—

“A drover of sheep should always be provided with a dog, as the numbers and nimbleness of sheep render it impossible for one man to guide a capricious flock along a road subject to many casualties; not a young dog, who is apt to work and bark a great deal more than necessary, much to the annoyance of the sheep—but a knowing cautious tyke. The drover should have a walking stick, a useful instrument at times in turning a sheep disposed to break off from the rest. A shepherd’s plaid he will find to afford comfortable protection to

his body from cold and wet, while the mode in which it is worn leaves his limbs free for motion. He should carry provision with him, such as bread, meat, cheese or butter, that he may take luncheon or dinner quietly beside his flock, while resting in a sequestered part of the road; and he may slake his thirst in the first brook or spring he finds, or purchase a bottle of ale at a roadside ale-house. Though exposed all day to the air, and even though he feel cold, he should avoid drinking spirits, which only produce temporary warmth, and for a long time after induce chilliness and languor. Much rather let him reserve the allowance of spirits he gives himself until the evening, when he can *enjoy it in warm toddy beside a comfortable fire*, before retiring to rest for the night."—Vol. ii. p. 89.

Then how knowingly he treats of the fat upon the sheep:—

"The formation of fat in a sheep commences in the inside, the *net* of fat which envelopes the intestines being first formed. After that, fat is seen on the outside, and first upon the end of the rump at the tail head, which continues to move on along the back, on both sides of the spine to the bend of the ribs, to the neck. Then it is deposited between the muscles, parallel with the cellular tissue. Meanwhile it is covering the lower round of the ribs, descending to the flanks, until the two sides meet under the belly, from whence it proceeds to the brisket or breast in front and the shaw behind, filling up the inside of the arm-pits and thighs. The spaces around the fibres of the muscles are the last to receive a deposition of fat, but after this has begun, every other part simultaneously receives its due share, the back and kidneys receiving the most—so much so that the former literally becomes *nicked*, as it is termed; that is, the fat is felt through the skin to be divided into two portions. When all this has been accomplished, the sheep is said to be *fat or ripe*."—Vol. ii. p. 93.

But the enjoyment of tracing the accumulating fat is not enough for our author—as soon as his sheep is ripe, he forthwith proceeds to slaughter it; and though he describes every part of this process accurately, and with true professional relish, coolly telling us, that "the operation is unattended with cruelty;" yet we must be content to refer our readers to the passage (vol. ii. p. 96) as an illustration of his skill in this interesting branch of farm-surgery. He is really an amiable sheep-

operator, our author—what placid benevolence and hatred of quackery appear in his instructions—"Learn to slaughter *gently*, dress the carcass neatly and cleanly, in as plain a manner as possible, and without *flourishes*."—p. 167.

But whisky-toddy and fat mutton are not the only things our author relishes. He must have been a farm-servant, living in a bothy, at least as long as he drove on the road or practised surgery in the slaughter-house. After describing the farm-servant's wages and mode of living, he thus expands upon the subject of Scottish brose:—

"The oatmeal is usually cooked in one way, as *brosse*. A pot of water is put on the fire to boil—a task which the men (in the bothy) take in turns; a handful or two of oatmeal is taken out of the small chest with which each man provides himself, and put into a wooden bowl, which also is the ploughman's property; and, on a hollow being made in the meal, and sprinkled with salt, the boiling-water is poured over the meal, and the mixture receiving a little stirring with a horn-spoon, and the allowance of milk poured over it, the brose is ready to be eaten; and, as every man makes his own brose, and knows his own appetite, he makes just as much as he can consume. * * * The fare is simple, and is as simply made, but it must be wholesome, and capable of supplying the loss of substance occasioned by hard labour; for I believe that no class of men can endure more bodily fatigue for ten hours every day, than those ploughmen of Scotland who subsist on this brose three times a-day."—Vol. ii. p. 384.

But if the *life* of the ploughman is familiar to our author, the *work* he has to do, and the mode of doing it well, and the reason why it should be done one way here, and another way there, are no less so. The uninitiated have no idea of the complicated patterns which the ploughman works, according to the nature of the soil and the season of the year in which he labours. He may be "gathering up—crown-and-furrow ploughing—casting, or yoking, or coupling ridges—casting ridges with gore furrows—cleaving down ridges with or without gore furrows—ploughing two-out-and-two-in—ploughing in breaks—cross-furrowing—angle-ploughing, ribbing, and drilling—or he may be

preparing the land by feering or striking the ridges."—(Vol. i. p. 464.) All these methods of turning up the land are described and illustrated by woodcuts, and we are sure quite as effectually done upon paper as if the author had been explaining them upon his own farm, guiding one of his own best ploughs, and strengthened by a basin of good brose made from his own meal-chest.

But the practical skill of Mr Stephens is not confined to the lower walks of the agricultural life. The ploughman sometimes qualifies himself to become a steward, that he may rid himself of the drudgery of working horses. He has then new duties to perform, which are thus generally described.

"The duty of the *steward*, or *grieve*, as he is called in some parts of Scotland, and *bailiff* in England, consists in receiving general instructions from his master, the farmer, which he sees executed by the people under his charge. He exercises a direct control over the ploughmen and field-workers. . . . It is his duty to enforce the commands of his master, and to check every deviation from rectitude he may observe in the servants against his interests. It is not generally understood that he has control over the shepherd, the hedger, or the cattleman, who are stewards, in one sense, over their respective departments of labour. . . . He should always deliver the daily allowance of corn to the horses. *He should be the first person out of bed in the morning, and the last in it at night.* On most farms, he sows the seed in spring, superintends the field-workers in summer, tends the harvest-field and builds the stacks in autumn, and thrashes the corn with the mill, and cleans it with the winnowing-machine in winter. He keeps an account of the workpeople's time, and of the quantity of grain thrashed, consumed on the farm, and delivered to purchasers."—Vol. i. p. 221.

The practical man who reads the above detail of the steward's duties, will see at once that it must have been written by "one of themselves;" and, by its correctness, will be able to judge of the full faith which may be placed in the numerous other details upon every branch of practical farming with which the work now before us is so full.

We have brought prominently forward the above extracts in relation to the *minutiae* of the farmer's life—to the

detailed practical knowledge which is so valuable to him, as being those upon which it appeared to us that a writer who was capable of getting up a book at all, much more such a book as this professes to be, in reference to the higher branches of the farmers' art, was most likely to fail. But these parts of the work are written not only knowingly and well, but with an evident relish for the subject. Let us turn, therefore, to the more intellectual part of the book, and see how far this part of the task has been satisfactorily accomplished.

The Book of the Farm is mainly intended as a manual for the master-farmer, accompanying him every where, and at every season of the year, counselling, guiding, and directing him in all his operations. But it has a higher and more useful aim than merely to remind the practical agriculturist of what he already knows. It is fitted, without other aid, to teach the beginner nearly every thing which it is necessary for him to know in order to take his place among the most intelligent practical men; and to teach it precisely at the time, and in the order, in which it is most easy, most useful, and most interesting for him to learn it.

The beginner is supposed by Mr Stephens to have undergone a previous course of instruction under a practical man, and to enter upon a farm of his own in the beginning of winter. This farm is a more or less naked and unimproved piece of land, without a farm-stead or farm-house, with few hedge-rows, and wholly undrained. On entering the farm, also, he has servants to engage, stock to buy, and implements to select. In all these difficulties, *The Book of the Farm* comes to his aid. The most useful, approved, and economical form of a farm-steading is pointed out. The structure of barns, stables, cow-houses, piggeries, *liquid-manure tanks*, poultry-yards, and every other appendage of the farm-house; and, finally, the most fitting construction of the farm-house itself, according to the size and situation of the farm, are discussed, described, and explained. Plans and estimates of every expense are added, and woodcuts illustrative of every less known suggestion. These are not only sufficient to guide the intelligent young farmer in all the pre-

liminary arrangements for his future comfort and success, but will, we are sure, supply hints to many older heads for the reconstruction or improvement of farm-steadings, heretofore deemed convenient and complete. The following chapter aids him in the choice of his servants, and describes distinctly the duties and province of each.

And now, having concluded his domestic arrangements,* he must learn to know something of the weather which prevails in the district in which he has settled, before he can properly plan out or direct the execution of the various labours which are to be undertaken upon his farm during the winter. A chapter of some length, therefore, is devoted to the "weather in winter," in which the principles by which the weather is regulated in the different parts of our islands, and the methods of foreseeing or predicting changes, are described and illustrated *as far as they are known*. This is the first of those chapters of *The Book of the Farm* which illustrates in a way not to be mistaken, the truth announced at the head of this article, that *skilful practice is applied science*.

To some it may appear at first sight that our author has indulged in too much detail upon this subject; but he is not a true practical farmer who says so. The weather has always been a most interesting subject to the agriculturist—he is every day, in nearly all his movements, dependant upon it. A week of rain, or of extraordinary drought, or of nipping frost, may disappoint his most sanguine and best founded expectations. His daily comfort, his yearly profit, and the general welfare of his family, all depend upon the weather, or upon his *skill in foreseeing its changes*, and availing himself of every moment which is favourable to his purposes. Hence, with agricultural writers, from the most early times, the varied appearances of the clouds, the nature of the winds, and the changing aspects of the sun and moon, and their several signifi-

cations, have formed a favourite subject of description and discussion. Thus of the sun Virgil says—

"Sol quoque, et exorients et quum se condet in undas,
Signa dabit; solem certissima signa sequuntur.
Et quae mane refert, et quae surgentibus astris."

And then he gives the following *prognostics*, as unerring guides to the Latian farmer:—

"Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum,
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe;
Suspecti tibi sint imbres. . . .
Ceruleus pluviam denuntiat, igneus Euros.
At si quum referetque diem conditque relatum,
Lucidus orbis erit: frustra terreberé nimbis
Et claro silvas cernes aquilone moveri."

Mr Stephens recognises similar solar indications in the following rhymes:—

"If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day."

And again—

"An evening red, or a morning grey,
Doth betoken a bonnie day;
In an evening grey and a morning red,
Put on your hat, or ye'll weet your head."

In his next edition we recommend to Mr Stephens's notice the Border version of the latter:—

"An evening red and a morning grey,
Send the shepherd on his way;
An evening grey and a morning red,
Send the shepherd wet to bed."

The most learned meteorologists of the present day believe the moon to influence the weather—the practical farmer is sure of it—and we have known the result of the hay crop, in adjoining farms, to be strikingly different, when upon the one the supposed influence of the time of change was taken into account and acted upon, while in the other it was ne-

* Hesiod considered one other appendage to the homestead indispensable, to which Mr Stephens does not allude, perhaps from feeling himself incompetent to advise.

Οἶκον μὲν πρῶτιστα, ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ τε, βουνὶ τ' ἀροτῆρα
Κτητῆν οὐ γαμετῆν, ἥτις καὶ βουσίιν ἔποιτο.
Χρημάτα δ' εἰν οἶκῳ παντ' ἀρμενα ποιήσασθαι.

glected. Mr Stephens gives as true proverbs—

"In the wane of the moon,
A cloudy morning bodes a fair afternoon."

And

"New moon's mist
Never dies of thirst."

But Virgil is more specific—

"Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felicis operum; quintam fuge. . . .
Septuma post decumam felix et ponere
vitem,
Et prensos domitare boves."

And in these warnings he only imitates Hesiod—

Πέρπτης δὲ ἐξαλείσθαι, ἔπει χαλεπαί
τε καὶ αἶναι.

And

Μῆνος δὲ ἰσαμένου τρισκαίδεκά τὴν ἀλέ-
ασθαι,
Σπέρματος ἄρξασθαι· φυτὰ δὲ ἐνδρέψασ-
θαι ἀρίστα.

But the vague prognostics of old times are not sufficient for the guidance of the skilful and provident farmer of our day. The barometer, the thermometer, and even the hygrometer, should be his companions and guides, or occasional counsellors. To the description and useful indications of these instruments, therefore, a sufficient space is devoted in the book before us. We do not know any other source from which the practical farmer can draw so much meteorological matter specially adapted to his own walk of life, as from this chapter upon the weather.

All this our young farmer is not supposed to sit down and master before he proceeds with the proper business of his new farm; it will be a subject of study with him in many future months, and winters too. But after a most judicious recommendation, to observe and *record* whatever occurs either new or interesting in his field of labour—without which record he will not be able to contribute, as he may hereafter do, to the extension of agricultural knowledge—he is taught next, in an able chapter "upon soils and subsoils," to study the nature of his farm more thoroughly; to ascertain its natural capabilities—the improvements of which it is susceptible—the simplest, most efficacious, and most economical means by which this improve-

ment may be effected—and the kind of implements which it will be most prudent in him to purchase for tilling the kind of land of which his farm consists, or for bringing it into a more fertile condition. This chapter also draws largely, especially upon geological and chemical science, and affords another illustration of what, I trust, Mr Stephens's book will more and more impress upon our working farmers, that *skilful practice is applied science*. We have not room for any extracts, but when we mention that in the chemical part of it the author has been assisted by Dr Madden, readers of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* will be able to form an estimate of the way in which this chapter has been got up.

Having now satisfied himself of the nature of his farm as to soil and capabilities, he sees that new inclosures and shelter will be necessary—that some fields must be subdivided, others laid out anew—that old hedge-rows must be rooted out or straightened, and new ones planted in their room. Of what all this may be made to accomplish for his farm, and of how the work itself may be done, even to the minutest details, the chapters on "enclosures and shelter," and on "planting of farm hedges," will fully inform him. The benefits of shelter on our elevated lands, are not half understood. Thousands upon thousands of acres are lying in comparative barrenness, which, by adequate shelter, might be converted into productive fields. The increase of mean temperature which results from skilful enclosures, is estimated at 5° to 8° Fahrenheit; while in regard to the increased money value, Mr Thomas Bishop gives the following testimony:—

"Previous to the division of the common moor of Methven in Perthshire, in 1793, the venerable Lord Lynedoch and Lord Methven had each secured their lower slopes of land adjoining the moor with belts of plantation. The year following I entered Lord Methven's service, and in 1798 planted about sixty acres of the higher moor ground, valued at 2s. per acre, for shelter to eighty or ninety acres set apart for cultivation, and let in three divisions to six individuals. The progress made in improving the land was very slow for the first fifteen years, but thereafter went on rapidly, being aided by the *shelter derived from* the growth of the plantations; and the whole has now become

fair land, bearing annually crops of oats, barley, péas, potatoes, and turnips. In spring 1838, exactly forty years from the time of putting down the plantation, I sold four acres of larch and fir (average growth) standing therein, for L.220, which, with the value of reserved trees and average amount per acre of thinnings sold previously, gave a return of L.67 per acre."—Vol. i. p. 367.

We are satisfied that in localities with which we are ourselves acquainted, there are tens of thousand of acres which, by the simple protection of sheltering plantations, would soon be made to exhibit an equal improvement with either the moor of Methven, or the lands upon Shotley Fell, which are also referred to in the work before us. At a time when such strenuous endeavours are making to introduce and extend a more efficient drainage among our clay lands, the more simple amelioration of our cold uplands by judicious plantations, ought neither to be lost sight of, nor by those who address themselves to the landlords and cultivators, be passed by without especial and frequent notice.

Did space permit, we could have wished to extract a paragraph or two upon the mode of planting hedges, and forming ditches, for the purpose of proving to our readers that Mr Stephens is as complete a *hedger* and *ditcher*, as we have seen him to be cunning as a drover and a cattle surgeon. But we must refer the reader to the passages in pp. 376 and 379. Even in the planting of thorn hedges he will find that science is not unavailing, for both mathematics and botany are made by Mr Stephens to yield their several contributions to the chapters we are now considering.

But the fields being divided and the hedges planted, or while those operations are going on, a portion of the land must be subjected to the plough. Next in order, therefore, follows a chapter upon this important instrument, in which the merits and uses of the several best known—especially of the Scotch swing-ploughs—are explained and discussed. Here our young farmer is taught which variety of plough he ought to select for his land, *why* it is to be preferred, and *how* it is to be used, and its movable parts (plough-irons) *tempered* and *adjusted*, according to the effect which

the workman is desirous of producing. We are quite sure that the writer of such parts of this chapter as refer to the practical use of the plough, must himself have handled it for many a day in the field.

The part of this chapter, again, which relates to the theoretical construction—to the history of the successive improvements, and to the discussion of the relative merits of the numerous varieties of ploughs which have lately been recommended to notice—is drawn up by Mr James Slight, curator of the museum of the Highland Society, a gentleman whose authority on such subjects stands deservedly high. To this monograph, as we may call it, upon the plough, we may again refer as another illustration of the union between agriculture and science. Mechanism perfects the construction of instruments, chemistry explains the effects which they are the means of producing in the soil—says also to the mechanic, if you could make them act in such and such a way, these effects would be more constantly and more fully brought about, and returns them to the workshop for further improvement. Thus each branch of knowledge aids the other, and suggests to it means of still further benefitting practical agriculture.

One of the most interesting, and not the least important, of those practical discussions which have arisen since the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, has been in regard to the relative merits and lightness of draught of the Scottish swing-ploughs, and of certain of the wheel-ploughs made and extensively used, especially in the southern counties. It is admitted, we believe, on all hands, that a less skilful workman will execute as presentable a piece of work with a wheel-plough, as a more skilful ploughman with a Scotch swing-plough. This is insisted upon by one party as a great advantage, while the other attaches no weight to it at all, saying, that they find no difficulty in getting good ploughmen to work with the swing-plough, and therefore it would be no advantage to them to change. Still this greater facility in using it is a true economical advantage, nevertheless; since that which is difficult to acquire will always be purchased at a dearer rate; and in an improving district, it is

some gain, that it is neither necessary to import very skilful ploughmen, nor to wait till they are produced at home.

But it is also conceded, we believe, that the swing-plough, in skilful hands, is more easily or quickly managed than a wheel-plough; that it *turns more readily*, and when doing the same kind of work, will go over the ground quicker, and consequently do more work in a day. Theoretically, this seems undeniable, though it does not appear to be as yet clearly established in what precise proportion this theoretical acceleration ought to increase the extent of ground gone over by a diligent ploughman in the ten hours of his daily labour. It is said that, with the wheel-plough, three-fourths of an acre is an average day's work, while with a swing-plough, an acre is the ordinary and easy work of an active man on soil of average tenacity. The *pace*, however, must depend considerably both upon the horses and their driver; and to whatever extent such a difference may really exist—and opinions differ upon the subject—it is clearly an argument in favour of the swing-plough.

But a third and equally important element in the discussion, is the relative draught of the swing and wheel-ploughs. This element has been lately brought more prominently forward, in consequence of some interesting experiments, made first, we believe, by Mr Pusey, and since repeated by others, as to the relative draught of different ploughs in the same circumstances, as measured by the dynamometer. This, as well as the other parts of this question, is taken up, and ably discussed, by Mr Slight; and he has, we think, satisfactorily shown, that no wheel-plough (or plough with a foot) can be lighter in draught, *merely because it is wheeled*—that, on the contrary, its draught must be in some small degree increased, other things being equal, (vol. i. p. 463.) This, we think, is probable, on other grounds besides those stated by Mr Slight; yet there appears satisfactory reason for believing, that some of the wheel-ploughs which have been made the subject of experiment, have actually been lighter in draught, when doing the same work, than any of the swing-ploughs that have been opposed to them. But this does not show that, in

principle, the swing-plough is not superior to the wheel-plough—it only shows that, in *construction*, it is still capable of great emendations, and that, in this respect, some of the wheel-ploughs have got the start of it. But the Scotch makers, who first so greatly improved the plough, are capable still of competing with their southern rivals; and from their conjoined exertions, future ploughmen are destined to receive still further aid.

When the ploughs are brought home, and while the winter ploughing is going on, an opportunity presents itself for laying out, and probably, as the weather permits, of cutting a portion of the intended drains. Upon this important subject, Mr Stephens treats with more even than his usual skill. How true is the following passage:—

“Land, however, though it does not contain such a superabundance of water as to obstruct arable culture, may nevertheless, by its inherent wetness, prevent or retard the luxuriant growth of useful plants, as much as decidedly wet land. The truth is, that deficiency of crops on apparently dry land is frequently attributed to unskilful husbandry, when it really arises from the baleful influence of *concealed* stagnant water; and the want of skill is shown, not so much in the management of the arable culture of the land, as in neglecting to remove the true cause of the deficiency of the crop, namely, the concealed stagnant water. Indeed, my opinion is, and its conviction has been forced upon me by long and extensive observation of the state of the soil over a large part of the country—that this is the *true cause of most of the bad farming to be seen*, and that *not one farm* is to be found throughout the kingdom that *would not be much the better for draining*.—Vol. i. p. 483.

Draining is now truly regarded as a great national work, involving considerations of the highest moment, and bearing upon some of the most vital questions of our national policy. It is a subject, therefore, the practical discussion of which is of the greatest importance, especially in reference to the mode in which it can be most *efficiently* and most *cheaply* done. Into these points, Mr Stephens enters minutely, and the course he prescribes is, we think, full of judgment. He explains the Elkington mode of draining, and he gives due praise to the more recent improvements of Mr Smith of Deanston.

Every one knows how difficult it is to persuade our practical men to adopt any new method; but even after you have satisfied them that the adoption of it will really do good to their farms, it is almost as difficult to persuade them, that a partial adoption of the method, or some alteration of it—as they fancy some *improvement* of it—will not best suit their land, or the circumstances in which they are placed. Thus, one thinks, that a drain in each alternate furrow is enough for his soil—that his drains need not be above twelve (1) or eighteen inches deep—or that on his clay, the use of soles is a needless expense. On all these points, the book before us gives confident opinions, with which we entirely coincide.

In regard to the depth of drains, it is shown, that in order that they may *draw*, they should never be shallower than thirty inches, and should always leave a depth of eighteen inches clear of the draining materials, in order that the subsoil and trench plough may have full freedom of action, without risk of injury to the drain; while of the use of soles he says—

“I am a strenuous advocate for drain-soles *in all cases*; and even when they may really prove of little use, I would rather use too many, than too few precautions in draining; because, even in the most favourable circumstances, we cannot tell what change may take place beyond our view, in the interior of a drain, which we are never again permitted, and which *we have no desire to see.*”

This passage expresses the true principle of safety, by which, in the outlay of large sums of money for improvements, the landowner, and the holder of an improving lease, ought to be actuated. Though great losses have already been incurred by shallow drains, and by the rejection of soles, the practice, especially in the more backward districts, still goes on, and thousands of pounds are still expended upon the principles of a false economy, in repetition of the same faulty practice. We know of drainings now going on to a great extent, which will never permit the use of the subsoil plough; and of the neglect of soles, upon soils generally of clay, but here and there with patches of sand, into which the tiles must inevitably sink. When a person drains his own land, of course reason is the only con-

straint by which he can be withheld from doing as he likes with his own; or where a yearly tenant drains part of his farm at his own expense, the risk is exclusively his, and his landlord, who perhaps refuses to give any effectual aid, can have no right to dictate as to the mode in which the draining is to be performed; but when the landlord contributes either directly or indirectly to the expense, he, or his agent—if he has one who is skilful enough—should insist upon every thing being done according to the most improved, which, in reality, are also ultimately the most economical principles.

While the draining thus proceeds on the best and most economical principles, the ploughing is supposed to be still in progress. Indeed the arrangements for the two operations, the selection and purchase of the implements for both, may go on simultaneously. The plough, indeed, is sometimes used as a draining implement for making a deep furrow, in which, with more or less emendation from the spade, the tiles or other draining materials may subsequently be laid. But in this case, the draught is excessive, and many horses must often be yoked into the same plough, in order to drag it through the ground. Here, therefore, the young farmer must learn a new art—the art of harnessing and yoking his horses, in such a way as to obtain the greatest possible effect, at the least expense, or with the smallest waste of animal strength. This is a very important subject for consideration, and it is one which the author who is best acquainted with the practice, and with the state of knowledge regarding it, over a great part of our island, will feel himself most imperatively called upon to treat of in detail. This is done, accordingly, in the chapter upon the “Yoking and Harnessing of the Plough,” in which, by the able assistance of Mr Slight, the principles upon which these processes should be conducted, as well as the simplest, strongest, and most economical methods, in actual practice among the most skilful farmers, are illustrated and explained.

To this follows a chapter upon “Ploughing stubble and lea ground,” in which, with the aid of his two coadjutors, the practical and scientific questions involved in the general pro-

cess of ploughing such land, are discussed with equal skill and judgment. We have been particularly pleased with the remarks of Mr Slight upon ploughing-matches, (Vol. i. p. 651,) in reference especially to the general disregard among judges, of the nature of the *underground* work, on which so much of the good effects of ploughing in reality depends. They will, we doubt not, have their due weight, at future ploughing-matches, among those—and we hope they will be many—into whose hands the work before us may come.

Second in importance to draining only, are the subjects of “subsoil and trench ploughing,” operations which are also to be performed at this season of the year—and a chapter upon which concludes the first volume of Mr Stephens’s work. Those who are acquainted with the writings of Mr Smith of Deanston, and with the operations of the Marquis of Tweeddale at Yester, will duly estimate the importance, not merely to the young farmer himself, but to the nation at large, of proper instruction in regard to these two important operations—in the mode of economically conducting them—in the principles upon which their beneficial action depends—and in the circumstances by which the practical man ought to be regulated in putting the one or the other, or the one *rather* than the other, in operation upon his own land. Our limits do not permit us to discuss the relative merits of subsoil and trench ploughing, which by some writers have unwisely been pitted against each other—as if they were in reality methods of improving the land, either of which a man may equally adopt in any soil and under all circumstances. But they, in reality, agree universally only in this one thing—that *neither process will produce a permanently good effect unless the land be previously thorough-drained*. But being drained, the farmer must then exercise a sound discretion, and Mr Stephens’s book will aid his judgment much in determining which of the two subsequent methods he ought to adopt. The safer plan for the young farmer would be to try one or two acres in each way, and in his after procedure upon the same kind of land to be regulated by the result of this trial. Mr Stephens expresses a decided opinion in favour of trench-

ploughing in the following passages:—

“I have no hesitation in expressing my preference of trench to subsoil ploughing: and I cannot see a single instance, with the sole exception of turning up a very bad subsoil in large quantity, in which there is any advantage attending subsoil, that cannot be enjoyed by trench ploughing: and for this single drawback of a very bad subsoil, trenching has the advantage of being performed in perfect safety, where subsoil ploughing could not be, without previous drainage.

“But whilst giving a preference to trench ploughing over subsoil, I am of opinion that it should not be generally attempted under any circumstances, however favourable, without previous thorough-draining, any more than subsoil ploughing; but when so drained, there is no mode of management, in my opinion, that will render land so soon amenable to the means of putting it in a high degree of fertility as trench ploughing.”—Vol. i. p. 664.

We confess that, in the first of the above passages, Mr Stephens appears to us to assume something of the tone of a partizan, which has always the effect of lessening the weight of an author’s opinion with the intelligent reader who is in search of the truth only. What is advanced as the main advantage of trench-ploughing in the first passage—that it can be safely done without previous draining, is in the second wholly discarded by the advice, *never to trench-plough without previous draining*. At the same time it is confessed, that in the case of a bad subsoil, trench-ploughing may do much harm. Every practical man in fact knows that bringing up the subsoil in any quantity, he would in some districts render his fields in a great measure unproductive for years to come. On the other hand, we believe that the use of the subsoil-plough can never do harm upon drained land. We speak, of course, of soils upon which it is already conceded that either the one method or the other ought to be adopted. The utmost evil that can follow in any such case from the use of the subsoil-plough, is that the expense will be thrown away—the land cannot be rendered more unfruitful by it. Subsoiling, therefore, is the *safer* practice.

But in reality, there ought, as we have already stated, to be no opposition between the two methods. Each has its own special uses for which it

can be best employed, and the skill of the farmer must be exercised in determining whether the circumstances in which he is placed are such as to call specially for the one or for the other instrument. If the subsoil be a rich black mould, or a continuation of the same alluvial or other fertile soil which forms the surface—it may be turned up at once by the trench-plough without hesitation. Or, if the subsoil be more or less full of lime, which has sunk from above, trenching may with equal safety be adopted. But, if the subsoil be more or less ferruginous—if it be of that yellow unproductive clay which in some cases extends over nearly whole counties—or of that hard, blue, stony till which requires the aid of the mattock to work out of the drains—or if it consist of a hard and stony, more or less impervious bed—in all these cases the use of the subsoil-plough is clearly indicated. In short, the young farmer can scarcely have a safer rule than this—to subsoil his land first, *whenever there is a doubt of the soundness of the subsoil*, or a fear that by bringing it to the surface, the fertility of the upper soil will be diminished. It is no reply to this safer practice to say that even Mr Smith recommends turning up the subsoil afterwards, and that we have therefore a double expense to incur. For it is known, that after a time any subsoil so treated may be turned up with safety, and consequently there is no risk of loss by delaying this deeper ploughing for a few years; and in regard to the question of expense, it appears that the cost of both draining and subsoiling are generally repayed by the first two or three crops which succeed each improvement. What more, then, can be required? The expense is repaid—the land is, to a certain extent, permanently improved—no risk of loss has been incurred, and there still remains to the improving farmer—improving his own circumstances, as well as the quality of his land, by his prudent and skilful measures—there still remains the deeper ploughing, by which he can gradually bring new soil to the surface, as he sees it mellow, and become wholesome, under the joint influences which the drain and the subsoil-plough have brought to bear upon it.

There can, therefore, it is clear, be no universal rule for the use of

the two valuable instruments in question, as each has its own defined sphere of action. This, we think, is the common-sense view of the case. But if any one insists upon having a universal rule which shall save him from thinking or observing for himself in all cases, then we should say—in all cases subsoil, because it is the safer.

With this subject the first volume of *The Book of the Farm* is brought to a close; but winter still continues, and in other winter-work of scarcely less importance the young farmer has still to be instructed. We have hitherto said nothing of the more expensive and beautiful embellishments of the book, because the most interesting of them are portraits of celebrated short-horns, working horses, sheep, and pigs—a subject of which the author begins to treat only at the commencement of the second volume. The feeding of stock is one of those parts of the winter's labours, in improving husbandry, upon which not only the immediate profit of the farmer, but the ultimate fertility of his land, in a great measure depends. The choice of his stock, and the best mode of treating and tending them, therefore, are subjects of the greatest consequence to the young farmer. In the choice of his stock he will be aided at once by the clear descriptions, and by the portraits so beautifully executed by Landseer and Sheriff, by which the letterpress is accompanied. In the subsequent treatment of them, and in the mode by which they may be most profitably, most quickly, or most economically fed *in the winter season*, he will be fully instructed in the succeeding chapters of the book.

Turnips and other roots are the principal food of cattle in the winter: a preliminary chapter, therefore, is devoted to the “drawing and storing of turnips and other roots.” Had we our article to begin again, we could devote several pages, agreeably to ourselves, and not without interest, we believe, or without instruction, to our reader, in discussing a few of those points connected with the feeding of cattle, upon which, though the means of information are within their reach, practical men have hitherto permitted themselves to remain wholly ignorant. Of these points Mr Stephens adverts to several, and suggests the advantage

of additional experiments; but the whole subject requires revision, and, under the guidance of persons able to direct, who are acquainted with all that is yet known, or has as yet been done either in our own or in foreign countries, experiments will hereafter, no doubt, be made, by which many new truths, both theoretically and practically valuable, are sure to be elucidated.

We may advert, as an illustration, to the feeding properties of the turnip. It is usual to reckon the value of a crop of turnips by the number of tons per acre which it is found to yield when so many square yards of the produce are weighed. But this may be very fallacious in many ways. If they are white turnips, for instance, nine tons of small will contain as much nourishment as ten tons of large—or twenty-seven tons an acre of small turnips will feed as many sheep as thirty tons per acre of large turnips. Or if the crop be Swedes, the reverse will be the case, twenty-seven tons of large will feed as much stock as thirty tons of small.—(Vol. ii., p. 20.) Mr Stephens points out other fallacies also, to which we cannot advert. One, however, he has passed over, of equal, we believe of greater, consequence than any other—we allude to the variable quantity of water which the turnip grown on different soils in different seasons is found to contain.

It is obvious, that in so far as the roots of the turnip, the carrot, and the potatoe, consist of water, they can serve the purposes of drink only—they cannot feed the animals to which they are given. Now, the quantity of water in the turnip is so great, that 100 tons sometimes contain only nine tons of dry feeding matter—more than nine-tenths of their weight consisting of water. But again, their constitution is so variable, that 100 tons sometimes contain more than twenty tons of dry food—or less than four-fifths of their weight of water. It is possible, therefore, that one acre of turnips, on which only twenty tons are growing, may feed as many sheep as an-

other on which forty tons are produced. What, therefore, can be more uncertain than the feeding value of an acre of turnips as estimated by the weight? How much in the dark are buyers and sellers of this root? What wonder is there, that different writers should estimate so very differently the weight of turnips which ought to be given for the purpose of sustaining the condition, or of increasing the weight, of the several varieties of stock? Other roots exhibit similar differences; and even the potatoe, while it sometimes contains thirty tons of food in every hundred of raw roots, at others, contains no more than twenty—the same weight, namely, which exists at times in the turnip.* This latter fact, shows the very slippery ground on which the assertion rests, that has lately astonished the weak minds of our Southern cattle-feeding brethren, from the mouth of one of their talented but hasty lecturers—that the potatoe contains two or three times the weight of nourishment which exists in the turnip. It is true that *some* varieties of potatoes contain three times as much as *some* varieties of turnip—but, on the other hand, some turnips contain as much nourishment as an equal weight of potatoes. But no man can tell, by bare inspection, as yet, to which class of turnips, the more or less watery, his own may belong—whether that which is apparently the most prolific may not in reality be the least so—whether that mode of manuring his land which gives him the greatest weight of raw roots, may not give him the smallest weight of real substantial food for his stock. What a wide field, therefore, for experiment? To what useful results might they not be expected to lead? If any of our readers wish to undertake such experiments, or to learn how they are to be performed, we refer them to the pamphlet mentioned in the note.

In connexion with the chapter “on the feeding of sheep,” we could have wished to advert to the advantages of shelter, in producing the

* For our authority on this subject, we refer to JOHNSTON'S *Suggestion for Experiments in Practical Agriculture*, No. III. pp. 62 and 64, of which we have been favoured with an early copy by the author.

largest weight of meat from a given weight of turnips, or other food—as illustrated by the experiments of Mr Childers, Lord Western, and others; but we must refer our readers to the passage itself, (vol. ii. p. 51,) as we must also to the no less important comparative view of the advantages of feeding cattle in close byres and in open hammels, (vol. ii. p. 129,) and to the interesting details regarding the use of raw and steamed food, contained in the chapter upon the feeding of cattle, (vol. ii. p. 120 to 148.)

But our author is so cunning in the qualities of mutton—which, as we have already seen, he can “kill so gently,” performing the operation without pain—that we think our readers will enjoy the following passage:—

“The gigot is the handsomest and most valuable part of the carcass, and on that account fetches the highest price. It is either a roasting or a boiling piece. Of black-faced mutton it makes a fine roast, and the piece of fat in it called the *pope's eye*, is considered a delicate *morceau* by epicures. A gigot of Leicester, Cheviot, or Southdown mutton makes a beautiful ‘boiled leg of mutton,’ which is prized the more the fatter it is, as this part of the carcass is never overloaded with fat. The loin is almost always roasted, the flap of the flank being skewered up, and it is a juicy piece. For a small family, the black-faced mutton is preferable; for a large, the Southdown and Cheviot. Many consider this piece of Leicester mutton roasted as too rich, and when warm, this is probably the case; but a cold roast loin is an excellent summer dish. The back-ribs are divided into two, and used for very different purposes. The fore-part, the neck, is boiled, and makes sweet barley-broth; and the meat, when well boiled, or rather the whole pottage simmered for a considerable time *beside* the fire, eats tenderly. The back-ribs make an excellent roast; indeed, there is not a sweeter or more varied one in the carcass, having both ribs and shoulder. The shoulder-blade eats best cold, and the ribs warm. The ribs make excellent chops. The Leicester and Southdowns afford the best mutton-chops. The breast is mostly a roasting-piece, consisting of rib and shoulder, and is particularly good when cold. When the piece is large, as of Southdown or Cheviot, the gristly part of the ribs may be divided from the true ribs, and helped separately. The breast is an ex-

cellent piece in black-faced mutton, and suitable to small families, the shoulder being eaten cold, while the ribs and brisket are sweet and juicy when warm. This piece also boils well; or, when corned for eight days, and served with onion sauce, with mashed turnip in it, there are few more savoury dishes at a farmer's table. The shoulder is separated before being dressed, and makes an excellent roast for family use, and may be eaten warm or cold, or corned and dressed as the breast mentioned above. The shoulder is best from a large carcass of Southdown, Cheviot, or Leicester, the black-faced being too thin for the purpose; and it was probably because English mutton is usually large that the practice of removing it originated. The neck-piece is partly laid bare by the removal of the shoulder, the fore-part being fitted for boiling and making into broth, and the best end for roasting or broiling into chops. On this account this is a good family piece, and in such request among the tradesmen of London that they prefer it to any part of the hind-quarter.”—(Vol. ii. p. 98.)

Nor is he less skilful in the humble food and cooking of the farm-labourer; indeed, he seems never satisfied until he fairly exhausts all the useful matter contained in every subject upon which he touches. He not only breeds, and feeds, and kills, and cooks, but he does the latter with such relish, that we have several times fancied that we could actually see him eating his own mutton, beef, and pork. And, whether he luxuriates over a roast of the back-ribs of mutton, “so sweet and so varied,” or complains that “the hotel-keepers have a trick of seasoning brown-soup, or rather beef-tea, with a few joints of tail, and passing it off for genuine ox-tail soup,”—(vol. ii. p. 169,) or describes the “*famous fat brose*, for which Scotland has long been celebrated,” as formed by skimming off the fat when boiling the hough, pouring it upon oatmeal, and seasoning with pepper and salt;” or indulges in the humbler brose of the ploughman in his bothy, he evidently enjoys every thing set before him so much, that we are sure he must lay on the fat kindly. We should not wonder if he is himself already *nicked*; and we cannot more warmly testify our good wishes, than by expressing a hope, that, when he is fully *ripe*, the grim surgeon will operate

upon him *without pain*, and kill him *gently*.

One of Mr Stephens's humbler dishes is the following:—

“The only time Scotch farm-servants indulge in butcher-meat is when a sheep *falls*, as it is termed; that is, when it is killed before being affected with an unwholesome disease, and the mutton is sold at a reduced price. Shred down the suet small, removing any flesh or cellular membrane adhering to it; then mix amongst it intimately $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of salt and a tea-spoonful of pepper to every pound of suet; put the mixture into an earthen jar, and tie up tightly with bladder. One table spoonful of seasoned suet will, at any time, make good barley-broth or potato-soup for two persons. The lean of the mutton may be shred down small, and seasoned in a similar manner, and used when required; or it may be corned with salt, and used as a joint.”—Vol. ii. p. 105.

How much of the natural habits and manners of a country, and of the circumstances and inner life of the various classes of its inhabitants, is to be learned from a study of their cookery!

Reader, what a mystery hangs over the *handling* of a fat beast! A feeder approaches a well filled short-horn—he touches it here—he pinches it there—he declares it to have many good *points* about it; but pronounces the existence of defects, where the uninitiated see only beauties. The points of a fat ox, how mysterious they are, how difficult to make out! The five points of Arminianism, our old vicar used to say, were nothing to them. But here, too, Mr Stephens is at home. Listen to his simple explanation of the whole:

“The first point usually *handled* is the end of the rump at the tail-head, although any fat here is very obvious, and sometimes attains to an enormous size, amounting even to deformity. The hook-bone gets a touch, and when well covered, is right. * * * To the hand, or rather to the points of the fingers of the right hand, when laid upon the ribs, the flesh should feel soft and thick and the form be round when all is right, but if the ribs are flat the flesh will feel hard and thin from want of fat. The skin, too, on a rounded rib, will feel soft and mobile, the hair deep and mossy, both indicative of a kindly disposition to lay on flesh. The hand then grasps the flank, and finds it thick, when the existence of internal tallow is indicated. * * * The palm of the hand laid

along the line of the back will point out any objectionable hard piece on it, but if all is soft and pleasant, then the shoulder-top is good. A hollowness behind the shoulder is a very common occurrence; but when it is filled up with a layer of fat, the flesh of all the fore-quarter is thereby rendered very much more valuable. You would scarcely believe that such a difference could exist in the flesh between a lean and a fat shoulder. A high narrow shoulder is frequently attended with a ridged back-bone, and low-set narrow hooks, a form which gets the appropriate name of *razor-back*, with which will always be found a deficiency of flesh in all the upper part of the animal, where the best flesh always is. If the shoulder-point is covered, and feels soft like the point of the hook-bone, it is good, and indicates a well filled neck-vein, which runs from that point to the side of the head. The shoulder-point, however, is often bare and prominent. When the neck-vein is so firmly filled up as not to permit the points of the fingers inside of the shoulder-point, this indicates a well tallowed animal; as also does the filling up between the brisket and inside of the fore legs; as well as a full, projecting, well covered brisket in front. When the flesh comes down heavy upon the thighs, making a sort of double thigh, it is called *lyary*, and indicates a tendency of the flesh to grow on the lower instead of the upper part of the body. These are all the *points* that require *touching when the hand is used*; and in a high-conditioned ox, they may be gone over very rapidly.”—Vol. ii. p. 165.

The treatment of horses follows that of cattle, and this chapter is fitted to be of extensive use among our practical farmers. There are few subjects to which the attention of our small farmers requires more to be drawn than to the treatment of their horses—few in which want of skill causes a more general and *constant* waste. The economy of *prepared* food is ably treated of, and we select the following passage as containing at once sound theoretical and important practical truths:

“It appears at first sight somewhat surprising that the idea of preparing food for farm-horses should only have been recently acted on; but I have no doubt that the practice of the turf and of the road, of maintaining horses on large quantities of oats and dry ryegrass hay, has had a powerful influence in retaining it on farms. But now that a more natural treatment has been adopted by the owners of horses on fast work, farmers, having now the ex-

ample of post-horses standing their work well on prepared food, should easily be persuaded that, on slow work, the same sort of food should have even a more salutary effect on their horses. How prevalent was the notion, at one time, that horses could not be expected to do work at all, unless there was *hard meat* in them! 'This is a very silly and erroneous idea, if we inquire into it,' as Professor Dick truly observes; 'for whatever may be the consistency of the food when taken into the stomach, it must, before the body can possibly derive any substantial support or benefit from it, be converted into *chyme*—a pulsatious mass; and this, as it passes onward from the stomach into the intestinal canal, is rendered still more fluid by the admixture of the secretions from the stomach, the liver, and the pancreas, when it becomes of a milky appearance, and is called *chyle*. It is then taken into the system by the lacteals, and in this *fluid*, this *soft* state—and in this state only—mixes with the blood, and passes through the circulating vessels for the nourishment of the system.' Actuated by these rational principles, Mr. John Croall, a large coach-proprietor in Edinburgh, now supports his coach horses on 8 lb. of chopped hay and 16 lb. of bruised oats; so does Mr Isaac Scott, a postmaster, who gives 10 lb. or 12 lb. of chopped hay and 16 lb. of bruised oats, to large horses: and to carry the principle still further into practice, Captain Cheyne found his post-horses work well on the following mixture, the proportions of which are given for each horse every day; and this constitutes the second of the formulæ alluded to above.

In the day, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 8 \text{ lb. of bruised oats.} \\ 3 \text{ lb. of bruised beans.} \\ 4 \text{ lb. of chopped straw.} \end{array} \right.$

15 lb.

At night, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 22 \text{ lb. of steamed potatoes.} \\ 1\frac{1}{2} \text{ lb. of fine barley dust.} \\ 2 \text{ lb. of chopped straw.} \\ 2 \text{ oz. of salt.} \end{array} \right.$

25½ lb.

"Estimating the barley-dust at 10d. per stone; chopped straw, 6d. per stone; potatoes, steamed, at 7s. 6d. per cwt.; and the oats and beans at ordinary prices, the cost of supper was 6d., and for daily food, 1s. with cooking, in all 1s. 6d. a horse each day."—Vol. ii. p. 194.

The reader will also peruse with interest the following paragraph, illustrative at once of the habits of the

horse, and of our author's familiarity with the race:—

"The horse is an intelligent animal, and seems to delight in the society of man. It is remarked by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that, when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing conversing together, they will approach, and seem, as it were, to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companion, and will not stir when desired to stand until *his own name* is pronounced. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to, and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect sense of his work. I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a feering pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard another neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of loosening in the evening, whether in summer or winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise; and can even distinguish between musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, when even at his corn, would desist eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note of low G sounded, and would continue to listen as long as it was sustained; and another, that was similarly affected by a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the extraordinary effects of particular sounds on horses."—Vol. ii. p. 216.

We recollect in our younger days, when we used to drive home from Penrith market, our friend would say, "come, let us give the horse a song—he will go home so briskly with us." And it really was so, or seemed so at least, be the principle what it may.

Pigs and poultry succeed to cattle and horses, and the author is equally at home in regard to the management of these as of the more valued varieties of stock—as learned in their various breeds, and as skilful in the methods of fattening, killing, and cutting up. How much truth is contained in the following remarks, and how easily and usefully might the evil be amended:—

"Of all the animals reared on a farm, there are none so much neglected by the

farmer, both in regard to the selection of their kind, and their qualifications to fatten, as all the sorts of domesticated fowls found in the farm-yard. Indeed, the very supposition that *he* would devote any of *his* time to the consideration of poultry, is regarded as a positive affront on his manhood. Women, in his estimation, may be fit enough for such a charge, and doubtless they would do it well, provided they were not begrudged every particle of food bestowed upon those useful creatures. The consequence is what might be expected in the circumstances, that go to most farm-steads, and the surprise will be to meet a single fowl of any description in *good* condition, that is to say, in such condition that it may be killed at the instant in a fit state for the table, which it might be if it had been treated as a fattening animal from its birth."—Vol. ii. p. 246.

The methods of fattening them are afterwards described; and for a mode of securing a new-laid egg to breakfast every winter morning, a luxury which our author "enjoyed for as many years as he lived in the country," we refer the reader to page 256 of the second volume.

Besides the feeding of stock, one other in-door labour demands the attention of the farmer, when the severity of winter weather has put a stop to the ploughing and the draining of his land. His grain crops are to be thrashed out, and sent to the market or the mill. In this part of his work Mr Stephens has again availed himself of the valuable assistance of Mr Slight, who, in upwards of 100 pages of closely printed matter, has figured and described nearly all the more useful instruments employed in the preparation of the food of cattle, and in separating the grain of the corn crops. The thrashing machine, so valuable an addition to the working establishment of a modern farm-stead, is minutely explained—the varieties in its construction illustrated by woodcuts—and the respective merits of the different forms of the machine examined and discussed. With the following, among his other conclusions, we cordially concur.

"I cannot view these two machines without feeling impressed with a conviction that both countries would soon feel the advantage of an amalgamation between the two forms of the machine. The drum of the Scotch thrashing-machine would most certainly be improved by a transference from the principles of the English

machine; and the latter might be equally improved by the adoption of the manufacturing-like arrangements and general economy of the Scotch system of thrashing. That such interchange will ere long take place, I am thoroughly convinced; and as I am alike satisfied that the advantages would be mutual, it is to be hoped that these views will not stand alone. It has not been lost sight of, that each machine may be said to be suited to the system to which it belongs, and that here, where the corn is cut by the sickle, the machine is adapted to that; while the same may be said of the other, where cutting by the scythe is so much practised. Notwithstanding all this, there appears to be good properties in both that either seems to stand in need of."—Vol. ii. p. 329.

Other scientific, especially chemical information, connected with the different varieties of grain, and the kind and quantity of food they respectively yield, is incorporated in the chapters upon "wheat, flour, and oat and bean meal," to which we can only advert, as further illustrations of the intimate manner in which science and skilful or enlightened practice are invariably, necessarily, and every where interwoven.

And now the dreary months of winter are ended—and the labours of the farmer take a new direction.

"Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris et Favoni,

Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni."

But we cannot follow Mr Stephens through the cheerful labours of the coming year. Our task is so far ended, and from the way in which the whole of the long weeks of winter are described, the reader must judge of Mr Stephens's ability to lead him safely and surely through the rest of the year.

A closing observation or two, however, we beg to offer. We look upon a good book on agriculture as something more than a lucky speculation for the publisher, or a profitable occupation of his time for the author. *It is a gain to the community at large,—a new instrument of national wealth.* The first honour or praise in reference to every such instrument, is, no doubt, due to the maker or inventor—but he who brings it into general use, merits

also no little approbation. Such is our case with respect to the book before us. We shall be glad to learn that our analysis of it contributes to a wider circulation among the practical farmers of the empire, of the manifold information which the book contains, not so much for the sake of the author, as with a view to the common good of the country at large. It is to the more general diffusion of sound agricultural literature among our farmers, that we look for that more rapid development of the resources of our varied soils which the times so imperatively demand. To gain this end no legitimate means ought to be passed by, and we have detained our readers so long upon the book before us, in the hope that they may be induced to lend us *their* aid also in attaining so desirable an object.

We do not consider *The Book of the Farm* a perfect work: the author indulges now and then in loose and careless writing; and this incorrectness has more frequently struck us in the later portions of the work, no doubt from the greater haste of composition. He sets out by slighting the aids of science to agriculture; and yet, in an early part of his book, tells the young farmer that he "must become acquainted with the agency of *electricity* before he can understand the variations of the weather," and ends by making his book, as we have said, a running commentary upon the truth we have already several times repeated, that

SKILFUL PRACTICE IS APPLIED SCIENCE.

These, and no doubt other faults the book has—as what book is without them?—but as a practical manual for those who wish to be good farmers, it is the best book we know. It con-

tains more of the practical applications of modern science, and adverts to more of those interesting questions from which past improvements have sprung, and from the discussion of which future ameliorations are likely to flow, than any other of the newer works which have come under our eye. Where so many excellences exist, we are not ill-natured enough to magnify a few defects.

The excellence of Scottish agriculture may be said by some to give rise to the excellent agricultural books which Scotland, time after time, has produced. But it may with equal truth be said, that the existence of good books, and their diffusion among a reading population, are the sources of the agricultural distinction possessed by the northern parts of the island. It is beyond our power, as individuals, to convert the entire agricultural population of our islands into a reading body, but we can avail ourselves of the tendency wherever it exists; and by writing, or diffusing, or aiding to diffuse, good books, we can supply ready instruction to such as *now* wish for it, and can put it in the way of those in whom other men, by other means, are labouring to awaken the dormant desire for knowledge. Reader, do *you* wish to improve agriculture?—then buy you a good book, and place it in the hands of your tenant or your neighbouring farmer; if he be a reading man, he will thank you, and his children may live to bless you; if he be not a reader, you may have the gratification of wakening a dormant spirit; and though you may appear to be casting your bread upon the waters, yet you shall find it again after many days.

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. VII.

[The two following poems, "The Ideal," and, "The Ideal and Life," are essentially distinct in their mode of treatment. The first is simple and tender, and expresses feelings in which all can sympathize. As a recent and able critic, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, has observed, this poem, "still little known, contains a regret for the period of youthful faith," and may take its place among the most charming and pathetic of all those numberless effusions of genius in which individual feeling is but the echo of the universal heart. But the poem on "The Ideal and Life" is highly mystical and obscure;—"it is a specimen," says the critic we have just quoted, "of those poems which were the immediate results of Schiller's metaphysical studies. Here the subject is purely supersensual, and does not descend to the earth at all. The very tendency of the poem is to recommend a life not in the actual world, but in the world of appearances*—that is, in the æsthetical world." It requires considerable concentration of mind to follow its meaning through the cloud of its dark and gigantic images. Schiller desired his friend Humboldt to read it in perfect stillness, "and put away from him all that was profane." Humboldt, of course, admired it prodigiously; and it is unquestionably full of thought expressed with the power of the highest genius. But, on the other hand, its philosophy, even for a Poet or Idealist, is more than disputable, and it incurs the very worst fault which a Poet can commit, viz. obscurity of idea as well as expression. When the Poet sets himself up for the teacher, he must not forget that the teacher's duty is to be clear; and the higher the mystery he would expound, the more pains he should bestow on the simplicity of the elucidation. For the true Poet does not address philosophical coteries, but an eternal and universal public. Happily this fault is rare in Schiller, and more happily still, his great mind did not long remain a groper amidst the "Realm of Shadow." The true Ideal is quite as liable to be lost amidst the maze of metaphysics, as in the actual thoroughfares of work-day life. A plunge into Kant may do more harm to a Poet than a walk through Fleet Street. Goethe, than whom no man had ever more studied the elements of the diviner art, was right as an artist in his dislike to the over-cultivation of the æsthetical. The domain of the Ideal is the heart, and through the heart it operates on the soul. It grows feebler and dimmer in proportion as it seeks to rise above human emotion. Longinus does not err, when he asserts that Passion (often erroneously translated Pathos) is the best part of the Sublime.]

TO THE IDEAL.

THEN wilt thou, with thy fancies holy—
 Wilt thou, faithless, fly from me?
 With thy joy, thy melancholy,
 Wilt thou thus relentless flee?
 O Golden Time, O Human May,
 Can nothing, Fleet One, thee restrain?
 Must thy sweet river glide away
 Into the eternal Ocean-Main?

The suns serene are lost and vanish'd
 That wont the path of youth to gild,
 And all the fair Ideals banish'd
 From that wild heart they whilome fill'd.
 Gone the divine and sweet believing
 In dreams which Heaven itself unfurl'd!
 What godlike shapes have years bereaving
 Swept from this real work-day world!

* Rather, according to Æsthetical Philosophy, is the *actual* world to be called the *world of appearances*, and the Ideal the world of substance.

As once, with tearful passion fired,
 The Cyprian Sculptor clasp'd the stone,
 Till the cold cheeks, delight-inspired,
 Blush'd—to sweet life the marble grown ;
 So Youth's desire for Nature!—round
 The Statue, so my arms I wreathed,
 Till warmth and life in mine it found,
 And breath that poets breathe—it breathed.

With my own burning thoughts it burn'd ;—
 Its silence stirr'd to speech divine ;—
 Its lips my glowing kiss return'd ;—
 Its heart in beating answer'd mine !
 How fair was then the flower—the tree !—
 How silver-sweet the fountain's fall !
 The soulless had a soul to me !
 My life its own life lent to all !

The Universe of Things seem'd swelling
 The panting heart to burst its bound,
 And wandering Fancy found a dwelling
 In every shape—thought—deed, and sound.
 Germ'd in the mystic buds, reposing,
 A whole creation slumber'd mute,
 Alas, when from the buds unclosing,
 How scant and blighted sprung the fruit !

How happy in his dreaming error,
 His own gay valour for his wing,
 Of not one care as yet in terror,
 Did Youth upon his journey spring ;
 Till floods of balm, through air's dominion,
 Bore upward to the faintest star—
 For never aught to that bright pinion
 Could dwell too high, or spread too far.

Though laden with delight, how lightly
 The wanderer heavenward still could soar,
 And aye the ways of life how brightly
 The airy Pageant danced before !—
 Love, showering gifts (life's sweetest) down,
 Fortune, with golden garlands gay,
 And Fame, with starbeams for a crown,
 And Truth, whose dwelling is the Day.

Ah ! midway soon, lost evermore,
 Afar the blithe companions stray ;
 In vain their faithless steps explore,
 As, one by one, they glide away.
 Fleet Fortune was the first escaper—
 The thirst for wisdom linger'd yet ;
 But doubts with many a gloomy vapour
 The sun-shape of the Truth beset !

The holy crown which Fame was wreathing,
 Behold ! the mean man's temples wore !
 And but for one short spring-day breathing,
 Bloom'd Love—the Beautiful—no more !
 And ever stiller yet, and ever
 The barren path more lonely lay,
 Till waning Hope could scarcely quiver
 Along the darkly widening way.

Who, loving, linger'd yet to guide me,
When all her boon companions fled?
Who stands consoling still beside me,
And follows to the House of Dread?
Thine, Friendship! *thine*, the hand so tender—
Thine the balm dropping on the wound—
Thy task—the load more light to render,
O, earliest sought and soonest found!

And *thou*, so pleased with her uniting
To charm the soul-storm into peace,
Sweet *Toil!* * in toil itself delighting,
That more it labour'd, less could cease :
Though but by grains, thou aid'st the pile
The vast Eternity uprears—
At least thou strik'st from Time, the while,
Life's debt—the minutes, days, and years ! †

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL LIFE.

The *first title* of this Poem was "The Realm of Shadow." Perhaps in the whole range of German poetry there exists no poem which presents greater difficulties to the English translator. The chief object of the present inadequate version has been to render the sense intelligible as well as the words. The attempt stands in need of all the indulgence which the German scholar will readily allow that a much abler translator might reasonably require.

1

For ever fair, for ever calm and bright,
Life flies on plumage, zephyr-light,
For those who on the Olympian hill rejoice—
Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb,
And 'mid the universal ruin, bloom
The rosy days of Gods—
With Man, the choice,
Timid and anxious, hesitates between
The sense's pleasure and the soul's content ;
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,
The beams of both are blent.

2

Seek'st thou on earth the life of Gods to share,
Safe in the Realm of Death?—beware
To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;
Content thyself with gazing on their glow—
Short are the joys Possession can bestow,
And in Possession sweet Desire will die.
'Twas not the ninefold chain of waves that bound
Thy daughter, Ceres, to the Stygian river—
She pluck'd the fruit of the unholy ground,
And so—was Hell's for ever!

3

The weavers of the web—the Fates—but sway
The matter and the things of clay ;

* That is to say—the Poet's occupation—The Ideal.

† Though the Ideal images of youth forsake us—the Ideal still remains to the Poet.—Nay, it is his task and his companion; unlike the worldly fantasies of fortune—fame, and love—the fantasies the Ideal creates are imperishable. While, as the occupation of his life, it pays off the debt of time; as the exalter of life, it contributes to the building of eternity.

Safe from each change that Time to matter gives,
 Nature's blest playmate, free at will to stray
 With Gods a god, amidst the fields of Day,
 The FORM, the ARCHETYPE,* serenely lives.
 Would'st thou soar heavenward on its joyous wing?
 Cast from thee, Earth, the bitter and the real,
 High from this cramp'd and dungeon being, spring
 Into the Realm of the Ideal!

4

Here, bathed, Perfection, in thy purest ray,
 Free from the clogs and taints of clay,
 Hovers divine the Archetypal Man!
 Like those dim phantom ghosts of life that gleam
 And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream,
 While yet they stand in fields Elysian,
 Ere to the flesh the Immortal ones descend—
 If doubtful ever in the Actual life,
 Each contest—here a victory crowns the end
 Of every nobler strife.

5

Not from the strife itself to set thee free,
 But more to nerve—doth Victory
 Wave her rich garland from the Ideal clime.
 Whate'er thy wish, the Earth has no repose—
 Life still must drag thee onward as it flows,
 Whirling thee down the dancing surge of Time.
 But when the courage sinks beneath the dull
 Sense of its narrow limits—on the soul,
 Bright from the hill-tops of the Beautiful,
 Bursts the attained goal!

6

If worth thy while the glory and the strife
 Which fire the lists of Actual Life—
 The ardent rush to fortune or to fame,
 In the hot field where Strength and Valour are,
 And rolls the whirling thunder of the car,
 And the world, breathless, eyes the glorious game—
 Then dare and strive—the prize can but belong
 To him whose valour o'er his tribe prevails;
 In life the victory only crowns the strong—
 He who is feeble fails.

7

But as some stream, when from its source it gushes,
 O'er rocks in storm and tumult rushes,
 And smooths its after course to bright repose,
 So, through the Shadow-Land of Beauty glides
 The Life Ideal—on sweet silver tides
 Glassing the day and night star as it flows—
 Here, contest is the interchange of Love,
 Here, rule is but the empire of the Grace;
 Gone every foe, Peace folds her wings above
 The holy, haunted place.

8

When through dead stone to breathe a soul of light,
 With the dull matter to unite
 The kindling genius, some great sculptor glows;
 Behold him straining every nerve intent—
 Behold how, o'er the subject element,
 The stately THOUGHT its march laborious goes.

* "Die Gestalt"—Form, the Platonic Archetype.

For never, save to Toil untiring, spoke
 The unwilling Truth from her mysterious well—
 The statue only to the chisel's stroke
 Wakes from its marble cell.

9

But onward to the Sphere of Beauty—go
 Onward, O Child of Art! and, lo,
 Out of the matter which thy pains control
 The Statue springs!—not as with labour wrung
 From the hard block, but as from Nothing sprung—
 Airy and light—the offspring of the soul!
 The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost
 Leave not a trace when once the work is done—
 The artist's human frailty merged and lost
 In art's great victory won!

10

If human Sin confronts the rigid law
 Of perfect Truth and Virtue,* awe
 Seizes and saddens thee to see how far
 Beyond thy reach, Perfection;—if we test
 By the Ideal of the Good, the best,
 How mean our efforts and our actions are!
 This space between the Ideal of man's soul
 And man's achievement, who hath ever past?
 An ocean spreads between us and that goal,
 Where anchor ne'er was cast!

11

But fly the boundary of the Senses—live
 The Ideal life free Thought can give;
 And, lo, the gulf shall vanish, and the chill
 Of the soul's impotent despair be gone!
 And with divinity thou sharest the throne,
 Let but divinity become thy will!
 Scorn not the Law—permit its iron band
 The sense (it cannot chain the soul) to thrall.
 Let man no more the will of Jove withstand,
 And Jove the bolt lets fall!

12

If, in the woes of Actual Human Life—
 If thou could'st see the serpent strife
 Which the Greek Art has made divine in stone—
 Could'st see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,
 Note every pang, and hearken every shriek
 Of some despairing lost Laocoon,
 The human nature would thyself subdue
 To share the human woe before thine eye—
 Thy cheek would pale, and all thy soul be true
 To Man's great Sympathy.

13

But in the Ideal realm, aloof and far,
 Where the calm Art's pure dwellers are,
 Lo, the Laocoon writhes, but does not groan.
 Here, no sharp grief the high emotion knows—
 Here, suffering's self is made divine, and shows
 The brave resolve of the firm soul alone:
 Here, lovely as the rainbow on the dew
 Of the spent thunder-cloud, to Art is given,

* The Law, *i. e.* the Kantian Ideal of Truth and Virtue. This stanza and the next embody, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Kantian doctrine of morality.

Gleaming through Grief's dark veil, the peaceful blue
Of the sweet Moral Heaven.

14

So, in the glorious parable, behold
How, bow'd to mortal bonds, of old
Life's dreary path divine Alcides trode:
The hydra and the lion were his prey,
And to restore the friend he loved to day,
He went undaunted to the black-brow'd God;
And all the torments and the labours sore
Wroth Juno sent—the meek majestic One,
With patient spirit and unquailing, bore,
Until the course was run—

15

Until the God cast down his garb of clay,
And rent in hallowing flame away
The mortal part from the divine—to soar
To the empyreal air! Behold him spring
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,
And the dull matter that confined before
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,
Fills for a God the bowl!

THE FAVOUR OF THE MOMENT.

And so we find ourselves once more
A ring, though varying yet serene,
The wreaths of song we wove of yore
Again we'll weave as fresh and green.
But who the God to whom we bring
The earliest tribute song can treasure?
Him, first of all the Gods, we sing
Whose blessing to ourselves is—pleasure!
For boots it on the votive shrine
That Ceres life itself bestows;
Or liberal Bacchus gives the wine
That through the glass in purple glows—
If still there come not from the heaven
The spark that sets the hearth on flame;
If to the soul no fire is given,
And the sad heart remain the same?
Sudden as from the clouds must fall,
As from the lap of God, our bliss—
And still the mightiest lord of all,
Monarch of Time, the MOMENT is!
Since endless Nature first began,
Whate'er of might the mind hath wrought—
Whate'er of Godlike comes from Man
Springs from one lightning-flash of thought!
For years the marble block awaits
The breath of life, beneath the soil—
A happy thought the work creates,
A moment's glance rewards the toil.
As suns that weave from out their blaze
The various colours round them given;
As Iris, on her arch of rays,
Hovers, and vanishes from heaven;
So fair, so fleeting every prize—
A lightning-flash that shines and fades—
The Moment's brightness gilds the skies,
And round the brightness close the shades.

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

O'er ocean with a thousand masts sails on the young man bold—
One boat, hard-rescued from the deep, draws into port the old!

TO THE PROSELYTE-MAKER.

"A little Earth from out the Earth, and I
The Earth will move"—so said the sage divine;
Out of myself one little moment try
Myself to take;—succeed, and I am thine.

VALUE AND WORTH.

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods, a fair return be thine!—
If thou *art* something—bring thy soul, and interchange with mine.

THE FORTUNE-FAVoured.

[The first verses in the original of this poem are placed as a motto on Goethe's statue at Weimar.]

Ah! happy He, upon whose birth each god
Looks down in love, whose earliest sleep the bright
Idalia cradles, whose young lips the rod
Of eloquent Hermes kindles—to whose eyes,
Scarce waken'd yet, Apollo steals in light,
While on imperial brows Jove sets the seal of might.
Godlike the lot ordain'd for him to share,
He wins the garland ere he runs the race;
He learns life's wisdom ere he knows life's care,
And, without labour vanquish'd, smiles the Grace.
Great is the man, I grant, whose strength of mind,
Self-shapes its objects and subdues the Fates—
Virtue subdues the Fates, but cannot bind
The fickle Happiness, whose smile awaits
Those who scarce seek it; nor can courage earn
What the Grace showers not from her own free urn!

From aught *unworthy*, the determined will
Can guard the watchful spirit—there it ends.
The all that's *glorious* from the heaven descends;
As some sweet mistress loves us, freely still
Come the spontaneous gifts of heaven!—Above
Favour rules Jove, as it below rules Love!
The Immortals have their bias!—Kindly they
See the bright locks of youth enamour'd play,
And where the glad one goes, shed gladness round the way.
It is not they who boast the best to see,
Whose eyes the holy apparitions bless;
The stately light of their divinity
Hath oft but shone the brightest on the blind;—
And their choice spirit found its calm recess
In the pure childhood of a simple mind.
Unask'd they come—delighted to delude
The expectation of our baffled Pride;
No law can call their free steps to our side.
Him whom He loves, the Sire of men and gods,
(Selected from the marvelling multitude,)

Bears on his eagle to his bright abodes ;
And showers, with partial hand and lavish, down
The minstrel's laurel or the monarch's crown.

Before the fortune-favour'd son of earth,
Apollo walks—and, with his jocund mirth,
The heart-enthralling Smiler of the skies.
For him grey Neptune smooths the pliant wave—
Harmless the waters for the ship that bore
The Cæsar and his fortunes to the shore !
Charm'd, at his feet the crouching lion lies,
To him his back the murmuring dolphin gave ;
His soul is born a sovereign o'er the strife—
The lord of all the Beautiful of Life ;
Where'er his presence in its calm has trod,
It charms—it sways as some diviner god.

Scorn not the Fortune-favour'd, that to him
The light-won victory by the gods is given,
Or that, as Paris, from the strife severe,
The Venus draws her darling.—Whom the heaven
So prospers, love so watches, I revere !
And not the man upon whose eyes, with dim
And baleful night, sits Fate. The Dorian lord,
August Achilles, was not less divine
That Vulcan wrought for him the shield and sword—
That round the mortal hover'd all the hosts
Of all Olympus—that his wrath to grace,
The best and bravest of the Grecian race
Fell by the Trojan steel, what time the ghosts
Of souls untimely slain fled to the Stygian coasts.

Scorn not the Beautiful—if it be fair,
And yet seem useless in thy human sight.
As scentless lilies in the loving air,
Be *they* delighted—*thou* in them delight.
If without use they shine, yet still the glow
May thine own eyes enamour. Oh rejoice
That heaven the gifts of Song showers down below—
That what the muse hath taught him, the sweet voice
Of the glad minstrel teaches thee !—the soul
Which the god breathes in him, he can bestow
In turn upon the listener—if his breast
The blessing feel, thy heart is in that blessing blest.

The busy mart let Justice still control,
Weighing the guerdon to the toil !—What then ?
A god alone claims joy—all joy is his,
Flushing with unsought light the cheeks of men.
Where is no miracle, why there no bliss !
Grow, change, and ripen all that mortal be,
Shapen'd from form to form, by toiling time ;
The Blissful and the Beautiful are born
Full grown, and ripen'd from Eternity—
No gradual changes to their glorious prime,
No childhood dwarfs them, and no age has worn.—
Like Heaven's, each earthly Venus on the sight
Comes, a dark birth, from out an endless sea ;
Like the first Pallas, in maturest might,
Arm'd, from the Thunderer's brow, leaps forth each Thought of Light.

We have now, with few exceptions, translated all the principal poems comprised in the third, or maturest period of Schiller's life. We here pass back to the poems of his youth. The contrast in tone, thought, and spirit, between the compositions of the first and the third period, in the great poet's intellectual career, is sufficiently striking. In the former, there is little of that

majestic repose of strength so visible in the latter; but there is infinitely more fire and action—more of that lavish and exuberant energy which characterized the earlier tales of Lord Byron, and redeemed, in that wonderful master of animated and nervous style, a certain poverty of conception by a vigour and *gusto* of execution, which no English poet, perhaps, has ever surpassed. In his poems lies the life, and beats the heart, of Schiller. They conduct us through the various stages of his spiritual education, and indicate each step in the progress. In this division, *effort* is no less discernible than power—both in language and thought there is a struggle at something not yet achieved, and not, perhaps, even yet definite and distinct to the poet himself. Here may be traced, though softened by the charm of genius, (which softens all things,) the splendid errors that belong to a passionate youth, and that give such distorted grandeur to the giant melodrama of “The Robbers.” But here are to be traced also, and in far clearer characters, the man’s strong heart, essentially human in its sympathies—the thoughtful and earnest intellect, not yet equally developed with the fancy, but giving ample promise of all it was destined to receive. In these earlier poems, extravagance is sufficiently noticeable—yet never the sickly eccentricities of diseased weakness, but the exuberant overflowings of a young Titan’s strength. There is a distinction, which our critics do not always notice, between the *extravagance* of a great genius, and the *affectation* of a pretty poet.

FIRST PERIOD.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

[This and the following poem are, with some alterations, introduced in the play of “The Robbers.”]

ANDROMACHE.

Will Hector leave me for the fatal plain,
Where, fierce with vengeance for Patroclus slain,
 Stalks Peleus’ ruthless son?
Who, when thou glidest amid the dark abodes,
To hurl the spear and to revere the Gods,
 Shall teach thine Orphan One?

HECTOR.

Woman and wife beloved—cease thy tears;
My soul is nerved—the war-clang in my ears!
 Be mine in life to stand
Troy’s bulwark, fighting for our hearths—to go,
In death, exulting to the streams below,
 Slain for my father-land!

ANDROMACHE.

No more I hear thy martial footsteps fall—
Thine arms shall hang, dull trophies, on the wall—
 Fallen the stem of Troy!
Thou go’st where slow Cocytus wanders—where
Love sinks in Lethe, and the sunless air
 Is dark to light and joy!

HECTOR.

Sinew and thought—yea, all I feel and think
May in the silent sloth of Lethe sink,
 But my love not!
Hark, the wild swarm is at the walls!—I hear!
Gird on my sword—beloved one, dry the tear—
 Lethe for love is not!

AMALIA.

Fair as an angel from his blessed hall—
 Of every fairest youth the fairest he!
 Heaven-mild his look, as maybeams when they fall,
 Or shine reflected from a clear blue sea!
 His kisses—feelings rife with paradise!
 Ev'n as two flames, one on the other driven—
 Ev'n as two harp-tones their melodious sighs
 Blend in some music that seems born of heaven;
 So rush'd, mix'd, melted—life with life united!
 Lips, cheeks burn'd, trembled—soul to soul was won!
 And earth and heaven seem'd chaos, as delighted
 Earth—heaven were blent round the beloved one!
 Now, he is gone! vainly and wearily
 Groans the full heart, the yearning sorrow flows—
 Gone! and all zest of life, in one long sigh,
 Goes with him where he goes,

TO LAURA.

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.*

Who, and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?
 Who made thy glances to my soul the link—
 Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink—
 My life in thine to sink?
 As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,
 Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—
 So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
 Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
 Yields not my soul to thee?
 Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?—
 Is it because its native home thou art?
 Or were they brothers in the days of yore,
 Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore
 Sigh to be bound once more?
 Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
 And therefore still my heart for thine is pining?
 Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—
 The joys remote of some bright realm undone,
 Where once our souls were ONE?
 Yes, it is so!—And thou wert bound to me
 In the long-vanish'd Eld eternally!
 In the dark troubled tablets which enroll
 The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—
 "One with thy love my soul!"
 Oh yes, I learn'd in awe, when gazing there,
 How once one bright inseparate life we were,

* This most exquisite love-poem is founded on the Platonic notion, that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.

How once, one glorious essence as a God,
 Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trode—
 All Nature our abode!
 Round us, in waters of delight, for ever
 Voluptuous flow'd the heavenly Nectar river;
 We were the master of the seal of things,
 And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs
 Quiver'd our glancing wings.
 Weep for the godlike life we lost afar—
 Weep!—thou and I its scatter'd fragments are;
 And still the unconquer'd yearning we retain—
 Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,
 And grow divine again.
 And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee;
 This made thy glances to my soul the link—
 This made me burn thy very breath to drink—
 My life in thine to sink:
 And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,
 Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,
 So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see
 Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—
 Yieldeth my soul to thee!
 Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,
Because, beloved, its native home thou art;
 Because the twins recall the links they bore,
 And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,
 Meets and unites once more.
 Thou too—Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,
 And thy young blush the tender answer tells;
 Yes! with the dear relation still we thrill,
 Both lives—tho' exiles from the homeward hill—
 One life—all glowing still!

TO LAURA.

(Rapture.)

Laura—above this world methinks I fly,
 And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
 When thy looks beam on mine!
 And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
 When mine own shape I see reflected there,
 In those blue eyes of thine!
 A lyre-sound from the Paradise afar,
 A harp-note trembling from some gracious star,
 Seems the wild ear to fill;
 And my muse feels the Golden Shepherd-hours,
 When from thy lips the silver music pours
 Slow, as against its will.
 I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
 Move the charm'd trees, as when the Thracian's string
 Wild life to forests gave;
 Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
 When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
 Light as a happy wave.
 Thy looks, when there love sheds the loving smile,
 Could from the senseless marble life beguile—
 Lend rocks a pulse divine;

Into a dream my very being dies,
 I can but read—for ever read—thine eyes—
 Laura, sweet Laura, mine!*

TO LAURA PLAYING.

When o'er the chords thy fingers steal,
 A soulless statue now I feel,
 And now a soul set free!
 Sweet Sovereign! ruling over death and life—
 Seizes the heart, in a voluptuous strife
 As with a thousand strings—the SORCERY!†

Then the vassal airs that woo thee,
 Hush their low breath hearkening to thee.
 In delight and in devotion,
 Pausing from her whirling motion,
 Nature, in enchanted calm,
 Silently drinks the floating balm.
 Sorceress, *her* heart with thy tone
 Chaining—as thine eyes my own!

O'er the transport-tumult driven,
 Doth the music gliding swim;
 From the strings, as from their heaven,
 Burst the new-born Seraphim.
 As when from Chaos' giant arms set free,
 'Mid the Creation-storm, exultingly
 Sprang sparkling thro' the dark the Orbs of Light—
 So streams the rich tone in melodious might.

Soft-gliding now, as when o'er pebbles glancing,
 The silver wave goes dancing;
 Now with majestic swell, and strong,
 As thunder peals in organ-tones along;
 And now with stormy gush,
 As down the rock, in foam, the whirling torrents rush.
 To a whisper now
 Melts it amorously,
 Like the breeze through the bough
 Of the aspen tree;
 Heavily now, and with a mournful breath,
 Like midnight's wind along those wastes of death,
 Where Awe the wail of ghosts lamenting hears,
 And slow Cocytus trails the stream whose waves are tears.

Speak, maiden, speak!—Oh, art thou one of those
 Spirits more lofty than our region knows?
 Should we in *thine* the mother-language seek
 Souls in Elysium speak?

* We confess we cannot admire the sagacity of those who have contended that Schiller's passion for Laura was purely Platonic.

† "The Sorcery."—In the original, Schiller has an allusion of very questionable taste, and one which is very obscure to the general reader, to a conjurer of the name of Philadelphia who exhibited before Frederick the Great.

FLOWERS.

Children of Suns restored to youth,
 In purpled fields ye dwell,
 Rear'd to delight and joy—in sooth
 Kind Nature loves ye well!
 Broider'd with light the robes ye wear,
 And liberal Flora decks ye fair
 In gorgeous-colour'd pride.
 Yet woe—Spring's harmless infants—woe!
 Mourn, for ye wither while ye glow—
 Mourn for the *soul* denied!

The sky-lark and the nightbird sing
 To you their hymns of love;
 And Sylphs that wanton on the wing,
 Embrace your blooms above.
 Woven for Love's soft pillow were
 The chalice-crowns ye flashing bear,
 By the Idalian Queen.
 Yet weep, soft children of the Spring,
 The *feelings* love alone can bring
 To you denied have been!

But *me* in vain my Fanny's* eyes
 Her mother hath forbidden;
 For in the buds I gather, lies
 Love's symbol-language hidden.
 Mute heralds of voluptuous pain,
 I touch ye—*life—speech—heart—ye* gain,
 And *soul* denied before.
 And silently your leaves enclose,
 The mightiest God in arch repose,
 Soft-cradled in the core.

THE BATTLE.

Heavy and solemn,
 A cloudy column,
 Thro' the green plain they marching came!
 Measureless spread, like a table dread,
 For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
 The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
 And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
 Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
 Gallops the Major along the front—
 “Halt!”
 And fetter'd they stand at the stark command,
 And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
 What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
 “See you the Foeman's banners waving?”
 “We see the Foeman's banners waving!”
 Now, God be with you, woman and child,
 Lustily hark to the music wild—

* Literally “Nanny.”

The mighty trump and the mellow fife,
 Nerving the limbs to a stouter life;
 Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
 Thrilling they go, through the marrow and bone.
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more!*

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
 Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
 From host to host, with kindling sound,
 The shouting signal circles round,
 Ay, shout it forth to life or death—
 Freer already breathes the breath!
 The war is waging, slaughter raging,
 And heavy through the reeking pall,
 The iron Death-dice fall!

Nearer they close—foes upon foes
 “Ready!”—From square to square it goes,
 Down on the knee they sank,
 And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
 Many a man to the earth it sent,
 Many a gap by the balls is rent—
 O’er the corpse before springs the hinder-man;
 That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
 To the right, to the left, and around and around,
 Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
 The sun goes down on the burning fight,
 And over the host falls the brooding Night.
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o’er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more!*

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
 And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
 And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
 Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
 “What, Francis!” “Give Charlotte my last farewell.”
 Wilder the slaughter roars, fierce and fell.
 “I’ll give—Look, comrades, beware—beware
 How the bullets behind us are whirring there—
 I’ll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
 Sleep soft! where death’s seeds are the thickest sown,
 Goes the heart which thy silent heart leaves alone.”
 Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,
 Darker and darker comes down the night—
*Brothers, God grant when this life is o’er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more!*

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!

The Adjutants flying,—
 The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
 Their thunder booms in dying—
 Victory!

The terror has seized on the dastards all,
 And their colours fall.

Victory!
 Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight.
 And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
 Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
 The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
*Live—brothers—live!—and when this life is o’er,
 In the life to come may we meet once more!*

THE LAST OF THE SHEPHERDS.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH I had lived in France in 1672! It was the age of romances in twenty volumes, and flowing periwigs, and high-heeled shoes, and hoops, and elegance, and wit, and rouge, and literary suppers, and gallantry, and devotion. What names are those of La Calprenède, and D'Urfé, and De Scudéri, to be the idols and tutelary deities of a circulating library!—and Sévigné, to conduct the fashionable correspondence of the *Morning Post*!—and Racine, to contribute to the unacted drama!—and ladies skipping up the steepest parts of Parnassus, with petticoats well tucked up, to show the beauty of their ancles, and their hands filled with artificial flowers—almost as good as natural—to show the simplicity of their tastes! I wish I had lived in France in 1672; for in that year Madame Deshoulières, who had already been voted the tenth muse by all the freeholders of Pieria, and whose pastorals were lisped by all the fashionable shepherdesses in Paris, left the flowery banks of the Seine to rejoin her husband. Monsieur Deshoulières was in Guyenne; Madame Deshoulières went into Dauphiné. Matrimony seems to be rather fruitful to geographical studies; but Madame Deshoulières was a poetess; and in spite of the thirty-eight summers that shaded the lustre of her cheek, she was beautiful, and was still in the glow of youth by her grace and her talent, and—her heart. Wherever she moved she left crowds of Corydons and Alexises; but, luckily for M. Deshoulières, their whole conversation was about sheep.

The two Mesdemoiselles Deshoulières, Madeleine and Bribrî, were beautiful girls of seventeen or eighteen, brought up in all the innocent pastoralism of their mother. They believed in all the poetical descriptions they read in her eclogues. They expected to see shepherds playing on their pipes, and shepherdesses dancing, and naiads reclining on the shady banks of clear-running rivers. They were delighted to get out of the prosaic atmosphere of Paris; and all the three were overjoyed when they sprang

from their carriage, one evening in May, at the chateau of Madame d'Urtis on the banks of the Lignon. Though there were occasional showers at that season, the mornings were splendid; and accordingly the travellers were up almost by daylight, to tread the grass still trembling 'neath the steps of Astrea—to see the fountain, that mirror where the shepherdesses wove wild-flowers into their hair—and to explore the wood, still vocal with the complaints of Celadon. In one of their first excursions, Madeleine Deshoulières, impatient to see some of the scenes so gracefully described by her mother, asked if they were really not to encounter a single shepherd on the banks of the Lignon? Madame Deshoulières perceived, at no great distance, a herdsman and cow-girl playing at chuckfarthing; and, after a pause, replied—

“Behold upon the verdant grass so sweet,
The shepherdess is at her shepherd's feet!
Her arms are bare, her foot is small and
white,
The very oxen wonder at the sight;
Her locks half bound, half floating in the
air,
And gown as light as those that satyrs
wear.”

While these lines were given in Madame Deshoulières' inimitable recitative, the party had come close to the rustic pair. “People may well say,” muttered Madeleine, “that the pictures of Nature are always best at a distance. Can it be possible that this is a shepherdess—a shepherdess of Lignon?” The shepherdess was in reality a poor little peasant girl, unkempt, unshorn, with hands of prodigious size, a miraculous squint, and a mouth which probably had a beginning, but of which it was impossible to say where it might end. The shepherd was worthy of his companion; and yet there was something in the extravagant stupidity of his fat and florid countenance that was interesting to a Parisian eye. Madame Deshoulières, who was too much occupied with the verses of the great D'Urfé

to attend to what was before her, continued her description—

"The birds all round her praises ever sing,
And 'neath her steps the flowers incessant spring."

"Your occupation here is delightful, isn't it?" said Madeleine to the peasant girl.

"No, 'tain't, miss—that it ain't. I gets nothink for all I does, and when I goes hoam at night I gets a good licking to the bargain."

"And you?" enquired Madeleine, turning to the herdsman, who was slinking off.

"I'm a little b-b-etter off nor hur," said the man, stuttering, "for I gets board and lodging—dasht if I doesn't—but I gets bread like a stone, and s-s-sleeps below a hedge—dasht if I doesn't."

"But where are your sheep, shepherd?" said Bribri.

"Hain't a got none," stuttered the man again, "dasht if I has."

"What!" exclaimed Madeleine in despair, "am I not to see the lovely lambkins bleating and skipping in the meadows on the banks of the Lignon, O Celadon?"

But Madame Deshoulières was too much of a poetess to hear or see what was going on. She thought of nothing but the loves of Astrea, and heard nothing but the imaginary songs of contending Damons.

On their return to the chateau, Madeleine and Bribri complained that they had seen neither flock nor shepherdess.

"And are you anxious to see them?" enquired Madame D'Urtis, with a smile.

"Oh, very," exclaimed Bribri; "we expected to live like shepherdesses when we came here. I have brought every thing a rustic wants."

"And so have I," continued Madeleine; "I have brought twenty yards of rose-coloured ribands, and twenty yards of blue, to ornament my crook and the handsomest of my ewes."

"Well then," said the Duchess d'Urtis, good-naturedly, "there are a dozen of sheep feeding at the end of the park. Take the key of the gate, and drive them into the meadows beyond."

Madeleine and Bribri were wild with joy, while their mother was la-

bouring in search of a rhyme, and did not attend to the real eclogue which was about to be commenced. They scarcely took time to breakfast.—"They dressed themselves coquetishly"—so Madame Deshoulières wrote to Mascarón—"they cut with their own hands a crook a-piece in the park—they beautified them with ribands. Madeleine was for the blue ribands, Bribri for the rose-colour. Oh, the gentle shepherdesses! they spent a whole hour in finding a name they liked. At last, Madeleine fixed on *Amaranthe*, Bribri on *Daphné*. I have just seen them gliding among the trees that overshadow the lovely stream.—Poor shepherdesses! be on your guard against the wolves."

At noon that very day Madeleine and Bribri, or rather *Amaranthe* and *Daphné*, in grey silk petticoats and satin bodies, with their beautiful hair in a state of most careful disorder, and with their crooks in hand, conducted the twelve sheep out of the park into the meadows. The flock, which seemed to be very hungry, were rather troublesome and disobedient. The shepherdesses did all they could to keep them in the proper path. It was a delicious mixture of bleatings, and laughter, and baatings, and pastoral songs. The happy girls inhaled the soul of nature, as their poetical mamma expressed it. They ran—they threw themselves on the blooming grass—they looked at themselves in the limpid waters of the Lignon—they gathered lapfuls of primroses. The flock made the best use of their time; and every now and then a sheep of more observation than the rest, perceiving they were guarded by such extraordinary shepherdesses, took half an hour's diversion among the fresh-springing corn.

"That's one of yours," said *Amaranthe*.

"No; 'tis yours," replied *Daphné*; but, by way of having no difficulties in future, they resolved to divide the flock, and ornament one-half with blue collars, and the other with rose-colour. And they gave a name also to each of the members of their flock, such as *Melibæus*, and *Jeannot*, and *Robin*, and *Blanchette*. Twelve more poetical sheep were never fed on grass before. When the sun began to sink, the shepherdesses brought back their flocks. Madame Deshou-

lieres cried with joy. "Oh, my dear girls!" she said, kissing their fair foreheads; "it is you that have composed an eclogue, and not I."

"Nothing is wanting to the picture," said the Duchess, seating herself under the willows of the watering-

place, and admiring the graceful girls.

"I think we want a dog," said Daphnè.

"No; we are rather in want of a wolf," whispered the beautiful Amaranthe—and blushed.

CHAPTER II.

Not far from the Chateau d'Urtis, the old manor-house of Langevy raised its pointed turrets above the surrounding woods. There, in complete isolation from the world, lived Monsieur de Langevy, his old mother, and his young son. M. de Langevy had struggled against the storms and misfortunes of human life; he now reposed in the bosom of solitude, with many a regret over his wife and his youth—his valiant sword and his adventures. His son, Hector Henri de Langevy, had studied under the Jesuits at Lyons till he was eighteen. Accustomed to the indulgent tenderness of his grandmother, he had returned, about two years before, determined to live in his quiet home without troubling himself about the military glories that had inspired his father. M. de Langevy, though he disapproved of the youth's choice, did not interfere with it, except that he insisted on his sometimes following the chase, as the next best occupation to actual war. The chase had few charms for Hector. It perhaps might have had more, if he had not been forced to arm himself with an enormous fowling-piece that had belonged to one of his ancestors, the very sight of which alarmed him a mighty deal more than the game. He was so prodigious a sportsman, that, after six months' practice, he was startled as much as ever by the whirl of a partridge. But don't imagine, on this account, that Hector's time was utterly wasted. He mused and dreamed, and fancied it would be so pleasant to be in love; for he was at that golden age—the only golden age the world has ever seen—when the heart passes from vision (as the bee from flower to flower)—and wanders, in its dreams of hope, from earth to heaven, from sunshine to shade—from warbling groves to sighing maidens. But, alas! the heart of Hector searched in vain for sighing maidens in the woods

of Langevy. In the chateau, there was no one but an old housekeeper, who had probably not sighed for thirty years, and a chubby scullion-maid—all unworthy of a soul that dreamed romances on the banks of the Lignon. He counted greatly on a cousin from Paris, who had promised them a visit in the spring. In the meantime, he paced up and down with a gun on his shoulder, pretending to be a sportsman—happy in his hopes, happy in the clear sunshine, happy because he knew no better—as happens to a great many other people in the gay days of their youth, in this most unjustly condemned and vilipended world. And now you will probably guess what occurred one day he was walking in his usual dreamy state of abstraction, and as nearly as possible tumbled head foremost into the Lignon. By dint of marching straight on, without minding either hedge or ditch, he found himself, when he awakened from his reverie, with his right foot raised, in the very act of stepping off the bank into the water. He stood stock-still, in that somewhat unpicturesque attitude—his mouth wide open, his eyes strained, and his cheek glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. He had caught a glimpse of our two enchanting shepherdesses on the other side of the stream, who were watching his movements by stealth. He blushed far redder than he had ever done before, and hesitated whether he should retreat or advance. To retreat, he felt, would look rather awkward; at the same time, he thought it would be too great a price to pay for his honour to jump into the river. And, besides, even if he got over to the other side, would he have courage to speak to them? Altogether, I think he acted more wisely, though less chivalrously, than some might have done in his place. He laid down his gun, and seated himself on the bank, and looked at the sheep as they fed

on the opposite side. At twenty years of age, love travels at an amazing pace; and Hector felt that he was already over head and ears with one of the fair shepherdesses. He did not stop to examine which of them it was; it was of no consequence—sufficient for him that he knew he was in love—gone—captivated. If he had been twenty years older, he would perhaps have admired them both: it would have been less romantic, but decidedly more wise.

It is not to be denied that Amaranthe and Daphnè blushed a little, too, at this sort of half-meeting with Hector. They hung down their heads in the most captivating manner, and continued silent for some time. But at last Amaranthe, more lively than her sister, recommenced her chatter. "Look, Bribri," she said—"Daphnè I mean—he is one of the silvan deities, or perhaps Narcissus looking at himself in the water."

"Rather say, looking at you," replied Daphnè, with a blush.

"'Tis Pan hiding himself in the oziers till you are metamorphosed into a flute, dear Daphnè."

"Not so, fair sister," replied Daphnè; "'tis Endymion in pursuit of the shepherdess Amaranthe."

"At his present pace, the pursuit will last some time. If he weren't quite so rustic, he would be a captivating shepherd, with his long brown ringlets. He has not moved for an hour. What if he has taken root like a hamadryad?"

"Poor fellow!" said Daphnè, in the simplest tone in the world; "he looks very dull all by himself."

"He must come over to us—that's very plain. We will give him a crook and a bouquet of flowers."

"Oh, just the thing!" exclaimed the innocent Daphnè. "We need a shepherd: and yet, no, no"—she added, for she was a little jealous of her sister—" 'tis a lucky thing there is a river between us."

"I hope he will find a bridge *per passa lou riu d'amor*."

Now, just at that moment Hector's mind was set on passing the river of Love. In casting his eyes all round in search of a passage, he perceived an old willow half thrown across the stream. With a little courage and activity, it was a graceful and poetical bridge. Hector resolved to try it.

He rose and went right onward towards the tree; but, when he arrived, he couldn't help reflecting that, at that season, the river was immensely deep. He disdained the danger—sprang lightly up the trunk, and flung himself along one of the branches, dropping, happily without any accident, on the meadow of the Chateau d'Urtis. Little more was left for him to do; and that little he did. He went towards the fair shepherdesses. He tried to overcome his timidity—he overwhelmed the first sheep of the flock with his insidious caresses—and then, finding himself within a few feet of Amaranthe—he bowed, and smiled, and said, "Mademoiselle."

He was suddenly interrupted by a clear and silvery voice.

"There are no Mesdemoiselles here—there are only two shepherdesses, Amaranthe and Daphnè."

Hector had prepared a complimentary speech for a young lady attending a flock of sheep—but he hadn't a word to say to a shepherdess.

He bowed again, and there was a pause.

"Fair Amaranthe," he said—"and fair Daphnè, will you permit a mortal to tread these flowery plains?"

Amaranthe received the speech with a smile, in which a little raillery was mingled. "You speak like a true shepherd," she said.

But Daphnè was more good-natured, and more touched with the politeness of the sportsman. She cast her eyes on the ground and blushed.

"Oh—if you wish to pass through these meadows," she said—"we shall be"—

"We were going to do the honours of our reception room," continued Amaranthe, "and offer you a seat on the grass."

"'Tis too much happiness to throw myself at your feet," replied Hector, casting himself on one knee.

But he had not looked where he knelt; and he broke Daphnè's crook.

"Oh, my poor crook!" she said—and sighed.

"What have I done?" cried Hector. "I am distressed at my stupidity—I will cut you another from the ash grove below. But you loved this crook," he added—"the gift, perhaps, of some shepherd—some shepherd?—no, some prince; for you yourselves are princesses—or fairies."

"We are nothing but simple shepherdesses," said Amaranthe.

"You are nothing but beautiful young ladies from the capital," said Hector, "on a visit at the Chateau d'Urtis. Heaven be praised—for in my walks I shall at least catch glimpses of you at a distance, if I dare not come near. I shall see you glinting among the trees like enchantresses of old."

"Yes, we are Parisians, as you have guessed—but retired for ever from the world and its deceitful joys."

Amaranthe had uttered the last words in a declamatory tone; you might have thought them a quotation from her mamma.

"You complain rather early, methinks," replied Hector, with a smile; "have you indeed much fault to find with the world?"

"That is our secret, fair sportsman," answered Amaranthe; "but it seems you also live retired—an eremite forlorn."

"I? fair Amaranthe? I have done nothing but dream of the delights of a shepherd's life—though I confess I had given up all hopes of seeing a good-looking shepherdess—but now I shall go back more happily than ever to my day-dreams. Ah! why can't I help you to guard your flock?"

The two young girls did not know what to say to this proposition. Daphnè at last replied—

"Our flock is very small—and quite ill enough attended to as it is."

"What joy for me to become Daphnis—to sing to you, and gather roses, and twine them in your hair!"

"Let us say no more," interrupted Amaranthe, a little disquieted at the sudden ardour of Daphnis; "the sun is going down: we must return to the

park. Adieu," she added, rising to go away.

"Adieu, Daphnis!" murmured the tender Daphnè, confused and blushing.

Hector did not dare to follow them. He stood for a quarter of an hour with his eyes fixed first on them, and then on the door of the park. His heart beat violently, his whole soul pursued the steps of the shepherdesses.

"'Adieu, Daphnis,' the lovely Daphnè said to me. I hear her sweet voice still! How beautiful she is! how beautiful they are, both—Amaranthe is more graceful, but Daphnè is more winning—bright eyes—white hands! sweet smiles! and the delicious dress, so simple, yet so captivating! the white corset that I could not venture to look at—the gown of silk that couldn't hide the points of the charming little feet. 'Tis witchery—enchantment—Venus and Diana—I shall inevitably go mad. Ah, cousin! you ought to have come long ago, and all this might never have occurred."

The sun had sunk behind a bed of clouds—the nightingale began its song, and the fresh green leaves rustled beneath the mild breath of the evening breeze. The bee hummed joyously on its homeward way, loaded with the sweets of the spring flowers. Down in the valley, the voice of the hinds driving their herds to rest, increased the rustic concert; the river rippled on beneath the mysterious shade of old fantastic trees, and the air was filled with soft noises, and rich perfumes, and the voice of birds. There was no room in Hector's heart for all these natural enjoyments. "To-morrow," he said, kissing the broken crook—"I will come back again to-morrow."

CHAPTER III.

Early in the following morning, Hector wandered along the banks of the Lignon, with a fresh-cut crook in his hand. He looked to the door of the Park d'Urtis, expecting every moment to see the glorious apparitions of the day before. And at stroke of noon, a lamb rushing through the gate, careered along the meadow, and the eleven others ran gayly after it, amidst a peal of musical laughter from Amaranthe. Daphnè did not laugh.

The moment she crossed the threshold, she glanced stealthily towards the river. "I thought so," she murmured; "Daphnis has come back." And Daphnis, in a transport of joy, was hurrying to the shepherdesses, when he was suddenly interrupted by Madame Deshoulières and the Duchess d'Urtis. When the sisters had returned, on the evening before, Amaranthe, to Daphnè's great discomfiture, had told word for word all that

had occurred; how that a young sportsman had joined them, and how they had talked and laughed; and Madame d'Urtis had no doubt, from the description, that it was Hector de Langevy. Amaranthe having added to the story, that she felt certain, in spite of Daphnè's declarations to the contrary, that he would meet them again, the seniors had determined to watch the result. Hector would fain have made his escape; two ladies he might have faced, but four!—and two of them above thirty years of age! 'Twas too much; but his retreat was instantly cut off. He stood at bay, blushed with all his might, but saluted the ladies as manfully as if he had been a page. He received three most gracious curtsies in return—only three; for Daphnè wished to pass on without taking any notice—which he considered a very favourable omen. He did not know how to begin a conversation; and besides, he began to get confused; and his blushing increased to a most alarming extent—and—in short—he held out his crook to Daphnè. As that young shepherdess had no crook of her own, and did not know how to refuse the one he offered, she took it, though her hand trembled a little, and looked at Madame Deshoulières.

"I broke your crook yesterday, fair Daphnè," said Hector, "but it is not lost. I shall make a relic of it—more precious than—than—" but the bones of the particular saint he was about to name stuck in his throat, and he was silent.

"Monsieur de Langevy," said Madame d'Urtis kindly, "since you make such a point of aiding these shepherdesses in guarding the flock, I hope in an hour you will accompany them to the castle to lunch."

"I'll go with them wherever you allow me, madam," said Hector. (I wonder if the impudent fellow thought he had the permission of the young ones already.)

"Let that be settled then," said the Duchess. "I shall go and have the butter cooled, and the curds made—a simple lunch, as befits the guests."

"The fare of shepherds!" said Madame Deshoulières, and immediately set out in search of a rhyme.

Daphnè had walked slowly on, pressing the crook involuntarily to her heart, and arrived at the river side,

impelled by a desire for solitude, without knowing why. There are some mysterious influences to which damsels of seventeen seem particularly subject. A lamb—the gentlest of the flock, which had become accustomed to her caresses—had followed her like a dog. She passed her small hand lightly over the snowy neck of the favourite, and looked round to see what the party she had left were doing. She was astonished to see her mother and Hector conversing, as if they had been acquainted for ages, while Madame d'Urtis and Amaranthe were running a race towards the park. She sat down on the grassy bank, exactly opposite the ozers where she had seen Hector the preceding day. When she felt she was quite alone, she ventured to look at the crook. It was a branch of ash of good size, ornamented with a rustic bouquet and a bunch of ribbands, not very skilfully tied. Daphnè was just going to improve the knot, when she saw a billet hid in the flowers. What should she do?—read it? That were dangerous; her confessor did not allow such venialities—her mamma would be enraged—some people are so fond of monopolies—and besides, she might be discovered. 'Twould be better, then, *not* to read it—a much simpler proceeding; for couldn't she nearly guess what was in it? And what did she care what was in it? Not to read it was evidently the safer mode; and accordingly she—read it through and through, and blushed and smiled, and read it through and through again. It was none of your commonplace prosaic epistles—'twas all poetry, all fire; her mamma would have been enchanted if the verses had only been addressed to her. Here they are:—

"My sweetest hour, my happiest day,
Was in the happy month of May!
The happy dreams that round me lay
On that delicious morn of May!

"I saw thee! loved thee! If my love
A tribute unrejected be,
The happiest day of May shall prove
The happiest of my life to me!"

It is quite evident that if such an open declaration had been made in plain prose, Daphnè would have been angry; but in verse, 'twas nothing but a poetical license. Instead, therefore, of tearing it in pieces, and throwing it into the water, she folded it carefully

up, and placed it in the pretty corset of white satin, which seems the natural escritoire of a shepherdess in her teens. Scarcely had she closed the drawer, and double locked it, when she saw at her side—Hector and Madame Deshoulières.

"My poor child," said the poetess, "how thoughtful you seem on Lignon's flowery side—forgetful of your sheep—

'That o'er the meadows negligently stray!'

Monsieur de Langevy, as you have given her a crook, methinks you ought to aid her in her duties in watching the flock. As for myself, I must be off to finish a letter to my bishop.

'From Lignon's famous banks
What can I find to say?
The breezes freshly springing,
Make me—and nature—gay.
When Celadon would weep;
His lost Astrea fair,
To Lignon he would creep,
But oh! this joyous air
Would force to skip and leap
A dragon in despair!'"—&c. &c.

Madame Deshoulières had no prudish notions, you will perceive, about a flirtation—provided it was carried on with the airs and graces of the Hotel Rambouillet. She merely, therefore, interposed a word here and

there, to show that she was present. Daphnè, who scarcely said a word to Hector, took good care to answer every time her mamma spoke to her. To be sure, it detracts a little from this filial merit, that she did not know what she said. But if all parties were pleased, I don't see what possible right anybody else has to find fault.

The shepherdess Daphnè, or rather Bribri Deshoulières, as we have seen, was beautiful, and simple, and tender—beautiful from the admirable sweetness of her expression—simple, as young girls are simple: that is to say, with a small spice of mischief to relieve the insipidity—and tender, with a smile that seems to open the heart as well as the lips. What struck people in her expression at first, was a shade of sadness over her features—a fatal presentiment, as it were, that added infinitely to her charm. Her sister was more beautiful, perhaps—had richer roses on her cheek, and more of what is called *manner* altogether—but if Amaranthe pleased the eyes, Daphnè captivated the heart; and as the eyes are evidently subordinate to the heart, Daphnè carried the day. Hector accordingly, on the first burst of his admiration, had *seen* nothing but Amaranthe; but when he had left the sisters, it was astonishing how exclusively he *thought* of Daphnè.

CHAPTER IV.

The castle clock sounded the hour of luncheon. Hector offered his arm to Madame Deshoulières; Daphnè called her flock. They entered the park, and were joined by the Duchess d'Urtis and Amaranthe. The collation was magnificent. First course, an omelette au jambon, entrée cakes, and fresh butter; second course, a superb cream cheese. Dessert, a trifle and preserves. All these interesting details are embalmed in the poetic correspondence of Madame Deshoulières, in which every dish was duly chronicled for the edification of her friends.

At nightfall—for Hector lingered as long as he could—the young shepherd quitted the party with great regret; but there was no time to lose, for he had two leagues to go, and there was no moon, and the roads were still broken into immense ruts by the

equinoctial rains. On the following day, Hector returned to the Chateau d'Urtis through the meadow. When he arrived near the willow that served for his bridge across the river, he was surprised to see neither shepherdess nor flock in the field. He tripped across the tree, lamenting the bad omen; but scarcely had he reached the other side when he saw some sheep straggling here and there. He rushed towards them, amazed at not seeing either Amaranthe or Daphnè; and what was his enchantment when, on advancing a little further, he perceived his adored shepherdess by the margin of the Lignon, which at that point formed a pretty little cascade. The tender Daphnè had thrown her beautiful arm round one of the young willows in flower, and, trusting to its support, leaned gracefully over the waterfall, in the shadow of its odori-

ferous leaves. She had allowed her soul to wander in one of those delicious reveries, of which the thread—broken and renewed a thousand times—is the work of the joy which hopes, and the sadness which fears. She was not aware of Hector's approach. When she saw him, she started, as if waking from a dream.

"You are all alone," said Hector, drawing near.

She hurriedly told him that her sister would soon join her. The two lovers kept silence for some time, looking timidly at each other, not venturing to speak, as if they feared the sound of their own voices in the solitude.

"There seems a sadness," said Hector at length, but his voice trembled as he spoke—"there seems a sadness on your brow?"

"'Tis true," replied Daphnè. "Mamma has heard from Monsieur Deshoulières. He is going to pass through Avignon soon, and we are going away to see him on his passage."

"Going away!" cried Hector, turning pale.

"Yes! and I felt myself so happy," said Daphnè, mournfully, "in these meadows with my sheep, that I loved so well."

When Daphnè spoke of her sheep, she looked at Hector.

"But why should you go? Madame Deshoulières could return for you here!"

"And take me away when I had been longer here—my grief would only be greater. No—I must go now or stay always."

On hearing these words Hector fell on one knee, seized her hand and kissed it, and, looking up with eyes overflowing with love, said—

"Yes—always! always!—you know that I love you, Daphnè—I wish to tell you how I will adore you all my life long."

Daphnè yielded to her heart—and let him kiss her hand without resistance.

"But alas!" she said, "I can't be always guarding a flock. What will the poor shepherdess do?"

"Am I not your shepherd? your Daphnis?" cried Hector, as if inspired—"trust to me, Daphnè—to my heart—to my soul! This hand shall never be separated from yours: we shall live the same life—in the same sun—

shine—in the same shadow—in the same hovel—in the same palace; but with you, dearest Daphnè, the humblest hut would be a palace. Listen, my dearest Daphnè: at a short distance from here there is a cottage—the Cottage of the Vines—that belongs to the sister of my nurse, where we can live in love and happiness—no eye to watch and no tongue to wound us."

"Never! never!" said Daphnè.

She snatched her hands from those of her lover, retreated a few paces, and began to cry. Hector went up to her; he spoke of his affection—he besought her with tears in his eyes—he was so eloquent and so sincere, that poor Daphnè was unable to resist, for any length of time, those bewildering shocks of first love to which the wisest of us yield: she said, all pale and trembling—

"Well—yes—I trust myself to you—and heaven. I am not to blame—is it my fault that I love you so?"

A tender embrace followed these words. Evening was now come; the sun, sinking behind the clouds on the horizon, cast but a feeble light; the little herdsman was driving home his oxen and his flock of turkeys, whose gabbling disturbed the solemnity of the closing day. The flock belonging to the castle turned naturally towards the watering-place.

"Look at my poor sheep," said Daphnè, throwing back the curls which by some means had fallen over her forehead—"look at my poor sheep: they are pointing out the road I ought to go."

"On the contrary," replied Hector, "the ungrateful wretches are going off very contentedly without you."

"But I am terrified," rejoined Daphnè: "how can I leave my mother in this way? She will die of grief!"

"She will write a poem on it; and that will be all."

"I will write to her that I was unable to resist my inclination for a monastic life, and that I have gone, without giving her notice, to the nunnery of St Marie that we were speaking of last night."

So said the pure and candid Bribri, hitting in a moment on the ingenious device; so true it is, that at the bottom of all hearts—even the most amiable—there is some small spark of mischief ready to explode when we least expect it.

"Yes—dearest," cried Hector, delighted at the thought, "you will write to her you have gone into the convent; she will go on to Avignon; we shall remain together beneath these cloudless skies, in this lovely country, happy as the birds, and free as the winds of the hill!"

Daphnè thought she heard some brilliant quotation from her mother, and perhaps was, on that account, the more easily led by Hector. After walking half an hour, with many a glance by the way, and many a smile, they arrived in front of the Cottage of the Vines—the good old woman was hoeing peas in her garden—she had left her house to the protection of an old grey cat, that was sleeping in the doorway. Daphnè was enraptured with the cottage. It was beautifully retired, and was approached by a little grass walk bordered by elder-trees; and all was closed in by a pretty orchard, in which luxuriant vines clambered up the fine old pear-trees, and formed in festoons between the branching elms. The Lignon formed a graceful curve and nearly encircled the paddock.

"At all events," said Daphnè, "if I am wretched here, my tears will fall into the stream I love."

"But you will have no time to weep," replied Hector, pressing her hand, "all our days will be happy here! Look at that window half hidden in vine-leaves; 'tis there you will inhale the fragrance of the garden every morning when you awake; look at that pretty bower with the honeysuckle screen, 'tis there we will sit every evening, and talk over the joys of the day. Our life will be bright and beautiful as a sunbeam among roses!"

They had gone inside the cottage. It had certainly no great resemblance to a palace; but under these worn

rafters—within these simple walls—by the side of that rustic chimney—poverty itself would be delightful, in its tidiness and simplicity, if shared with one you loved. Daphnè was a little disconcerted at first by the rough uneven floor, and by the smell of the evening meal—the toasted cheese, and the little oven where the loaf was baking; but, thanks to love—the enchanter, who has the power of transforming to what shape he likes, and can shed his magic splendours over any thing—Daphnè found the cottage charming, and she was pleased with the floor, and the toasted cheese, and the oven! The good old woman, on coming in from the garden, was astonished at the sight of Hector and Daphnè.

"What a pretty sister you have, Monsieur Hector!" she said.

"Listen to me, Babet—since your daughter married, nobody has used the little room up stairs. This young lady will occupy it for a few days; but you must keep it a secret from all the world—you understand."

"Don't be afraid, Master Hector—I am delighted to have so pretty a tenant for my daughter's room. The bed is rather small, but it is white and clean, and the sheets are fresh bleached. They smell of the daisies yet. You will sup with me, my fair young lady?" continued Babet, turning to Daphnè; "my dishes are only pewter, but there is such a flavour in my simple fare—my vegetables and fruits—I can't account for it, except it be the blessing of heaven."

Babet spread a tablecloth like snow, and laid some dishes of fruit upon the table. Hector took a tender farewell of Daphnè, and kissed her hand at least a dozen times. At last he tore himself away, with a promise that he would be with her at daybreak next morning.

CHAPTER V.

Daphnè hardly slept all night in her chamber. She was disturbed by many thoughts, and became alarmed at the step she had taken. At earliest dawn she threw open her window. The first sun-rays, reflected on a thousand dewdrops on the trees; the chirping of the birds, which already began their matin song; the joyous voice of the cock, which crowed in a most satisfac-

tory and majestic manner in the paddock of her hostess: all these sights and sounds, to which she was so little accustomed, restored her serenity of mind once more. She dwelt more on the attractions of her love—so adventurous, so romantic. Love's ways, like those of wickedness, are strewn at first with roses, and Daphnè was only at the entrance of the path.

While she was repelling from her heart the miserable fancies that had crowded on her at night, she all of a sudden perceived Hector by the white-thorn hedge.

"Welcome! welcome!" she cried, "you come to me with the sun."

"How lovely you are this morning!" said Hector to her, with a look of admiration which there needed no physiognomist to discover was profoundly real. She looked at herself when he spoke, and perceived she was but half dressed. She threw herself on the foot of her bed.

"What am I to do?" she thought, "I can't always wear a silk petticoat and a corset of white satin?"

She dressed herself notwithstanding, as last night, trusting to fate for the morrow. Hector had brought her writing materials, and she composed a tender adieu to her mamma.

"Admirably done!" cried Hector; "I have a peasant here who will carry it to Madame Deshoulières—as for me, I shall go as usual to the Park d'Urtis at noon. When they see me they will have no suspicion. Your mamma goes away this evening, so that after to-day we shall have nothing to fear."

The lovers breakfasted in the spirits which only youth and love can furnish. Daphnè had herself gone to the fountain with the broken pitcher of the cottage. "You perceive, Hector," she said, on seating herself at the table, "that I have all the qualifications of a peasant girl."

"And all the gracefulness of a duchess," added the youth.

At one o'clock Hector had found his way to the meadow. Nobody was there. He opened the gate of the park, and before he had gone far was met by Madame Deshoulières.

"My daughter!" she cried in an agitated voice; "You have not seen my daughter?"

"I was in hopes of seeing her here," replied Hector, with a start of well-acted surprise.

"She is gone off," resumed the mother; "gone off, like a silly creature, to some convent, disguised as a shepherdess—the foolish, senseless girl!—and I am obliged to depart this very day, so that it is impossible to follow her."

Hector continued to enact astonishment—he even offered his services to reclaim the fugitive—and, in short, exhibited such sorrow and disappoint-

ment, that the habitual quickness of Madame Deshoulières was deceived. The Duchess, Amaranthe, and the mamma all thanked him for his sympathy; and he at last took his leave, with no doubt in his mind, that he was a consummate actor, and qualified for any plot whatever.

He went back to Daphnè, who had sunk into despondency once more, and consoled her by painting a brilliant picture of their future happiness. But on the following day he came later than before—he seemed dull and listless—and embraced his shepherdness with evident constraint. Things like these never escape the observations of shepherdesses, gentle or simple.

"Do you know, Hector, that you are not by any means too gallant?—A shepherd of proper sentiments would waken his sweetheart every morning with the sound of his pipe. He would gather flowers for her before the dew was gone, and fill her basket with fruits. He would carve her initials on the bark of the tree beneath the window, as her name is written on his heart. But you! you come at nearly noon—and leave me to attend to myself. 'Twas I, you inattentive Daphnis, who gathered all these fruits and flowers. Don't you see how the room is improved? Hyacinths in the window, roses on the mantelpiece, and violets every where—ah! what a time you were in coming!"

They went out into the garden, where the good old Babet was at breakfast, with her cat and the bees.

"Come hither," continued Daphnè, "look at this little corner so beautifully worked—'tis my own garden—I have raked and weeded it all. There is not much planted in it yet; but what a charming place it is for vines!—and the hedge, how sweet and flourishing! But what is the matter with you, Hector? You seem absent—sad."

"Oh! nothing, Daphnè, nothing indeed—I only love you more and more every hour; that's all."

"Well, that isn't a thing to be sad about"—said Daphnè, with a smile that would have dispelled any grief less deeply settled than that of her young companion. He parted from Daphnè soon; without letting her into the cause of his disquiet. But as there is no reason why the secret should be kept any longer, let us tell what was going on at the Chateau de Langevy.

His cousin Clotilde had arrived the evening before, with an old aunt, to remain for the whole spring! Monsieur de Langevy, who was not addicted to circumlocution in his mode of talk, told his son point-blank, that his cousin was a pretty girl, and what was more, a considerable heiress—so that it was his duty—his, Hector de Langevy—the owner of a great name and a very small fortune, to marry the said cousin—or if not, he must stand the consequences. Hector, at the first intimation, had revolted indignantly against the inhuman proposal, and made many inaudible vows of undying constancy to his innocent and trusting Daphnè; but by degrees, there is no denying that—without thinking of the fortune—he found various attractions in his cousin. She was beautiful, graceful, winning. She took his arm quite unceremoniously. She had the most captivating small-talk in the world. In short, if it had not been for Daphnè, he would have been in love with her at once. As he was obliged, of course, to escort his cousin in her walks—or break with her altogether—he did not go for two whole days to the Cottage of the Vines. On the third day Clotilde begged him to take her to the banks of the Lignon, and as the request was made in presence of his father, he dared not refuse. He contented himself—by way of a relief to his conscience—with breathing a sigh to Daphnè. The straightest road from the Chateau de Langevy to the Lignon, led past the Cottage of the Vines—but Hector had no wish to go the straightest road. He took a detour of nearly two miles, and led her almost to the Park D'Urtis. While Clotilde amused herself by gathering the blossoms, and turning aside the pendent boughs of the willows that hung over the celebrated stream, Hector looked over the scene of his first meeting with the shepherdesses, and sighed—perhaps without knowing exactly wherefore. He was suddenly startled by a scream—Clotilde, in stretching too far forward, had missed her footing, and fallen upon the bank; she was within an inch of rolling into the river. Hector rushed to her, raised her gently up, and begging her to lean her head upon his shoulder, assisted her up the bank. "She's like a naiad surprised by a shepherd"—he thought—and it is not improbable that at that moment he pressed

his lips pretty close to the pale cheek that rested almost in his breast. When he lifted up his head, he perceived, half hidden among the willows, on the other side of the river—Daphnè! She had wandered to see once more the cradle of her love, to tread the meadow where, two days only before—could it be only two days?—she had been so happy. What did she see? What did she hear? As her only reply to the kiss to which she had so unfortunately been a witness, she broke her crook in an excess of indignation. But it was too much to bear. She fell upon the bank, and uttered a plaintive cry. At that cry—at sight of his poor Daphnè fainting upon the grass, he rushed like a madman across the stream, buoyant with love and despair. He ran to his insensate shepherdess, regardless of the exclamations of the fair Clotilde, and raised her in his trembling arms.

"Daphnè, Daphnè," he cried, "open your eyes. I love nobody but you—nobody but you."

He embraced her tenderly; he wept—and spoke to her as if she heard: Daphnè opened her eyes for a moment with a look of misery—and shut them again—and shuddered.

"No, no!" she said—" 'tis over! You are no longer Daphnis, and I Daphnè no more—leave me, leave me alone—to die!"

"My life! my love! my darling Daphnè! I love you—I swear it to you from my heart. I do not desert you: you are the only one I care for!"

In the meantime Clotilde had approached the touching scene.

"'Pon my word, sir! very well"—she said—"am I to return to the Chateau by myself?"

"Go, sir, go!" said Daphnè, pushing him away; "You are waited for, you are called."

"But, Daphnè—but, fair cousin"—

"I won't listen to you—my day-dream is past—speak of it no more," said Daphnè.

"Do you know, cousin," said Clotilde, with a malicious sneer, "that this rural surprise is quite enchanting! I am greatly obliged to you for getting it up for my amusement. You did not prepare me for so exquisite a scene; I conclude it is from the last chapter of the *Astrea*."

"Ah! cousin," said Hector, "I will overtake you in a moment—I will

tell you all, and then I don't think you'll laugh at us."

"Excuse me, sir," cried Daphnè, in a tone of disdainful anger—"let that history be for ever a secret. I do not wish people to laugh at the weakness of my heart. Farewell, sir, let every thing be forgotten—buried!"

Large tears rolled down the poor girl's cheek.

"No, Daphnè, no!—I never will leave you. I declare it before heaven and earth, I will conduct my cousin to the Chateau, and in an hour I will be with you to dry your tears, and to ask pardon of you on my knees. Moreover, I am not to blame, I call my cousin to witness. Is it not true, Clotilde, that I don't love you?"

"Pon my word, cousin, you have

certainly *told* me you loved me; but as men generally say the contrary of what is the fact, I am willing to believe that you don't. But I beg you'll not incommode yourself on my account; I can find my way to the Chateau perfectly well alone."

She walked away, hiding her chagrin under the most easy and careless air in the world.

"I must run after her," said Hector, "or she will tell every thing to my father. Adieu Daphnè; in two hours I shall be at the Cottage of the Vines, and more in love than ever."

"Adieu, then," murmured Daphnè in a dying voice; "adieu," she repeated on seeing him retire; "adieu!—as for me, in two hours, I shall *not* be at the Cottage of the Vines."

CHAPTER VI.

She returned to the cottage of old Babet. On seeing the little chamber she had taken so much pains to ornament with flowers and blossoms, she sank her head upon her bosom. "Poor roses!" she murmured—"little I thought when I gathered you, that my heart would be the first to wither!"

The good old woman came in to her. "What! crying?" she said—"do people weep at eighteen?"

Daphnè threw herself into Babet's arms, and sobbed.

"He has deceived me—left me for his cousin. I must go. You will tell him that he has behaved cruelly, that I am—but no!—tell him that I forgive him."

Daphnè loved Hector with all her heart, and with all her soul. There never was an affection so blind, or a girl so innocent. Before leaving Paris, she had had various visions of what might happen in the country—how she might meet some graceful cavalier beside the wall of some romantic castle, who would fling himself on his knees before her, like a hero of romance. And this dream, so cherished in Paris, was nearly realized on the banks of the Lignon. Hector was exactly the sort of youth she had fancied, and the interest became greater from their enacting the parts of shepherdess and shepherd. She had been strengthened in this, her first love, by the former illusions of her imagination; and without one thought of evil,

she had lost her common sense, and had followed her lover instead of attending to her mamma. Oh, young damsels, who are fond of pastorals, and can dream of young cavaliers and ancient castles!—who hear, on one side, the soft whisperings of a lover, and on the other, the sensible remarks of your mother!—need I tell you which of the two to choose? If you are still in doubt, read to the end of this story, and you will hesitate no longer.

Hector rejoined his cousin, but during their walk home, neither of them ventured to allude to the incident in the meadow. Hector augured well from the silence of Clotilde—he hoped she would not speak of his secret at the chateau. Vain hope! the moment she found an opportunity, it all came out! That evening, M. de Langevy saw her more pensive than usual, and asked her the cause.

"Oh, nothing," she said, and sighed.

The uncle persisted in trying to find it out.

"What is the matter, my dear Clotilde?" he said. "Has your pilgrimage to the banks of the Lignon disappointed you?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Has my son—but where is Hector?"

"He has gone on the pilgrimage again."

"What the devil is he doing there?"

"He has his reasons, of course," said Clotilde.

"Indeed!—Do you know what they are?" enquired the father.

"Not the least in the world—only——"

"Only what? I hate these only's—out with it all!"

"My dear uncle, I've told you I know nothing about it—only I have seen his shepherdess."

"His shepherdess? You're laughing, Clotilde. Do you believe in shepherdesses at this time of day?"

"Yes, uncle—for I tell you I saw his shepherdess fall down in a faint on the side of the Lignon."

"The deuce you did? A shepherdess!—Hector in love with a shepherdess!"

"Yes, uncle; but a very pretty one, I assure you, in silk petticoat and corset of white satin."

The father was petrified. "What is the meaning of all this? It must be a very curious story. Bring me my fowling-piece and game-bag. Do you think, my dear Clotilde, that infernal boy has returned to his shepherdess?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well—has the shepherdess any sheep?"

"No, uncle."

"The devil! that looks more serious. You went past the withy bed?"

"Yes, uncle; but I fancy the gentle shepherdess is nearer the village."

"Very good," grumbled the old Baron, with a tone of voice that made it difficult to believe he saw much good in it. "Silk petticoats and satin corsets! I wonder where the rascal finds money for such fineries for his shepherdess."

He went straight on to the Cottage of the Vines, in hopes that Babet would know something of Hector's proceedings. He found the old woman in her porch, resting from the labours of the day.

"How do you do, Babet?" said the old Baron, softening his voice like any sucking dove. "Anything new going on?"

"Nothing new, your honour," replied Babet, attempting to rise.

"Sit still," said the Baron, putting his hand kindly on the old lady's shoulder; "here's a seat for me on this basket of rushes." At this moment M. de Langevy heard the up-

stairs casement closed. "Oho!" he thought, "I've hit upon it at once—this is the cage where these turtles bill and coo. Have you seen my son this week, Babet?" he said aloud.

"Oh, I see him often, your honour; he often comes sporting into my paddock."

"Sporting in your preserves, Babet—a pretty sort of game."

"Oh, very good game, your honour; this very day he sent me a beautiful hare. I did not know what to do with it; but at last I put it on the spit."

"The hare wasn't all for you, perhaps. But, listen to me, Babet—I know the whole business—my son is in love with some shepherdess or other—and I don't think she is far from here."

"I don't understand you, sir," said the old lady—a true *confidante*, though seventy years of age.

"You understand me so perfectly," said the Baron, "that you are evidently ashamed of your behaviour. But do not be uneasy, there is no great harm in it—a mere childish frolic—only tell me where the girl is?"

"Ah, your honour," cried Babet, who saw there was no use for further pretence—"she's an angel—she is—a perfect angel!"

"Where does the angel come from, Babet?" enquired the Baron; "she has not come fresh from heaven, has she?"

"I know nothing more about her, your honour; but I pray morning and night that you may have no one else for a daughter."

"We shall see—the two lovers are above, are not they?"

"Why should I conceal it? Yes, your honour, you may go up stairs at once. An innocent love like theirs never bolts the door."

When the Baron was half-way up the stair, he stopped short, on seeing the two lovers sitting close to each other, the one weeping, and the other trying to console her. There was such an air of infantine candour about them both, and both seemed so miserable, that the hard heart of sixty-three was nearly touched.

"Very well!"—he said, and walked into the room. Daphnè uttered a scream of terror, and her tears redoubled.

"There is nothing to cry about,"

said M. de Langevy; "but as for you, young man, you must let me into the secret, if you please."

"I have nothing to tell you," said Hector, in a determined tone.

Daphnè, who had leant for support on his shoulder, fell senseless on her chair.

"Father," said Hector, bending over her; "you perceive that this is no place for you."

"Nor for you, either," said the old man in a rage. "What do you mean by such folly? Go home this instant, sir, or you shall never enter my door again."

But Hector made no reply. His whole attention was bestowed on Daphnè.

"I ask you again, sir," said the father, still more angry at his son's neglect. "Think well on what you do."

"I have thought, sir," replied Hector, raising the head of the still senseless Daphnè. "You may shut your door for ever."

"None of your impudence, jackanapes. Will you come home with me now, or stay here?"

"If I go with you, sir," said Hector, "it will be to show my respect to you as my father; but I must tell you that I love Mademoiselle Deshoulières, and no one else. We are engaged, and only death shall part us."

"Deshoulières—Deshoulières," said the Baron, "I've heard that name before. I knew a Colonel Deshoulières in the campaigns of Flanders; a gallant fellow, with a beautiful wife, a number of wounds, many medals, but not a *sou*. Are you coming, sir?"

Daphnè motioned him to go; and Hector followed his father in silence. He was not without hopes of gaining

his permission to love his poor Daphnè as much as he chose. M. de Langevy bowed to her as he went out of the room; and, wishing Babet a good appetite as he passed the kitchen door, commenced a sermon for the edification of poor Hector, which lasted all the way. The only attention Hector paid to it was to turn round at every pause, and take a look at the little casement window.

When Daphnè saw him disappear among the woods at the side of the road, she sighed; and while the tears rolled down her cheek, she said, "Adieu, adieu! I shall never see him more!"

She looked sadly round the little apartment—now so desolate; she gathered one of the roses that clustered round the window, and scattered the leaves one by one, and watched them as they were wafted away by the breeze.

"Even so will I do with my love," said the poetical shepherdess; "I will scatter it on the winds of death."

"Adieu," she said, embracing poor old Babet; "I am going back to the place I left so sillily. If you see Hector again, tell him I loved him; but that he must forget me, as I forget the world, and myself."

As she said these words, she grew pale and staggered, but she recovered by an effort, and walked away on the path that led to the Chateau d'Urtis. When she came to the meadow, she saw at her feet the crook she had broken in the morning. She lifted it, and took it with her as the only memorial of Hector. The sun was sinking slowly, and Daphnè knelt down and said a prayer, pressing the crook to her bosom—poor Daphnè!

CHAPTER VII.

She did not find her mother at the chateau: Madame d'Urtis was overjoyed to see her.

"Well, my lost sheep," she said, "you have come back again to the fold."

"Yes," said Daphnè, sadly; "I am come back never to stray again. See, here is my broken crook, and Daphnis will never come to cut me another."

She told every thing to Madame

d'Urtis. The Duchess did not know whether to laugh or scold; so she got over the difficulty by alternately doing both.

In the Chateau de Langevy, Hector continued firm in the presence of his father, and even of his cousin. He told them every thing exactly as it occurred; and spoke so enthusiastically and so sincerely, that the old Baron was somewhat softened. Clotilde herself was touched, and pled in

Hector's behalf. But the old Baron was firm, and his only answer was, "In eight days he will forget all about her. I am astonished, Clotilde, to see you reason so absurdly."

"Oh, my dear uncle!" said Clotilde, "I believe that those who reason the worst on such a subject are the most reasonable."

"I tell you again, in a week he will have changed his divinity—you know that very well; or I don't see the use of your having such beautiful eyes."

"Be sure of this, uncle," replied Clotilde, in a more serious voice, "Hector will never love me; and besides," she added, relapsing into gaiety once more, "I don't like to succeed to another; I agree with Mademoiselle de Scuderi, that, in love, those queens are the happiest who create kingdoms for themselves in undiscovered lands."

"You read romances, Clotilde; so I shall argue with you no longer about the phantom you call love."

Hector took his father on the weak side.

"If I marry Mademoiselle Deshoulières," he said, "I shall march forward in the glorious career of arms; you have opened the way for me, and I cannot fail of success under the instruction of the brave Deshoulières, whom Louvois honours with his friendship."

M. de Langevy put an end to the conversation by saying he would consider—which seemed already a great step gained in favour of the lovers.

On the next day's dawn, Hector was at the Cottage of the Vines.

"Alas, alas!" said the old woman, throwing open the window, "the dear young lady is gone!"

"Gone!—you let her go!—but I will find her."

Hector ran to the Chateau d'Urtis. When he entered the park, he felt he was too late, for he saw a carriage hurrying down the opposite avenue. He rang the bell, and was shown in to the Duchess.

"'Tis you, Monsieur de Langevy," she said, sadly; "you come to see Mademoiselle Deshoulières. Think of her no more, for all is at an end between you. On this earth you will meet no more, for in an hour she will have left the world. She is gone, with her maid, to the Convent of Val Chrétien."

"Gone!" cried Hector, nearly fainting.

"She has left a farewell for you in this letter." Hector took the letter which the Duchess held to him, and grew deadly pale as he read these lines:—

"Farewell, then! 'Tis no longer Daphnè who writes to you, but a broken-hearted girl, who is to devote her life to praying for the unhappy. I retire from the world with resignation. I make no complaint: my two days' dream of happiness is gone. It was a delicious eclogue—pure, sincere, and tender; but it is past—Adieu!"

Hector kissed the letter, and turned to the Duchess. "Have you a horse, madam?" he said.

"What would you do with it?"

"I would overtake Mademoiselle Deshoulières."

"You might overtake her, but you couldn't turn her."

"For mercy's sake, madam, a horse! Take pity on my misery."

The Duchess ordered a horse to be saddled, for she had opposed Daphnè's design. "Go," she said, "and Heaven guide you both!"

He started at full gallop: he overtook the carriage in half an hour.

"Daphnè, you must go no further!" he said, holding out his hand to the melancholy girl.

"'Tis you!" cried Daphnè, with a look of surprise and joy—soon succeeded by deeper grief than ever.

"Yes, 'tis I! I," continued the youth, "who love you as my Daphnè, my wife; for my father has listened at last to reason, and agrees to all."

"But I also have listened to reason, and you know where I am going. Leave me: you are rich—I am poor: you love me to-day—who can say if you will love me to-morrow? We began a delightful dream, let us not spoil it by a bad ending. Let our dream continue unbroken in its freshness and romance. Our crooks are both broken; they have killed two of our sheep; they have cut down the willows in the meadow. You perceive that our bright day is over. The lady I saw yesterday should be your wife. Marry her, then; and if ever, in your hours of happiness, you wander on the banks of the Lignon, my shade will appear to you. But then it shall be with a smile!"

"Daphnè! Daphnè! I love you! I will never leave you! I will live or die with you!"

It was fifty years after that day, that one evening, during a brilliant supper in the Rue St Dominique, Gentil Bernard, who was the life of the company, announced the death of an original, who had ordered a broken stick to be buried along with him.

"He is Monsieur de Langevy," said Fontenelle. "He was forced against his inclination to marry the dashing Clotilde de Langevy, who eloped so shamefully with one of the

Mousquetaires. M. de Langevy had been desperately attached to Bribri Deshoulières; and this broken stick was a crook they had cut during their courtship on the banks of the Lignon. The Last Shepherd is dead, gentlemen—we must go to his funeral."

"And what became of Bribri Deshoulières?" asked a lady of the party.

"I have been told she died very young in a convent in the south," replied Fontenelle; "and the odd thing is, that, when they were burying her, they found a crook attached to her horse-hair tunic."

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

HARK! how the furnace pants and roars!
Hark! how the molten metal pours,
As, bursting from its iron doors,
It glitters in the sun!
Now through the ready mould it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes,
And filling every crevice up
As the red vintage fills the cup:
Hurra! the work is done!

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
That binds him to his couch of clay,
And let him struggle into day;
Let chain and pulley run,
With yielding crank and steady rope,
Until he rise from rim to cope,
In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,
Without a flaw in all his length:
Hurra! the work is done!

The clapper on his giant side
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,
Or festival begun!
A nation's joy alone shall be
The signal for his revelry;
And for a nation's woes alone
His melancholy tongue shall moan:
Hurra! the work is done!

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen to their country dear
Their mortal race have run;

When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
 And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
 Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
 And peal a requiem o'er their tomb :
Hurra! the work is done!

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
 And dare invade us where we stand,
 Fast by the altars of our land
 We'll gather every one ;
 And he shall ring the loud alarm,
 To call the multitudes to arm,
 From distant field and forest brown,
 And teeming alleys of the town :
Hurra! the work is done!

And as the solemn boom they hear,
 Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
 Laid by to rust for many a year,
 And to the struggle run ;
 Young men shall leave their toils or books,
 Or turn to swords their pruninghooks ;
 And maids have sweetest smiles for those
 Who battle with their country's foes :
Hurra! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat
 Shall bear the news to dells remote,
 And trumpet-blast resound the note,
 That victory is won ;
 While down the wind the banner drops,
 And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,
 His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
 And ring glad peals from morn to night :
Hurra! the work is done!

But of such themes forbear to tell.
 May never War awake this bell
 To sound the tocsin or the knell!
 Hush'd be the alarum gun!
 Sheath'd be the sword! and may his voice
 Call up the nations to rejoice
 That War his tatter'd flag has furl'd,
 And vanish'd from a wiser world!
Hurra! the work is done!

Still may he ring when struggles cease,
 Still may he ring for joy's increase,
 For progress in the arts of peace,
 And friendly trophies won!
 When rival nations join their hands,
 When plenty crowns the happy lands,
 When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
 And freedom reigns o'er all the earth!
Hurra! the work is done!

AMMALÁT BEK.

A TRUE TALE OF THE CAUCASUS. FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MARLÍNSKI.

CHAPTER III.

It was daybreak when Ammalát came to himself. Slowly, one by one, his thoughts reassembled in his mind, and flitted to and fro as in a mist, in consequence of his extreme weakness. He felt no pain at all in his body, and his sensations were even agreeable; life seemed to have lost its bitterness, and death its terror: in this condition he would have listened with equal indifference to the announcement of his recovery, or of his inevitable death. He had no wish to utter a word, or to stir a finger. This half sleep, however, did not continue long. At mid-day, after the visit of the physician, when the attendants had gone to perform the rites of noon-tide prayer, when their sleepy voices were still, and nought but the cry of the moollah resounded from afar, Ammalát listened to a soft and cautious step upon the carpets of the chamber. He raised his heavy eyelids; and between their lashes appeared, approaching his bed, a fair, black-eyed girl, dressed in an orange-coloured sarótkha, an arkhalóúkh of cloth of gold with two rows of enamelled buttons, and her long hair falling upon her shoulders. Gently she fanned his face, and so pitily looked at his wound that all his nerves thrilled. Then she softly poured some medicine into a cup, and—he could see no more—his eyelids sank like lead—he only caught with his ear the rustling of her silken dress, like the sound of a parting angel's wings, and all was still again. Whenever his weak senses strove to discover the meaning of this fair apparition, it was so mingled with the uncertain dreams of fever, that his first thought—his first word—when he awoke, was, "'Tis a dream!" But it was no dream. This beautiful girl was the daughter of the Sultan Akhmet Khan, and sixteen years old. Among all the mountaineers, in general, the unmarried women enjoy a great freedom of intercourse with the other sex, without regard to the law of Mahomet. The favourite daughter of the Khan was even more independent than usual. By her side alone he forgot his cares and disappointments; by her side

alone his eye met a smile, and his heart a gleam of gayety. When the elders of Avár discussed in a circle the affairs of their mountain politics, or gave their judgment on right or wrong; when, surrounded by his household, he related stories of past forays, or planned fresh expeditions, she would fly to him like a swallow, bringing hope and spring into his soul. Fortunate was the culprit during whose trial the Khána came to her father! The lifted dagger was arrested in the air; and not seldom would the Khan, when looking upon her, defer projects of danger and blood, lest he should be parted from his darling daughter. Every thing was permitted, every thing was accessible, to her. To refuse her any thing never entered into the mind of the Khan; and suspicion of any thing unworthy her sex and rank, was as far from his thoughts as from his daughter's heart. But who among those who surrounded the Khan, could have inspired her with tender feelings? To bend her thoughts—to lower her sentiments to any man inferior to her in birth, would have been an unheard-of disgrace in the daughter of the humblest retainer; how much more, then, in the child of a khan, imbued from her very cradle with the pride of ancestry!—this pride, like a sheet of ice, separating her heart from the society of those she saw. As yet no guest of her father had ever been of equal birth to hers; at least, her heart had never asked the question. It is probable, that her age—of careless, passionless youth—was the cause of this; perhaps the hour of love had already struck, and the heart of the inexperienced girl was fluttering in her bosom. She was hurrying to clasp her father in her embrace, when she had beheld a handsome youth falling like a corpse at her feet. Her first feeling was terror; but when her father related how and wherefore Ammalát was his guest, when the village doctor declared that his wound was not dangerous, a tender sympathy for the stranger filled her whole being. All night she flitted before her the blood-stained

guest, and she met the morning-beam, for the first time, less rosy than itself. For the first time she had recourse to artifice: in order to look on the stranger, she entered his room as though to salute her father, and afterwards she slipped in there at mid-day. An unaccountable, resistless curiosity impelled her to gaze on Ammalât. Never, in her childhood, had she so eagerly longed for a plaything; never, at her present age, had she so vehemently wished for a new dress or a glittering ornament, as she desired to meet the eye of the guest; and when at length, in the evening, she encountered his languid, yet expressive gaze, she could not remove her look from the black eyes of Ammalât, which were intently fixed on her. They seemed to say—"Hide not thyself, star of my soul!" as they drank health and consolation from her glances. She knew not what was passing within her; she could not distinguish whether she was on the earth, or floating in the air; changing colours flitted on her face. At length she ventured, in a trembling voice, to ask him about his health. One must be a Tartar—who accounts it a sin and an offence to speak a word to a strange woman, who never sees any thing female but the veil and the eye-brows—to conceive how deeply agitated was the ardent Bek, by the looks and words of the beautiful girl addressed so tenderly to him. A soft flame ran through his heart, notwithstanding his weakness.

"Oh, I am very well, now," he answered, endeavouring to rise; "so well, that I am ready to die, Seltanetta."

"Allah sakhla-sün!" (God protect you!) she replied. "Live, live long! Would you not regret life?"

"At a sweet moment sweet is death, Seltanetta! But if I live a hundred years, a more delightful moment than this can never be found!"

Seltanetta did not understand the words of the stranger; but she understood his look—she understood the expression of his voice. She blushed yet more deeply; and, making a sign with her hand that he should repose, disappeared from the chamber.

Among the mountaineers there are many very skilful surgeons, chiefly in cases of wounds and fractures; but Ammalât, more than by herb or plaster, was cured by the presence of the

charming mountain-maid. With the agreeable hope of seeing her in his dreams, he fell asleep, and awoke with joy, knowing that he should meet her in reality. His strength rapidly returned, and with his strength grew his attachment to Seltanetta.

Ammalât was married; but, as it often happens in the East, only from motives of interest. He had never seen his bride before his marriage, and afterwards found no attraction in her which could awake his sleeping heart. In course of time, his wife became blind; and this circumstance loosened still more a tie founded on Asiatic customs rather than affection. Family disagreements with his father-in-law and uncle, the Shamkhâl, still further separated the young couple, and they were seldom together. Was it strange, under the circumstances, that a young man, ardent by nature, self-willed by nature, should be inspired with a new love? To be with her was his highest happiness—to await her arrival his most delightful occupation. He ever felt a tremor when he heard her voice: each accent, like a ray of the sun, penetrated his soul. This feeling resembled pain, but a pain so delicious, that he would have prolonged it for ages. Little by little the acquaintance between the young people grew into friendship—they were almost continually together. The Khan frequently departed to the interior of Avâr for business of government or military arrangements, leaving his guest to the care of his wife, a quiet, silent woman. He was not blind to the inclination of Ammalât for his daughter, and in secret rejoiced at it; it flattered his ambition, and forwarded his military views; a connexion with a Bek possessing the right to the Shamkhalât would place in his hands a thousand means of injuring the Russians. The Khânsba, occupied in her household affairs, not unfrequently left Ammalât for hours together in her apartments—as he was a relation; and Seltanetta, with two or three of her personal attendants, seated on cushions, and engaged in needlework, would not remark how the hours flew by, conversing with the guest, and listening to his talk. Sometimes Ammalât would sit long, long, reclining at the feet of his Seltanetta, without uttering a word, and gazing at her dark, absorbing eyes; or enjoy-

ing the mountain prospect from her window, which opened towards the north, on the rugged banks and windings of the roaring Ouzén, over which hung the castle of the Khan. By the side of this being, innocent as a child, Ammalât forgot the desires which she as yet knew not; and, dissolving in a joy, strange, incomprehensible to himself, he thought not of the past nor of the future; he thought of nothing—he could only feel; and indolently, without taking the cup from his lips, he drained his draught of bliss, drop by drop.

Thus passed a year.

The Avarétzes are a free people, neither acknowledging nor suffering any power above them. Every Avarétz calls himself an Ouzdéu; and if he possesses a yezéer, (prisoner, slave,) he considers himself a great man. Poor, and consequently brave to extravagance, excellent marksmen with the rifle, they fight well on foot; they ride on horseback only in their plundering expeditions, and even then but a few of them. Their horses are small, but singularly strong; their language is divided into a multitude of dialects, but is essentially Lezghin, for the Avártzi themselves are of the Lezghin stock. They retain traces of the Christian faith; for it is not 120 years that they have worshipped Mahomet, and even now they are but cool Moslems; they drink brandy, they drink boozá,* and occasionally wine made of grapes, but most ordinarily a sort of boiled wine, called among them djápá. The truth of an Avarétz's word has passed into a proverb among the mountains. At home, they are peaceful, hospitable, and benevolent; they do not conceal their wives and daughters; for their guest they are ready to die, and to revenge to the end of the generation. Revenge, among them, is sacred; plundering, glory; and they are often forced by necessity to brigandize. Passing over the summit of Atála and Tkhezeróuk, across the crests of

Tourpi-Taou, in Kakhétia, beyond the river Alazán, they find employment at a very low price; occasionally remaining two or three days together without work; and then, at an agreement among themselves, they rush like famished wolves, by night, into the neighbouring villages, and, if they succeed, drive away the cattle, carry off the women, make prisoners, and will often perish in an unequal combat. Their invasions into the Russian limits ceased from the time when Azlan Khan retained possession of the defiles which lead into his territories from Avár. But the village of Khounzákh, or Avár, at the eastern extremity of the Avár country, has ever remained the heritage of the khans, and their command there is law. Besides, though he has the right to order his noukers to cut to pieces with their kinjals† any inhabitant of Khounzákh, nay, any passer-by, the Khan cannot lay any tax or impost upon the people, and must content himself with the revenues arising from his flocks, and the fields cultivated by his karaváshes (slaves,) or yezéers (prisoners.) Without, however, taking any direct imposts, the khans do not abstain from exacting dues, sanctified rather by force than custom. For the Khan to take from their home a young man or a girl—to command a waggon with oxen or buffaloes to transport his goods—to force labourers to work in his fields, or to go as messengers, &c., is an affair of every day. The inhabitants of Khounzákh are not more wealthy than the rest of their countrymen; their houses are clean, and, for the most part, have two stories; the men are well made, the women handsome, chiefly because the greater number of them are Georgian prisoners. In Avár, they study the Arabic language, and the style of their educated men is in consequence very flowery. The Harám of the Khan is always crowded with guests and petitioners, who, after the Asia-

* A species of drink used by the Tartars, produced by fermenting oats.

† Dagger or poniard. These weapons are of various forms, and generally much more formidable than would be suggested to an European by the name dagger. The kinjal is used with wonderful force and dexterity by the mountaineers, whose national weapon it may be said to be; it is sometimes employed even as a missile. It is worn suspended in a slanting direction in the girdle, not on the side, but in front of the body.

tic manner, dare not present themselves without a present—be it but a dozen of eggs. The Khan's *noukers*, on the number and bravery of whom he depends for his power, fill from morning to night his courts and chambers, always with loaded pistols in their belt, and daggers at their waist. The favourite *Ouzdén* and guests, *Tchetchenétzes* or *Tartars*, generally present themselves every morning to salute the Khan, whence they depart in a crowd to the *Khán-sha*, sometimes passing the whole day in banqueting in separate chambers, regaling even during the Khan's absence. One day there came into the company an *Ouzdén* of *Avár*, who related the news that an immense tiger had been seen not far off, and that two of their best shots had fallen victims to its fierceness. "This has so frightened our hunters," he said, "that nobody likes to attempt the adventure a third time."

"I will try my luck," cried *Ammalát*, burning with impatience to show his prowess before the mountaineers. "Only put me on the trail of the beast!" A broad-shouldered *Avarétz* measured with his eye our bold *Bek* from head to foot, and said with a smile: "A tiger is not like a boar of *Daghestán*, *Ammalát*! His trail sometimes leads to death!"

"Do you think," answered he haughtily, "that on that slippery path my head would turn, or my hand tremble? I invite you not to help me: I invite you but to witness my combat with the tiger. I hope you will then allow, that if the heart of an *Avarétz* is firm as the granite of his mountains, the heart of a *Daghestánetz* is tempered like his famous *boulát*.* Do you consent?"

The *Avarétz* was caught. To have refused would have been shameful: so, clearing up his face, he stretched out his hand to *Ammalát*. "I will willingly go with you," he replied. "Let us not delay—let us swear in the mosque, and go to the fight together! Allah will judge whether we are to bring back his skin for a house, or whether he is to devour us."

It is not in accordance with Asiatic manners, much less with Asiatic

customs, to bid farewell to the women when departing for a long or even an unlimited period. This privilege belongs only to relations, and it is but rarely that it is granted to a guest. *Ammalát*, therefore, glanced with a sigh at the window of *Seltanetta*, and went with lingering steps to the mosque. There, already awaited him the elders of the village, and a crowd of curious idlers. By an ancient custom of *Avár*, the hunters were obliged to swear upon the *Koran*, that they would not desert one another, either in the combat with the beast or in the chase; that they would not quit each other when wounded; if fate willed that the animal should attack them, that they would defend each other to the last, and die side by side, careless of life; and that in any case they would not return without the animal's skin; that he who betrayed this oath, should be hurled from the rocks, as a coward and traitor. The *moollah* armed them, the companions embraced, and they set out on their journey amid the acclamations of the whole crowd. "Both, or neither!" they cried after them. "We will slay him, or die!" answered the hunters.

A day had passed. A second had sunk below the snowy summits. The old men had wearied their eyes in gazing from their roofs along the road. The boys had gone far on the hills that crested the village, to meet the hunters—but no tidings of them. Throughout all *Khounzákh*, at every fireside, either from interest or idleness, they were talking of this; but above all, *Seltanetta* was sad. At every voice in the courtyard, at every sound on the staircase, all her blood flew to her face, and her heart beat with anxiety. She would start up, and run to the window or the door; and then, disappointed for the twentieth time, with downcast eyes would return slowly to her needlework, which, for the first time, appeared tiresome and endless. At last, succeeding doubt, fear laid its icy hand upon the maiden's heart. She demanded of her father, her brothers, the guests, whether the wounds given by a tiger were dangerous?—was this animal far from the villages? And

* A species of highly-tempered steel, manufactured, and much prized, by the *Tartars*.

ever and anon, having counted the moments, she would wring her hands, and cry, "They have perished!" and silently bowed her head on her agitated breast, while large tears flowed down her fair face.

On the third day, it was clear that the fears of all were not idle. The Ouzdén, Ammalát's companion to the chase, crawled with difficulty, alone, into Khounzákh. His coat was torn by the claws of some wild beast; he himself was as pale as death from exhaustion, hunger, and fatigue. Young and old surrounded him with eager curiosity; and having refreshed himself with a cup of milk and a piece of *tchourek*,* he related as follows:—"On the same day that we left this place, we found the track of the tiger. We discovered him asleep among the thick hazels—may Allah keep me from them! Drawing lots, it fell to my chance to fire: I crept gently up, and aiming well, I fired—but for my sorrow, the beast was sleeping with his face covered by his paw; and the ball, piercing the paw, hit him in the neck. Aroused by the report and by the pain, the tiger gave a roar, and with a couple of bounds, dashed at me before I had time to draw my dagger: with one leap, he hurled me on the ground, trode on me with his hind feet, and I only know that at this moment there resounded a cry, and the shot of Ammalát, and afterwards a deafening and tremendous roar. Crushed by the weight, I lost sense and memory, and how long I lay in this fainting fit, I know not.

"When I opened my eyes all was still around me; a small rain was falling from a thick mist . . . was it evening or morning? My gun, covered with rust, lay beside me, Ammalát's not far off, broken in two; here and there the stones were stained with blood . . . but whose? The tiger's or Ammalát's? How can I tell? Broken twigs lay around . . . the brute must have broken them in his mad boundings. I called on my comrade as loudly as I could. No answer. I sat down, and shouted again . . . but in vain. Neither animal nor bird passed by. Many times did I endeavour to find traces of Ammalát, either to discover him alive, or to die upon

his corpse—that I might avenge on the beast the death of the brave man; but I had no strength. I wept bitterly: why have I perished both in life and honour! I determined to await the hour of death in the wilderness; but hunger conquered me. Alas! thought I, let me carry to Khounzákh the news that Ammalát has perished; let me at least die among my own people! Behold me, then; I have crept hither like a serpent. Brethren, my head is before you: judge me as Allah inclines your hearts. Sentence me to life; I will live, remembering your justice: condemn me to death; your will be done! I will die innocent, Allah is my witness: I did what I could!"

A murmur arose among the people, as they listened to the new comer. Some excused, others condemned, though all regretted him. "Every one must take care of himself," said some of the accusers: "who can say that he did not fly? He has no wound, and, therefore, no proof . . . but that he has abandoned his comrade is most certain." "Not only abandoned, but perhaps betrayed him," said others—"they talked not as friends together!" The Khan's *noukers* went further: they suspected that the Ouzdén had killed Ammalát out of jealousy: "he looked too lovingly on the Khan's daughter, but the Khan's daughter found one far his superior in Ammalát."

Sultan Akhmet Khan, learning what the people were assembling about in the street, rode up to the crowd. "Coward!" he cried with mingled anger and contempt to the Ouzdén: "you are a disgrace to the name of Avaréztz. Now every Tartar may say, that we let wild beasts devour our guests, and that we know not how to defend them! At least we know how to avenge him: you have sworn upon the Koran, after the ancient usage of Avár, never to abandon your comrade in distress, and if he fall, not to return home without the skin of the beast . . . thou hast broken thine oath . . . but we will not break our law: perish! Three days shall be allowed thee to prepare thy soul; but then—if Ammalát be not found, thou shalt be cast from the rock. You shall an-

* "Tchourek," a kind of bread.

swer for his head with your own!" he added, turning to his noukers, pulling his cap over his eyes and directing his horse towards his home. Thirty mountaineers rushed in different directions from Khounzákh, to search for at least the remains of the Bek of Bouináki. Among the mountaineers it is considered a sacred duty to bury with honour their kinsmen and comrades, and they will sometimes, like the heroes of Homer, rush into the thickest of the battle, to drag from the hands of the Russians the body of a companion, and will fall in dozens round the corpse rather than abandon it.

The unfortunate Ouzdén was conducted to the stable of the Khan; a place frequently used as a prison. The people, discussing what had happened, separated sadly, but without complaining, for the sentence of the Khan was in accordance with their customs.

The melancholy news soon reached Seltanetta, and though they tried to soften it, it struck terribly a maiden who loved so deeply. Nevertheless, contrary to their expectation, she appeared tranquil; she neither wept nor complained, but she smiled no more, and uttered not a word. Her mother spoke to her; she heard her not. A spark from her father's pipe burned her dress; she saw it not. The cold wind blew upon her bosom; she felt it not. All her feelings seemed to retire into her heart to torture her; but that heart was hidden from the view, and nothing was reflected in her proud features. The Khan's daughter was struggling with the girl: it was easy to see which would yield first.

But this secret struggle seemed to choke Seltanetta: she longed to fly from the sight of man, and give the reins to her sorrow. "O heaven!" she thought; "having lost him, may I not weep for him? All gaze on me, to mock me and watch my every tear, to make sport for their malignant tongues. The sorrows of others amuse them, Sekina," she added, to her maid; "let us go and walk on the bank of the Ouzén."

At the distance of three *agátcha** from Khounzákh, towards the west,

are the ruins of an ancient Christian monastery, a lonely monument of the forgotten faith of the aborigines. The hand of time, as if in veneration, has not touched the church itself, and even the fanaticism of the people has spared the sanctuary of their ancestors. It stood entire amid the ruined cells and falling wall. The dome, with its high pointed roof of stone, was already darkened by the breath of ages: ivy covered with its tendrils the narrow windows, and trees were growing in the crevices of the stones. Within, soft moss spread its verdant carpet, and in the sultriness a moist freshness breathed there, nourished by a fountain, which, having pierced the wall, fell tinkling behind the stone altar, and, dividing into silver ever-murmuring threads of pure water, filtered among the pavement-stones, and crept meandering away. A solitary ray slanting through the window, flitted over the trembling verdure, and smiled on the gloomy wall, like a child on its grandame's knee. Thither Seltanetta directed her steps: there she rested from the looks which so tormented her: all around was so still, so soft, so happy; and all augmented but the more her sadness: the light trembling on the wall, the twittering of the swallows, the murmur of the fountain, melted into tears the load that weighed upon her breast, and her sorrow dissolved into lamentation: Sekina went to pluck the pears which grew in abundance round the church; and Seltanetta could freely yield to nature.

But sudden, raising her head, she uttered an exclamation of surprise! before her stood a well-made Avarétz, stained with blood and mire. "Does not your heart, do not your eyes, O Seltanetta, recognize your favourite?" No, but with a second glance she knew Ammalát; and forgetting all but her joy, she threw herself on his neck, embraced it with her arms, and long, long, gazed fixedly on the much-loved face; and the fire of confidence, the fire of ecstasy, glimmered through the still falling tears. Could then the impassioned Ammalát contain his rapture? He clung like a bee to the rosy lips of Seltanetta; he had heard

* "Agátcha," seven versts, a measure for riding—for the pedestrian, the *agátcha* is four versts.

enough for his happiness; he was now at the summit of bliss; the lovers had not yet said a word of their love, but they already understood each other. "And dost thou then, angel," added Ammalât, when Seltanetta, ashamed of the kiss, withdrew from his embrace: "dost thou love me?"

"Allah protect me!" replied the innocent girl, lowering her eyelashes, but not her eyes: "Love! that is a terrible word. Last year, going into the street, I saw them pelting a girl with stones: terrified I rushed home, but nowhere could I hide myself: the bloody image of the sinner was every where before me, and her groan yet rings unceasingly in my ears. When I asked why they had so inhumanly put to death that unhappy creature, they answered, that she loved a certain youth!"

"No, dearest, it was not because she loved one, but that she loved not one alone—because she betrayed some one, it may be, that they killed her."

"What means '*betrayed*,' Ammalât? I understand it not."

"Oh, God grant that you may never learn what it is to betray; that you may never forget me for another!"

"Ah, Ammalât, within these four days I have learned how bitter to me was separation! For a long time I have not seen my brothers Noutsâl and Souïkha, and I meet them with pleasure; but without them I do not grieve: without you I wish not to live!"

"For thee I am ready to die, my morning-star: to thee I give my soul—not only life, my beloved!"

The sound of footsteps interrupted the lovers' talk: it was Seltanetta's attendant. All three went to congratulate the Khan, who was consoled, and unaffectedly delighted.

Ammalât related in a few words how the affair had occurred. "Hardly had I remarked that my comrade had fallen when I fired at the beast, flying, with a ball which broke his jaw. The monster with a terrific roar began to whirl round, to leap, to roll, sometimes darting towards me, and then again, tormented by the agony, bounding aside. At this moment, striking him with the butt of my gun on the skull, I broke it. I pursued him a long time as soon as he betook himself to flight, following him by his bloody track: the day began to fail, and when I

plunged my dagger into the throat of the fallen tiger, dark night had fallen upon the earth. Would I or not, I was compelled to pass the night with the rocks for a bed-chamber, and the wolves and jackals for companions. The morning was dark and rainy; the clouds around my head poured their waters on me like a river. At ten paces before my face nothing could be seen. Without a view of the sun, ignorant of the country, in vain I wandered round and round: weariness and hunger overwhelmed me. A partridge which I shot with my pistol restored my strength for a while; but I could not find my way out of my rocky grave. In the evening the only sounds I could hear were the murmur of water falling from a cliff, or the whistling of the eagles' wings as they flew through the clouds; but at night the audacious jackals raised, three paces off, their lamentable song. This morning the sun rose brightly, and I myself arose more cheerful, and directed my steps towards the east. I shortly afterwards heard a cry and a shot: it was your messengers. Overcome by heat, I went to drink the pure water of the fountain by the old mosque, and there I met Seltanetta. Thanks be to you, and glory to God!"

"Glory to God, and honour to you!" exclaimed the Sultan, embracing him. "But your courage has nearly cost us your life, and even that of your comrade. If you had delayed a day, he would have been obliged to dance the Sêzghinka in the air. You have returned just in time. Djemboulât, a famous cavalier of Little Kabârda, has sent to invite you to a foray against the Russians. I would willingly buy beforehand your glory; as much as you won in your last battle. The time is short; to-morrow's sun must see you ready."

This news was by no means unwelcome to Ammalât: he decided instantly; answering, that he would go with pleasure. He felt sure that a distinguished reputation as a cavalier would ensure him future success.

But Seltanetta turned pale—bowing her head like a flower, when she heard of this new and more cruel separation. Her look, as it dwelt upon Ammalât, showed painful apprehension—the pain of prophetic sorrow.

"Allah!" she mournfully exclaim-

ed: "more forays, more slaughter. When will blood cease to be shed in the mountains?"

"When the mountain torrents run milk, and sugar-canes wave on the snowy peaks!" said the Khan.

CHAPTER IV.

Wildly beautiful is the resounding Terek in the mountains of Dariál. There, like a genie, borrowing his strength from heaven, he wrestles with Nature. There bright and shining as steel, cutting through the overshadowing cliff, he gleams among the rocks. There, blackening with rage, he bellows and bounds like a wild beast, among the imprisoning cliffs: he bursts, overthrows, and rolls afar their broken fragments. On a stormy night, when the belated traveller, enveloped in his furry *boúrka*, gazing fearfully around him, travels along the bank which hangs over the torrent of Terek, all is terror such as only a vivid imagination can conceive. With slow steps he winds along, the rain-torrents stream around his feet, and tumble upon his head from the rocks which frown above and threaten his destruction. Suddenly the lightning flashes before his eyes—with horror he beholds but a black cloud above him, below a yawning gulf, beside him crags, and before him the roaring Terek. At one moment he sees its wild and troubled waves raging like infernal spirits chased by the archangel's brand. After them, with a shout as of laughter, roll the huge stones. In another moment, the blinding flash is gone, and he is plunged once more in the dark ocean of night: then bursts the thunder-crash, jarring the foundations of the rocks, as though a thousand mountains were dashed against each other, so deafeningly do the echoes repeat the bellow of the heavens. Then a long-protracted growl, as of massive oaks plucked up by their roots, or the crash of bursting rocks, or the yell of the Titans as they were hurled headlong into the abyss; it mingles with the war of the blast, and the blast swells to a hurricane, and the rain pours down in torrents. And again the lightning blinds him, and again the thunder, answering from afar to the splinter-crash, deafens him. The terrified steed rears, starts backward—the rider utters a short prayer.

But after this how softly smiles the morning—morn, in whose light Terek

glides, and ripples, and murmurs! The clouds, like a torn veil whirling on the breeze, appear and vanish fitfully among the icy peaks. The sunbeams discover jagged profiles of the summits on the opposing mountain wall. The rocks glitter freshly from the rain. The mountain-torrents leap through the morning mist; and the mists themselves creep winding through the cliffs, even as the smoke from a cottage chimney, then twine themselves like a turban round some ancient tower, while Terek ripples on among the stones, curling as a tired hound who seeks a resting-place.

In the Caucasus, it must be confessed, there are no waters in which the mountains can worthily reflect themselves—those giants of creation. There are no gentle rivers, no vast lakes; but Terek receives in his stream the tribute of a thousand streamlets. Beneath the further Caucasus, where the mountains melt into the plain, he seems to flow calmly and gently, he wanders on in huge curves, depositing the pebbles he has brought down from the hills. Further on, bending to the north-west, the stream is still strong, but less noisy, as though wearied with its fierce strugglings. At length, embraced by the narrow gorge of Cape Máloi (Little Kabárdi), the river, like a good Moslem, bending religiously to the east, and peacefully spreading over the hated shore, gliding sometimes over beds of stone, sometimes over banks of clay, falls, by Kizlár, into the basin of the Caspian. There alone does it deign to bear boats upon its waters, and, like a labourer, turn the huge wheels of floating mills. On its right bank, among hillocks and thickets, are scattered the villages (*acúle*) of the Kabárdnetzes, a tribe which we found under one name with the Tcherkess, (Circassians,) who dwell beyond the Koubáu, and with the Tchetchenétzes much lower by the sea. These villages on the bank are peaceful only in name, for in reality they are the haunts of brigands, who acknowledge the Russian government only as far

as it suits their interest, capturing, as Russian subjects, from the mountaineers, the plunder they seize in the Russian frontier. Enjoying free passage on all sides, they inform those of the same religion and the same way of thinking, of the movement of our troops, and the condition of our fortresses; conceal them among themselves when they are assembling for an incursion, buy their plunder at their return, furnish them with Russian salt and powder, and not rarely take themselves a part, secret or open, in their forays. It is exceedingly irritating to see, even in full view of these mountaineers, nations hostile to us boldly swim over the Terek, two, three, or five men at a time, and in broad day set to work to rob; it being useless to pursue them, as their dress has nothing to distinguish them from the friendly tribes. On the opposite bank, though apparently quite peaceable, and employing this as their excuse, they fall, when in force, upon travellers, carry off cattle and men when off their guard, slaughter them without mercy, or sell them into slavery at a distance. To say the truth, their natural position, between two powerful neighbours, of necessity compels them to have recourse to these stratagems. Knowing that the Russians will not pass to the other side of the river to protect them from the revenge of the mountaineers, who melt away like snow at the approach of a strong force, they easily and habitually, as well as from inevitable circumstances, ally themselves to people of their own blood, while they affect to pay deference to the Russians, whom they fear.

Indeed, there exists among them certain persons really devoted to the Russians, but the greater number will betray even their own countrymen for a bribe. In general, the morality of these peaceful allies of ours is completely corrupted; they have lost the courage of an independent people, and have acquired all the vices of half-civilization. Among them an oath is a jest; treachery, their glory; even hospitality, a trade. Each of them is ready to engage himself to the Russians in the morning, as a *kounák*,* and at night to guide a brigand to rob his new friend.

The left bank of the Terek is covered with flourishing *stanitzas*† of the Kazáks of the Line, the descendants of the famous Zaporójetzes. Among them is here and there a Christian village. These Kazáks are distinguished from the mountaineers only by their unshaven heads: their tools, dress, harness, manners—all are of the mountains. They like the almost ceaseless war with the mountaineers; it is not a battle, but a trial of arms, in which each party desires to gain glory by his superiority in strength, valour, and address. Two Kazáks would not fear to encounter four mountain horsemen, and with equal numbers they are invariably victors. Lastly, they speak the Tartar language; they are connected with the mountaineers by friendship and alliance, their women being mutually carried off into captivity; but in the field they are inflexible enemies. As it is not forbidden to make incursions on the mountain side of the Terek, the brigands frequently betake themselves thither by swimming the river, for the chase of various kinds of game. The mountain brigands, in their turn, frequently swim over the Terek at night, or cross it on *bourdouchs*, (skins blown up,) hide themselves in the reeds, or under a projection of the bank, thence gliding through the thickets to the road, to carry off an unsuspecting traveller, or to seize a woman, as she is raking the hay. It sometimes happens that they will pass a day or two in the vineyards by the village, awaiting a favourable opportunity to fall upon it unexpectedly; and hence the Kazák of the Line never stirs over his threshold without his dagger, nor goes into the field without his gun at his back: he ploughs and sows completely armed.

For some time past, the mountaineers had fallen in considerable numbers only on Christian villages, for in the *stanitzas* the resistance had cost them very dear. For the plundering of houses, they approached boldly yet cunningly the Russian frontier, and on such occasions they frequently escaped a battle. The bravest Ouzdéns desire to meet with these affairs that they may acquire fame, which they value even more than plunder.

* Friend.

† Villages of Kazáks.

In the autumn of the year 1819, the Kabardínétzes and Tchetchenétzes, encouraged by the absence of the commander-in-chief, assembled to the number of 1500 men to make an attack upon one of the villages beyond the Térék, to seize it, carry off prisoners, and take the droves of horses. The leader of the Kabardínétzes was the Prince (Kníázek) Djemboulát. Ammalát Bek, who had arrived with a letter from Sultan Akhmet Khan, was received with delight. They did not, indeed, assign him the command of any division; but this arose from the circumstance that with them there is no order of battle or gradation of command; an active horse and individual courage secures the most distinguished place in action. At first they deliberate how best to begin the attack—how to repel the enemy; but afterwards they pay no attention to plan or order, and chance decides the affair. Having sent messengers to summon the neighbouring Ouzdéns, Djemboulát fixed on a place of assembling; and immediately, on a signal agreed on, from every height spread the cry, "Gharái, gharái!" (alarm,) and in one hour the Tchetchenétzes and Kabardínétzes were assembling from all sides. To avoid treason, no one but the leader knew where the night-camp was to be, from which they were to cross the river. They were divided into small bands, and were to go by almost invisible paths to the peaceful village, where they were to conceal themselves till night. By twilight, all the divisions were already mustered. As they arrived, they were received by their countrymen with frank embraces; but Djemboulát, not trusting to this, guarded the village with sentinels, and proclaimed to the inhabitants, that whoever attempted to desert to the Russians should be cut in pieces. The greater part of the Ouzdéns took up their quarters in the sáklas of their kounáks or relations; but Djemboulát and Ammalát, with the best of the cavaliers, slept in the open air round a fire, when they had refreshed their jaded horses. Djemboulát, wrapped in his bórka, was considering, with folded arms, the plan of the expedition; but the thoughts of Ammalát were far from the battle-field: they were flying, eagle-winged, to the mountains of Avár, and bitterly, bitterly

did he feel his separation. The sound of an instrument, the mountain bala-láika, (kanoús,) accompanying a slow air, recalled him from his reverie; and a Kabardínétz sung an ancient song.

"On Kazbék the clouds are meeting,
Like the mountain eagle-flock;
Up to them, along the rock,
Dash the wild Ouzdéns retreating;
Onward faster, faster fleeting,
Routed by the Russian brood,
Foameth all their track with blood.

"Fast behind the regiments yelling,
Lance and bayonet raging hot,
And the seed of death their shot.
On the mail the sabre knelling,
Gallop, steed! for far thy dwelling—
See! they fall—but distant still
Is the forest of the hill!

"Russian shot our hearts is rending,
Falls the Moollah on his knee,
To the Lord of Light bows he,
To the Prophet he is bending;
Like a shaft his prayer ascending,
Upward flies to Allah's throne—
Il-Alláh! O save thine own!

"Ab, despair!—What crash like thunder!
Lo! a sign from heaven above!
Lo! the forest seems to move,
Crashes, murmurs, bursts asunder!
Lower, nearer, wonder! wonder!
Safe once more the Moslem bold
In their forest mountain-hold!"

"So it was in old times," said Djemboulát, with a smile, "when our old men trusted more to prayer, and God oftener listened to them; but now, my friends, there is a better hope—your valour! Our omens are in the scabbards of our shoóshkas, (sabres,) and we must show that we are not ashamed of them. Harkye, Ammalát," he continued, twisting his mustache, "I will not conceal from you that the affair may be warm. I have just heard that Colonel K—— has collected his division; but where he is, or how many troops he has, nobody knows."

"The more Russians there are the better," replied Ammalát, quietly; "the fewer mistakes will be made."

"And the heavier will be the plunder."

"I care not for that. I seek revenge and glory."

"Glory is a good bird, when she lays a golden egg; but he that returns with his toróks (straps behind the saddle) empty, is ashamed to appear before his wife. Winter is near, and

we must provide our households at the expense of the Russians, that we may feast our friends and allies. Choose your station, Ammalât Bek. Do you prefer to advance in front to carry off the flocks, or will you remain with me in the rear? I and the Abréks will march at a foot's pace to restrain the pursuers."

"That is what I also intend. I will be where the greatest peril is. But what are the Abréks, Djemboulât?"

"It is not easy to explain. You sometimes see several of our boldest cavaliers take an oath, binding them for two or three years, or as long as they like, never to mingle in games or gayeties, never to spare their lives in battle, to give no quarter, never to pardon the least offence in a brother or a friend, to seize the goods of others without fear or scruple—in a word, to be the foes of all mankind, strangers in their family, men whom any person may slay if he can; in the village they are dangerous neighbours, and in meeting them you must keep your hand on the trigger; but in war one can trust them."*

"For what motive, or reason, can the Ouzdéns make such an engagement?"

"Some simply to show their courage, others from poverty, a third class from some misfortune. See, for instance, yonder tall Kabardínétz; he has sworn to be an Abrék for five years, since his mistress died of the small-pox. Since that year it would be as well to make acquaintance with a tiger as with him. He has already been wounded three times for blood-vengeance; but he cares not for that."

"Strange custom! How will he return from the life of an Abrék to a peaceable existence?"

"What is there strange in this? The past glides from him as water from the wild-duck. His neighbours will be delighted when he has finished his term of brigandage. And he, after putting off Abrêchestva (Abrékism) as a serpent sheds his skin, will become gentle as a lamb. Among us, none but the avenger of blood remembers yesterday. But the night is darkening. The mists are

spreading over Térék. It is time for the work."

Djemboulât whistled, and his whistle was repeated to all the outposts of the camp. In a moment the whole band was assembled. Several Ouzdéns joined from the neighbouring friendly villages. After a short discussion as to the passage of the river, the band moved in silence to the bank. Ammalât Bek could not but admire the stillness, not only of the riders, but of their horses; not one of them neighed or snorted, and they seemed to place their feet on the ground with caution. They marched like a voiceless cloud, and soon they reached the bank of Térék, which, making a winding at this spot, formed a promontory, and from it to the opposite shore, extended a pebbly shoal. The water over this bank was shallow and fordable; nevertheless, a part of the detachment left the shore higher up, in order to swim past the Kazáks, and, diverting their attention from the principal passage, to cover the fording party. Those who had confidence in their horses, leaped unhesitatingly from the bank, while others tied to each fore-foot of their steeds a pair of small skins, inflated with air like bladders: the current bore them on, and each landed wherever he found a convenient spot. The impenetrable veil of mist concealed all these movements. It must be remarked, that along the whole line of the river is a chain of mayáks (watch-towers) and a cordon of sentinels: on all the hills and elevated spots are placed look-outs. On passing before them in the daytime, may be seen on each hillock a pole, surmounted with a small barrel. This is filled with pitch and straw, and is ready to be lighted on the first alarm. To this pole is generally tied a Kazák's horse, and by his side a sentinel. In the night, these sentinels are doubled: but in spite of the precautions, the Tcherkéss, concealed by the fog, and clothed in their bouúrka, sometimes pass through the line in small bodies, as water glides through a sieve. The same thing happened on this occasion: perfectly acquainted with the country, the Beláds, (guides) peaceable Tcherkéss, led each party, and

* This is exact'y the Berserkir of the ancient Northmen. Examples of this frantic courage are not rare among the Asiatics.

in profound silence avoided the hillocks. In two places only had the brigands, to break through the line of watch-fires which might have betrayed them, resolved to kill the sentinels. Against one picket, Djemboulât proceeded himself, and he ordered another Bek to creep up the bank, pass round to the rear of the picket, count a hundred, and then to strike fire with a flint and steel several times. It was said and done. Just lifting his head above the edge of the bank, Djemboulât saw a Kazák slumbering with the match in his hand, and holding his horse by the bridle. As soon as the clicking struck his ear, the sentinel started, and turned an anxious look on the river. Fearing that the sentinel did not remark him, Djemboulât threw up his cap, and again crouched down behind the bank. "Accursed duck!" said the Donétz; "for this night is a carnival. They squat away like the witches of Kieff." At this moment, the sparks appeared on the opposite side, and drew his attention: "'Tis the wolves," thought he: "sometimes their eyes glitter brightly!" But the sparks reappearing, he was stupefied, remembering stories that the Tchetchenétzes sometimes use this kind of signal to regulate the movements of their march. This moment of suspense and irresolution was the moment of his destruction; a dagger,* directed by a strong arm, whistled through the air, and the Kazák, transfixed, fell without a groan to the earth. His comrade was sabred in his sleep, and the pole with the tub was torn down, and was thrown into the river. All then rapidly assembled at the given signal, and dashed in a moment on the village which they had determined to attack. The blow was successfully, that is, quite unexpectedly, struck. Such of the peasants as had time to arm, were killed after a desperate resistance: the others hid themselves or fled. Besides the plunder, a number of men and women was the reward of their boldness. The Kabardinetzes broke into the houses, carrying off all that was most valuable, indeed every thing

that came to hand: but they did not set fire to the houses, nor did they tread down the corn, nor break the vines: "Why touch the gift of God, and the labour of man?" said they; and this rule of a mountain robber, who shrinks at no crime, is a virtue which the most civilized nations might envy. In an hour, all was over for the inhabitants, but not for the brigands. The alarm spread along the line, and the mayáks soon began to glimmer through the fog like the stars of morning, while the call to arms resounded in every direction. In this interval, a party of the more experienced among the brigands had gone round the troop of horses which was grazing far in the steppe. The herdsman was seized; and with cries, and firing their guns, they charged at the horses from the land side. The animals started, threw mane and tail into the air, and dashed headlong on the track of a Tcherkèss mounted on a superb steed, who had remained on the bank of the river to guide the frightened herd. Like a skilful pilot, well acquainted, even in a fog, with all the dangers of the desert sea, the Tcherkèss flew on before the horses, wound his way among the posts, and at last, having chosen a spot where the bank was most precipitous, leaped headlong into the Terek. The whole herd followed him: nothing could be seen but the foam that flew into the air. Daybreak appeared; the fog began to separate, and discovered a picture at once magnificent and terrible. The principal band of forayers dragged the prisoners after it—some were at the stirrup, others behind the saddle, with their arms tied at their backs. Tears, and groans, and cries of despair were stifled by the threats and frantic cries of joy of the victors. Loaded with plunder, impeded by the flocks and horned cattle, they advanced slowly towards the Terek. The princes and best cavaliers, in mail-coats and casques glittering like water, galloped round the dense mass, as lightning flashes round a livid cloud. In the distance, were galloping up from every point the Kazáks of

* The Tartars and Circassians possess extraordinary dexterity in the use of their national weapon—the kinjál, or poniard. These are sometimes of great size and weight, and when thrown by a skilful hand, will fly a considerable distance, and with the most singular accuracy of aim,

the Line; they ambushed behind the shrubs and straggling oak-trees, and soon began an irregular fire with the brigands who were sent against them. In the meantime, the foremost had driven across the river a portion of the flocks, when a cloud of dust, and the tramp of cavalry, announced the approaching storm. About six hundred mountaineers, commanded by Djemboulât and Ammalât, turned their horses to repulse the attack, and give time to the rest to escape by the river. Without order, but with wild cries and shouts, they dashed forward to meet the Kazâks; but not a single gun was taken from its belt, not a single shâshka glimmered in the air: a Tcherkêss waits till the last moment before he seizes his weapons. And thus, having galloped to the distance of twenty paces, they levelled their guns, fired at full speed, threw their fire-arms over their backs,* and drew their shâshkas; but the Kazâks of the Line having replied with a volley, began to fly, and the mountaineers, heated by the chase, fell into a stratagem which they often employ themselves. The Kazâks had led them up to the chasseurs of the brave forty-third regiment, who were concealed at the edge of the forest. Suddenly, as if the little squares had started out of the earth, the bayonets were levelled, and the fire poured on them, taking them in flank. It was in vain that the mountaineers, dismounting from their horses, essayed to occupy the underwood, and attack the Russians from the rear; the artillery came up, and decided the affair. The experienced Colonel Kortsarêff, the dread of the Tchetchenétz, the man whose bravery they feared, and whose honesty and disinterestedness they respected, directed the movements of the troops, and success could not be doubtful. The cannon dispersed the crowds of brigands, and their grape flew after the flying. The defeat was terrible; two guns, dashing at a gallop to the promontory, not far from which the Tcherkêss were throwing themselves into the river, enfiladed the stream; with a rushing sound, the shot flew over the foaming waves, and at each fire some of the horses

might be seen to turn over with their feet in the air, drowning their riders. It was sad to see how the wounded clutched at the tails and bridles of the horses of their companions, sinking them without saving themselves—how the exhausted struggled against the scarped bank, endeavouring to clamber up, fell back, and were borne away and engulfed by the furious current. The corpses of the slain were whirled away, mingled with the dying, and streaks of blood curled and writhed like serpents on the foam. The smoke floated far along the Térék, far in the distance, and the snowy peaks of Caucasus, crowned with mist, bounded the field of battle. Djemboulât and Ammalât Bek fought desperately—twenty times did they rush to the attack, twenty times were they repulsed; wearied, but not conquered, with a hundred brigands they swam the river, dismounted, attached their horses to each other by the bridle, and began a warm fire from the other side of the river, to cover their surviving comrades. Intent upon this, they remarked, too late, that the Kazâks were passing the river above them; with a shout of joy, the Russians leaped upon the bank, and surrounded them in a moment. Their fate was inevitable. "Well, Djemboulât," said the Bek to the Kabardînetz, "our lot is finished. Do you what you will; but for me, I will not render myself a prisoner alive. 'Tis better to die by a ball than by a shameful cord!" "Do you think," answered Djemboulât, "that my arms were made for a chain! Allah keep me from such a blot: the Russians may take my body, but not my soul. Never, never! Brethren, comrades!" he cried to the others; "fortune has betrayed us, but the steel will not. Let us sell our lives dearly to the Giaour. The victor is not he who keeps the field, but he who has the glory; and the glory is his who prefers death to slavery!" "Let us die, let us die; but let us die gloriously," cried all, piercing with their daggers the sides of their horses, that the enemy might not take them, and then piling up the dead bodies of their steeds, they lay down behind the

* The oriental nations carry their guns at their backs, supported by a strap passing across the breast.

heap, preparing to meet the attack with lead and steel. Well aware of the obstinate resistance they were about to encounter, the Kazáks stopped, and made ready for the charge. The shot from the opposite bank sometimes fell in the midst of the brave mountaineers, sometimes a grenade exploded, covering them with earth and fragments; but they showed no confusion, they started not, nor blenched; and, after the custom of their country, began to sing, with a melancholy, yet threatening voice, the death-song, replying alternately stanza for stanza.

DEATH-SONG.

CHORUS.

"Fame to us, death to you,
Alla-ha, Alla-hu!!

SEMICHORUS.

"Weep, O ye maidens, on mountain and valley,

Lift the dirge for the sons of the brave;
We have fired our last bullet, have made
our last rally,

And Caucasus gives us a grave.
Here the soft pipe no more shall invite
us to slumber

—The thunder *our* lullaby sings;
Our eyes not the maiden's dark tresses
shall cumber,

Them the raven shall shade with his
wings!

Forget, O my children, your father's stern
duty—

No more shall he bring ye the Muscovite
booty!

SECOND SEMICHORUS.

"Weep not, O ye maidens; your sisters in
splendour,

The Houris, they bend from the sky,
They fix on the brave their sun-glance
deep and tender,

And to Paradise bear him on high!
In your feast-cup, my brethren, forget not
our story:

The death of the Free is the noblest of
glory!

FIRST SEMICHORUS.

"Roar, winter torrent, and sullenly dash!
But where is the brave one—the swift
lightning-flash?

Soft star of my soul, my mother,
Sleep, the fire let ashes smother;
Gaze no more, thine eyes are weary,
Sit not by the threshold stone;
Gaze not through the night-fog dreary,
Eat thine evening meal alone,
Seek him not, O mother, weeping,
By the cliff and by the ford:
On a bed of dust he's sleeping—
Broken is both heart and sword!

SECOND SEMICHORUS.

"Mother, weep not! with thy love burning:
This heart of mine beats full and free,
And to lion-blood is turning
That soft milk I drew from thee;
And our liberty from danger
Thy brave son has guarded well;
Battling with the Christian stranger,
Call'd by Azrael, he fell;
From my blood fresh odours breathing,
Fadeless flowers shall drink the dew;
To my children fame bequeathing,
Brethren, and revenge to you!"

CHORUS.

"Pray, my brethren, ere we part;
Clutch the steel with hate and wrath!
Break it in the Russian's heart—
O'er corpses lies the brave man's path!
Fame to us, death to you,
Alla-ha, Alla-hu!"

Struck by a certain involuntary awe, the Chasseurs and Kazáks listened in silence to the stern sounds of this song; but at last a loud *hurrah** resounded from both sides. The Tcherkéss, with a shout, fired their guns for the last time, and breaking them against the stones, they threw themselves, dagger in hand, upon the Russians. The Abréks, in order that their line might not be broken, bound themselves to each other with their girdles, and hurled themselves into the mêlée. Quarter was neither asked nor given: all fell before the bayonets of the Russians. "Forward! follow me, Ammalât Bek," cried Djemboulât, with fury, rushing into the combat which was to be his last—"Forward! for us death is liberty." But Ammalât heard not his call; a blow from a musket on the back of the head stretched him on the earth, already sown with corpses, and covered with blood.

* "Hurrah" means *strike* in the Tartar language.

CHAPTER V.

LETTER FROM COLONEL VERHOFFSKY TO HIS BETROTHED.

From Derbënd to Smolénsh.

October, 1819.

Two months—how easy to say it!—two centuries have past, dearest Maria, while your letter was *creeping* to me. Twice has the moon made her journey round the earth. You cannot imagine, dearest, how dreary is this idle objectless life to me; with nothing to employ me—not even correspondence. I go out, I meet the *Kuzák** with a secret trembling of heart: with what joy, with what ecstasy do I kiss the lines traced by a pure hand, inspired by a pure heart—yours, my Maria! With a greedy rapture my eyes devour the letter: then I am happy—I am wild with joy. But hardly have I reclosed it when unquiet thoughts again begin to haunt me. “All this is well,” I think; “but all this is past, and I desire to know the present. Is she well? Does she love me yet? Oh! will the happy time come soon—soon—when neither time nor distance can divide us? When the expression of our love will be no longer chilled by the cold medium of the post!” Pardon, pardon, dearest, these black thoughts of absence. When heart is with heart, the lover trusts in all; in separation he doubts all. You command—for such to me is your wish—that I should describe my life to you, day by day, hour by hour. Oh, what sad and tiresome annals mine would be, were I to obey you! You know well, traitress, that I live not without you. My existence—’tis but the trace of a shadow on the desert sand. My duty alone, which wearies at least, if it cannot amuse me, helps me to get rid of the time. Thrown in a climate ruinous to health, in society which stifles the soul, I cannot find among my companions a single person who can sympathise with me. Nor do I find among the Asiatics any who can understand my thoughts. All that surrounds me is either so savage or so limited, that it excites sadness and

discontent. Sooner will you obtain fire by striking ice on stone, than interest from such an existence. But your wish to me is sacred; and I will present you, in brief, with my last week. It was more varied than usual.

I have told you in one of my letters, if I remember, that we are returning from the campaign of Akoûsh, with the commander-in-chief. We have done our work; Shah Ali Khan has fled into Persia; we have burned a number of villages, hay, and corn; and we have eaten the sheep of the rebels, when we were hungry. When the snow had driven the insurgents from their mountain-fastnesses, they yielded and presented hostages. We then marched to the Fort of Bouïnaya,† and from this station our detachment was ordered into winter quarters. Of this division my regiment forms a part, and our headquarters are at Derbënd. The other day, the general, who was about to depart on another campaign on the Line, came to take leave of us, and thus there was a larger company than usual to meet our adored commander. Alexéi Petróvitch came from his tent, to join us at tea. Who is not acquainted with his face, from the portraits? But they cannot be said to know Yermóloff at all, who judge of him only by a lifeless image. Never was there a face gifted with such nobility of expression as his! Gazing on those features, chiselled in the noble outline of the antique, you are involuntarily carried back to the times of Roman grandeur. The poet was in the right, when he said of him:—

“On the Koubân—fly, Tartar fleet!
The avenger’s falchion gleameth;
His breath—the grapeshot’s iron sleet,
His voice—the thunder seemeth!
Around his forehead stern and pale
The fates of war are playing
He looks—and victory doth quail,
That gesture proud obeying!”

You should witness his coolness in

* The Kazáks are employed in the Russian army frequently as couriers.

† Stormy.

the hour of battle—you should admire him at a conference: at one time overwhelming the Tcherkéss with the flowing orientalisms of the Asiatic, at another embarrassing their artifices with a single remark. In vain do they conceal their thoughts in the most secret folds of their hearts; his eye follows them, disentangles and unrolls them like worms, and guesses twenty years beforehand their deeds and their intentions. Then, again, to see him talking frankly and like a friend with his brave soldiers, or passing with dignity round the circle of the *tehinóbniks** sent from the capital into Georgia. It is curious to observe how all those whose conscience is not pure, tremble, blush, turn pale, when he fixes on them his slow and penetrating glance; you seem to see the roubles of past bribes gliding before the eyes of the guilty man, and his villanies come rushing on his memory. You see the pictures of arrest, trial, judgment, sentence, and punishment, his imagination paints, anticipating the future. No man knows so well how to distinguish merit by a single glance, a single smile—to reward gallantry with a word, coming *from*, and going *to*, the heart. God grant us many years to serve with such a commander!

But if it be thus interesting to observe him on duty, how delightful to associate with him in society—a society to which every one distinguished for rank, bravery, or intellect, has free access: *here* rank is forgotten, formality is banished; every one talks and acts as he pleases, simply because those only who think and act as they *ought*, form the society. Alexéi Petróvitch jokes with all like a comrade, and at the same time teaches like a father. As usual, during tea, one of his adjutants read aloud; it was the account of Napoleon's Campaign in Italy—that poem of the Art of War, as the commander-in-chief called it. The company, of course, expressed their wonder, their admiration, their different opinions and criticisms. The

remarks of Alexéi Petróvitch were lucid, and of admirable truth.

Then began our gymnastic sports, leaping, running, leaping over the fire, and trials of strength of various kinds. The evening and the view were both magnificent: the camp was pitched on the side of Tarki; over it hangs the fortress of Bouónaya, behind which the sun was sinking. Sheltered by a cliff was the house of the Shamkhál, then the town on a steep declivity, surrounded by the camp, and to the east the immeasurable steppe of the Caspian sea. Tartar Beks, Circassian Prince, Kazáks from the various rivers of gigantic Russia, hostages from different mountains, mingled with the officers. Uniforms, *tehoukhás*, coats of chain-mail, were picturesquely mingled; singing and music rang through the camp, and the soldiers, with their caps jauntily cocked on one side, were walking in crowds at a distance. The scene was delightful; it charmed by its picturesque variety and the force and freshness of military life. Captain Bekóvitch was boasting that he could strike off the head of a buffalo with one blow of a *kinjál*;† and two of those clumsy animals were immediately brought. Bets were laid; all were disputing and doubting. The Captain, with a smile, seized with his left hand a huge dagger, and in an instant an immense head fell at the feet of the astonished spectators, whose surprise was instantly succeeded by a desire to do the same: they hacked and hewed, but all in vain. Many of the strongest men among the Russians and Asiatics made unsuccessful attempts to perform the feat, but to do this strength alone was not sufficient. "You are children—children!" cried the commander-in-chief: and he rose from table, calling for his sword—a blade which never struck twice, as he told us. An immense heavy sabre was brought him, and Alexéi Petróvitch, though confident in his strength, yet, like Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, anointing the bow which no one else could

* Literally, a person possessing rank, used here to signify an *employé* of Government in a civil capacity—all of whom possess some definite precedence or class (*tehin*) in the state.

† It is absurd to observe the incredulity of Europeans as to the possibility of cutting off a head with the *kinjál*: it is necessary to live only a week in the East to be quite convinced of the possibility of the feat. In a practised hand the *kinjál* is a substitute for the hatchet, the bayonet, and the sabre.

bend, first felt the edge, waved the weapon thrice in the air, and at length addressed himself to the feat. The betters had hardly time to strike hands when the buffalo's head bounded at their feet on the earth. So swift and sure was the blow, that the trunk stood for some instants on its legs, and then gently, softly, sank down. A cry of astonishment arose from all: Alexéi Petróvitch quietly looked whether his sabre was notched—for the weapon had cost him many thousands [of roubles], and presented it as a keepsake to Captain Bekóvitch.

We were still whispering among ourselves when there appeared before the commander-in-chief an officer of the Kazáks of the Line, with a message from Colonel Kortsáreff, who was stationed on the frontier. When he had received the report, the countenance of Alexéi Petróvitch brightened—"Kortsáreff has gloriously trounced the mountaineers!" said he. "These rascals have made a plundering expedition beyond the Terek; they have passed far within the Line, and have plundered a village—but they have lost not only the cattle they had taken, but fallen a sacrifice to their own fool-hardiness." Having minutely questioned Yesoúl respecting the details of the affair, he ordered the prisoners whom they had taken, wounded or recovering, to be brought before him. Five were led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

A cloud passed over his countenance as he beheld them; his brow contracted, his eyes sparkled. "Villains!" said he to the Ouzdéns; "you have thrice sworn not to plunder, and thrice have you broken your oath. What is it that you seek? Lands? Flocks? Means to defend the one or the other? But no! you are willing to accept presents from the Russians as allies, and at the same time to guide the Tcherkéss to plunder our villages, and to plunder along with them. Hang them!" said he sternly; "hang them up by their own thievish arkáns (girdles)! Let them draw lots: the fourth shall be spared—let him go and tell his countrymen that I am coming to teach them to keep faith, and keep the peace, as I will have it."

The Ouzdéns were conducted away.

There remained one Tartar bek, whom we had not remarked. This

was a young man of twenty-five, of unusual beauty, graceful as the Belvidere Apollo. He bowed slightly to the commander-in-chief as he approached him, raised his cap, and again resumed his proud indifferent expression; unshaken resignation to his fate was written on his features.

The commander-in-chief fixed his stern eye upon his face, but the young man neither changed countenance nor quivered an eyelash.

"Ammalát Bek," said Alexéi Petróvitch, after a pause, "do you remember that you are a Russian subject? that the Russian laws are above you?"

"It would have been impossible to forget that," replied the Bek: "if I had found in those laws a protection for my rights, I should not now stand before you a prisoner."

"Ungrateful boy!" cried the commander-in-chief; "your father—you yourself, have been the enemy of the Russians. Had it been during the Persian domination of your race, not even the ashes would have remained; but our Emperor was generous, and instead of punishing you he gave you lands. And how did you repay his kindness? By secret plot and open revolt! This is not all: you received and sheltered in your house a sworn foe to Russia; you permitted him, before your eyes, traitorously to slaughter a Russian officer. In spite of all this, had you brought me a submissive head, I would have pardoned you, on account of your youth and the customs of your nation. But you fled to the mountains, and with Suleiman Akhmet Khan you committed violence within the Russian bounds; you were beaten, and again you make an incursion with Djemboulát. You cannot but know what fate awaits you."

"I do," coldly answered Ammalát Bek: "I shall be shot."

"No! a bullet is too honourable a death for a brigand," cried the angry general: "a cart with the shafts turned up—a cord round your neck—that is the fitting reward."

"It is all one how a man dies," replied Ammalát, "provided he dies speedily. I ask one favour: do not let me be tormented with a trial: that is thrice death."

"Thou deservest a hundred deaths, audacious! but I promise you. Be it so: to-morrow thou shalt die. As-

semble a court-martial," continued the commander-in-chief, turning to his staff: "the fact is clear, the proof is before your eyes, and let all be finished at one sitting, before my departure."

He waved his hand, and the condemned prisoner was removed.

The fate of this fine young man touched us all. Every body was whispering about him; every body pitying him; the more, that there appeared no means of saving him. Every one knew well the necessity of punishing this double treason, and the inflexibility of Alexéi Petróvitch in matters of this publicity: and, therefore, no one dared to intercede for the unfortunate culprit. The commander-in-chief was unusually thoughtful for the remainder of the evening, and the party separated early. I determined to speak a word for him—"Perhaps," I thought, "I may obtain some commutation of the sentence." I opened one of the curtains of the tent, and advanced softly into the presence of Alexéi Petróvitch. He was sitting alone, resting both arms on a table; before him lay a despatch for the Emperor, half finished, and which he was writing without any previous copy. Alexéi Petróvitch knew me as an officer of the suite, and we had been acquainted since the battle of Kulm. At that time he had been very kind to me, and therefore my visit was not surprising to him. "I see—I see, Evstáfi Ivánovitch, you have a design upon my heart! In general you come in as if you were marching up to a battery, but now you hardly walk on tip-toe. This is not for nothing. I am sure you are come with a request about Ammalát."

"You have guessed it," said I to Alexéi Petróvitch, not knowing how to begin.

"Sit down, then, and let us talk it over," he replied. Then, after a silence of a couple of minutes, he continued, kindly, "I know that a report goes about respecting me, that I treat the lives of men as a plaything—their blood as water. The most cruel tyrants have hidden their bloodthirstiness under a mask of benevolence. They feared a reputation for cruelty, though they feared not to commit deeds of cruelty; but I—I have intentionally clothed myself with this sort of character, and purposely dressed my name in terror. I desire, and

it is my duty to desire, that my name should protect our frontier more effectually than lines and fortresses—that a single word of mine should be, to the Asiatics, more certain, more inevitable, than death. The European may be reasoned with: he is influenced by conscience, touched by kindness, attached by pardon, won by benefits; but to the Asiatic all this is an infallible proof of weakness; and to him I—even from motives of philanthropy—have shown myself unmitigably severe. A single execution preserves a hundred Russians from destruction, and deters a thousand Mussulmans from treason. Evstáfi Ivánovitch, many will not believe my words, because each conceals the cruelty of his nature, and his secret revengefulness, under excuses of necessity—each says, with a pretence of feeling, 'Really I wish from my heart to pardon, but he judges yourselves—can I? What, after this, are laws—what is the general welfare?' All this I never say; in my eyes no tear is seen when I sign a sentence of death: but my heart bleeds."

Alexéi Petróvitch was touched; he walked agitatedly several times up and down the tent; then seated himself, and continued—"Never, in spite of all this, never has it been so difficult to me to punish as this day. He who, like me, has lived much among the Asiatics, ceases to trust in Lavater, and places no more confidence in a handsome face than in a letter of recommendation; but the look, the expression, the demeanour of this Ammalát, have produced on me an unusual impression. I am sorry for him."

"A generous heart," said I, "is a better oracle than reason."

"The heart of a conscientious man, my dear friend, ought to be under the command of reason. I certainly *can* pardon Ammalát, but I *ought* to punish him. Daghestán is still filled with the enemies of Russia, notwithstanding their assurances of submission; even Tarki is ready to revolt at the first movement in the mountains: we must rivet their chains by punishment, and show the Tartars that no birth can screen the guilty—that all are equal in the sight of the Russian law. If I pardon Ammalát, all his relations will begin to boast that Yermóloff is afraid of the Shamkhál."

I remarked, that indulgence shown to so extensive a clan would have a good effect on the country—in particular the Shamkhál.

"The Shamkhál is an Asiatic," interrupted Alexéi Petróvitch; "he would be delighted that this heir to the Shamkhalát should be sent to the Elysian fields. Besides, I care very little to guess or gratify the wishes of his kinsmen."

I saw that the commander-in-chief began to waver, and I urged him more pressingly. "Let me serve for three years," said I; "do not give me leave of absence this year—only have mercy on this young man. He is young, and Russia may find in him a faithful servant. Generosity is never thrown away."

Alexéi Petróvitch shook his head.

"I have made many ungrateful," said he, "already; but be it so. I pardon him, and not by halves—that is not my way. I thank you for having helped me to be merciful, not to say weak. Only remember my words: You wish to take him to yourself—do not trust him; do not warm a serpent in your bosom."

I was so delighted with my success, that, hastily quitting the commander-in-chief, I ran to the tent in which Ammalát Bek was confined. Three sentinels were guarding him; a lantern was burning in the midst. I entered; the prisoner was lying wrapped up in his *boúrka*, and tears were sparkling on his face. He did not hear my entrance, so profoundly was he buried in thought. To whom is it pleasant to part with life? I was rejoiced that I brought comfort to him at so melancholy a moment.

"Ammalát," said I, "Allah is great, and the Sardár is merciful; he has granted you your life!"

The delighted prisoner started up, and endeavoured to reply, but the breath was stifled in his breast. Immediately, however, a shade of gloom covered his features. "Life!" he exclaimed; "I understand this generosity! To consign a man to a breathless dungeon, without light or air—to send him to eternal winter, to a night never illumined by a star—to bury him alive in the bowels of the earth—

to take from him not only the power to act, not only the means of life, but even the privilege of telling his kinsmen of his sad lot—to deny him not only the right to complain, but even the power of murmuring his sorrow to the wind. And this you call life! this unceasing torment you boast of as rare generosity! Tell the General that I want not—that I scorn—such a life."

"You are mistaken, Ammalát," I cried; "you are fully pardoned: remain what you were, the master of your actions and possessions. There is your sword. The commander-in-chief is sure that in future you will unsheathe it only for the Russians. I offer you one condition: come and live with me till the report of your actions has died away. You shall be to me as a friend, as a brother."

This struck the Asiatic. Tears shone in his eyes. "The Russians have conquered me," he said: "pardon me, colonel, that I thought ill of all of you. From henceforth I am a faithful servant of the Russian Tsar—a faithful friend to the Russians, soul and sword. My sword, my sword!" he cried, gazing fixedly on his costly blade; "let these tears wash from thee the Russian blood and the Tartar *naphtha*!*" When and how can I reward you, with my service, for liberty and life?"

I am sure, my dear Maria, that you will keep me, for this, one of your sweetest kisses. Ever, ever, when feeling or acting generously, I console myself with the thought, "My Maria will praise me for this!" But when is this to happen, my darling? Fate is but a stepmother to us. Your mourning is prolonged, and the commander-in-chief has decidedly refused me leave of absence; nor am I much displeased, annoying as it is: my regiment is in a bad state of discipline—indeed, as bad as can be imagined; besides, I am charged with the construction of new barracks and the colonization of a married company. If I were absent for a month, every thing would go wrong. If I remain, what a sacrifice of my heart!

Here we have been at Derbénd three days. Ammalát lives with me: he is silent, sad, and savage; but his

* The Tartars, to preserve their weapons, and to produce a black colour on them, smoke the metal, and then rub it with *naphtha*.

fear is interesting, nevertheless. He speaks Russian very well, and I have commenced teaching him to read and write. His intelligence is unusually great. In time, I hope to make him a most charming Tartar.

(The conclusion of the letter has no reference to our story.)

Fragment of another letter from Colonel Verhóffsky to his *fiancée*, written six months after the preceding.

From Derbénd to Smolénsk.

Your favourite Ammalát, my dearest Maria, will soon be quite Russianized. The Tartar Beks, in general, think the first step of civilization consists in the use of the unlawful wine and pork. I, on the contrary, have begun by re-educating the mind of Ammalát. I show him, I prove to him, what is bad in the customs of his nation, and what is good in those of ours; I explain to him universal and eternal truths. I read with him, I accustom him to write, and I remark with pleasure that he takes the deepest interest in composition. I may say, indeed, that he is passionately fond of it; for with him every wish, every desire, every caprice, is a passion—an ardent and impatient passion. It is difficult for a European to imagine, and still more difficult to understand, the inflammability of the unruly, or rather unbridled, passions of an Asiatic, with whom the will alone has been, since childhood, the only limit to his desires. Our passions are like domestic animals; or, if they are wild beasts, they are tamed, and taught to dance upon the rope of the “convenances,” with a ring through their nostrils and their claws cut: in the East they are free as the lion and the tiger.

It is curious to observe, on the countenance of Ammalát, the blush with which his features are covered at the least contradiction; the fire with which he is filled at any dispute; but as soon as he finds that he is in the wrong, he turns pale, and seems ready to weep. “I am in the wrong,” says he; “pardon me: takhsirumdám ghitch, (blot out my fault;) forget that I am wrong, and that you have

pardoned me.” He has a good heart, but a heart always ready to be set on fire, either by a ray of the sun or by a spark of hell. Nature has gifted him with all that is necessary to render him a man, as well in his moral as physical constitution; but national prejudices, and the want of education, have done all that is possible to disfigure and to corrupt these natural qualities. His mind is a mixture of all sorts of inconsistencies, of the most absurd ideas, and of the soundest thoughts: sometimes he seizes instantly abstract propositions when they are presented to him in a simple form, and again he will obstinately oppose the plainest and most evident truths: because the former are quite new to him, and the latter are obscured by previous prejudices and impressions. I begin to fancy that it is easier to build a new edifice than to reconstruct an old one.

But how happens it that Ammalát is melancholy and absent? He makes great progress in every thing that does not require an attentive and continuous reflection, and a gradual development; but when the matter involves remote consequences, his mind resembles a short fire-arm, which sends its charge quickly, direct, and strongly, but not to any distance. Is this a defect of his mind? or is it that his attention is entirely occupied with something else? . . . For a man of twenty-three, however, it is easy to imagine the cause. Sometimes he appears to be listening attentively to what I am telling him; but when I ask for his answer, he seems all abroad. Sometimes I find the tears flowing from his eyes: I address him—he neither hears nor sees me. Last night he was restless in his sleep, and I heard the word “seltanét—seltanét,” (power, power,) frequently escape him. Is it possible that the love of power can so torment a young heart? No, no! another passion agitates, troubles the soul of Ammalát. Is it for me to doubt of the symptoms of love’s divine disease? He is in love—he is passionately in love; but with whom? Oh, I will know! Friendship is as curious as a woman.

OCCUPATION OF ADEN.

"It is only by a naval power," says Gibbon, "that the reduction of Yemen can be successfully attempted"—a remark, by the way, which more than one of the ancients had made before him. All the comparatively fertile districts in the south of Arabia, in fact, are even more completely insulated by the deserts and barren mountains of the interior on one side, than by the sea on the other—inasmuch as easier access would be gained by an invader, even by the dangerous and difficult navigation of the Red Sea, than by a march through a region where the means of subsistence do not exist, and where the Bedoween, by choking or concealing the wells, might in a moment cut off even the scanty supply of water which the country affords. This mode of passive resistance was well understood and practised by them as early as the time of *Ælius Gallus*, the first Roman general who conceived the hope of rifling the virgin treasures popularly believed to be buried in the inaccessible hoards of the princes of Arabia, whose realms were long looked upon—perhaps on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—as a sort of indefinite and mysterious *El Dorado*.* These golden dreams speedily vanished as the country became more extensively known: and though the Arab tribes of the desert between Syria and the Euphrates acknowledged a nominal subjection to Rome, the intercourse of the Imperial City with Yemen, or Arabia Felix, was confined to the trade which was carried on over the Red Sea from Egypt, and which became the channel through which not only the spices of Arabia, but the rich pro-

ducts of India, and even the slaves † and ivory of Eastern Africa, were supplied to the markets of Italy. At the present day, almost the whole of the south coast of Arabia fronting the Indian Ocean, nearly from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, as well as the eastern coast of Africa, from Cape Guardafui to the entrance of the Mozambique Channel—a seaboard approaching 4000 miles in length ‡—is more or less subject to the Sultan of Muscat, a prince whose power is almost wholly maritime, and whose dominions nowhere extend more than thirty or forty miles inland: while our own recent acquisition of Aden, a detached point with which our communication can be maintained only by restraining the command of the sea, has for the first time given an European power (excepting the Turks, whose possessions in Arabia always depended on Egypt) a *locus standi* on the shores of Yemen.

The process by which we obtained this footing in Arabia was strictly in accordance with the maxims of policy adopted by the then rulers of British India, and which they were at the same time engaged in carrying out, on a far more extended scale, in Afghanistan. In both cases—perhaps from a benevolent anxiety to accommodate our diplomacy to the primitive ideas of those with whom we had to deal—

"the good old rule

Sufficeth them, the simple plan

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can"—

was assumed as the basis of our proceedings: and though the brilliant success which for a time attended our philanthropic exertions in the

* "Intactis opulentior thesauris Arabum."—*Horat. Od. iii. 24.* Pliny (*Hist. Nat. vi. 32*) more soberly endeavours to prove the enormous accumulation of wealth which must have taken place in Arabia, from the constant influx of the precious metals for the purchase of their spices and other commodities, while they bought none of the productions of other countries in return.

† This part of Africa is noticed by Arrian as famous for the excellent quality of the slaves brought from *τα δουλικά κρησσινα*, and it still retains its pre-eminence. The tribes in this quarter are far superior both in personal appearance and intellect to the negroes of Guinea.

‡ We have seen it somewhere stated that the Sultan has also attempted, by means of his navy, to exercise authority on the shores of Beloochistan; which would bring him into contact with our own outposts at Soumeeani, &c., near the mouth of the Indus.

cause of good order and civilization beyond the Indus, so completely threw into the shade the minor glories of Aden, that this latter achievement attracted scarcely any public attention at the time of its occurrence, its merits are quite sufficient to entitle it to a more detailed notice than it has hitherto received in the pages of *Maga*. Nor can a more opportune juncture be found than the present, when the late events in Cabul have apparently had a marvellous effect in opening the eyes of our statesmen, both in India and England, to the moral and political delinquency of the system we have so long pursued—of taking the previous owner's consent for granted, whenever it suited our views to possess ourselves of a fortress, island, or tract of territory, belonging to any nation not sufficiently civilized to have had representatives at the Congress of Vienna. Whether our repentance is to be carried the length of universal restitution, remains to be seen; if so, it is to be hoped that the circumstances of the capture of Aden will be duly borne in mind. But before we proceed to detail the steps by which the British colours came to be hoisted at this remote angle of Arabia, it will be well to give some account of the place itself and its previous history; since we suspect that the majority of newspaper politicians, unless the intelligence of its capture chanced to catch their eye in the columns of the *Times*, are to this day ignorant that such a fortress is numbered among the possessions of the British crown.

The harbour of Aden, then, lies on the south coast of Yemen, as nearly as possible in $12^{\circ} 45'$ N. latitude, and $45^{\circ} 10'$ E. longitude; somewhat more than 100 miles east of Cape Bab-el-Mandeb, at the entrance of the Red Sea; and about 150 miles by sea, or 120 by land, from Mokha, the nearest port within the Straits. The town was built on the eastern side of a high rocky peninsula, about four miles in length from E. to W., by two miles and a half N. and S.—which was pro-

bably, at no very remote period, an island, but is now joined to the mainland by a long low sandy isthmus,* on each side of which, to the east and west, a harbour is formed between the peninsula and the mainland. - The East Bay, immediately opposite the town, though of comparatively small extent, is protected by the rocky islet of Seerah, rising seaward to the height of from 400 to 600 feet, and affords excellent anchorage at all times, except during the north-east monsoon: but the Western or Black Bay, completely landlocked and sheltered in great part of its extent by the high ground of its peninsula, (which rises to an elevation of nearly 1800 feet,) runs up inland a distance of seven miles from the headland of Jibel-Hasan, (which protects its mouth on the west,) to the junction of the isthmus with the main, and presents at all times a secure and magnificent harbour, four miles wide at the entrance, and perfectly free from rocks, shoals, and all impediments to ingress or egress. Such are the natural advantages of Aden: and "whoever"—says Wellsted—"might have been the founder, the site was happily selected, and well calculated by its imposing appearance not only to display the splendour of its edifices, but also, uniting strength with ornament, to sustain the character which it subsequently bore, as the port and bulwark of Arabia Felix."

From the almost impregnable strength of its situation, and the excellence of its harbour, which affords almost the only secure shelter for shipping near the junction of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, Aden has been, both in ancient and modern times, a place of note and importance as a central point for the commerce carried on with the East by way of Egypt. It was known to the ancients as the Arabian emporium; and Abulfeda, in the fourteenth century, describes it, in his *Geography*, as "a city on the sea-shore, within the district of Abiyan; with a safe and capacious port, much frequented by ships from India and China, and by merchants and men

* This isthmus is said by Lieutenant Wellsted to be "about 200 yards in breadth:" perhaps a misprint for 1200, as a writer in the *United Service Journal*, May 1840, calls it 1350 yards; and, according to the plan in the papers laid before Parliament, it would appear to be rather more than half a mile at the narrowest part, where it is crossed by the Turkish wall.

of wealth, not only from those countries, but from Abyssinia, the Hedjaz, &c.;" adding, however, "that it is dry and burnt up by the sun, and so totally destitute of pasture and water, that one of the gates is named Bab-el-Sakiyyin, or *Gate of the Water-carriers*, for fresh water must be brought from a distance." In somewhat later times, when the Portuguese began to effect settlements on the coasts of Guzerat and Malabar, and to attack the Mohammedan commerce in the Indian Seas, the port of Aden (which, with the rest of Yemen, then paid a nominal allegiance to the Egyptian monarchy) became the principal rendezvous for the armaments equipped by the Circassian Sultans of Cairo in the Red Sea, in aid of their Moslem brethren, then oppressed by those whom the Sheikh Zein-ed-deen emphatically denounces as "a race of unclean Frank interlopers—may the curse of Allah rest upon them and all infidels!" It was, in consequence, more than once attacked by the famous Albuquerque, (who, in 1513, lost 2000 men before it,) and his successor Lope Soarez, but the Portuguese never succeeded in occupying it; and the Mamluke empire was overthrown, in 1517, by the arms of the Ottoman Sultan, Selim I. The new masters of Egypt, however, speedily adopted the policy of the rulers whom they had supplanted; and not contented with the limited *suzeraineté* over the Arab chiefs of Yemen, exercised by the Circassian monarchs, determined on bringing that country under the direct control of the Porte, as a *point d'appui* for the operations to be undertaken in the Indian Ocean. With this view, the eunuch, Soliman-Pasha, who was sent in command of a formidable squadron from Suez, in 1538, to at-

tempt the recapture of Diu,* in Guzerat, from the Portuguese, received instructions to make himself in the first place master of Aden, to the possession of which the Turks might reasonably lay claim as a dependency of their newly-acquired realm of Egypt; the seizure, however, was effected by means of base treachery. The prince, Sheikh-Amer, of the race of the Beni-Taher, was summoned on board the admiral's galley, and accepted the invitation without suspicion; but he was instantly placed in confinement, and shortly afterwards publicly hanged at the yard-arm; while the Pasha, landing his troops, took possession of Aden in the name of Soliman the Magnificent. It was not, however, till 1568, that the final reduction of Yemen was accomplished, when Aden and other towns, which had fallen into the hands of an Arab chief named Moutaher, were recaptured by a powerful army sent from Egypt; the whole province was formally divided into sandjaks or districts, and the seat of the beglerbeg, or supreme pasha, fixed at Sana.

The domination of the Turks in Yemen did not continue much more than sixty years after this latter epoch; the constant revolts of the Arab tribes, and the feuds of the Turkish military chiefs, whose distance from the seat of government placed them beyond the control of the Porte, combined in rendering it an unprofitable possession. The Indian trade, moreover, was permanently diverted to the route by the Cape; and any political schemes which the Porte might at one time have entertained in regard to India, had been extinguished by the reunion, under the Mogul sway, of the various shattered sovereignties of Hindostan. In 1633,† the Turkish troops were

* The warfare of the Ottomans in India is a curious episode in their history, which has attracted but little notice from European writers. The Soliman-Pasha above mentioned (called by the Indian historians Soliman-Khan *Roomi*, or the Turk, and by the Portuguese Solimanus Peloponnesiacus) bore a distinguished part in those affairs; but this expedition against Diu was the last in which he was engaged. The kingdom of Guzerat was, at that time, in great confusion after the death of its king, Bahadur Shah, who had been treacherously killed in an affray with the Portuguese in 1536; and it would appear probable that the Turks, if they had succeeded against Diu, meditated taking possession of the country.

† Captain Haines, in the "Report upon Aden," appended to the Parliamentary papers published on the subject, erroneously places this event in 1730, the year in or about which, according to Niebuhr, the Sheikh of Aden made himself independent of Sana.

finally withdrawn from the province, which then fell under the rule of the still existing dynasty of the Imams of Sana, who claim descent from Mohammed. But the ruins even now remaining of the fortifications and public works constructed in Aden by the Ottomans during their tenure of the place, are on a scale which not only proves how fully they were aware of the importance of the position, but gives a high idea of the energy with which their resources were administered during the palmy days of their power, when such vast labour and outlay were expended on the security of an isolated stronghold at the furthest extremity of their empire. The defences of the town, even in their present state, are the most striking evidence now existing of the science and skill of the Turkish engineers in former times; and, when they were entire, Aden must have been another Gibraltar. "The lines taken for the works," says a late observer, "evince great judgment, a good flanking fire being every where obtained; no one place which could possibly admit of being fortified has been omitted, and we could not do better than tread in the steps of our predecessors. The profile is tremendous." A supply of water (of which the peninsula had been wholly destitute) was secured, not only by constructing numerous tanks within the walls, and by boring numerous wells through the solid rock to a depth of upwards of 200 feet,* but by carrying an aqueduct into the town from a spring eight miles in the country, the reservoir at the end of which was defended by a redoubt mounted with artillery. The outposts were not less carefully strengthened than the body of the place—a rampart with bastions (called, in the reports of the garrison, *the Turkish Wall*) was carried along some high ground on the isthmus from sea to sea, to guard against an attack on the land side—the lofty

rocky islet of Seerah, immediately off the town, was covered with watch-towers and batteries—and several of those enormous guns, with the effect of which the English became practically acquainted at the passage of the Dardanelles in 1807, were mounted on the summit of the precipices, to command the seaward approach; and, when Lieutenant Wellsted was at Aden, those huge pieces of ordnance was lying neglected on the beach; and he asked Sultan Mahassan why he did not cut them up for the sake of the metal, which is said to contain a considerable intermixture of silver; "but he replied, with more feeling than could have been anticipated, that he was unwilling to deprive Aden of the only remaining sign of its former greatness and strength." Several of them have been sent to England since the capture of the place, measuring from fifteen to eighteen and a half feet in length; they are covered with ornaments and inscriptions, stating them to have been cast in the reign of "Soliman the son of Selim-Khan," (Soliman the Magnificent.)

At the time of its evacuation by the Turks, Aden is said, notwithstanding the decay of its Indian trade, to have contained from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants; and the lofty minarets which, a few years since, still towered above the ruins of the mosques to which they had formerly been attached, as well as the extensive burying-grounds, in which the turbaned headstones peculiar to the Turks are even yet conspicuous, bear testimony, not less than the extent and magnitude of the ruinous fortifications, to the population and splendour of the town under the Ottomans.—(See WELLSTED'S *Arabia*, vol. ii. chap. 19.) From the time, however, of its return into the hands of its former owners, its decline was rapid. Niebuhr, who visited it in the latter part of the last century, says, that it had but little trade, as its Sheikh† (who had long

* "No part of the coast of Arabia is celebrated for the goodness of its water, with the single exception of Aden. The wells there are 300 in number, cut mostly through the rock, . . . and the tanks were found in good order, coated inside and out with excellent chunam, (stucco,) and merely requiring cleaning out to be again serviceable."

† The town would appear to have passed into the hands of another tribe since Niebuhr's time, as he gives the Sheikh the surname of *El-Foddeli* (Futhali,) the present chief being of the Abdalli tribe.

since shaken off his dependence on the Imam of Sana) was not on good terms with his neighbours; and, though Sir Home Popham concluded a commercial treaty with the uncle and predecessor of the present Sultan Mahassan, no steps appear to have been taken in consequence of this arrangement.

In 1835, according to Wellsted, the inhabitants of this once flourishing emporium did not exceed 800, the only industrious class among whom were the Jews, who numbered from 250 to 300. The remainder were "the descendants of Arabs, Sumaulis," (a tribe of the African coast,) "and the offspring of slaves," who dwelt in wretched huts, or rather tents, on the ruins of the former city. "Not more than twenty families are now engaged in mercantile pursuits, the rest gaining a miserable existence either by supplying the Hadj boats with wood and water, or by fishing." The chief, Sultan Mahassan, did not even reside in Aden, but in a town called Lahedj, about eighteen miles distant, where he kept the treasures which his uncle, who was a brave and politic ruler, had succeeded in amassing. His reputation for wealth, however, and the inadequacy of his means for defending it, drew on him the hostility of the more warlike tribes in the vicinity; and in 1836 Aden was sacked by the Futhalis, who not only carried off booty to the value of 30,000 dollars, (principally the property of the Banians and the Sumauli merchants in the port,) but compelled the Sultan to agree to an annual payment of 360 dollars; while two other tribes, the Yaffaes and the Houshibees, took the opportunity to extort from him a tribute of half that amount. There can be no doubt but that, if the Arabs had been left to themselves, this state of things would have ended in all the contending parties being speedily swallowed up in the dominions of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt; who, under pretence of re-asserting the ancient rights of the Porte to the sovereignty of Yemen, had already occu-

pied Mokha and Taaz, and was waging war with the tribes in the neighbouring coffee country, whom he had exasperated by the treacherous murder of Sheikh Hussein, one of their chiefs, who, having been inveigled by the Egyptian commander into a personal conference, was shot dead, like the Mamlukes at Cairo, in the tent of audience. Aden, in the natural course of things, would have been the next step; but an unforeseen intervention deprived him of his prey.

Since the establishment of the overland communication with India through Egypt, and the steam navigation of the Red Sea, the want had been sensibly felt of an intermediate station between Suez and Bombay, which might serve both as a coal depot, and, in case of necessity, as a harbour of shelter. The position of Aden, almost exactly halfway, would naturally have pointed it out as the sought-for haven, even had its harbour been less admirably adapted than it is, from its facility of entrance and depth of water close to the shore, for steamers to run straight in, receive their fuel and water from the quay, and proceed on their voyage without loss of time; while the roadstead of Mokha, the only other station which could possibly be made available for the purpose, is at all times open and insecure, and in certain points of the wind, particularly when it blows from the south through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, communication with the shore is absolutely impracticable.* It was clear, therefore, that the proposed depot, if carried into effect at all, must be fixed at Aden; and there can be little doubt that its occupation was contemplated by the Indian government from the time of the visit of the surveying ships to the Red Sea. A pretext was now all that was sought for, and this was not long wanted. It was reported to the Bombay administration in October 1836, by Captain Haines, (then in command of the *Palinurus* at Makul-lah,) that great insecurity to navigation prevailed on both the African and Indian shores, at the entrance of the

* "A vessel will lie" (at Mokha) "with a whole chain on end, topgallant masts struck, and yards braced by, without being able to communicate with the shore; while at the same time in Aden harbour she will lie within a few yards of the shore, in perfectly smooth water, with the bight of her chain cable scarcely taught."—CAPTAIN HAINES'S *Report*.

Red Sea ; and one particular instance was adduced, in which the crew of a Muscat vessel, wrecked on the coast near Aden, were subjected to such inordinate extortion by Sultan Mahassan, that "the master, in anger or despair, burned his vessel. The Bombay government could only give general instructions, that in case of any outrage being offered to a vessel under British colours, redress should be peremptorily demanded. But long before these instructions were issued, and, indeed, before the intelligence which elicited them had reached Bombay, a case, such as they had supposed, had really occurred."—(*Correspondence relating to Aden*, printed in May 1839, by order of the House of Commons, No. 49, p. 38.)

An Indian ship called the Derya-Dowlut, (Fortune of the Sea,) the property of a lady of the family of the Nawab of Madras, but sailing under British colours, was wrecked on the coast near Aden, February 20, 1837, when on her voyage from Calcutta to Jiddah, with a cargo valued at two lacs of rupees, (L.20,000.) It would appear, from the depositions of the survivors, that the loss of the ship was intentional on the part of the supercargo and *nakhoda*, (or sailing-master,) the latter of whom, however, was drowned, with several of the crew, in attempting to get on shore in the boat. The passengers—who had been denied help both by the officers who had deserted them, and by the Arabs who crowded down to the beach—with difficulty reached the land, when they were stripped, plundered, and ill-treated by the Bedoweens, but at last escaped without any personal injury, and made their way in miserable plight to Aden, where they were relieved and clothed by a Sheikh, the hereditary guardian of the tomb of Sheikh Idris, the guardian saint of the town. The stranded ship, meanwhile, after being cleared of as much of her cargo and stores as could be saved, was burned by direction of the supercargo, who shortly afterwards took his departure to Jiddah, carrying with him one-third of the rescued property, and

leaving the remainder as a waif to the Sultan of Aden. After he was gone, the Sultan made an offer to the agent* of the ship to restore the goods which had fallen to his share on a payment of ten per cent for salvage ; but this was declined, on the ground that after such a length of time "the things on board must have been almost all lost ; that he did not require them, nor had he money to pay for them." The Sultan, however, still refused to allow him to leave Aden till he had given him a written acquittance of all claims on account of the ship ; a document was accordingly signed, as he says, under compulsion, to the effect that he made no claim against the Sultan, but with a full reservation of his claim for redress from the supercargo, who had wrecked the ship and embezzled the goods saved from her. The agent and several of the crew, after undergoing great hardships, at last reached Mokha, and laid their complaint before the commanders of the Company's cruisers Coote and Palinurus. The latter vessel, under the command of Captain Haines, immediately repaired to Aden to demand redress for the injuries thus inflicted on English subjects, while a formal report of the case was made to the Government at Bombay. The Sultan at first attempted to deny that he possessed any of the goods in question, and afterwards alleged that they had been given to him voluntarily by the supercargo ; but finding all his subterfuges unavailing, he at length gave up merchandize and stores to the amount of nearly 8000 dollars, besides a bond at a year's date for 4191 dollars more, in satisfaction for the goods which had been previously sold or made away with, as well as for the insults offered to the passengers.

Here, in ordinary cases, the matter might have rested ; for though the conduct of this Arab chief would certainly have been indefensible in a civilized country, the worst charge that can be considered as fairly proved against him is that of being a receiver of stolen goods, as the price of his connivance at the appropriation of the rest by the

* This person, Syud Nooradeen, had been captain of the vessel at the outset of the voyage ; but had been deposed from the responsible command by an order purporting to come from the merchant who had freighted the ship, but which is now said to have been forged by the supercargo.

supercargo—since with the wreck of the ship, whether premeditated or not, he had certainly nothing to do—and the outrages committed by the wild Bedouens on the beach can scarcely be laid to his charge. A far more atrocious insult to the British flag in 1826, when a brig from the Mauritius had been piratically seized at Berbera, (a port on the African coast, just outside the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb,) and part of her crew murdered, had been expiated by the submission of the offenders, and the repayment of the value of the plunder by yearly instalments, (see WELLSTED'S *Arabia*, vol. ii. chap. 18;)—whereas, in the present case, restitution, however reluctant, had been prompt and complete. But so eager were the authorities in India to possess themselves of the place on any terms, that even while the above-mentioned negotiation was pending, a minute was drawn up (Sept. 28) by the Governor of Bombay, and transmitted to the Governor-general at Calcutta, in which, after stating that “the establishment of a monthly communication by steam with the Red Sea, and the formation of a flotilla of armed steamers, renders it *absolutely necessary* that we should have a station of our own on the coast of Arabia, as we already have on the Persian Gulf”—alluding to the seizure of the island of Karrack—and noticing “the insult which has been offered to the British flag by the Sultan of Aden,” requests permission “to take possession of Cape Aden.”* The Governor-general, however, in his reply,† (Oct. 16,) appears scarcely of opinion that so strong a measure is warranted by the provocation, and suggests “that satisfaction should, in the first instance, be demanded of the Sultan. If it be granted, some *amicable arrangement* may be made with him for the occupation of this port as a depot for coals, and harbour for shelter. If it be refused, then further measures may be considered.”

But notwithstanding the qualified terms of the Governor-general's reply, it appears to have been regarded by the Bombay government as equivalent to a full permission‡ for the prosecution of the object on which they had fixed their views: for by the despatch of Captain Haines from Aden, (dated Jan. 20, 1838,) we find that no sooner had he “completed the first duty on which he was sent,” (the recovery of the cargo of the Derya-Dowlut,) than he addressed a letter (Jan. 11) to the Sultan, to the effect that “he was empowered by Government to form a treaty with the Sultan for the purchase of Aden, with the land and points surrounding it,” &c. &c.—that he felt assured that the Sultan “would, in his wisdom, readily foresee the advantages which would accrue to his country from having such an intimate connecting link with the British”—and inclosing a rough draft of the terms on which it was proposed that the transfer should be effected. The Sultan appears to have been considerably *taken aback* at this unexpected proposition, which, it should be observed, was not put forward as part of the atonement required for the affair of the Derya-Dowlut—as for this, (in the words of Captain Haines,) “satisfaction has been given by you, and our friendship is as before.” A lengthened correspondence ensued, at the rate of a letter or two daily, till the end of January—in which the Sultan, with all the tortuous tact of an Asiatic, endeavoured, without expressly pledging himself on the main point, to stipulate in the first instance for assistance, in the shape of artillery and ammunition, against the hostile tribes in the neighbourhood, and other advantages for himself and his family, particularly for the retention of their jurisdiction over the Arab residents in Aden; and he at last quitted Aden for Lahedj, without absolutely concluding any thing, but having authorized a merchant of the former place, named Reshid-Ebn-Abdallah, to act as his agent.

* Correspondence, No. 16.

† Ibid. No. 19.

‡ “The Government of India did not, indeed, in express words authorize us to negotiate with the Sultan for a cession to us of the port and harbour: but they desired us to obtain the occupation of the port as a coal depot, and that of the harbour as a place of shelter. These words far exceed the mere establishment of a coal depot under the auspices of the Sultan, and in fact, could not in any practical sense, or to any beneficial purpose, be fulfilled, except by our obtaining the occupation of that port and harbour as a matter not of sufferance but of right.”—*Minute by the Governor of Bombay*, No. 49.

Still every thing appeared in a fair way for adjustment ; the principal difficulty remaining to be settled being the annual sum to be paid as an equivalent for the port-dues of Aden. The Sultan's commissioner at first rated this source of revenue at the exorbitant sum of 50,000 dollars !—but it was at last agreed that it should be commuted for a yearly stipend of 8708, a mode of payment preferred by the Sultan to the receipt of a gross sum, lest the rapacity of his neighbours should be excited against him by so sudden an accession of wealth : while the amount thus fixed was believed even to exceed the actual amount of the customs. The Sultan meanwhile, though evading the formal execution of the deed of transfer, constantly wrote from Lahedj that the English were at liberty to begin building in Aden as soon as they pleased—adding on more than one occasion —“if the Turks or any other people should come and take away the whole country by strength from me, the blame will not rest on my shoulders.”

On the 27th, however, Sultan Hamed, the eldest son and heir-apparent of Sultan Mahassan, arrived at Aden from Lahedj, accompanied by a *synd* or descendant of the prophet, named Hussein, who was represented as having come as a witness to the transaction ; and Captain Haines was invited on shore to meet them. While he was preparing, however, to repair to the place of meeting, he received a private intimation through the merchant already mentioned, Reshid-Ebn-Abdallah, to the effect that the Arab chiefs had determined on seizing his person at the interview, in order to possess themselves of the papers connected with the proposed transfer of Aden, (to which Sultan Hamed had from the first been strongly opposed,) and in particular of the bond for 4191 dollars which had been given in satisfaction for the balance of the goods in the Derya-Dowlut. How far this imputed treachery was really meditated, there can be, of course, no means of precisely ascertaining ; and the minute of the governor of Bombay (*Correspondence*, No. 49,) seems to consider it doubtful ;* but Captain Haines acted as if fully convinced of the correctness of

the intelligence which he had received ; and after reproaching Sultan Hamed with his intended perfidy, returned first to Mokha, and afterwards (in February) to Bombay, carrying with him the letter in which the old Sultan was alleged to have given his consent to the cession, but leaving the recovered goods at Aden in charge of a Banyan—a tolerably strong proof, by the way, that the Sultan, notwithstanding the bad faith laid to his charge, was not considered likely to appropriate them afresh.

The unsuccessful issue of this mission pretty clearly proved, that notwithstanding the dread of the British power entertained by the Abdalli chiefs, their reluctance to part with their town would not be easily overcome by peaceable means : while the Governor-general (then busily engaged at Simla in forwarding the preparations for the ill-fated invasion of Afghanistan) still declined, in despite of a renewed application from Bombay, to give any special sanction to ulterior measures—“a question on which”—in the words of the despatch—“her Majesty's Government is rather called upon to pronounce judgment, than the supreme government of India.” The authorities at Bombay, however, were not to be thus diverted from the attainment of their favourite object ; and in a despatch of September 7, 1838, to the Secret Committee, (*Corresp.* No. 59,) they announce that, “on reconsideration, they have resolved to adopt immediate measures for attempting to obtain peaceable possession of Aden, without waiting for the previous instructions of the Governor-general of India :” but “as the steamer *Berenice* will leave Bombay on the 8th inst.,” (*the next day*), “we have not time to enter into a detail of the reasons which have induced us to come to the above resolution.” A notification similar to the above had been forwarded two days previously to Lord Auckland at Simla ; and a laconic reply was received (Oct. 4) from Sir William Macnaghten, simply to the effect that “his lordship was glad to find that, at the present crisis of our affairs, the governor (of Bombay) in council has resolved to resort to no

* “I am not, however, disposed to treat the matter as one of much importance. We have no knowledge of it but from report, and all concerned in it will solemnly deny the truth of the information.”

other than peaceful means for the attainment of the object in view."

In the latter part of October, accordingly, Captain Haines once more reached Aden in the Coote, with a small party of Bombay sepoy on board as his escort; but the aspect of affairs was by no means favourable. The old Sultan Mahassan, worn out with age and infirmities, had resigned the management of affairs almost entirely to his fiery son Hamed, who, encouraged not only by his success in baffling the former attempt, but by the smallness of the force which had accompanied the British commissioner,* openly set him at defiance, declaring that he himself, and not his father, was now the Sultan of the Bedoweens: that his father was but an imbecile old man; and that any promise which might have been extorted from him could not be regarded as of any avail: and, in short, that the place should not be given up upon any terms. In pursuance of this denunciation, all supplies, even of wood and water, were refused to the ship; the Banyan in charge of the Derya-Dowlut's cargo was prohibited from giving up the goods to the English; and though the interchange of letters was kept up as briskly as before, the resolution of Sultan Hamed was not to be shaken by this torrent of diplomacy: and he constantly adhered to his first expressed position—"I wish much to be friends, and that amity was between us, but you must not speak or write about the land of Aden again." The English agent, however, persisted in speaking of the transfer as already legally concluded, and out of the power of Hamed to repudiate or annul: while, in order to give greater stringency to his remonstrances, he gave orders for the detention of the date-boats and other vessels which arrived off Aden, hoping to starve the Sultan into submission, by thus at once stopping his provisions, and cutting off his receipt of port dues.

The blockade does not seem to have been very effectual: and an overture from the Futhali chief to aid with his tribe in an attack on the Abdallis, was of course declined by Captain Haines.

The apparently interminable cross fire of protocol† (in which both Captain Haines and his employers appear to have luxuriated to a degree which would have gladdened the heart of Lord Palmerston himself) was now, however, on the point of being brought to a close. On the 20th of November, one of the Coote's boats, while engaged in overhauling an Arab vessel near the shore, was fired at by the Bedoweens on the beach, and hostilities were carried on during several days, but with little damage on either side. In most cases, it would have been considered that blockading a port, and intercepting its supplies of provisions, constituted a sufficiently legitimate ground of warfare to justify these reprisals: but Captain Haines, it appears, thought otherwise, as he stigmatizes it as "a shameful and cowardly attack," and becomes urgent with the Bombay government for a reinforcement which might enable him to assume offensive operations with effect. Her Majesty's ships Volage, 28, and Cruiser, 16 gun-brig, which had been employed in some operations about the mouth of the Indus, were accordingly ordered on this service, and sailed from Bombay December 29, accompanied by two transports conveying about 800 troops—Europeans, sepoy, and artillerymen—under the command-in-chief of Major Baillie, 24th Bombay native infantry. The Abdalli chiefs, on the other hand, made an effort to induce the Sultan of the Futhalis, (with whom they held a conference during the first days of 1839, at the tomb of Sheikh Othman near Aden, on the occasion of the payment of the annual tribute above referred to,) to make common cause with them against the intruders who

* "Their first exclamation was, 'Are the English so poor that they can only afford to send one vessel? and is she only come to talk? Why did they not send her before? Had they sent their men and vessels, we would have given up; but until they do, they shall never have the place.'"—CAPTAIN HAINES'S *Despatch*, Nov. 6, (No. 61.)

* It is worthy of remark, that in a note of December 1st, (*Corresp.* No. 81,) from the Governor of Bombay to the Sultan, the ill treatment of the passengers of the Derya-Dowlut is again advanced as the ground of offence, as an atonement for which the cession of Aden is indispensable; though for this, ample satisfaction had been admitted long since to have been given.

were endeavouring to establish themselves in the country; but the negotiation wholly failed, and the two parties separated on not very amicable terms.

It appears that the determination of the Abdallis to hold out had been materially strengthened by the intelligence which they received from India, (where many Arabs from this part of Yemen and the neighbouring country of Hadramout are serving as mercenaries to the native princes,) of the manifold distractions which beset the Anglo-Indian government, and the armaments in course of equipment for Afghanistan, Scinde, the Persian Gulf, &c., and which confirmed them in the belief that no more troops could be spared from Bombay for an attack on Aden. The stoppage of provisions by sea, however, and the threatened hostilities of the Futhalis, caused severe distress among the inhabitants of the town; and dissensions arose among the chiefs themselves, as to the proportions in which (in the event of an amicable settlement) the annual payment of 8700 dollars should be divided among them—it being determined that Sultan Mahassan should not have it all. An attempt was now made by the *synds* to effect a reconciliation; but though abundance of notes were once more interchanged,* and the old Sultan came down from Lahedj to offer his mediation, all demands for the main object, the cession of the place, were rejected or evaded. The negotiation consequently came to nothing, and hostilities were resumed with more energy than before, the artillery of Aden being directed (as was reported) by an European Turk; till, on the 16th of January, the flotilla from Bombay, under the command of Captain Smith, R.N., anchored in Western Bay.

A peremptory requisition was now sent on shore for the immediate surrender of the town; but the answer of the Sultan was still evasive, and, as the troops had only a few days' water on board, an immediate landing was decided upon. On the morning of the

19th, accordingly, the Coote, Cruiser, Volage, and the Company's armed schooner Mahi, weighed and stood in shore, opening a heavy fire on the island of Seerah and the batteries on the mainland, to cover the disembarkation. The Arabs at first stood to their guns with great determination, but their artillery was, of course, speedily silenced or dismounted by the superior weight and rapidity of the English fire; and though the troops were galled while in the boats by matchlocks from the shore, both the town and the island of Seerah were carried by storm without much difficulty. The loss of the assailants was no more than fifteen killed and wounded—that of the Arabs more than ten times that number, including a nephew of the Sultan and a chief of the Houshibee tribe, who fought gallantly, and received a mortal wound; considerable bloodshed was also occasioned by the desperate resistance made by the prisoners taken on Seerah in the attempt to disarm them, during which the greater part of them cut their way through their captors and got clear off. Most of the inhabitants fled into the interior during the assault, but speedily returned on hearing of the discipline and good order preserved by the conquerors; and the old Sultan, on being informed of the capture of the place, sent an apologetic letter (Jan. 21) to Captain Haines, in which he threw all the blame on his son Hamed, and expressed an earnest wish for a reconciliation. Little difficulty was now experienced in conducting the negotiations, and during the first days of February articles of pacification were signed both with the Abdallis and the other tribes in the neighbourhood. To secure the good-will of the Futhali chief, the annual payment which he had received from Aden of 360 dollars, was still guaranteed to him, as were the 8700 dollars per annum to the Sultan of Lahedj, whose bond for 4191 dollars was further remitted as a token of good-will.

Such were the circumstances under which Aden became part of the colo-

* In this correspondence, the phrase of—"If you will land and enter the town, I will be upon your head," is more than once addressed by Sultan Hamed to Captain Haines, and seems to have been understood as a menace; but we have been informed that it rather implies, "I will be answerable for your safety—your head shall be in my charge."

nial empire of Great Britain—and the details of which we have taken, almost entirely, from the official accounts published by order of Government. In whatever point of view we consider the transaction, we think it can scarcely be denied that it reflects little credit on the national character for even-handed justice and fair dealing. Even if the fact and *savoir faire*, which Captain Haines must be admitted to have displayed in an eminent degree in the execution of his instructions, had succeeded in intimidating the Arabs into surrendering the place without resistance, such a proceeding would have amounted to nothing more or less than the appropriation of the territory of a tribe not strong enough to defend themselves, simply because it was situated conveniently for the purposes of our own navigation: and the open force by which the scheme was ultimately carried into effect, imparts to this act of usurpation a character of violence still more to be regretted. The originally-alleged provocation, the affair of the Derya-Dowlut, is not for a moment tenable as warranting such extreme measures:—since not only was the participation of the parties on whom the whole responsibility was thrown, at all events extremely venial; but satisfaction had been given, and had been admitted to have been given, before the subject of the cession of the place was broached:—and the Sultan constantly denied that his alleged consent to the transfer, on which the subsequent hostilities were grounded, had ever been intended to be so construed. It is evident, moreover, that the Arabs would gladly have yielded to any amicable arrangement short of the absolute cession of the town, which they regarded as disgraceful:—the erection of a factory, which might have been fortified so as to give us the virtual command of the place and the harbour, would probably have met with no opposition:—and even if Aden had fallen, as it seemed on the point of doing, into the hands of the Pasha of Egypt, there can be little doubt that the Viceroy would have shown himself equally ready to facilitate our intercourse with India, in his Arabian as in his Egyptian harbours. At all events, it is evident that the desired object of obtaining a station and coal depot for the Indian steamers, might easily have been secured in various

ways, without running even the risk of bringing on the British name the imputation of unnecessary violence and oppression.

Aden, however, was now, whether for right or wrong, under the British flag; but the hostile dispositions of the Arabs, notwithstanding the treaties entered into, were still far from subdued; and the cupidity of these semi-barbarous tribes was still further excited by the lavish expenditure of the new garrison, and by the exaggerated reports of vast treasures said to be brought from India for the repairs of the works. Among the advantages anticipated by Captain Haines in his official report from the possession of the town, especial stress is laid on its vicinity to the coffee and gum districts, and the certainty, that when it was under the settled rule of British law, the traffic in these rich products, as well as in the gold-dust, ivory, and frankincense of the African coast, would once more centre in its long-neglected harbour. But it was speedily found that the insecurity of communication with the interior opposed a serious obstacle to the realization of these prospects—the European residents and the troops were confined within the Turkish wall—and though the extreme heat of the climate (which during summer averaged 90° of Fahrenheit in the shade within a stone house) did not prove so injurious as had been expected to European constitutions, it was found, singularly enough, to exercise a most pernicious influence on the sepoys, who sickened and died in alarming numbers. Aden at this period is compared, in a letter quoted in the *Asiatic Journal*, to “the crater of Etna enlarged, and covered with gravestones and the remains of stone huts;” provisions were scarce, and vegetables scarcely procurable. By degrees, however, some symptoms of reviving trade appeared, and by the end of 1839 the population had increased to 1500 souls.

The smouldering rancour with which the Arabs had all along regarded the Frank intruders upon their soil, had by this time broken out into open hostility; and, after some minor acts of violence, an attack was made on the night of November 9th on the Turkish wall across the isthmus, (which had been additionally strengthened by redoubts and some guns,) by a body of

4000 men, collected from the Abdalis, the Futhalis, and the other tribes in the neighbourhood. The assailants were of course repulsed, but not without a severe conflict, in which the Arabs engaged the defenders hand to hand with the most determined valour—so highly had their hopes of plunder been stimulated by the rumours of English wealth. This daring attempt (which the Pasha of Egypt was by some suspected to have had some share in instigating) at once placed the occupants of Aden in a state of open warfare with all their Arab neighbours; and the subsidies hitherto paid to the Futhali chief and the old Sultan of Lahedj were consequently stopped—while L.100,000 were voted by the Bombay government for repairing the fortifications, and engineers were sent from India to put the place in an efficient state of defence. These regular ramparts, however, even when completed, can never be relied on as a security against the guerilla attacks of these daring marauders, who can wade through the sea at low water round the flanks of the Turkish wall, and scramble over precipices to get in the rear of the outposts—and accordingly, during 1840, the garrison had to withstand two more desperate attempts (May 20, and July 4,) to surprise the place, both of which were beaten off after some hard fighting, though in one instance the attacking party suc-

ceeded in carrying off a considerable amount of plunder from the encampment near the Turkish wall. Since that period, it has been found necessary gradually to raise the strength of the garrison from 800 to 4000 men, one-fourth of whom are always European soldiers—and though no attack in force has lately been made by the Arabs, the necessity of being constantly on the alert against their covert approaches, renders the duties of the garrison harassing to the last degree. Though a considerable trade now exists with the African coast, scarcely any commercial intercourse has yet been established with the interior of Arabia, (notwithstanding the friendly dispositions evinced by the Iman of Sana,) the road being barred by the hostile tribes—and a further impediment to improvement is found in the dissensions of the civil and military authorities of the place itself, who, pent up in a narrow space under a broiling sun, seem to employ their energies in endless squabbles with each other. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of this colony, it must be allowed, to quote the candid admission of a writer in the *United Service Journal*, that “at present we are not occupying a very proud position in Arabia”—though, considering the means by which we obtained our footing in that peninsula, our position is perhaps as good as we deserve.

SONNET,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, OF GOLDSMITH, &c.,

ON VIEWING MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

How warms the heart when dwelling on that face,
 Those lips that mine a thousand times have prest,
 The swelling source that nurture gav'st her race,
 Where found my infant head its downiest rest!
 How in those features aim to trace my own,
 Cast in a softer mould my being see;
 Recall the voice that sooth'd my helpless moan,
 The thoughts that sprang for scarcely aught save me;
 That shaped and formed me; gave me to the day,
 Bade in her breast absorbing love arise;
 O'er me a ceaseless tender care display,
 For weak all else to thee maternal ties!
 This debt of love but One may claim; no other
 Such self-devotion boasts, save thee, my Mother!

CALEB STUKELY.

PART XIII.

THE FUGITIVE.

THE tongue has nothing to say when the soul hath spoken all! What need of words in the passionate and early intercourse of love! There is no oral language that can satisfy or meet the requisitions of the stricken heart. Speech, the worldling and the false—oftener the dark veil than the bright mirror of man's thoughts—is banished from the spot consecrated to purity, unselfishness, and truth. The lovely and beloved Ellen learnt, before a syllable escaped my lips, the secret which those lips would never have disclosed. Her innocent and conscious cheek acknowledged instantly her quick perception, and with maiden modesty she turned aside—not angrily, but timorous as a bird, upon whose leafy covert the heavy fowler's foot has trod too harshly and too suddenly. I thought of nothing then but the pain I had inflicted, and was sensible of no feeling but that of shame and sorrow for my fault. We walked on in silence. Our road brought us to the point in the village at which I had met Miss Fairman and her father, when, for the first time, we became companions in our evening walk. We retraced the path which then we took, and the hallowed spot grew lovelier as we followed it. I could not choose but tell how deeply and indelibly the scene of beauty had become imprinted on my heart.

"To you, Miss Fairman," I began, "and to others who were born and nurtured in this valley, this is a common sight. To me it is a land of enchantment, and the impression that it brings must affect my future being. I am sure, whatever may be my lot, that I shall be a happier man for what I now behold."

"It is well," said my companion, "that you did not make the acquaintance of our hills during the bleak winter, when their charms were hidden in the snow, and they had nothing better to offer their worshipper than rain and sleet and nipping winds. They would have lost your praise then."

"Do you think so? Imprisoned as I have been, and kept a stranger to the noblest works of Providence, my enjoyment is excessive, and I dare

scarcely trust myself to feel it as I would. I could gaze on yonder sweet hillock, with its wild-flowers and its own blue patch of sky, until I wept."

"Yes, this is a lovely scene in truth!" exclaimed Miss Fairman pensively.

"Do you remember, Miss Fairman, our first spring walk? For an hour we went on, and that little green clump, as it appears from here, was not for a moment out of my sight. My eyes were riveted upon it, and I watched the clouds shifting across it, changing its hue, now darkening, now lighting it up, until it became fixed in my remembrance, never to depart from it. We have many fair visions around us, but that is to me the fairest. It is connected with our evening walk. Neither can be forgotten whilst I live."

It was well that we reached the parsonage gate before another word was spoken. In spite of the firmest of resolutions, the smallest self-indulgence brought me to the very verge of transgression.

In the evening I sat alone, and began a letter to the minister. I wrote a few lines expressive of my gratitude and deep sense of obligation. They did not read well, and I destroyed them. I recommenced. I reproached myself for presumption and temerity, and confessed that I had taken advantage of his confidence by attempting to gain the affections of his only child. I regretted the fault, and desired to be dismissed. The terms which I employed, on reproof, looked too harsh, and did not certainly do justice to the motives by which throughout I had been actuated; for, however violent had been my passion, *principle* had still protected and restrained me. I had not coldly and *deliberately* betrayed myself. The second writing, not more satisfactory than the first, was, in its turn, expunged. I attempted a third epistle, and failed. Then I put down the pen and considered. I pondered until I concluded that I had ever been too hasty and too violent. Miss Fairman would certainly take no notice of what had happened, and if I were guarded—silent—and deter-

mined for the future, all would still be well. It was madness to indulge a passion which could only lead to my expulsion from the parsonage, and end in misery. Had I found it so easy to obtain a home and quiet, that both were to be so recklessly and shamefully abandoned? Surely it was time to dwell soberly and seriously upon the affairs of life. I had numbered years and undergone trial sufficient to be acquainted with true policy and the line of duty. Both bade me instantly reject the new solicitation, and pursue, with singleness of purpose, the occupation which fortune had mercifully vouchsafed to me. All this was specious and most just, and sounded well to the understanding that was not less able to look temperately and calmly upon the argument in consequence of the previous overflow of feeling. Reason is never so plausible and prevailing as when it takes the place of gratified passion. Never are we so firmly resolved upon good, as in the moment that follows instantly the doing of evil. Never is conscience louder in her complaints than when she rises from a temporary overthrow. I had discovered every thing to Miss Fairman. I had fatally committed myself. There was no doubt of this; and nothing was left for present consolation but sapient resolutions for the future. Virtuous and fixed they looked in my silent chamber and in the silent hour of night. Morning had yet to dawn, and they had yet to contend with the thousand incitements which our desires are ever setting up to battle with our better judgment. I did not write to Mr Fairman, but I rose from my seat much comforted, and softened my midnight pillow with the best intentions.

Fancy might have suggested to me, on the following morning, that the eyes of Miss Fairman had been visited but little by sleep, and that her face was far more pallid than usual, if her parent had not remarked, with much anxiety, when she took her place amongst us, that she was looking most weary and unwell. Like the sudden emanation that crimsones all the east, the beautiful and earliest blush of morning, came the driven blood into the maiden's cheek, telling of discovery and shame. Nothing she said in answer, but diligently pursued her occupation. I could perceive that

the fair hand trembled, and that the gentle bosom was disquieted. I could tell why downwards bent the head, and with what new emotions the artless spirit had become acquainted. Instantly I saw the mischief which my rashness had occasioned, and felt how deeply had fallen the first accents of love into the poor heart of the secluded one. What had I done by the short, indistinct, most inconsiderate avowal, and how was it possible now to avert its consequences? Every tender and uneasy glance that Mr Fairman cast upon his cherished daughter, passed like a sting to me, and roused the bitterest self-reproach. I could have calmed his groundless fears, had I been bold enough to risk his righteous indignation. The frankness and cordiality which had ever marked my intercourse with Miss Fairman, were from this hour suspended. Could it be otherwise with one so innocent, so truthful, and so meek! Anger she had none, but apprehension and conceptions strange, such as disturb the awakened soul of woman, ere the storm of passion comes to overcharge it.

I slunk from the apartment and the first meal of the day, like a man guilty of a heinous fault. I pleaded illness, and did not rejoin my friends. I knew not what to do, and I passed a day in long and feverish doubt. Evening arrived. My pupils were dismissed, and once more I sat in my own silent room, lost in anxious meditation. Suddenly an unusual knock at the door roused me, and brought me to my feet. I requested the visitor to enter, and Mr Fairman himself walked slowly in. He was pale and care-worn, and he looked, as I imagined, sternly upon me. "All is known!" was my first thought, and my throat swelled with agitation. I presented a chair to the incumbent; and when he sat down and turned his wan face upon me, I felt that my own cheek was no less blanched than his. I awaited his rebuke in breathless suspense.

"You are indeed ill, Stukely," commenced Mr Fairman, gazing earnestly. "I was not aware of this, or I would have seen you before. You have overworked yourself with the boys. You shall be relieved to-morrow. I will take charge of them myself. You should not have persevered when you found your strength un-

equal to the task. A little repose will, I trust, restore you."

With every animating syllable, the affrighted blood returned again, and I gained confidence. His tones assured me that he was still in ignorance. A load was taken from me.

"I shall be better in the morning, sir," I answered. "Do not think seriously of the slightest indisposition. I am better now."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," answered the incumbent. "I am full of alarm and wretchedness to-day. Did you observe my daughter this morning, Stukely?"

"Yes, sir," I faltered.

"You did, at breakfast, but you have not seen her since. I wish you had. I am sick at heart."

"Is she unwell, sir?"

"Do you know what consumption is? Have you ever watched its fearful progress?"

"Never."

"I thought you might have done so. It is a fearful disease, and leaves hardly a family untouched. Did she not look ill?—you can tell me that, at least."

"Not quite so well, perhaps, as I have seen her, sir; but I should hope"—

"Eh—what, not very ill, then? Well, that is strange, for I was frightened by her. What can it be? I wish that Mayhew had called in. Every ailment fills me with terror. I always think of her dear mother. Three months before her death, she sat with me, as we do here together, well and strong, and thanking Providence for health and strength. She withered, as it might be from that hour, and, as I tell you, three short months of havoc brought her to the grave."

"Was she young, sir?"

"A few years older than my child—but that is nothing. Did you say you did not think her looks this morning indicated any symptoms? Oh—no! I recollect. You never saw the lady at work. Well, certainly she does not cough as her poor mother did. Did it look like languor, think you?"

"The loss of rest might"—

"Yes, it might, and perhaps it is nothing worse. I know Mayhew thinks lightly of these temporary shadows; but I do not believe he has ever seen her so thoroughly feeble and de-

pressed as she appears to-day. She is very pale, but I was glad to find her face free from all flush whatever. That is comforting. Let us hope the best. How do the boys advance? What opinion have you formed of the lad Charlton?"

"He is a dull, good-hearted boy, sir. Willing to learn, with little ability to help him on. Most difficult of treatment. His tears lie near the surface. At times it seems that the simplest terms are beyond his understanding, and then the gentlest reproof opens the flood-gate, and submerges his faculties for the day."

"Be tender and cautious, Stukely, with that child. He is a sapling that will not bear the rough wind. Let him learn what he will—rest assured, it is all he can. His eagerness to learn will never fall short of your's to teach. He must be kindly encouraged, not frowned upon in his reverses; for who fights so hard against them, or deplores them more deeply than himself? Poor, weak child, he is his own chastiser."

"I will take care, sir."

"Have you seen this coming on, Stukely?"

"With Charlton, sir?"

"No. Miss Fairman's indisposition. For many weeks she has certainly improved in health. I have remarked it, and I was taken by surprise this morning. I should be easier had Mayhew seen her."

"Let me fetch him in the morning, sir. His presence will relieve you. I will start early—and bring him with me."

"Well, if you are better, but certainly not otherwise. I confess I should be pleased to talk with him. But do not rise too early. Get your breakfast first. I will take the boys until you come back."

This had been the object of the anxious father's visit. As soon as I had undertaken to meet his wish, he became more tranquil. My mission was to be kept a secret. The reason why a servant had not been employed, was the fear of causing alarm in the beloved patient. Before Mr Fairman left me, I was more than half persuaded that I myself had mistaken the cause of his daughter's suffering; so agreeable is it, even against conviction, to discharge ourselves of blame.

The residence of Dr Mayhew was

about four miles distant from our village. It was a fine brick house, as old as the oaks which stood before it, conferring upon a few acres of grass land the right to be regarded as a park. The interior of the house was as substantial as the outside; both were as solid as the good doctor himself. He was a man of independent property, a member of the University of Oxford, and a great stickler for old observances. He received a fee from every man who was able to pay him for his services; and the poor might always receive at his door, at the cost of application only, medical advice and physic, and a few commodities much more acceptable than either. He kept a good establishment, in the most interesting portion of which dwelt three decaying creatures, the youngest fourscore years of age and more. They were an entail from his grandfather, and had faithfully served that ancestor for many years as coachman, housekeeper, and butler. The father of Dr Mayhew had availed himself of their integrity and experience until Time robbed them of the latter, and rendered the former a useless ornament; and dying, he bequeathed them, with the house and lands, to their present friend and patron. There they sat in their own hall, royal servants every one, hanging to life by one small thread, which when it breaks for one must break for all. They had little interest in the present world, to which the daily visit of the doctor, and that alone, connected them. He never failed to pay it. Unconscious of all else, they never failed to look for it.

The village clock struck eleven as I walked up the avenue that conducted to the house. The day was intensely hot, and at that early hour the fierce fire of the sun had rendered the atmosphere sweltry and oppressive. I knocked many times before I could obtain admittance, and, at last, the door was opened by a ragged urchin about twelve years of age, looking more like the son of a thief or a gypsy than a juvenile member of the decent household.

"Is Dr Mayhew at home?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know!" he answered surlily; "you had better come and see;" and therewith he turned upon his heel, and tramped heavily down the kitchen stairs. For a few seconds I remained where I was. At length,

hearing no voices in the house, and finding that no one was likely to come to me, I followed him. At the bottom of the stairs was a long passage leading to the offices. It was very dark, or it was rendered so to me who had just left the glare of noonday. At the end of it, however, a small lamp glimmered, and under its feeble help I advanced. Arriving at its extremity, I was stopped by the hum of many voices that proceeded from a chamber on the right. Here I knocked immediately. The voice of Dr Mayhew desired me to enter. The door was opened the moment afterwards, and then I beheld the doctor himself and every servant of the house assembled in a crowd. The little boy who had given me admission was in the group; and in the very centre of all, sitting upright in a chair, was the strangest apparition of a man that I have ever gazed upon, before or since. The object that attracted, and at the same time repelled, my notice, was a creature whose age no living man could possibly determine. He was at least six feet high, with raven hair, and a complexion sallow as the sear leaf. Look at his figure, then mark the absence of a single wrinkle, and you judge him for a youth. Observe again: look at the emaciated face; note the jet-black eye, deeply-sunken, and void of all fire and life; the crushed, the vacant, and forlorn expression; the aquiline nose, prominent as an eagle's, from which the parchment skin is drawn as rigidly as though it were a dead man's skin, bloodless and inert. The wear and tear, the buffeting and misery of seventy years are there. Seventy!—yea, twice seventy years of mortal agony and suffering could hardly leave a deeper impress. He is strangely clad. He is in rags. The remnants of fine clothes are dropping from his shrunken body. His hand is white and small. Upon the largest finger he wears a ring—once, no doubt, before his hand had shrivelled up—the property and ornament of the smallest. It is a sparkling diamond, and it glistens as his own black eye should, if it be true that he is old only in mental misery and pain. There is no sign of thought or feeling in his look. His eye falls on no one, but seems to pass beyond the lookers-on, and to rest on space. The company are far more

agitated. A few minutes before my arrival the strange object had been found, with the boy whom I had first seen, wandering in the garden. He was apprehended for a thief, brought into the house, and not until Dr Mayhew had been summoned, had it been suspected that the poor creature was an idiot. Commiseration then took the place of anger quickly, and all was anxiety and desire to know whence he had come, who he might be, and what his business was. He could not speak for himself, and the answers of the boy had been unsatisfactory and vague. When I entered the room, the doctor gave me a slight recognition, and proceeded at once to a further examination of the stripling.

"Where did you pick him up, Sir?" enquired the Doctor.

"Mother sent me out a-begging with him," answered the gipsy boy.

"Who is your mother?"

"Mabel."

"Mabel what?"

"Mabel nothing."

"Where does she live, then?"

"She doesn't live nowhere. She's a tramper."

"Where is she now?"

"How can I tell? We shall pick up somewhere. Let me go, and take Silly Billy with me. I shall get such a licking if I don't."

"Is his name Billy?"

"No, Silly Billy; all them chaps as is fools are called Silly Billy. You know that, don't you? Oh, I say, do let's go now, there's good fellows!"

"Wait a moment, boy—not so fast. How long have you been acquainted with this unfortunate?"

"What, Silly Billy? Oh, we ain't very old friends! I only see'd him yesterday. He came up quite unawares to our camp whilst we were grubbing. He seemed wery hungry, so mother gave him summut, and made him up a bed—and she means to have him. So she sent me out this morning a-begging with him, and told me she'd break every gallows bone I'd got, if I did not bring him back safe. I say, now I have told all, let us go—there's a good gentleman! I'm quite glad he is going to live with us. It's so lucky to have a Silly Billy."

"How is it, you young rascal, you didn't tell me all this before? What do you mean by it?"

"Why, it isn't no business of your'n. Let us go, will you?"

"Strange," said Doctor Mayhew, turning to his butler—"Strange, that they should leave that ring upon his finger—valuable as it looks."

"Oh, you try it on, that's all! Catch mother leaving that there, if she could get it off. She tried hard enough, I can tell you, and I thought he'd just have bitten her hand off. Wasn't he savage neither, oh cry! She won't try at it again in a hurry. She says it serves her right, for no luck comes of robbing a Silly Billy."

The servants, who betrayed a few minutes before great anxiety and apprehension, were perfectly overcome by this humorous sally, and burst, with one accord, into the loudest laughter. The generally jocose doctor, however, looked particularly serious, and kept his eye upon the poor idiot with an expression of deep pity. "Will he not speak?" he asked, still marking his unhappy countenance bereft of every sign of sensibility.

"He won't say not nuffin," said the boy, in a tone which he hoped would settle the business: "You have no right to keep us. Let us go."

"Leave me with these persons," said the Doctor, turning to the servants. "We will see if the tongue of this wretched creature be really tied. Go, all of you."

In an instant the room was left to Doctor Mayhew and myself—the idiot and his keeper.

"What is your name, my man?" enquired the physician in a soothing tone. "Do not be frightened. Nobody will hurt you here. We are all your very good friends. Tell me now, what is your name?"

The questioner took the poor fellow at the same time by the hand, and pressed it kindly. The latter then looked round the room with a vacant stare, and sighed profoundly.

"Tell me your name," continued the Doctor, encouraged by the movement. The lips of the afflicted man unclosed. His brick-red tongue attempted to moisten them. Fixing his expressionless eyes upon the doctor, he answered, in a hollow voice, "*Belton*."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the boy. "Them Silly Billies is the deceitfullest chaps as is. He made out

to mother that he couldn't speak a word."

"Take care what you are about, boy," said Doctor Mayhew sternly. "I tell you that I suspect you." Turning to the idiot, he proceeded. "And where do you come from?"

The lips opened again, and the same hollow voice again answered, "*Belton*."

"Yes, I understand—that is your name—but whither do you wish to go?"

"*Belton*," said the man.

"Strange!" ejaculated the Doctor.

"How old are you?"

"*Belton*," repeated the simple creature, more earnestly than ever.

"I am puzzled," exclaimed Mr Mayhew, releasing the hand of the idiot, and standing for a few seconds in suspense. "However," he continued, "upon one thing I am resolved. The man shall be left here, and in my care. I will be responsible for his safety until something is done for him. We shall certainly get intelligence. He has escaped from an asylum—I have not the slightest doubt of it—and we shall be able, after a few days, to restore him. As for you, sir," he added, addressing the young gipsy, "make the best of your way to your mother, and be thankful that you have come so well off—fly."

The boy began to remonstrate, upon which the doctor began to talk of the cage and the horsepond. The former then evinced his good sense by listening to reason, and by selecting, as many a wiser man has done before him—the smaller of two necessary evils. He departed, not expressing himself in the most elegant terms that might have been applied to a leave-taking.

The benevolent physician soon made arrangements for the comfort of his charge. He was immediately placed in a bath, supplied with food, and dressed in decent clothing. He submitted at once to his treatment, and permitted his attendant to do what he would with him, taking, all the while, especial care to feel the diamond ring safe and secure under the palm of his own hand. A room was given to him and Robin, the gardener's son, who was forthwith installed his guardian, with strict directions not to leave the patient for an instant by himself. When Dr Mayhew had seen

every thing that could be done properly executed, he turned cheerfully to me, and bade me follow him to his library.

"His clothes have been good," muttered the doctor to himself, as he sat down. "Diamond ring! He is a gentleman, or has been one. Curious business! Well, we shall have him advertised all round the country in a day or two. Meanwhile here he is, and will be safe. That trouble is over. Now, Stukely, what brings you so early? Any thing wrong at home? Fairman in the dumps again; fidgety and restless, eh?"

I told my errand.

"Ah, I thought so! There's nothing the matter there, sir. She is well enough now, and will continue so, if her father doesn't frighten her into sickness, which he may do. I tell you what, I must get little puss a husband, and take her from him. That will save her. I have my eye upon a handsome fellow—Hollo, sir, what's the matter with you! Just look at your face in that glass. It is as red as fire."

"The weather, sir, is"—

"Oh, is it? You mean to say, then, that you are acquainted with the influences of the weather. That is just the thing, for you can help me to a few facts for the little treatise on climate which I have got now in hand. Well, go on, my friend. You were saying that the weather is—is what?"

"It is very hot, sir," I answered, dreadfully annoyed.

"Well, so it is; that's very true, but not original. I have heard the same remark at least six times this morning. I say, Master Stukely, you haven't been casting sheep's-eyes in that sweet quarter, have you? Haven't, perhaps, been giving the young lady instruction as well as the boys—eh?"

"I do not understand, sir," I struggled to say with coolness.

"Oh, very well!" answered Dr Mayhew dryly. "That's very unfortunate too, for," continued he, taking out his watch, "I haven't time to explain myself just now. I have an appointment four miles away in half an hour's time. I am late as it is. Williams will get you some lunch. Tell Fairman I shall see him before night. Make yourself perfectly at home, and don't hurry. But excuse

me; this affair has made me quite behindhand."

The Doctor took a few papers and a book from the table, and before I had time to reply, vanished, much to my relief and satisfaction. My journey homeward was not a happy one. I felt alarm and agitation, and the beautiful scenery failed to remove or temper them. My heart's dear secret had been once more discovered. Rumour could not omit to convey it speedily to the minister himself. In two directions the flame had now power to advance and spread; and if the old villager remained faithful, what reason had I to hope that Dr Mayhew would not immediately expose me—yes, must not regard it as his business and duty so to do? Yet one thing was certain. The secret, such as it had become, might, for all practical purposes, be known to the whole world, for unquestionably the shallowest observer was at present able to detect it. The old woman in the village, aged and ignorant as she was, had been skilful enough to discover it when I spoke. The doctor had gathered it from my looks even before I uttered a syllable. What was to hinder the incumbent from reading the tale on my forehead the moment that I again stood in his presence?

Reaching the parsonage, I proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where I expected to see the minister. No one was in the room, but a chair was drawn to the table, and the implements of drawing were before it. Could I not guess who had been the recent tenant of that happy chair—who had been busy there? Forgetful of every thing but her, I stood for a time in silent adoration of the absent one; then I ventured to approach and gaze upon her handiwork. I shook with joy, with ravishment, and ecstasy, when I beheld it. What was not made known to me in that one hasty look! What golden dreams did not engage, what blissful triumph did not elevate, what passionate delight did not overflow my aching heart! Oh, it was true—and the blessed intelligence came to me with a power and a reality that no language could contain—SHE LOVED ME! she, the beloved, the good, the innocent, and pure! Before me was the scene—the dearest to me in life—through which we had

so recently walked together, and upon which she knew I doated, for the sake of her whose presence had given it light and hallowed it. Why had she brought it on the paper? Why this particular scene, and that fair hillock, but for the sake of him who worshipped them—but that the mysterious and communicable fire had touched her soul, and melted it? I trembled with my happiness. There was a spot upon the paper—a tear—one sacred drop from the immaculate fount. Why had it been shed? In joy or pain—for whom—and wherefore? The paper was still moist—the tear still warm. Happiest and most unfortunate of my race, I pressed it to my lips, and kissed it passionately.

Miss Fairman entered at that moment.

She looked pale and ill. This was not a season for consideration. Before I could speak, I saw her tottering, and about to fall. I rushed to her and held her in my arms. She strove for recovery, and set herself at liberty; but she wept aloud as she did so, and covered her face with her hands. I fell upon my knees, and implored her to forgive me.

"I have been rash and cruel, Miss Fairman, but extend to me your pardon, and I will go for ever, and disturb your peace no more. Do not despise me, or believe that I have deliberately interfered with your happiness, and destroyed my own for ever. Do not hate me when I shall see you no more."

"Leave me, Mr Stukely, I intreat," sobbed Miss Fairman, weeping amain. Her hand fell. I was inflamed with passion, and I became indifferent to the claims of duty, which were drowned in the louder clamours of love. I seized that hand and held it firm. It needed not, for the lady sought not to withdraw it.

"I am not indifferent to you, dearest Miss Fairman," I exclaimed; "you do not hate me—you do not despise me—I am sure you do not. That drawing has revealed to me all that I wish or care to know. I would rather die this moment possessed of that knowledge, than live a monarch without it."

"Leave me, leave me, I implore you," faltered Miss Fairman.

"Yes, dearest lady, I must—I shall

leave you. I can stay no longer here. Life is valueless now. I have permitted a raging fire to consume me. I have indulged, madly and fearfully indulged, in error. I have struggled against the temptation. Heaven has willed that I should not escape it. I have learnt that you love me—come what may, I am content.”

“If you regard me, Mr Stukely, pity me, and go, now. I beg, I entreat you to leave me.”

I raised the quivering hand, and kissed it ardently. I resigned it, and departed.

My whole youth was a succession of inconsiderate yieldings to passion, and of hasty visitings of remorse. It is not a matter of surprise that I hated myself for every word that I had spoken as soon as I was again master of my conduct. It was my nature to fall into error against conviction and my cool reason, and to experience speedily the reaction that succeeds the commission of exorbitant crimes. In proportion to the facility with which I erred, was the extravagance and exaggeration with which I viewed my faults. During the predominance of a passion, death, surrounded by its terrors, would not have frightened me or driven me back—would not have received my passing notice; whilst it lasted it prevailed. So, afterwards, when all was calm and over, a crushing sense of wrong and guilt magnified the smallest offence, until it grew into a bugbear to scare me night and day. Leaving Miss Fairman, I rushed into the garden, preparatory to running away from the parsonage altogether. This, in the height of remorseful excitement, presented itself to my mind forcibly as the necessary and only available step to adopt; but this soon came to be regarded as open to numerous and powerful objections.

It seemed impossible that the incumbent could be kept any longer in ignorance of the affair; and it was better—oh! how much better—for my comfort and peace of mind that he should not be. In a few hours Dr Mayhew would arrive, and his shrewd eye would immediately penetrate to the very seat of his patient's disquietude. The discovery would be communicated to her father—and what would he think of me?—what would become of me? I grew as agitated as though the doctor were at that

moment seated with the minister—and revealing to his astounded listener the history of my deceit and black ingratitude. The feeling was not to be borne; and in order to cast it off, I determined myself to be the messenger of the tale, and to stand the brunt of his first surprise and indignation. With the earliest conception of the idea, I ran to put it into execution. Nor did I stop until I reached the door of his study, when the difficulty of introducing at once so delicate a business, and the importance of a little quiet preparation, suggested themselves, and made me hesitate. It was, however, but for a moment for self-possession. I would argue with myself no longer. The few hours that intervened before the arrival of the doctor were my own; and if I permitted them to pass away, my opportunity was gone for ever, and every claim upon the kindness and forgiveness of my patron lost. I would confess my affection, and offer him the only reparation in my power—to quit his roof, and carry the passion with me for my punishment and torment.

Mr Fairman was alone. The pupils were playing on the lawn upon which the window of the study opened. There they ran, and leaped, and shouted, all feeling and enjoyment, without an atom of the leaden care of life to press upon the light elastic soul; and there stood I, young enough to be a playmate brother, separated from them and their hearts' joyousness by the deep broad line which, once traversed, may never be recovered, ground to the earth by suffering, trial, and disappointment; darkness and discouragement without; misery and self-upbraiding robbing me of peace within. My eyes caught but a glimpse of the laughing boys before they settled on the minister, and summoned me to my ungracious task—and it was a glimpse of a bright and beautiful world, with which I had nothing in common, of which I had known something, it might be ages since—but whose glory had departed even from the memory.

“Is he here?” enquired the incumbent.

“Doctor Mayhew could not accompany me, sir,” I answered, “but he will shortly come.”

“Thank you, Stukely, thank you.

I have good news for you. I can afford you time to recruit and be yourself again. The lads return home on Monday next; you shall have a month's holiday, and you shall spend it as you will—with us, or elsewhere. If your health will be improved by travelling, I shall be happy to provide you with the means. I cannot afford to lose your services. You must not get ill."

"You are very kind, sir," I replied—"kinder than I deserve."

"That is a matter of opinion, Stukely. I do not think so. You have served me faithfully and well. I consult my own interest in rewarding you and taking care of yours."

"Yes, sir—but"—

"Well, never mind now. We will not argue on whose side the obligation lies. It is perhaps well that we should both of us think as we do. It is likely that we shall both perform our duty more strictly if we strike the balance against ourselves. Go and refresh yourself. You look tired and worn. Get a glass of wine, and cheer up. Have you seen Miss Fairman?"

"It is concerning her, sir," I answered, trembling in every joint, "that I desire particularly to speak to you."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the incumbent, starting from his chair, "what do you mean? What is the matter? What has happened? Why do you tremble, Stukely, and look so ghastly pale? What has happened since the morning? What ails her? Go on. Speak. Tell me at once. My poor child—what of her?"

"Calm yourself, I implore you, sir. Miss Fairman is quite well. Nothing has happened. Do not distress yourself. I have done very wrong to speak so indiscreetly. Pardon me, sir. I should have known better. She is well."

Mr Fairman paced the room in perturbation, and held his hand upon his heart to allay its heavy throbs.

"This is very wrong," he said—"very impious. I have thought of nothing else this day—and this is the consequence. I have dwelt upon the probability of calamity, until I have persuaded myself of its actual presence—looked for woe, until I have created it. This is not the patience and resignation which I teach; for shame, for shame!—go to thy closet, worm—repent and pray."

Mr Fairman resumed his seat, and hid his face for a time in his hands. At length he spoke again.

"Proceed, Stukely. I am calm now. The thoughts and fears in which it was most sinful to indulge, and which accumulated in this most anxious breast, are dissipated. What would you say? I can listen as I ought."

"I am glad, sir, that the boys revisit their homes on Monday, and that a month, at least, will elapse before their return to you. In that interval, you will have an opportunity of providing them with a teacher worthier your regard and confidence; and, if I leave you at once, you will not be put to inconvenience."

"I do not understand you."

"I must resign my office, sir," I said with trepidation.

"Resign? Wherefore? What have I said or done?"

"Let me beg your attention, sir, whilst I attempt to explain my motives, and to do justice to myself and you. I mentioned the name of Miss Fairman."

"You did. Ha! Go on, sir."

"You cannot blame me, Mr Fairman, if I tell you that, in common with every one whose happiness it is to be acquainted with that lady, I have not been insensible to the qualities which render her so worthy of your love, so deserving the esteem"—

"I stopped."

"I am listening, sir—proceed."

"I know not how to tell you, sir, in what language to express the growth of an attachment which has taken root in this poor heart, increased and strengthened against every effort which I have made to crush it."

"Sir!" uttered the incumbent in great amazement.

"Do not be angry, Mr Fairman, until you have heard all. I confess that I have been imprudent and rash, that I have foolishly permitted a passion to take possession of my heart, instead of manfully resisting its inroads; but if I have been weak, do not believe that I have been wicked."

"Speak plainly, Stukely. What am I to understand by this?"

"That I have dared, sir, to indulge a fond, a hopeless love, inspired by the gentlest and most innocent of her sex—that I have striven, and striven, to forget and flee from it—that I have

failed—that I come to confess the fault, to ask your pardon, and depart.”

“Tell me one thing,” asked the incumbent quickly. “Have you communicated your sentiments to Miss Fairman?”

“I have, sir.”

“Is her illness connected with that declaration?—You do not answer. Stukely, I am deceived in you. I mistrust and doubt you. You have *murdered* my poor child.”

“Mr Fairman, do not, I entreat”——

“Heaven have mercy upon me for my wild uncrucified temper. I will use no harsh terms. I retract that expression, young man. I am sorry that I used it. Let me know what more you have to say.”

The tears came to my eyes, and blinded them. I did not answer.

“Be seated, Stukely,” continued the minister, in a kinder tone; “compose yourself. I am to blame for using such a term. Forgive me for it—I did not mean all that it conveyed. But you know how fragile and how delicate a plant is that. You should have thought of her and me before you gratified a passion as wild as it is idle. Now, tell me every thing. Conceal and disguise nothing. I will listen to you calmly, and I will be indulgent. The past is not to be recalled. Aid me in the future, if you are generous and just.”

I related all that had passed between Miss Fairman and myself—all that had taken place in my own turbulent soul—the battlings of the will and judgment, the determination to overcome temptation, and the sudden and violent yielding to it. Faithful to his command, I concealed nothing, and, at the close of all, I signified my readiness, my wish, and my intention to depart.

“Forgive me, sir, at parting,” said I, “and you shall hear no more of the disturber of your peace.”

“I do not wish that, Stukely. I am indebted to you for the candour with which you have spoken, and the proper view which you take of your position. I wish to hear of you, and to serve you—and I will do it. I agree with you, that you must leave us now—yes, and at once; and, as you say, without another interview. But I will not turn you into the world, lad, with-

out some provision for the present, and good hopes for the future. I owe you much. Yes—very much. When I consider how differently you might behave, how very seriously you might interfere with my happiness”—as Mr Fairman spoke, he opened the drawer of a table, and drew a cheque-book from it—“I feel that you ought not to be a loser by your honesty. I do not offer you this as a reward for that honesty—far from it—I would only indemnify you—and this is my duty.”

Mr Fairman placed a draft for a hundred pounds in my hand.

“Pardon me, sir,” said I, replacing it on his table. “I can take no money. Millions could not *indemnify* me for all that I resign. Judge charitably, and think kindly of me, sir—and I am paid. Honour is priceless.”

“Well, but when you get to London?”—

“I am not altogether friendless. My salary is yet untouched, and will supply my wants until I find employment.”

“Which you shall not be long without, believe me, Stukely, if I have power to get it you—and I think I have. You will tell me where I may address my letters. I will not desert you. You shall not repent this.”

“I do not, sir; and I believe I never shall. I propose to leave the parsonage to-night, sir.”

“No, to-morrow, we must have some talk. You need not see her. I could not let you go to-night. You shall depart to-morrow, and I rely upon your good sense and honourable feelings to avoid another meeting. It could only increase the mischief that has already taken place, and answer no good purpose. You must be aware of this.”

“I am, sir. You shall have no reason to complain.”

“I am sure of it, Stukely. You had better see about your preparations. John will help you in any way you wish. Make use of him. There must be many little things to do. There can be no impropriety, Stukely, in your accepting the whole of your year's salary. You are entitled to that. I am sorry to lose you—very—but there's no help for it. I will come to your room this evening, and have some further conversation. Leave me now.”

The incumbent was evidently much excited. Love for his child, and apprehension for her safety, were feelings that were, perhaps, too prominent and apparent in the good and faithful minister of heaven; they betrayed him at times into a self-forgetfulness, and a warmth of expression, of which he repented heartily as soon as they occurred. Originally of a violent and wayward disposition, it had cost the continual exercise and the prayers of a life, to acquire evenness of temper and gentleness of deportment, neither of which, in truth, was easily, if ever disturbed, if not by the amiable infirmity above alluded to. He was the best of men; but to the best, immunity from the natural weakness of mortality is not to be vouchsafed.

Mr Fairman was the last person whom I saw that night. He remained with me until I retired to rest. He was the first person whom I saw on the following morning. I do not believe that he did not rely upon the word which I had pledged to him. I did not suppose that he suspected my resolution; but I am convinced that he was most restless and unhappy, from the moment that I revealed my passion to him, until that which saw me safely deposited at the foot of the hill, on my way to the village. So long as I remained in his house, he could only see danger for his daughter; and with my disappearance he counted upon her recovery and peace.

The incumbent was himself my companion from the parsonage. The servant had already carried my trunk to the inn. At the bottom of the hill, Mr Fairman stopped and extended his hand.

"Fare-you-well, Stukely," said he, with emotion. "Once more, I am obliged to you. I will never forget your conduct; you shall hear from me."

Since the conversation of the preceding day, the incumbent had not mentioned the name of his daughter. I had not spoken of her. I felt it impossible to part without a word.

"What did Doctor Mayhew say?" I asked.

"She is a little better, and will be soon quite well, we trust."

"That is good news. Is she composed?"

"Yes—she is better."

"One question more, sir. Does she know of my departure?"

"She does not—but she will, of course."

"Do not speak unkindly of me to her, sir. I should be sorry if she thought ill"—

"She will respect you, Stukely, for the part which you have acted. She must do so. You will respect yourself."

I had nothing more to say; I returned his warm pressure, and bade him farewell.

"God bless you, lad, and prosper you! We may meet again in a happier season; but if we do not, receive a father's thanks and gratitude. You have behaved nobly. I feel it—believe me."

Manly and generous tears rushed to the eyes of my venerable friend, and he could not speak. Once more he grasped my hand fervently, and in the saddest silence that I have ever known we separated.

There was gloom around my heart, which the bright sun in heaven, that gladdened all the land, could not penetrate or disperse; but it gave way before a touch of true affection, which came to me as a last memorial of the beloved scene on which I lingered.

I had hardly parted from the minister, before I perceived walking before me, at the distance of a few yards, the youngest of the lads who had been my pupils. At the request of the minister, I had neither taken leave of them nor informed any one of my departure. The lad whom I now saw was a fine spirited boy, who had strongly attached himself to me, and shown great aptitude, as well as deep desire, for knowledge. He knew very little when I came to him, but great pains had enabled him to advance rapidly. The interest which he manifested, called forth in me a corresponding disposition to assist him; and the grateful boy, altogether overlooking his own exertions, had over and over again expressed himself in the warmest terms of thankfulness for my instruction, to which he insisted he owed all that he had acquired. He was in his eleventh year, and his heart was as kind and generous as his intellect was vigorous and clear. I came up to him, and found him plucking the wild-flowers from the grass as he wandered slowly along. I looked at

him as I passed, and found him weeping.

"Alfred!" I exclaimed, "What do you here so early?"

The boy burst into a fresh flow of tears, and threw himself passionately into my arms. He sobbed piteously, and at length said—

"Do not go, sir—do not leave me! You have been so kind to me. Pray, stop."

"What is the matter Alfred?"

"John has told me you are going, sir. He has just taken your box down. Oh, Mr Stukely, stay for my sake! I won't give you so much trouble as I used to do. I'll learn my lessons better—but don't go, pray, sir."

"You will have another teacher, Alfred, who will become as good a friend as I am. I cannot stay. Return to the parsonage—there's a dear boy."

"Oh, if you must go, let me walk with you a little, sir! Let me take your hand. I shall be back in time for breakfast—pray, don't refuse me that, sir?"

I complied with his request. He grasped my palm in both his hands, and held it there, as though he would not part with it again. He gave me the flowers which he had gathered, and begged me to keep them for his sake. He repeated every kind thing which I had done for him, not one of which he would forget, and all the names and dates which he had got by heart, to please his tutor. He told me that it would make him wretched, "to get up to-morrow, and remember that I was gone;" and that he loved me better than any body, for no one had been so indulgent, and had taken such pains to make him a good boy. Before we reached the village, his volubility had changed the tears to smiles. As we reached it, John appeared on his return homeward. I gave the boy into his charge, and the cloud lowered again, and the shower fell heavier than ever. I turned at the point at which the hills became shut out, and there stood the boy fastened to the spot at which I had left him.

At the door of the inn, I was surprised to find my luggage in the custody of Dr Mayhew's gardener. As soon as he perceived me, he advanced a few steps with the box, and placed a note in my hand. It was addressed

to me at the parsonage, and politely requested me to wait upon the physician at my earliest convenience. No mention was made of the object of my visit, or of the doctor's knowledge of my altered state. The document was as short as it might be, and as courteous. Having read it, I turned to the gardener, or to where he had stood a moment before, with the view of questioning that gentleman; but to my great astonishment, I perceived him about a hundred yards before me, walking as fast as his load permitted him towards his master's residence. I called loudly after him, but my voice only acted as a spur, and increased his pace. My natural impulse was to follow him, and I obeyed it.

Dr Mayhew received me with a very cunning smile and a facetious observation.

"Well, Master Stukely, this hot weather has been playing the deuce with us all. Only think of little puss being attacked with your complaint, the very day you were here suffering so much from it, and my getting a touch myself."

I smiled.

"Yes, sir, it is very easy to laugh at the troubles of other men, but I can tell you this is a very disagreeable epidemic. Severe times these for maids and bachelors. I shall settle in life now, sooner than I intended. I have fallen in love with puss myself."

I did not smile.

"To be sure, I am old enough to be her father, but so much the better for her. No man should marry till fifty. Your young fellows of twenty don't know their own mind—don't understand what love means—all blaze and flash, blue fire and sky-rocket—out in a minute. Eh, what do you say, Stukely?"

"Are you aware, sir, that I have left the parsonage?"

"To be sure I am; and a pretty kettle of fish you have made of it. Instead of treating love as a quiet and respectable undertaking, as I mean to treat it—instead of simmering your love down to a gentlemanly respect and esteem, as I mean to simmer it—and waiting patiently for the natural consequences of things, as I mean to wait—you must, like a boy as you are, have it all out in a minute, set the whole house by the ears, and throw yourself out of it without rhyme or

reason, or profit to any body. Now, sit down, and tell me what you mean to do with yourself?"

"I intend to go to London, sir."

"Does your father live there?"

"I have no father, sir."

"Well—your mother?"

"She is dead, too. I have one friend there—I shall go to him until I find occupation."

"You naughty boy! How I should like to whip you! What right had you to give away so good a chance as you have had? You have committed a sin, sir—yes, you may look—you have, and a very grievous one. I speak as I think. You have been flying in the face of Providence, and doing worse than hiding the talent which was bestowed upon you for improvement. Do you think I should have behaved so at your age? Do you think any man in the last generation out of a madhouse would have done it? Here's your march of education!"

I bowed to Doctor Mayhew, and wished him good-morning.

"No, thank you, sir," answered the physician, "if I didn't mean to say a little more to you, I shouldn't have spoken so much already. We must talk these matters over quietly. You may as well stay a few days with your friend in the country as run off directly to the gentleman in London. Besides, now I have made my mind up so suddenly to get married, I don't know soon I may be called upon to undergo the operation—I beg the lady's pardon—the awful ceremony. I shall want a bride's-man, and you wouldn't make a bad one by any means."

The physician rang the bell, and Williams the butler—a personage in black, short and stout, and exceedingly well fed, as his sleek face showed—entered the apartment.

"Will you see, Williams, that Mr Stukely's portmanteau is taken to his room—bed quite aired—sheets all right, eh?"

"Both baked, sir," replied Williams with a deferential but expressive smile, which became his face remarkably well.

"Then let us have lunch, Williams, and a bottle of the sherry?"

A look accompanied the request, which was not lost upon the butler. He made a profound obeisance, and

retired. At lunch the doctor continued his theme, and represented my conduct as most blameable and improper. He insisted that I ought to be severely punished, and made to feel that a boy is not to indulge every foolish feeling that rises, just as he thinks proper; but, like an inconsistent judge, he concluded the whole of a very powerful and angry summing up, by pronouncing upon me the verdict of an acquittal—inasmuch as he told me to make myself as comfortable as I could in his house, and to enjoy myself thoroughly in it for the next fortnight to come, at the very least. It may have been that, in considering my faults as those of the degenerate age in which I lived—which age, however, be it known, lived afterwards to recover its character, and to be held up as a model of propriety and virtue to the succeeding generation—the merciful doctor was willing to merge my chastisement in that which he bestowed daily upon the unfortunate object of his contempt and pity; or possibly he desired to inflict no punishment at all, but simply to perform a duty incumbent upon his years and station. Be this as it may, certain it is that with the luncheon ended all upbraiding and rebuke, and commenced an unreservedness of intercourse—the basis of a generous friendship, which increased and strengthened day by day, and ended only with the noble-hearted doctor's life—nor then in its effects upon my character and fortune.

It was on the night of the day on which I had arrived, that Doctor Mayhew and I were sitting in his *sanctum*; composedly and happily as men sit whom care has given over for a moment to the profound and stilly influences of the home and hearth. One topic of conversation had given place easily to another, and there seemed at length little to be said on any subject whatever, when the case of the idiot, which my own troubles had temporarily dismissed from my mind, suddenly occurred to me, and afforded us motive for the prolongation of a discourse, which neither seemed desirous to bring to a close.

"What have you done with the poor fellow?" I enquired.

"Nothing," replied the physician. "We have fed him well, and his food has done him good. He is a hundred per cent better than when he came;

but he is still surly and tongue-tied. He says nothing. He is not known in the neighbourhood. I have directed hand-bills to be circulated, and placards to be posted in the villages. If he is not owned within a week, he must be given to the parish-officers. I can't help thinking that he is a runaway lunatic, and a gentleman by birth. Did you notice his delicate white hand, that diamond ring, and the picture they found tied round his neck?"

"What picture, sir?"

"Did I not tell you of it?" The portrait of a lovely female—an old attachment, I suppose, that turned his brain; although I fancy sometimes that it is his mother or sister, for there is certainly a resemblance to himself in it. The picture is set in gold. When Robin first discovered it, the agony of the stricken wretch was most deplorable. He was afraid that the man would remove it, and he screamed and implored like a true maniac. When he found that he might keep it, he evinced the maddest pleasure, and beckoned his keeper to notice and admire it. He pointed to the eyes, and then groaned and wept himself, until Robin was frightened out of his wits, and was on the point of throwing up his office altogether."

"Do you think the man may recover his reason?"

"I have no hope of it. It is a case of confirmed fatuity I believe. If you like to see him again, you shall accompany me to-morrow when I visit him. What a strange life is this, Stukely! What a strange history may be that of this poor fellow whom Providence has cast at our door! Well, poor wretch, we'll do the best we can for him. If we cannot reach his mind, we may improve his body, and he will be then perhaps quite as happy as the wisest of us."

The clock struck twelve as Doctor Mayhew spoke. It startled and surprised us both. In a few minutes we separated and retired to our several beds.

When I saw the idiot on the following day, I could perceive a marked improvement in his appearance. The deadly pallor of his countenance had departed; and although no healthy colour had taken its place, the living blood seemed again in motion, restoring expression to those wan and

withered features. His coal-black eye had recovered the faintest power of speculation, and the presence of a stranger was now sufficient to call it into action. He was clean and properly attired, and he sat—apart from his keeper—conscious of existence. There was good ground, in the absence of all positive proof, for the supposition of the doctor. A common observer would have pronounced him well-born at a glance. Smitten as he was, and unbinged by his sad affliction, there remained still sufficient of the external forms to conduct to such an inference. Gracefulness still hovered about the human ruin, discernible in the most aimless of imbecility's weak movements, and the limbs were not those of one accustomed to the drudgery of life. A melancholy creature truly did he look, as I gazed upon him for a second time. He had carried his chair to a corner of the room, and there he sat, his face half-hidden, resting upon his breast, his knee drawn up and pressed tightly by his clasped hands—those very hands, small and marble-white, forming a ghastful contrast to the raven hair that fell thickly on his back. He had not spoken since he rose. Indeed, since his first appearance, he had said nothing but the unintelligible word which he had uttered four times in my presence, and which Dr Mayhew now believed to be the name of the lady whose portrait he wore. That he could speak was certain, and his silence was therefore the effect of obstinacy or of absolute weakness of intellect, which forbade the smallest mental effort. I approached him, and addressed him in accents of kindness. He raised his head slowly, and looked piteously upon me, but in a moment again he resumed his original position.

For the space of a week I visited the afflicted man daily, remaining with him perhaps a couple of hours at each interview. No clue had been discovered to his history, and the worthy physician had fixed upon one day after another as that upon which he would relieve himself of his trust; but the day arrived only to find him unwilling to keep his word. The poor object himself had improved rapidly in personal appearance; and, as far as could be ascertained from his gestures and indistinct expressions, was sensible of

his protector's charity, and thankful for it. He now attempted to give to his keeper the feeble aid he could afford him; he partook of his food with less avidity, he seemed aware of what was taking place around him. On one occasion I brought his dinner to him, and sat by whilst it was served to him. He stared at me as though he had immediate perception of something unusual. It was on the same day that, whilst trifling with a piece of broken glass, he cut his hand. I closed the wound with an adhesive plaster, and bound it up. It was the remembrance of this act that gained for me the affection of the creature, in whom all affections seemed dried up and dead. When, on the day that succeeded to this incident, Robin, as was his custom, placed before the idiot his substantial meal, the latter turned away from it offended, and would not taste it. I was sent for. The eyes of the imbecile glistened when I entered the apartment, and he beckoned me to him. I sat at his side, as I had done on the day before, and he then, with a smile of triumph, took his food on his knees, and soon devoured it. When he had finished, and Robin had retired with the tray and implements, the poor fellow made me draw my chair still nearer to his own. He placed his hand upon my knee in great delight, patted it, and then the wound which I had dressed. There was perfect folly in the mode in which he fondled this, and yet a reasonableness which the heart could not fail to detect and contemplate with emotion. First, he gently stroked it, then placed his head upon it in utmost tenderness, then hugged it in his arm and rocked it as a child, then kissed it often with short quick kisses that could scarce be heard; courting my observation with every change of action, making it apparent how much he loved, what care he could bestow, upon the hand which had won the notice and regard of his new friend and benefactor. This over, he pointed to his breast, dallied for a time, and then drew from it the picture which he so jealously carried there. He pressed it between his hands, sighed heavily from his care-crazed heart, and strove to tell his meaning in words which would not flow, in which he knew not how to breathe the bubble-thought that danced about his brain. Closer than ever he ap-

proached me, and, with an air which he intended for one of confidence and great regard, he invited me to look upon his treasure. I did so, and, to my astonishment and terror—gazed upon the portrait of the unhappy EMMA HARRINGTON. Gracious God! what thoughts came rushing into my mind! It was impossible to err. I, who had passionately dwelt upon those lineaments in all the fondness of a devoted love, until the form became my heart's companion by day and night—I, who had watched the tear-drops falling from those eyes, in which the limner had not failed to fix the natural sorrow that was a part of them—watched and hung upon them in distress and agony—I, surely I, could not mistake the faithful likeness. Who, then, was *he* that wore it? Who was this, now standing at my side, to turn to whom again became immediately—sickness—horror! Who could it be but him, the miserable parricide—the outcast—the unhappy brother—the desperately wicked son! There was no other in the world to whom the departed penitent could be dear; and he—oh, was it difficult to suppose that merciful Heaven, merciful to the guiltiest, had placed between his conscience and his horrible offence a cloud that made all dim—had rendered his understanding powerless to comprehend a crime which reason must have punished and aggravated endlessly! My judgment was prostrated by what I learned so suddenly and fearfully. The discovery had been miraculous. What should I do? How proceed? How had the youth got here? What had been his history since his flight? Whither was he wandering? Did he know the fate of his poor sister? How had he lived? These questions, and others, crowded into my mind one after another, and I trembled with the violent rapidity of thought. The figure of the unhappy girl presented itself—her words vibrated on my ears—her last dying accents; and I felt that to me was consigned the wretched object of her solicitude and love—that to me Providence had directed the miserable man; yes, if only that he who had shared in the family guilt, might behold and profit by the living witness of the household wreck. Half forgetful of the presence of the brother, and remembering nothing well but

her and her most pitiable tale, oppressed by a hundred recollections, I pronounced her name.

"Poor, poor, much-tryed Emma!" I ejaculated, gazing still upon her image. The idiot leaped from my side at the word, and clapped his hands, and laughed and shrieked. He ran to me again, and seized my palm, and pressed it to his lips. His excitement was unbounded. He could only point to the picture, endeavour to repeat the word which I had spoken, and direct his finger to my lips beseechingly, as though he *prayed* to hear the sound again. Alarmed already at what I had done, and dreading the consequences of a disclosure, because ignorant of the effect it would produce upon the idiot, I checked myself immediately, and spake no more. Robin returned. I contrived to subdue by degrees the sudden ebullition, and having succeeded, I restored the criminal to his keeper, and departed.

It was, however, necessary that I should act in some way, possessed of the information which had so strangely come to me. I desired to be alone to collect myself, and to determine quietly. I retired to my bedroom, endeavoured to think composedly, and to mark out the line of duty. It was a fruitless undertaking. My mind would rest on nothing but the tragedy in which this miserable creature held so sad a part, and his unlooked-for resuscitation here—here, under the roof which sheltered his sister's paramour. Whether to keep the secret hidden in my bosom, or to communicate it to the physician, was my duty, I could not settle now. It had been a parting injunction of my friend Thompson to sleep upon all matters of difficulty, and to avoid rashness above all things. Alas! I had not profited by his counsel, nor, in my own case, recurred to it, even for a moment; but it was different now. The fate, perhaps the life, of another was involved in my decision; and not to act upon the good advice, not to be temperate and cautious, would be sinful in the extreme. What, had she been alive, would the sister have required—entreated at my hands? And now, if the freed spirit of the injured one looked down upon the world, what would it expect from him to whom had been committed the forlorn and stricken wanderer? What if not jus-

tice, charity, and mercy? "And he shall have it!" I exclaimed. "I will act on his behalf. I will be cool and calm. I will do nothing until to-morrow, when the excitement of this hour shall have passed away, and reason resumed its proper influence and rule."

I rose, contented with my conclusion, and walked to the window, which overlooked the pleasure-garden of the house. Robin and his patient were there; the former sitting on a garden chair, and reposing comfortably after his meal, heedless of the doings of his charge. The latter stood immediately below the window, gazing upwards, with the portrait as before pressed between his marble hands. He perceived me, and screamed in triumph and delight. The keeper started up; I vanished instantly. He surely could not have known the situation of my room—could not have waited there and watched for my appearance. It was impossible. Yes, I said so; and I attempted to console myself with the assurance; but my blood curdled with a new conviction that arose and clung to me, and would not be cast off—the certainty that, by the utterance of one word, I had, for good or ill, linked to my future destiny the reasonless and wretched being, who stood and shrieked beneath the casement long after I was gone.

I joined my friend, the doctor, as usual in the evening, and learnt from him the news of the day. He had visited his patient at the parsonage, and he spoke favourably of her case. Although she had been told of my absence, she was still not aware that I had quitted the house for ever. Her father thought she was less unquiet, and believed that in a few days all would be forgotten, and she would be herself again. Doctor Mayhew assured me that nothing could be kinder than the manner in which the incumbent spoke of me, and that it was impossible for any man to feel a favour more deeply than he appeared to appreciate the consideration which I had shown for him. The doctor had been silent as to my actual presence in the vicinity, which, he believed, to have mentioned, would have been to fill the anxious father's heart with alarms and fears, which, groundless as they were, might be productive of no little mischief. I acquiesced in the pro-

priety of his silence, and thanked him for his prudence. Whilst my friend was speaking, I heard a quick and heavy footstep on the stairs, which, causing me to start upon the instant, and hurling sickness to my heart, clearly told, had doubt existed, how strongly apprehension had fixed itself upon me, and how certainly and inextricably I had become connected with the object of my dark and irresistible conceptions. I had no longer an ear for Doctor Mayhew, but the sense followed the footstep until it reached the topmost stair—passed along the passage—and stopped—suddenly at our door. Almost before it stopped, the door was knocked at violently—quickly—loudly. Before an answer could be given, the door itself was opened, and Robin rushed in—scared.

“What is the matter?” I exclaimed, jumping up, and dreading to hear him tell what I felt must come—another tale of horror—another crime—what less than *self-destruction*?

“He’s gone, sir—he’s gone!” roared the fellow, white as death, and shaking like an aspen.

“Gone—how—who?” enquired the doctor.

“The madman, sir,” answered Robin, opening his mouth, and raising his eyebrows, to exhibit his own praiseworthy astonishment at the fact.

“Go on, man,” said the doctor. “What have you to say further? How did it happen? Quick!”

“I don’t know, sir. I eat something for dinner as disagreed. I have been as sleepy as an owl ever since. We was together in his room, and I just sot down for a minute to think what it could be as I *had* eaten, when I dozed off directly—and when I opened my eyes again, not quite a minute arterwards, I couldn’t find him nowhere—and nobody can’t neither, and we’ve been searching the house for the last half hour.”

“Foolish fellow—how long was this ago?”

“About an hour, sir.”

The doctor said not another word, but taking a candle from the table, quitted the room, and hurried down stairs. I followed him, and Robin, almost frightened out of his wits, trod upon my heel and rubbed against my coat, in his eagerness not to be left behind me. The establishment was, as it is said, at sixes and sevens. All was

disorder and confusion, and hustling into the most remote corner of the common room. Mr Williams especially was very much unsettled. He stood in the rear of every body else, and looked deathly white. It was he who ejaculated something upon the sudden entrance of his master, and was the cause of all the other ejaculations which followed quickly from every member of the household. Doctor Mayhew commanded order, and was not long in bringing it about. The house was searched immediately. Wherever it was supposed that the idiot might hide himself, diligent enquiry was made; cupboards, holes, corners, and cellars. It was in vain. He certainly had escaped. The gardens and paddocks, and fields adjacent were scoured, and with like success. There was no doubt of it—the idiot was gone—who could tell whither? After two hours’ unprofitable labour, Doctor Mayhew was again in his library, very much disturbed in mind, and reproaching himself bitterly for his procrastination. “Had I acted,” said he, “upon my first determination, this would never have happened, and my part in the business would have been faithfully performed. As it is, if any mischief should come to that man, I shall never cease to blame myself, and to be considered the immediate cause of it.” I made no reply. I *could* say nothing. His escape occurring so soon after my identification of the unfortunate creature, had bewildered and confounded me. I could not guess at the motive of his flight, nor conceive a purpose to which it was likely the roused maniac would aspire; but I was satisfied—yes, too satisfied, for to think of it was to chill and freeze the heart’s warm blood—that the revelation of the day and his removal were in close connexion. Alas, I dared not speak, although my fears distracted me whilst I continued dumb! Arrangements were at last made for watching both within and without the house during the night—messengers were dispatched to the contiguous villages, and all that could be done for the recovery of the runaway was attempted. It was already past twelve o’clock when Dr Mayhew insisted upon my retiring to rest. I did not oppose his wish. He was ill at ease, and angry with himself. Maintaining the silence which

I had kept during the evening, I gave him my hand, and took my leave.

I thought I should have dropped dead in the room when, lost in a deep reverie, I opened my chamber-door, and discovered, sitting at the table, the very man himself. *There the idiot sat*, portrait in hand, encountering me with a look of unutterable sorrowfulness. He must have hid himself amongst the folds of the curtains, for this room, as well as the rest, was looked into, and its cupboards investigated. I recoiled with sudden terror, and retreated, but the wretch clasped his hands in agony, and implored me, in gestures which could not be mistaken, to remain. I recovered, gained confidence, and forbore.

"What do you desire with me?" I asked quickly. "Can you speak? Do you understand me?" The unhappy man dropped on his knees, and took my hand—cried like a beaten child—sobbed and groaned. He raised the likeness of his sister to my eyes, and then I saw the fire sparkling in his own lustrous orb, and the supplication bursting from it, that was not to be resisted. He pointed to his mouth, compelled an inarticulate sound, and looked at me again, to assure me that he had spoken all his faculties permitted him. He waited for my answer.

Melted with pity for the bruised soul before me, I could no longer deny him the gratification he besought.

"Emma!" I ejaculated; "Emma Harrington!"

He wept aloud, and kissed my hand, and put my arm upon his breast, and caressed it with his own weak head. I permitted the affectionate creature to display his childish gratitude, and then, taking him by the wrist, I withdrew him from the room. An infant could not have been more docile with its nurse. In another moment he was again in custody.

It was in vain that I strove to fall asleep, and to forget the circumstances of the day—in vain that I endeavoured to carry out the resolution which I had taken to my pillow. Gladly would I have expelled all thought of the idiot from my mind, and risen on the morrow, prepared by rest and sweet suspension of mental labour for profitable deliberation. Sound as was the advice of my friend, and anxious as I was to follow it, obedience rested not with me, and was impossible. Should I make known the history of the man?

Should I discover his crime? This was the question that haunted my repose, and knocked at my ears until my labouring brain ached in its confusion. What might be the effect of a disclosure upon the future existence of the desolate creature, should he ever recover his reason? Must he not suffer the extreme penalty of the law? It was dreadful to think that his life should be forfeited through, and only through, my agency. There were reasons again equally weighty, why I should not conceal the facts which were in my possession. How I should have determined at length, I know not, if an argument—founded on selfishness—had not stepped in and turned the balance in favour of the idiot. Alas, how easy is it to decide when self-interest interposes with its intelligence and aid! Neither Mr Fairman nor Doctor Mayhew knew of my connexion with the unfortunate Emma Harrington. To expose the brother would be to commit myself. I was not yet prepared to acknowledge to the father of Miss Fairman, or to his friend, the relation that I had borne to that poor girl. And why not? If to divulge the secret were an act of justice, why should I hesitate to do it on account of the incumbent, with whom I had broken off all intercourse for ever? Ah, did I in truth believe that our separation had been final? Or did I harbour, perhaps against reason and conviction, a hope, a thought of future reconciliation, a shadowy yet not weak belief that all might yet end happily, and that fortune still might favour love! With such faint hope, and such belief, I must have bribed myself to silence, for I left my couch resolved to keep my secret close. Doctor Mayhew was deep in the contemplation of a map when I joined him at the breakfast-table. He did not take his eyes from it when I entered the apartment, and he continued his investigations some time after I had taken my seat. He raised his head at last, and looked hard at me, apparently without perceiving me, and then he resumed his occupation without having spoken a syllable: after a further study of five or ten minutes, he shook his head, and pressed his lips, and frowned, and stroked his chin, as though he was just arriving at the borders of a notable and great discovery.

"It will be strange indeed!" he muttered to himself. "How can we find it out?"

I did not break the thread of cogitation.

"Well," continued Doctor Mayhew, "he must leave this house, at all events. I will run the risk of losing him no longer. I will write this morning to the overseer. Yet I *should* like to know—really—it may be, after all, the case. Stukely, lad, look here. What county is this?" he continued, placing his finger on the map.

Somerset was written in the corner of it, and accordingly I answered.

"Very well," replied the doctor. "Now, look here. Read this. What do these letters spell?"

He pointed to some small characters, which formed evidently the name of a village that stood upon the banks of a river of some magnitude. I spelt them as he desired, and pronounced, certainly to my own surprise, the word—"Belton."

"Just so. Well, what do you say to that? I think I have hit it. That's the fellow's home. I never thought of that before, and I shouldn't now, if I hadn't had occasion for the road-book. It was the first thing that caught my eye. Now—how can we find it out?"

"It is difficult!" said I.

"It is likely enough, you see. What should bring him so far westward, if he hadn't some object? He was either wandering from or to his home, depend upon it, when the gipsies found him. If Belton be his home, his frequent repetition of the word was natural enough. Eh, don't you see it?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Very well; then, what's to be done?"

"I cannot tell," I answered.

The doctor rung the bell.

"Is Robin up yet?" he asked, when Williams came in to answer it.

"He is, sir."

"And the man?"

"Both, sir. They have just done breakfast."

"Very well, Williams, you may go. Now, follow me, Stukely," continued the physician, the moment that the butler had departed. "I'll do it now. I am a physiognomist, and I'll tell you in the twinkling of an eye if we are right. You mark him well, and so

will I." The doctor seized his map and road-book, and before I could speak was out of the room. When I overtook him, he had already reached the idiot, and dismissed Robin.

My friend commenced his operations by placing the map and book upon the table, and closely scanning the countenance of his patient, in order to detect and fix the smallest alteration of expression in the coming examination. He might have spared himself the trouble. The idiot had no eye for him. When I appeared he ran to me, and manifested the most extravagant delight. He grasped my hand, and drew me to his chair, and there detained me. He did not introduce his treasure, but I could not fail to perceive that he intended to repeat the scene of the previous day, as soon as we were again alone. I did not wish to afford him opportunity, and I gladly complied with the physician's request when he called upon me to interrogate the idiot, in the terms he should employ. He had already himself applied to the youth, but neither for himself nor his questions could he obtain the slightest notice. The eye, the heart, and, such as it was, the mind of the idiot, were upon his sister's friend.

"Ask him, Stukely," began the doctor, "if he has ever been in Somerset?"

I did so, and, in truth, the word roused from their long slumber, or we believed they did, recollections that argued well for the physician's theory. The idiot raised his brow, and smiled.

The doctor referred to his map, and said, whispering as before, "Mention the river Parret."

I could not doubt that the name had been familiar to the unhappy man. He strove to speak, and could not, but he nodded his head affirmatively and quickly, and the expression of his features corroborated the strong testimony.

"Now—Belton?" added the doctor.

I repeated the word, and then the agony of supplication which I had witnessed once before, was re-enacted, and the shrill and incoherent cries burst from his afflicted breast.

"I am satisfied!" exclaimed the doctor, shutting his book. "He shall leave my house for Belton this very afternoon."

And so he did. In an hour, arrange-

ments were in progress for his depature, and I was his guardian and companion. Robin, as soon as Dr Mayhew's intention was known, refused to have any thing more to say, either inside the house or out of it, to the *devil incarnate*, as he was pleased to call the miserable man. If his place depended upon his taking charge of him, he was ready to resign it. There was not another man whom the physician seemed disposed to trust, and in his difficulty he glanced at me. I understood his meaning. He proceeded to express his surprise and pleasure at finding an attachment so strong towards me on the part of the idiot. "It was remarkable," he said—"very! And what a pity it was that he hadn't cultivated the same regard for somebody else. A short journey *then*, to Somerset, would have been the easiest thing in the world. Nothing but to pop into the coach, to go to an inn on arriving in Belton, and to make enquiries, which, no doubt, would be satisfactorily answered in less than no time. Yes, really, it was a hundred pities!"

The doctor looked at me again, and then I had already determined to meet the request he was not bold to ask. I believed, equally with the physician, from the conduct and expressions of young Harrington, that the riddle of his present condition waited for explanation in the village, whose name seemed like a load upon his heart, and constituted the whole of his discourse since he had arrived amongst us. It was there he yearned to be. It was necessary only to mention the word to throw him into an agitation, which it took hours entirely to dissipate. Yes, for a reason well known to him and hidden from us all, his object, his only object as it appeared, was to be removed, and to be conducted thither. I had but one reason for rejecting the otherwise well sustained hypothesis of my friend. During my whole intercourse with Emma, I had never heard her speak of Somerset or Belton, and in her narrative no allusion was made either to the shire or village. In what way, then, could it be so intimately connected with her brother—whence was the origin of the hold which this one word had taken of his shattered brain? I could not guess. But, on the other hand, it was true that I was ignorant

of his history subsequently to the fearful death of his most sinful father. How could I tell what new events had arisen, what fresh relations might have sprung up, to attach and bind him to one particular spot of ground? Urged by curiosity to discover all that yet remained to know of his career, and more by a natural and strong desire to serve the youth—not to desert him in the hour of his extremity—I resolved, with the first hint of the doctor, to become myself the fellow-traveller of his *protégé*. I told him so, and the doctor shook me by the hand, and thanked me heartily.

That very evening we were on our road, for our preparations were not extensive. My instructions were to carry him direct to Belton, to ascertain, if possible, from his movements the extent of his acquaintance with the village, and to present him at all places of resort, in the hope of having him identified. Two days were granted for our stay. If he should be unknown, we were then to return, and Doctor Mayhew would at once resign him to the parish. These were his words at parting. We had no opposition in the idiot. His happiness was perfect whilst I remained with him. He followed me eagerly whithersoever I went, and was willing to be led, so long as I continued guide. I took my seat in the coach, and he placed himself at my side, trembling with joyousness, and laughing convulsively. Once seated, he grasped my hand as usual, and did not, through the livelong night, relinquish it altogether. A hundred affectionate indications escaped him, and in the hour of darkness and of quiet, it would have been easy to suppose that an innocent child was nestling near me, *homeward bound*, and, in the fulness of its expectant bliss, lavish of its young heart-felt endearments. Yes, it would have been, but for other thoughts, blacker than the night itself—how much more fearful!—which rendered every sign of fondness a hollow, cold, and dismal mockery. Innocence! Alas, poor parricide!

In the morning the sun streamed into the coach, of which we were the only inside passengers. Dancing and playing came the light, now here, now there, skipping along the seat, and settling nowhere—cheerful visitant, and to the idiot something more, for

he gazed upon it, and followed its fairy motion, lost in wonder and delight. He looked from the coach-window, and beheld the far-spreading fields of beauty with an eye awakened from long lethargy and inaction. He could not gaze enough. And the voice of nature made giddy the sense of hearing that drank intoxication from the notes of birds, the gurgling of a brook, the rustling of a thousand leaves. His feeble powers, taken by surprise, were vanquished by the summer's loveliness. Once, when our coach stopped, a peasant girl approached us with a nosegay, which she entreated me to buy. My fellow-traveller was impatient to obtain it. I gave it to him, and, for an hour, all was neglected for the toy. He touched the flowers one by one, viewed them attentively and lovingly, as we do children whom we have known, and watched, and loved from infancy—now caressing this, now smiling upon that. What recollections did they summon in the mind of the destitute and almost mindless creature? What pictures rose there?—pictures that may never be excluded from the soul of man, however dim may burn the intellectual light. His had been no happy boyhood, yet, in the wilderness of his existence, there must have been vouchsafed to him in mercy the few green spots that serve to attach to earth the most afflicted and forlorn of her sad children. How natural for the glimpses to revisit the broken heart, thus employed, thus roused and animated by the light of heaven, rendering all things beautiful and glad!

As we approached the village, my companion ceased to regard his many-coloured friends with the same exclusive attention and unmixed delight. His spirits sank—his joy fled. Clouds gathered across his brow; he withdrew his hand from mine, and he sat for an hour, brooding. He held the neglected nosegay before him, and plucked the pretty leaves one by one—not conscious, I am sure, of what he did. In a short time, every flower was destroyed, and lay in its fragments before him. Then, as if stung by remorse for the cruel act, or shaken by the heavy thoughts that pressed upon his brain, he covered his pallid face, and groaned bitterly. What were those thoughts? How connected with the resting-place towards which we

were hastening rapidly? My own anxiety became intense.

The village of Belton, situated near the mouth, and at the broadest part of the river Parret, consisted of one long narrow street, and a few houses scattered here and there on the small eminences which sheltered it. The adjacent country was of the same character as that which we had quitted—less luxuriant, perhaps, but still rich and striking. We arrived at mid-day. I determined to alight at the inn at which the coach put up, and to make my first enquiries there. From the moment that we rattled along the stones that formed the entrance to the village, an unfavourable alteration took place in my companion. He grew excited and impatient; and his lips quivered, and his eyes sparkled, as I had never seen them before. I was satisfied that we had reached the object of his long desire, and that in a few minutes the mysterious relation in which he stood to the place would be ascertained. "He must be known," I continued to repeat to myself; "the first eye that falls on him, will recognize him instantly." We reached the inn; we alighted. The landlord and the ostler came to the coach door, and received us with extreme civility, and the former assisted the idiot in his eager endeavour to reach the ground—I watched the action, expecting him to start, to speak, to claim acquaintance—and having completed the polite intention, he stood smiling and scraping. I looked at him, then at the idiot, and saw at once that they were strangers. A dozen idlers stood about the door. I waited for a recognition: none came.

Seated in the parlour of the inn, I asked to see the landlady. The sight of the idiot caused as little emotion in her, as it had produced in her husband. I ordered dinner for him. Whilst it was preparing, I engaged the landlord in conversation at the door. I did not wish to speak before young Harrington. I dared not leave him. I enquired, first, if the face of the idiot were familiar to him. I received for answer, that the man had never seen him in his life before, nor had his wife.

"Do you know the name of Harrington?" said I.

"No—never heard on it," was the reply.

"Fitzjones, perhaps?"

"Many Joneses hereabouts, sir," said the landlord, "but none of that there Christian name."

The excitement of the idiot did not abate. He would not touch his food nor sit quietly, but he walked swiftly up and down the room, breathing heavily, and trembling with increasing agitation. He urged me in his own peculiar way to leave the house and walk abroad. He pointed to the road and strove to speak. The attempt was fruitless, and he paced the room again, wringing his hands and sighing sorrowfully. At length I yielded to his request, and we were again in the village, I following whithersoever he led me. He ran through the street, like a madman as he was, bringing upon him the eyes of every one, and outstripping me speedily. He stopped for a moment to collect himself—looked round as though he had lost his way, and knew not whither to proceed; then bounded off again, the hunted deer not quicker in his flight, and instantly was out of sight. Without the smallest hope of seeing him again, I pursued the fugitive, and, as well as I could guess it, continued in his track. For half a mile I traced his steps, and then I lost them. His last footmark was at the closed gate of a good-sized dwelling-house. The roof and highest windows only of the habitation were to be discerned from the path, and these denoted the residence of a wealthy man. He could have no business here—no object. "He must have passed," thought I, "upon the other side." I was about to cross the road, when I perceived, at the distance of a few yards, a man labouring in a field. I accosted him, and asked if he had seen the idiot.

No—he had not. He was sure that nobody had passed by him for hours. He must have seen the man if he had come that way.

"Whose house is that?" I asked, not knowing *why* I asked the question.

"What? that?" said he, pointing to the gate. "Oh, that's Squire Temple's."

The name dropped like a knife upon my heart. I could not speak. I must have fallen to the earth, if the man, seeing me grow pale as death, had not started to his feet, and intercepted me. I trembled with a hundred apprehensions. My throat was dry with fright, and I thought I should have choked. What follows was like a hideous dream. The gate was opened suddenly. JAMES TEMPLE issued from it, and passed me like an arrow. He was appalled and terror-stricken. Behind him—within six feet—almost upon him, yelling fearfully, was the brother of the girl he had betrayed and ruined—his friend and schoolfellow, the miserable Frederick Harrington. I could perceive that he held aloft, high over his head, the portrait of his sister. It was all I saw and could distinguish. Both shot by me. I called to the labourer to follow; and fast as my feet could carry me, I went on. Temple fell. Harrington was down with him. I reached the spot. The hand of the idiot was on the chest of the seducer, and the picture was thrust in agony before his shuddering eyes. There was a struggle—the idiot was cast away—and Temple was once more dashing onward. "On, on!—after him!" shrieked the idiot. They reached the river's edge. "What now—what now?" I exclaimed, beholding them from afar, bewildered and amazed. The water does not restrain the scared spirit of the pursued. He rushes on, leaps in, and trusts to the swift current. So also the pursuer, who, with one long, loud exclamation of triumph, still with his treasure in his grasp, springs vehemently forward, and sinks, once and for ever. And the betrayer beats his way onward, aimless and exhausted, but still he nears the shore. Shall he reach it? Never!

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION, BETWEEN MR WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AND
THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—Mr Walter Savage Landor has become a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*! I stared at the announcement, and it will presently be seen why. There is nothing extraordinary in the apparition of another and another of this garrulous sexagenarian's "Imaginary Conversations." They come like shadows, so depart.

"The thing, we know, is neither new nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there."

Many of your readers, ignorant or forgetful, may have asked, "Who is Mr Landor?" We have never heard of any remarkable person of that name, or bearing a similar one, except the two brothers Lander, the explorers of the Niger." Mr Walter Savage would answer, "Not to know me argues yourself unknown." He was very angry with Lord Byron for designating him as *a* Mr Landor. He thought it should have been *the*. You ought to have forewarned such readers that *the* Mr Landor, now *your* Walter Savage, is the learned author of an epic poem called *Gebir*, composed originally in Egyptian hieroglyphics, then translated by him into Latin, and thence done into English blank verse by the same hand. It is a work of rare occurrence even in the English character, and is said to be deeply abstruse. Some extracts from it have been buried in, or have helped to bury, critical reviews. A copy of the Anglo-*Gebir* is, however, extant in the British Museum, and is said to have so puzzled the few philologists who have examined it, that they have declared none but a sphinx, and that an Egyptian one, could unriddle it. I would suggest that some Maga of the gipsies should be called in to interpret. Our vagrant fortune-tellers are reputed to be of Egyptian origin, and to hold converse among themselves in a very strange and curious oriental tongue called *Gibberish*, which word, no doubt, is a derivative from *Gebir*. Of the existence of the mysterious epic, the public were made aware many years ago by the first publication of Mr Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, where it was mentioned in a note as a thing containing one good passage about a shell, while in the text the author of *Gebir* was called a gander, and Mr Southey rallied by Apollo for his simplicity in proposing that the company should drink the gabbler's health. That pleasantry has disappeared from Mr Hunt's poem, though Mr Landor has by no means left off gabbling. Mr Hunt is a kindly-natured man as well as a wit, and no doubt perceived that he had been more prophetic than he intended—Mr Landor having, in addition to verses uncounted unless on his own fingers, favoured the world with five thick octavo volumes of dialogues. From the four first I have culled a few specimens; the fifth I have not read. It is rumoured that a sixth is in the press, with a dedication in the *issimo* style, to Lord John Russell, Mr Landor's lantern having at last enabled him to detect one honest man in the Imperial Parliament. Lord John, it seems, in the House of Commons lately quoted something from him about a Chinese mandarin's opinion of the English; and Mr Landor is so delighted that he intends to take the Russells under his protection for ever, and not only them, but every thing within the range of their interests. Not a cast horse, attached to a Woburn sand-cart, shall henceforth crawl towards Bedford and Tavistock Squares, but the grateful Walter shall swear he is a Bucephalus. You, Mr North, have placed the cart before the horse, in allowing Mr Landor's dialogue between Porson and Southey precedence of the following between Mr Landor and yourself.

You may object that it is a feigned colloquy, in which an unauthorized use is made of your name. True; but all Mr Landor's colloquies are likewise feigned; and none is more fictitious than one that has appeared in your pages,

wherein Southey's name is used in a manner not only unauthorized, but at which he would have sickened.

You and I must differ more widely in our notions of fair play than I hope and believe we do, if you refuse to one whose purpose is neither unjust nor ungenerous, as much license in your columns as you have accorded to Mr Landor, when it was his whim, without the smallest provocation, to throw obloquy on the venerated author of the *Excursion*.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

Landor.—Good-morning, Mr North, I hope you are well.

North.—I thank you, sir.—Be seated.

Landor.—I have called to enquire whether you have considered my proposal, and are willing to accept my aid.

North.—I am almost afraid to trust you, sir. You treat the Muses like nine-pins. Neither gods nor men find favour in your sight. If Homer and Virgil crossed your path, you would throw stones at them.

Landor.—The poems attributed to Homer, were probably, in part at least, translations. He is a better poet than Hesiod, who has, indeed, but little merit!* Virgil has no originality. His epic poem is a mere echo of the *Iliad*, softened down in tone for the polite ears of Augustus and his courtiers. Virgil is inferior to Tasso. Tasso's characters are more vivid and distinct than Virgil's, and greatly more interesting. Virgil wants genius. Mezentius is the most heroical and pious of all the characters in the *Æneid*. The *Æneid*, I affirm, is the most mishapen of epics, an epic of episodes.† There are a few good passages in it. I must repeat one for the sake of proposing an improvement.

“Quinetiam hyberno moliris sidere classem,
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum. . . .
Crudelis! quod si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret,
Troja per undosum peteretur classibus æquor?”

If *hybernium* were substituted for *undosum*, how incomparably more beautiful would the sentence be for this energetic repetition?‡

North.—I admire your modesty, Mr Landor, in quoting Virgil only to improve him; but your alteration is not an improvement. Dido, having just complained of her lover for putting out to sea under a wintry star, would have uttered but a graceless iteration had she in the same breath added—If Troy yet stood, must even Troy be sought through a wintry sea? *Undosum* is the right epithet; it paints to the eye the danger of the voyage, and adds force to her complaint.

Landor. Pshaw! You Scotchmen are no scholars. Let me proceed. Virgil has no nature. And, by the way, his translator Dryden, too, is greatly overrated.

North.—Glorious John?

Landor.—Glorious fiddlestick! It is insufferable that a rhymers should be called glorious, whose only claim to notice is a clever drinking song.

North.—A drinking song?

Landor.—Yes, the thing termed an Ode for St Cecilia's Day.

North.—Hegh, sir, indeed! Well, let us go on with the Ancients, and dispatch them first. To revert to the Greeks, from whom Virgil's imitation of the *Iliad* drew us aside, favour me with your opinion of Plato.

* See Mr Landor's "Imaginary Conversations,"—Vol. i. p. 44, and ii. p. 322, note.

† Vol. i. p. 269, 270.

‡ Vol. i. p. 300.

Landor.—Plato is disingenuous and malicious. I fancy I have detected him in more than one dark passage, a dagger in his hand and a bitter sneer on his countenance.* He stole (from the Egyptian priests and other sources) every idea his voluminous books convey.† Plato was a thief.

North.—"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief."

Landor.—Do you mean to insinuate that my dialogues are stolen from Plato's?

North.—Certainly not, Mr Landor; there is not the remotest resemblance between them. Lucian and Christopher North are your models. What do you think of Aristotle?

Landor.—In Plato we find only arbours and grottoes, with moss and shell-work all misplaced. Aristotle has built a solidier edifice, but has built it across the road. We must throw it down again.‡

North.—So much for philosophy. What have you to say to Xenophon as an historian?

Landor.—He is not inelegant, but he is unimpassioned and affected;§ and he has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his *Cyropædia*.||

North.—The dunce! But what of the *Anabasis*?

Landor.—You may set Xenophon down as a writer of graceful mediocrity.¶

North.—Herodotus?

Landor.—If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? His view of history was nevertheless like that of the Asiatics, and there can be little to instruct and please us in the actions and speeches of barbarians.**

North.—Which of the Greek tragedians do you patronise?

Landor.—Æschylus is not altogether unworthy of his reputation; he is sometimes grand, but oftener flighty and obscure.††

North.—What say you of Sophocles?

Landor.—He is not so good as his master, though the Athenians thought otherwise. He is, however, occasionally sublime.

North.—What of Euripides?‡‡

Landor.—He came further down into common life than Sophocles, and he further down than Æschylus: one would have expected the reverse. Euripides has but little dramatic power. His dialogue is sometimes dull and heavy; the construction of his fable infirm and inartificial, and if in the chorus he assumes another form, and becomes a more elevated poet, he is still at a loss to make it serve the interests of the piece. He appears to have written principally for the purpose of inculcating political and moral axioms. The dogmas, like *valets de place*, serve any master, and run to any quarter. Even when new, they are nevertheless miserably flat and idle.

North.—Aristophanes ridiculed him.

Landor.—Yes; Aristophanes had, however, but little true wit.§§

North.—That was lucky for Euripides.

Landor.—A more skilful archer would have pierced him through bone and marrow, and saved him from the dogs of Archelaus.

North.—That story is probably an allegory, signifying that Euripides was after all worried out of life by the curs of criticism in his old age.

Landor.—As our Keats was in his youth, eh, Mr North? A worse fate than that of Æschylus, who had his skull cracked by a tortoise dropt by an eagle that mistook his bald head for a stone.

North.—Another fable of his inventive countrymen. He died of brain-fever, followed by paralysis, the effect of drunkenness. He was a jolly old toper: I am sorry for him. You just now said that Aristophanes wanted wit. What foolish fellows then the Athenians must have been, in the very meridian of their literature, to be so delighted with what they mistook for wit as to decree

* Vol. ii. p. 298.

§ Vol. i. p. 233.

** Vol. ii. p. 332.

§§ Vol. ii. p. 12.

† Vol. iii. p. 514.

|| Vol. ii. p. 331.

†† Vol. i. pp. 299, 298, 297.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 80.

¶ Vol. iii. p. 35.

‡‡ Vol. i. p. 298.

him a crown of olive! He has been styled the Prince of Old Comedy too. How do you like Menander?

Landor.—We have not much of him, unless in Terence. The characters on which Menander raised his glory were trivial and contemptible.*

North.—Now that you have demolished the Greeks, let us go back to Rome, and have another touch at the Latins. From Menander to Terence is an easy jump. How do you esteem Terence?

Landor.—Every one knows that he is rather an expert translator from the Greek than an original writer. There is more pith in Plautus.

North.—You like Plautus, then, and endure Terence?

Landor.—I tolerate both as men of some talents; but comedy is, at the best, only a low style of literature; and the production of such trifling stuff is work for the minor geniuses. I have never composed a comedy.

North.—I see: farewell to the sock, then. Is Horace worth his salt?

Landor.—There must be some salt in Horace, or he would not have kept so well. He was a shrewd observer and an easy versifier; but, like all the pusillanimous, he was malignant.†

North.—Seneca?

Landor.—He was, like our own Bacon, hard-hearted and hypocritical.‡ As to his literary merits, Caligula, the excellent emperor and critic, (who made sundry efforts to extirpate the writings of Homer and Virgil,) spoke justly and admirably when he compared the sentences of Seneca to lime without sand.§

North.—Perhaps, after all, you prefer the moderns?

Landor.—I have not said that.

North.—You think well of Spenser?

Landor.—As I do of opium: he sends me to bed.¶

North.—You concede the greatness of Milton?

Landor.—Yes, when he is great; but his Satan is often a thing to be thrown out of the way among the rods and fools' caps of the nursery.¶ He has sometimes written very contemptibly; his lines on Hobbes, the carrier, for example, and his versions of Psalms. Milton was never so great a regicide as when he smote King David.**

North.—You like, at least, his hatred of kings?

Landor.—That is somewhat after my own heart, I own; but he does not go far enough in his hatred of them.

North.—You do?

Landor.—I despise and abominate them. How many of them, do you think, could name their real fathers?††

North.—But, surely, Charles was a martyr?

Landor.—If so, what were those who sold him?‡‡ Ha, ha, ha! You a Scotchman, too! However, Charles was not a martyr. He was justly punished. To a consistent republican, the diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. Rewards should be offered for the heads of those monsters, as for the wolves, the kites, and the vipers. A true republican can hold no milder doctrine of polity, than that all nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the ancient Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow up the kingly power unrelentingly to its perdition.§§ True republicans can see no reason why they should not send an executioner to release a king from the prison-house of his crimes, with his family to attend him.¶¶ In my Dialogues, I have put such sentiments into the mouth of Diogenes, that cynic of sterling stamp, and of Æschines, that incorruptible orator, as suitable to the

* Vol. ii. p. 5. At p. 6th, Mr Landor produces some verses of his own "in the manner of Menander," fathers them on Andrew Marvel, and makes Milton praise them!

† Vol. ii. p. 249.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 31.

§ Vol. i. p. 274.

¶ Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.—LANDOR.

¶¶ Vol. i. p. 301.

** Blackwood.

‡‡ Vol. i. p. 61.

‡‡ Vol. iv. p. 283.

§§ Vol. iv. 507.

¶¶ Vol. i. p. 73.

maxims of their government.* To my readers, I leave the application of them to nearer interests.

North.—But you would not yourself, in your individual character, and in deliberate earnestness, apply them to modern times and monarchies?

Landor.—Why not? Look at my Dialogue with De Lille.† What have I said of Louis the Fourteenth, the great exemplar of kingship, and of the treatment that he ought to have received from the English? Deprived of all he had acquired by his treachery and violence, unless the nation that brought him upon his knees had permitted two traitors, Harley and St John, to second the views of a weak woman, and to obstruct those of policy and of England, he had been carted to condign punishment in the *Place de Grève* or at Tyburn. *Such examples are much wanted, and, as they can rarely be given, should never be omitted.*‡

North. The Sans-culottes and Poissardes of the last French revolution but three, would have raised you by acclamation to the dignity of Decollator of the royal family of France for that brave sentiment. But you were not at Paris, I suppose, during the reign of the guillotine, Mr Landor?

Landor.—I was not, Mr North. But as to the king whose plethory was cured by that sharp remedy, he, Louis the Sixteenth, was only dragged to a fate which, if he had not experienced it, he would be acknowledged to have deserved.§

North.—I believe one Englishman, a martyr to liberty, has said something like that before.

Landor.—Who, pray?

North.—The butcher Ings.

Landor.—Ah, I was not aware of it! Ings was a fine fellow.

North.—Your republic will never do here, Mr Landor.

Landor.—I shall believe that a king is better than a republic when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set.¶

North.—It would be as good logic in a monarchy-man to say, “I shall believe that a republic is better than a king when I am convinced that six noses on a face would be better than one.”

Landor.—In this age of the march of intellect, when a pillar of fire is guiding us out of the wilderness of error, you Tories lag behind, and are lost in darkness, Mr North. Only the first person in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters.¶

North.—Well, now that you have torn out the first page of the Court Guide, we come to the Peers, I suppose.

Landor.—The peerage is the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures tame and wild for luxury and diversion, and to keep out the people. Kings are to peerages what poles are to rope-danceers, enabling them to play

* Mr Landor, with whom the Cynic is a singular favourite, says, p. 461, vol. iii., that Diogenes was not expelled from Sinope for having counterfeited money; that he only marked false men. Æschines was accused of having been bribed by Philip of Macedonia.

† Vol. i. ‡ Vol. i. p. 281.—Landor.

§ Vol. ii. p. 267. This truculent sentiment the Dialogist imputes to a Spanish liberal. He cannot fairly complain that it is here restored to its owner. It is exactly in accordance with the sentence quoted above in italics—a judgment pronounced by Mr Landor in person.—Vol. i. p. 281. It also conforms to his philosophy of regicide, as expounded in various parts of his writings. In his preface to the first volume of his *Imaginary Conversations*, he claims exemption, though somewhat sarcastically, from responsibility for the notions expressed by his interlocutors. An author, in a style which has all the freedom of the dramatic form, without its restraints, should especially abstain from making his work the vehicle of crotchets, prejudices, and passions peculiar to himself, or unworthy of the characters speaking. “This form of composition,” Mr Landor says, “among other advantages, is recommended by the protection it gives from the hostility all novelty (unless it be vicious) excites.” Prudent consideration, but indiscreet parenthesis.

¶ Vol. ii. p. 31.

¶ Vol. iv. p. 405.

their tricks with greater confidence and security above the heads of the people. The wisest and the most independent of the English Parliaments declared the thing useless. Peers are usually persons of pride without dignity, of lofty pretensions with low propensities. They invariably bear towards one another a constrained familiarity or frigid courtesy, while to their huntsmen and their prickers, their chaplains and their cooks, (or indeed any other man's,) they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality.* How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards or sons of bastards?†

North.—You have now settled the Peers. The Baronets come next in order.

Landor.—Baronets are prouder than any thing we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities, and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and what is below. Gentlemen of any standing (like Walter Savage Landor, of Warwick Castle, and Lantony Abbey in Wales,) are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely, and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one among this, our King James's breed of curs, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest.‡

North.—But you allow the English people to be a great people.

Landor.—I allow them to be a nation of great fools. In England, if you write dwarf on the back of a giant, he will go for a dwarf.§

North.—I perceive; some wag has been chalking your back in that fashion. Why don't you label your breast with the word giant? Perhaps you would then pass for one.

Landor.—I have so labelled it, but in vain.

North.—Yet we have seen some great men, besides yourself, Mr Landor, in our own day. Some great military commanders, for example; and, as a particular instance, Wellington.

Landor.—It cannot be dissembled that all the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier; and the most remarkable where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting.||

North.—Ay, that was a terrible mistake at Waterloo. Yet you will allow Wellington to have been something of a general, if not in India, at least in Spain.

Landor.—Suppose him, or any distinguished general of the English, to have been placed where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain; then inform me what would have been your hopes? ¶ The illustrious Mina, of all the generals who have appeared in our age, has displayed the greatest genius, and the greatest constancy.** That exalted personage, the admiration of Europe, accomplished the most arduous and memorable work that any one mortal ever brought to its termination.

North.—We have had some distinguished statesmen at the helm in our time, Mr Landor.

Landor.—Not one.

North.—Mr Pitt.

Landor.—Your pilot that weathered the storm. Ha, ha! He was the most insidious republican that England ever produced.

North.—You should like him if he was a Republican.

Landor.—But he was a debaser of the people as well as of the peerage. By the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, he was enabled to distribute more wealth among his friends and partisans than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs from the first Louis to the last.†† Yet he was more short-sighted than the meanest insect that can see an inch before it. You should have added those equally enlightened and prudent leaders of our Parliament, Lord Castlereagh and his successors. Pitt,

* Vol. iv. p. 400.

† Vol. iv. p. 273.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 400.

§ Vol. iii. p. 135.

|| Vol. ii. p. 214.

¶ Vol. ii. p. 214.

** Vol. ii. p. 3. Ded, "to Mina,"—Wilson.

†† Vol. ii. p. 240, 241, 242.

indeed! whose requisites for a successful minister were three—to speak like an honest man, to act like a scoundrel, and to be indifferent which he is called. But you have forgotten my dialogue between him and that wretched fellow Canning.* I have there given Pitt his quietus. As to Castlereagh and Canning, I have crushed them to powder, spit upon them, kneaded them into dough again; and pulverized them once more. Canning is the man who deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.† Castlereagh is the statesman who was found richer one day, by a million of zecchins, than he was the day before, and this from having signed a treaty! The only life he ever personally aimed at was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeeded in his attempt. I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, (you remember his duel with Canning,) that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.‡

North.—Horrible! most horrible!

Landor.—Hear Epicurus and Leontion and Ternissa discuss the merits of Castlereagh and Canning.

North.—Epicurus! What, the philosopher who flourished some centuries before the Christian era?

Landor.—The same. He flourishes still for my purposes.

North.—And who are Leontion and Ternissa?

Landor.—Two of his female pupils.

North.—Oh, two of his misses! And how come they and their master, who lived above 2000 years before the birth of Canning and Castlereagh, to know any thing about them?

Landor.—I do not stand at trifles of congruity. Canning is the very man who has taken especial care that no strong box among us shall be without a chink at the bottom; the very man who asked and received a gratuity (you remember the Lisbon job) from the colleague he had betrayed, belied, and thrown a stone at, for having proved him in the great market-place a betrayer and a liar.‖ Epicurus describes Canning as a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls, and of songs on the grease of platters, who attempted to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, who was soon afterward more successful in doing it himself.§

North.—Horrible, most horrible mockery! But even that is not new. It is but Byron's brutal scoff repeated—"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."

Landor.—You Tories affect to be so squeamish. Epicurus goes on to show Canning's ignorance of English.

North.—Epicurus! Why not William Cobbett?

Landor.—The Athenian philosopher introduces the trial of George the Fourth's wife, and describes her as a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler men. One whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky fat floating in semi-liquid rheum.

North.—And this is the language of Epicurus to his female pupils! He was never such a beast.

Landor.—You are delicate. He goes on to allude to Canning's having called her *the pride, the life, the ornament of society*, (you know he did so call her in the House of Commons, according to the newspaper reports; it is true he was speaking of what she had been many years previously; before her departure from England.) Epicurus says triumphantly that the words, if used at all, should have been placed thus—*the ornament, pride, and life*; for hardly a Bœotian bullock-driver would have wedged in *life* between *pride* and *ornament*.¶

* Vol. iii. p. 66.

† Vol. iii. p. 134.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 172, and that there should be no mistake as to the person indicated, Lord Castlereagh is again accused by name at p. 187. The same charge occurs also in the dialogue between Aristotle and Calisthenes! p. 334, 335, 336; where Prince Metternich, (Metanactius,) the briber, is himself represented as a traitor to his country. Aristotle is the teller of this cock-and-bull story!

‖ Vol. iv. p. 194.

§ Vol. iv. p. 194.

¶ Vol. iv. p. 194, 195.—Pericles and Sophocles also prattle about Queen Caroline! vol. 2, p. 103, 107.—In another place the judgment and style of Johnson being under sentence, the Doctor's judgment is "alike in all things," that is, "unsound and in-

North.—What dignified and important criticism! and how appropriate from the lips of Epicurus! But why were you, Mr Landor, so rancorous against that miserable Queen Caroline? You have half choked Sir Robert Wilson, one of her champions, and the marshal of her coffin's royal progress through London, with a reeking panegyric in your dedication to him of a volume of your Talks.*

Landor.—I mistook Wilson for an uncompromising Radical. As to his and Canning's mobbed Queen, I confess I owed her a grudge for disrespect to me at Como long before.

North.—How? Were you personally acquainted with her?

Landor.—Not at all: She was not aware that there was such a man as Walter Savage Landor upon earth, or she would have taken care that I should not be stooped by her porter at the lodge-gate, when I took a fancy to pry into the beauties of her pleasure-ground.

North.—Then her disrespect to you was not only by deputy, but even without her cognisance?

Landor.—Just so.

North.—And that was the offence for which you assailed her with such a violent invective after her death?

Landor.—Oh no! it might possibly have sharpened it a little; but I felt it my duty, as a censor of morals, to mark my reprobation of her having grown fat and wrinkled in her old age. It was necessary for me to correct the flattering picture drawn of her by that caittiff Canning. You know the contempt of Demosthenes for Canning.

North.—Demosthenes, too!

Landor.—Yes, in my dialogue between him and Eubulides, he delineates Canning as a clumsy and vulgar man.

North.—Every one knows that he was a man of remarkably fine person and pleasing manners.

Landor.—Never mind that—A vulgar and clumsy man, a market-place demagogue, lifted on a honey-barrel by grocers and slave-merchants, with a dense crowd around him, who listen in rapture because his jargon is unintelligible.† Demosthenes, you know, was a Liverpool electioneering agent, so he knew all about Canning and his tricks, and his abstraction of L.14,000 sterling from the public treasury to defray the expenses of his shameful flight to Lesbos, that is Lisbon.‡

North.—Has England produced no honest men of eminence, Mr Landor?

Landor.—Very few; I can, however, name two—Archbishop Boulter and Philip Savage. I am not certain that I should ever have thought of recording their merits, if their connexion with my own family had not often reminded me of them; we do not always bear in mind very retentively what is due to others, unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection. Boulter, Primate of Ireland, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in 1729 by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again, in 1740 and 1741, no fewer than 250,000 persons were fed, twice a-day, principally at his expense. Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent, and after this it is little to say, the most enlightened and learned man that ever guided the counsels of a kingdom. || Mr Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer, married his wife's sister, of his own name, but very distantly related. This minister was so irreproachable, that even Swift could find no fault with him. § He kept a groom in livery, and two saddle-horses. ¶

correct;" and as to style, "a sentence of Johnson is like a pair of breeches, an article of dress, divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind." The *contour* of Mr Landor's figure can hardly be so graceful as that of the Pythian Apollo, if his dress-breeches are made in this fashion, and "his Florentine tailor never fails to fit him."—See vol. i. p. 296, and p. 185, note.

* Vol. iii.

† Vol. i. p. 245.

‡ Vol. i. p. 247. This charge against Canning is repeated at Vol. iii. p. 186, 187, and again at Vol. iv. p. 193.

|| Vol. iii. p. 91, 92, note.

§ Same note.

¶ Also Vol. iii. p. 92.

North.—Is it possible? And these great men were of your family, Mr Lander!

Lander.—I have told you so, sir—Philip was one of my Savage ancestors, and he and Boulter married sisters, who were also Savages.*

North.—You have lived a good while in Italy? You like the Italians, I believe?

Lander.—I despise and abominate the Italians; and I have taken some pains to show it in various ways. During my long residence at Florence I was the only Englishman there, I believe, who never went to court, leaving it to my hatter, who was a very honest man, and my breeches-maker, who never failed to fit me.† The Italians were always—far exceeding all other nations—parsimonious and avaricious, the Tuscans beyond all other Italians, the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans.‡

North.—But even Saul was softened by music: surely that of Italy must have sometimes soothed you?

Lander.—*Opera* was, among the Romans, *labour*, as *operæ pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the vilest office of the feet and tongue.§

North.—But the sculptors, the painters, the architects of Italy? You smile disdainfully, Mr Lander!

Lander.—I do; their sculpture and painting have been employed on most ignoble objects—on scourgers and hangmen, on beggarly enthusiasts and base impostors. Look at the two masterpieces of the pencil; the Transfiguration of Raphael, and the St Jerome of Correggio; can any thing be more incongruous, any thing more contrary to truth and history?||

North.—There have been able Italian writers both in verse and prose?

Lander.—In verse not many, in prose hardly any.

North.—Boccaccio?

Lander.—He is entertaining.

North.—Machiavelli?

Lander.—A coarse comedian.¶

North.—You honour Ariosto?

Lander.—I do not. Ariosto is a plagiarist, the most so of all poets. Ariosto is negligent; his plan inartificial, defective, bad.**

North.—You protect Tasso?

Lander.—I do, especially against his French detractors.

North.—But you esteem the French?

Lander.—I despise and abominate the French.

North.—And their literature!

Lander.—And their literature. As to their poets, bad as Ariosto is, divide the Orlando into three parts, and take the worst of them, and although it may contain a large portion of extremely vile poetry, it will contain more of good than the whole French language.††

North.—Is Boileau so very contemptible?

Lander.—Beneath contempt. He is a grub.‡‡

North.—Racine?

Lander.—Diffuse, feeble, and, like Boileau, meanly thievish. The most admired verse of Racine is stolen, so is almost every other that is of any value.§§

North.—But Voltaire, Mr Lander?

Lander.—Voltaire, sir, was a man of abilities, and author of many passable epigrams, besides those which are contained in his tragedies and heroics, though, like Parisian lackeys, they are usually the smartest when out of place.¶¶ I tell you I detest and abominate every thing French.¶¶¶

* Vol. iii. p. 92, note.

† Vol. i. p. 185.

‡ Vol. i. p. 219.

§ Vol. i. p. 212.

|| Vol. i. p. 109, note.

¶ Vol. ii. p. 252.

** Vol. i. p. 290.

†† Vol. i. p. 290.

‡‡ See Mr Lander's Polite Conversation with De Lille, Vol. i. and Note at the end, p. 309, 310.

§§ Vol. i. p. 293, 294.

¶¶ Vol. i. p. 254.

¶¶¶ We, however, find Mr Lander giving the French credit for their proceedings in

North.—Well, Mr Landor, we have rambled over much ground; we have journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Let us return home.

Landor.—Before we do so, let me observe, that among several noted Italians whom you have not glanced at, there is one whom I revere—Alfieri. He was the greatest man of his time in Europe, though not acknowledged or known to be so;* and he well knew his station as a writer and as a man. Had he found in the world five equal to himself, he would have walked out of it not to be jostled.†

North.—He would have been sillier, then, than the flatulent frog in the fable. Yet Alfieri's was, indeed, no ordinary mind, and he would have been a greater poet than he was, had he been a better man. I admire his *Bruto Primo* as much as you do, and I am glad to hear you give your suffrage so heartily in favour of any one.

Landor.—Sir, I admire the man as much as I do the poet. It is not every one who can measure his height; I can.

North.—Pop! there you go! you have got out of the bottle again, and are swelling and vapouring up to the clouds. Do lower yourself to my humble stature, (I am six feet four in my slippers.) Alfieri reminds me of Byron. What of him?

Landor.—A sweeper of the Haram.‡ A sweeper of the Haram is equally in false costume whether assuming the wreath of Musæus or wearing the bonnet of a captain of Suliotes. I ought to have been chosen a leader of the Greeks. I would have led them against the turbaned Turk to victory, armed not with muskets or swords but with bows and arrows, and mailed not in steel cuirasses or chain armour but in cork caps and cork shirts. Nothing is so cool to the head as cork, and by the use of cork armour the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantage of him who can. At the head of my swimming archers I would have astonished the admirers of Leander and Byron in the Dardanelles; and I would have proved myself a Duck worth two of the gallant English admiral who tried in vain to force that passage. The Sultan should have beheld us in Stamboul, and we would have fluttered his dovecot within the Capi—

one remarkable instance, and it is so seldom that we catch him in good-humour with any thing, that we will not miss an opportunity of exhibiting him in an amiable light. This champion of the liberties of the world, who has cracked his lungs in endeavouring, on the shores of Italy, to echo the lament of Byron over Greece, and who denounced the powers of Europe for suffering the Duke d'Angoulême to assist his cousin Ferdinand in retaking the Trocadero, yet approves of French proceedings in Spain on a previous occasion. Admiring reader! you shall hear Sir Oracle himself again:—"The laws and institutions introduced by the French into Spain were excellent, and the king" (Joseph Bonaparte!) "was liberal, affable, sensible, and humane." Poor Trelawney, the friend of Byron, is made to talk thus! Both Trelawney and Odysseus the noble Greek, to whom he addresses himself, were more likely to participate in the "indignation of a high-minded Spaniard," so vividly expressed by a high-minded Englishman in the following sonnet:—

"We can endure that he should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and, by sword and flame,
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought, that by his hands
Spain may be overpower'd, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
That he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlighten'd minds shall bless his sway—
Then the strain'd heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear."

* Vol. ii. p. 241.

† Vol. ii. p. 258.

‡ Vol. i. p. 301.—Vol. ii. p. 222, 223.

North.—I will not tempt you further. Let us proceed to business. To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit, Mr Landor?

Landor.—I sent you the manuscript of a new Imaginary Conversation between Porson and Southey.

North.—A sort of abnegation of your former one. For what purpose did you send it to me?

Landor.—For your perusal. Have you read it?

North.—I have, and I do not find it altogether new.

Landor.—How?

North.—I have seen some part of it in print before.

Landor.—Where?

North.—In a production of your own.

Landor.—Impossible!

North.—In a rhymed lampoon printed in London in 1836. It is called "A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors." Do you know such a thing?

Landor. (*Aside.* Unlucky! some good-natured friend has sent him that suppressed pamphlet.) Yes, Mr North; a poetical manifesto of mine with that title was printed but not published.

North.—No, only privately distributed among friends. It contained some reflections on Wordsworth.

Landor.—It did.

North.—Why did you suppress it?

Landor.—Because I was ashamed of it. Byron and others had anticipated me. I had produced nothing either new or true to damage Wordsworth.

North.—Yet you have now, in this article that you offer me, reproduced the same stale gibes.

Landor.—But I have kept them in salt for six years: they will now have more flavour. I have added some spice, too.

North.—Which you found wrapt up in old leaves of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Landor.—Not the whole of it; a part was given to me by acquaintances of the poet.

North.—Eavesdroppers about Rydal Mount and Trinity Lodge. It was hardly worth your acceptance.

Landor.—Then you refuse my article.

North.—It is a rare article, Mr Landor—a brave caricature of many persons and things; but, before I consent to frame it in ebony, we must come to some understanding about other parts of the suppressed pamphlet. Here it is. I find that in this atrabilarious effusion you have treated ourselves very scurvily. At page 9 I see,

"Sooner shall Tuscan Vallambrosa lack wood,
Than Britain, Grub street, Billingsgate, and *Blackwood*."

Then there is a note at page 10: "Who can account for the eulogies of *Blackwood* on Sotheby's Homer as compared with Pope's and Cowper's? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he *lies* upon, in general." On the same page, and the next, you say of Us, high Churchmen and high Tories,

"Beneath the battlements of Holyrood
There never squatted a more sordid brood
Than that which now, across the clotted perch,
Crookens the claw and screams for Court and Church."

Then again at page 12,

"Look behind you, look!
There issues from the Treasury, dull and dry as
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted.
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine"

All which is nothing to Us, but what does it lead to?

"Him W . . son follow'd"—

Why those dots, Mr Landor?

"Him W . . son follow'd, of congenial quill,
As near the dirt and no less prone to ill.
Walcot, of English heart, had English pen,
Buffoon he might be, but for hire was none;
Nor plumed and mounted in Professor's chair
Offer'd to grin for wages at a fair."

The rest is too foul-mouthed for repetition. You are a man of nasty ideas, Mr Landor. You append a note, in which, without any authority but common rumour, you exhibit the learned Professor as an important contributor to Blackwood, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. You declare, too, that we fight under cover, and only for spite and pay; that honestest and wiser satirists were brave, that—

"Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,
Mounted the engine and took aim from towers;"

But that

"From putrid ditches we more safely fight,
And push our zig-zag parallels by night."

Again, at page 19—

"The Gentleman's, the Lady's we have seen,
Now blusters forth the Blackguard's Magazine;
And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us!)
Dustman and nightman issue their prospectus."

Landor (who has sat listening, with a broad grin, while Mr North was getting rather red in the face.)—Really, Mr North, considering that you have followed the trade of a currier for the last thirty years, you are remarkably sensitive to any little experiment on your own skin. But what has my unpublished satire to do with our present affair?

North.—The answer to that question I will borrow from the satire itself, as you choose to term your scurrilous lampoon. Our present affair, then, is to consider whether Walter Savage Landor, Imaginary Conversation writer, in rushlight emulation of the wax-candles that illumine our Noctes, shall be raised, as he aspires, to the dignity of Fellow of the *Blackwood Society*. In the note at page 13 of the said lampoon, you state that "Lord Byron declared that no gentleman could write in *Blackwood*;" and you ask, "Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment?" Now, Mr Landor, as you have thus adopted and often re-echoed Lord Byron's opinion, that *no gentleman could write in Blackwood*, and yet wish to enrol yourself among our writers, what is the inference?

Landor.—That I confess myself no gentleman, *you* would infer. I make no such confession. I would disprove Byron's assertion, by making the experiment.

North.—You do us too much honour. Yet reflect, Mr Landor. After the character you have given us, would you verily seek to be of our fraternity? You who have denounced us so grandiloquently—you who claim credit for lofty and disinterested principles of action? Recollect that you have represented us as the worthy men who have turned into ridicule Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, Coleridge—(diverse metals curiously graduated!)—all in short, who, recently dead, are now dividing among them the admiration of their country. Whatever could lessen their estimation; whatever could injure their fortune; whatever could make their poverty more bitter; whatever could tend to cast down their aspirations after fame; whatever had a tendency to drive them to the grave which now has opened to them, was incessantly brought into action against them by *us* zealots for religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder, never was committed, than the murder of Keats. The chief perpetrator of his murder knew beforehand that he could not be hanged for it. These are your words, Mr Landor.

Landor.—I do not deny them.

North.—And in regard to the taste of the common public for Blackwood's Cordials, you have said that, to those who are habituated to the gin-shop, the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. *Blackwood's* is really a gin-palace.

Landor.—All this I have both said and printed, and the last sentence you have just read from my satire is preceded by one that you have not read. An exposure of the impudence and falsehood of *Blackwood's Magazine* is not likely to injure its character, or diminish the number of its subscribers; and in this sentence you have the secret of my desire to become a contributor to *Blackwood*. I want a popular vehicle to convey my censures to the world, especially on Wordsworth. I do not pretend to have any love for you and your brotherhood, Mr North. But I dislike you less than I do Wordsworth; and I frankly own to you, that the fame of that man is a perpetual blister to my self-love.

North.—Your habitual contemplation of his merits has confused you into a notion that they are your own, and you think him an usurper of the laurel crown that is yours by the divine right of genius. What an unhappy monomania! Still, your application for redress to us is unaccountable. You should know that we Black Foresters, lawless as you may suppose us, are Wordsworth's liegemen. He is our intellectual Chief. We call him the General! We are ever busy in promoting his fame.

Landor.—You are always blowing hot and cold on it, and have done so for years past. One month you place him among the stars, the next as low as the daisies.

North.—And rightly too; for both are the better for his presence.

Landor.—But you alternately worship and insult him, as some people do their wooden idols.

North.—If you must learn the truth, then, he has been to us, in one sense, nothing better than an unfeeling wooden idol. Some of us have been provoked by his indifference to our powers of annoyance, and his ingratitude in not repaying eulogy in kind. We have among ourselves a gander or two, (no offence, Mr Landor,) that, forgetting they are webfooted, pretend to a perch on the tall bay-tree of Apollo, and, though heavy of wing, are angry with Wordsworth for not encouraging their awkward flights. They, like you, accuse him of jealousy, forsooth! That is the reason that they are now gabbling at his knees, now hissing at his heels. Moreover, our caprices are not unuseful to our interests. We alternately pique and soothe readers by them, and so keep our customers. As day is partitioned between light and darkness, so has the public taste as to Wordsworth been divided between his reverers and the followers of the Jeffrey heresy. After a lengthened winter, Wordsworth's glory is now in the long summer days; all good judgments that lay torpid have been awakened, and the light prevails against the darkness. But as bats and owls, the haters of light, are ever most restless in the season when nights are shortest, so are purblind egotists most uneasy when their dusky range is contracted by the near approach and sustained ascendancy of genius. We now put up a screen for the weak-sighted, now withdraw it from stronger eyes; thus we plague and please all parties.

Landor.—Except Wordsworth, whose eyelids are too tender to endure his own lustre reflected and doubled on the focus of your burnished brass. He dreads the fate of Milton, "blasted with excess of light."

North.—Thank you, sir; that is an ingenious way of accounting for Wordsworth's neglect of our luminous pages. Yet it rather sounds like irony, coming from Mr Walter Savage Landor to the editor of "The (Not Gentleman's) Magazine."

Landor.—Pshaw! still harping on my Satire.

North.—In that Satire you have charged Wordsworth with having talked of Southey's poetry as not worth five shillings a ream. So long as you refrained from publishing this invidious imputation, even those few among Wordsworth's friends who knew that you had printed it, (Southey himself among the number,) might think it discreet to leave the calumny unregarded. But I observe that you have renewed it, in a somewhat aggravated form, in the Article that you now wish me to publish. You here allege that Wordsworth represented Southey as an author, all whose poetry was not worth five shillings. You and I both know that Wordsworth would not deign to notice such an accusation. Through good and evil report, the brave man persevered in his ascent to the mountain-top, without ever even turning round to look upon the rabble that was hooting him from its base; and he is not likely now

to heed such a charge as this. But his friends may now ask, on what authority it is published? Was it to you, Mr Walter Landor, whom Southey (in his strange affection for the name of Wat) had honoured with so much kindness—to you whose “*matin chirpings*” he had so generously encouraged, (as he did John Jones’s “*mellower song*,”*)—was it to you that Wordsworth delivered so injurious a judgment on the works of your patron? If so, what was your reply?

Landor.—Whether it was expressed to myself or not, is of little consequence; it has been studiously repeated, and even printed by others as well as by me.

North.—By whom?

Landor.—That, too, is of no importance to the fact.

North.—I am thoroughly convinced that it is no fact, and that Wordsworth never uttered any thing like such an opinion in the sense that you report it. He and Southey have been constant neighbours and intimate friends for forty years; there has never been the slightest interruption to their friendship. Every one that knows Wordsworth is aware of his frank and fearless openness in conversation. He has been beset for the last half century, not only by genuine admirers, but by the curious and idle of all ranks, and of many nations, and sometimes by envious and designing listeners, who have misrepresented and distorted his casual expressions. Instances of negligent and infelicitous composition are numerous in Southey, as in most voluminous authors. Suppose some particular passage of this kind to have been under discussion, and Mr Wordsworth to have exclaimed, “I would not give five shillings a ream for such poetry as that.” Southey himself would only smile, (he had probably heard Wordsworth express himself to the same effect a hundred times;) but some insidious hearer catches at the phrase, and reports it as Wordsworth’s sweeping denunciation of all the poetry that his friend has ever written, in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary to be met with, not only in Wordsworth’s every-day conversation, but in his published works. There is no man for whose genius Mr Wordsworth has more steadily or consistently testified his admiration than for Southey’s; there is none for whom, and for whose character, he has evinced more affection and respect. You and I, who have both read his works, and walked and talked with the Old Man of the Mountain, know that perfectly well. You have perhaps been under his roof, at Rydal Mount? I have; and over his dining-room fireplace I observed, as hundreds of his visitors must have done, five portraits—Chaucer’s, Bacon’s, Spenser’s, Shakspeare’s, and Milton’s, in one line. On the same line is a bust on the right of these, and a portrait on the left; and there are no other ornaments on that wall of the apartment. That bust and that portrait are both of Southey, the man whom you pretend he has so undervalued! By the bye, no one has been more ardent in praise of Wordsworth than yourself.

Landor.—You allude to the first dialogue between Southey and Porson, in Vol. i. of my *Imaginary Conversations*.

North.—Not to that only, though in that dialogue there are sentiments much at variance with those which you would now give out as Porson’s. For example, remember what Porson there says of the *Laodamia*.

Landor.—The most fervid expression in commendation of it is printed as Porson’s improperly, as the whole context shows. It should have been Southey’s.

North.—So, I perceive, you say in this new dialogue; and such a mode of attempting to turn your back on yourself, to borrow a phrase from your friend Lord Castlereagh’s rhetoric, will be pronounced, even by those who do not care a bawbee about the debate, as not only ludicrous, but pitiaibly shabby. Keep your seat, Mr Landor, and keep your temper for once in your life. Let us examine into this pretended mistake in your former dialogue about *Laodamia*. Well, as you are up, do me the favour, sir, to mount the ladder, and take down from yon top shelf the first volume of your *Conversations*. Up in

* “I lagg’d; he (Southey) call’d me; urgent to prolong
My *matin chirpings* into *mellower song*.”—LANDOR.

the corner, on the left hand, next the ceiling. You see I have given you a high place.

Landor.—Here is the book, Mr North; it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

North.—The fate of classics, Mr Landor. They are above the reach of the housemaid, except when she brings the Turk's Head to bear upon them. Now, let us turn to the list of *errata* in this first volume. We are directed to turn to page 52, line 4, and for *sugar-bakers*, read *sugar-bakers' wives*. I turn to the page, and find the error corrected by yourself; as are all the press errors in these volumes, which were presented by you to a friend. I bought the whole set for an old song at a sale. You see that the omitted word *wives* is carefully supplied by yourself, in your own handwriting, Mr Landor. On the same page, only five lines below this correction, is the identical passage that you would now transfer from Porson to Southey. Why did you not affix Porson's name to the passage then, when you were so vigilantly perfecting the very page? Why does no such correction appear even in the printed list of *errata*? Let us read the passage. "A current of rich and bright thoughts runs throughout the poem. Pindar himself would not, on that subject, have braced one into more nerve and freshness, nor Euripides have inspired into it more tenderness and passion."*

Landor.—Mr North, I repeat that that sentence should have been printed as Southey's, not Porson's.

North.—Yet it is quite consistent with a preceding sentence which you can by no ingenuity of after-thought withdraw from Porson; for the whole context forbids the possibility of its transition. What does Porson there testify of the *Laodamia*? That it is "*a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own!*"—and a part of one of its stanzas "*might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the Elysium the poet describes.*"† These expressions are at least as fervid as those which you would reclaim from Porson, now that, like a pettifogging practitioner, you want to retain him as counsel against the most illustrious of Southey's friends—the individual of whom in this same dialogue you cause Southey to ask, "What man ever existed who spent a more retired, a more inoffensive, a more virtuous life, than Wordsworth, or who has adorned it with nobler studies?"—and what does Porson answer? "I believe so; I have always heard it; and those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men of no morality and no reflection."‡ Thus you print Wordsworth's praise in rubric, and fix it on the walls, and then knock your head against them. You must have a hard skull, Mr Landor.

Landor.—Be civil, Mr North, or I will brain you.

North.—Pooh, pooh, man! all your Welsh puddles, which you call pools, wouldn't hold my brains. To return to your proffered article, there is one very ingenious illustration in it. "Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy."

* Vol. i. p. 52.

† Vol. i. p. 51. Few persons will think that Mr Landor's drift, which is obvious enough, could be favoured if these passages could be all shuffled over to Mr Southey. It would be unwise and inconsistent in Mr Landor of all men to intimate that Southey's judgment in poetry was inferior to Porson's; for Southey has been so singular as to laud some of Mr Landor's, and Mr Landor has been so grateful as to proclaim Southey the sole critic of modern times who has shown "a delicate perception in poetry." It is rash, too, in him to insinuate that Southey's opinion could be influenced by his friendship; for he, the most amiable of men, was nevertheless a friend of Mr Landor also. But the only object of this argument is to show how mal-adroitly Mr Landor plays at thimblery. He lets us see him shift the pea. As for the praise and censure contained in his dialogues, we have no doubt that any one concerned willingly makes him a present of both. It is but returning bad money to Diogenes. It is all Mr Landor's; and, lest there should be any doubt about the matter, he has taken care to tell us that he has not inserted in his dialogues a single sentence written by, or recorded of, the persons who are supposed to hold them.—See Vol. i. p. 96, end of note.

‡ Vol. i. p. 40.

Landor.—Yes ; I flatter myself that I have there struck out a new and beautiful, though somewhat melancholy thought.

North.—New ! My good man, it isn't yours ; you have purloined those diamonds.

Landor.—From whom ?

North.—From the very poet you would disparage—Wordsworth.

“Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From the palsy-shaken head.”

Those lines have been in print above twenty years.

Landor.—An untoward coincidence of idea between us.

North.—Both original, no doubt ; only, as Puff says in the *Critic*, one of you thought of it the first, that's all. But how busy would Wordsworth be, and how we should laugh at him for his pains, if he were to set about reclaiming the thousands of ideas that have been pilfered from him, and have been made the staple of volumes of poems, sermons, and philosophical treatises without end ! He makes no stir about such larcenies. And what a coil have you made about that eternal sea-shell, which you say he stole from you, and which, we know, is the true and trivial cause of your hostility towards him !

Landor.—Surely I am an ill-used man, Mr North. My poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgment, was yet worth borrowing and putting on. I, the author of *Gebir*, Mr North,—do you mark me ?

North.—Yes ; the author of *Gebir* and *Gebirus* ; think of that, St Crispin and Crispanus !

Sing me the fates of Gebir, and the Nymph
Who challenged Tamar to a wrestling-match,
And on the issue pledged her precious shell.
“Above her knees she drew the robe succinet,
“Above her breast, and just below her arms.
“She, rushing at him, closed,” and floor'd him flat.
And carried off the prize, a bleating sheep ;
“The sheep she carried easy as a cloak,”
And left the loser blubbing from his fall,
And for his vanish'd mutton. “Nymph divine !
“I cannot wait describing how she came ;
“My glance first lighted on her nimble feet ;
“Her feet resembled those long shells explored
“By him who, to befriend his steed's dim sight,
“Would blow the pungent powder in his eye.”*

Is that receipt for horse eye-powder to be found in White's Farriery, Mr Landor ?

Landor.—Perhaps not, Mr North. Will you cease your fooling, and allow me to proceed ? “I,” the author of *Gebir*, “never lamented when I believed it lost.” The MS. was mislaid at my grandmother's, and lay undiscovered for four years. “I saw it neglected, and never complained. Southey and Forster have since given it a place whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honest and more decorous if the writer of certain verses had mentioned from what bar he took his wine.” † Now keep your ears open, Mr North ; I will read my verses first, and then Wordsworth's. Here they are. I always carry a copy of them both in my pocket. Listen !

North.—List, oh list ! I am all attention, Mr Landor.

Landor (reads).—“But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.

* The lines within inverted commas, are Mr Landor's, without alteration.

† Mr Landor's printed complaint, *verbatim*, from his “Satire on Satirists.”

Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
 Its polish'd lip to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

These are lines for you, sir! They are mine. What do you think of them?

North.—I think very well of them; they remind one of Coleridge's "Eolian Harp." They are very pretty lines, Mr Landor. I have written some worse myself.

Landor.—So has Wordsworth. Attend to the echo in the *Excursion*.

"I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,
 To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
 Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon
 Brighten'd with joy; for, murmuring from within,
 Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor express'd
 Mysterious union with its native sea."

North.—There is certainly much resemblance between the two passages; and, so far as you have recited Wordsworth's, his is not superior to your's; which very likely, too, suggested it; though that is by no means a sure deduction, for the thought itself is as common as the sea-shell you describe, and, in all probability, at least as old as the Deluge.

Landor.—"It is but justice to add, that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr Wordsworth's great poem."*

North.—Hout, tout, man! The author of the *Excursion* could afford to spare you a thousand finer passages, and he would seem none the poorer. As to the imputed plagiarism, Wordsworth would no doubt have avowed it had he been conscious that it was one, and that you could attach so much importance to the honour of having reminded him of a secret in conchology, known to every old nurse in the country, as well as to every boy or girl that ever found a shell on the shore, or was tall enough to reach one off a cottage parlour mantelpiece; but which he could apply to a sublime and reverent purpose, never dreamed of by them or you. It is in the application of the familiar image, that we recognise the master-hand of the poet. He does not stop when he has described the toy, and the effect of air within it. The lute in Hamlet's hands is not more philosophically dealt with. There is a pearl within Wordsworth's shell, which is not to be found in your's, Mr Landor. He goes on:—

"Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things—
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
 And central peace subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation."

These are the lines of a poet, who not only stoops to pick up a shell now and then, as he saunters along the sea-shore, but who is accustomed to climb to the promontory above, and to look upon the ocean of things

"From those imaginative heights that yield
 Far-stretching views into eternity."

Do not look so fierce again, Mr Landor. You who are so censorious of

* From Mr Landor, *verbatim*.

self-complacency in others, and indeed of all other people's faults, real or imagined, should endure to have your vanity rebuked.

Landor.—I have no vanity. I am too proud to be vain.

North.—Proud of what?

Landor.—Of something beyond the comprehension of a Scotchman, Mr North—proud of my genius.

North.—Are you so very great a genius, Mr Landor?

Landor.—I am. *Almighty Homer is twice far above Troy and her towers, Olympus and Jupiter. First, when Priam bends before Achilles, and a second time, when the shade of Agamemnon speaks among the dead. That awful spectre, called up by genius in after-time, shook the Athenian stage. That scene was ever before me; father and daughter were ever in my sight; I felt their looks, their words, and again gave them form and utterance; and, with proud humility, I say it—*

*"I am tragedian in this scene alone.
Station the Greek and Briton side by side,
And if derision be deserved—deride."*

*Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel, in the subject, from Æschylus and Sophocles. To this labour the whole body of the Scotch critics and poets are invited, and, moreover, to add the ornaments of translation.**

North.—So you are not only a match for Æschylus and Sophocles, but on a par with "almighty Homer when he is far above Olympus and Jove." Oh! ho! ho! As you have long since recorded that modest opinion of yourself in print, and not been lodged in Bedlam for it, I will not now take upon myself to send for a straight-waistcoat.

Landor.—Is this the treatment I receive from the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in return for my condescension in offering him my assistance? Give me back my manuscript, sir. I was indeed a fool to come hither. I see how it is. You Scotchmen are all alike. We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful as the Scotch: nevertheless, we see them hang together by the claws, like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them.† But you shall answer for this usage, Mr North: you shall suffer for it. These two fingers have more power than all your malice, sir, even if you had the two Houses of Parliament to back you. A pen! You shall live for it.‡

North.—Fair and softly, Mr Landor; I have not rejected your article yet. I am going to be generous. Notwithstanding all your abuse of Blackwood and his countrymen, I consent to exhibit you to the world as a Contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and, in the teeth of all your recorded admiration of Wordsworth, I will allow you to prove yourself towards him a more formidable critic than Wakley, and a candidate for immortality with Lauder. Do you rue?

Landor.—Not at all. I have past the Rubicon.

North.—Is that a pun? It is worthy of Plato. Mr Landor, you have been a friend of Wordsworth. But, as *he* says—

*"What is friendship? Do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From the palsy-shaken head."*

Landor.—I have never professed friendship for him.

North.—You have professed something more, then. Let me read a short poem to you, or at least a portion of it. It is an "Ode to Wordsworth."

* This strange rhapsody is verily Mr Landor's. It is extracted from his "Satire on Satirists."

† Imaginary Conversations, vol. iv. p. 283.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 126.

"O WORDSWORTH!

That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of poesy,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing, under harden'd hand,
With attic emery and oil,
The shining point for wisdom's wand,
Like those THOU temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.
He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say—I'll do what I have plann'd,
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
THOU raisest every edifice:
Whether in shelter'd vale it stand,
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid those cypresses that mourn
Laodamia's love forlorn."

Four of the brightest intellects that ever adorned any age or country are then named, and a fifth who, though not equal to the least of them, is not unworthy of their company; and what follows?

"I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one, and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
WHEN 'MID THEIR LIGHT THY LIGHT APPEARS."

Here are Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden too,* all in bliss above, yet not to be perfectly blest till the arrival of Wordsworth among them! Who wrote that, Mr Landor?

Landor.—I did, Mr North.

North.—Sir, I accept your article. It shall be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Good-morning, sir.

Landor.—Good-day, sir. Let me request your particular attention to the correction of the press. (*Landor retires.*)

North.—He is gone! Incomparable Savage! I cannot more effectually retaliate upon him for all his invectives against us than by admitting his gossiping trash into the Magazine. No part of the dialogue will be mistaken for Southey's; nor even for Porson's inspirations from the brandy-bottle. All the honour due to the author will be exclusively Mr Walter Savage Landor's; and, as it is certainly "not worth five shillings," no one will think it "worth borrowing or putting on."

* Whom Mr L., who is the most capricious as well as the most arrogant of censors, sometimes takes into favour.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

SOUND the fife, and raise the slogan—let the pibroch shake the air
 With its wild triumphal music, worthy of the freight we bear;
 Let the ancient hills of Scotland hear once more the battle song
 Swell within their glens and valleys as the clansmen march along.
 Never, from the field of combat, never from the deadly fray,
 Was a nobler trophy carried than we bring with us to-day:
 Never, since the valiant Douglas in his dauntless bosom bore
 Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—to our dear Redeemer's shore!
 Lo! we bring with us the hero—Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
 Crown'd as best beseems a victor from the altar of his fame;
 Fresh and bleeding from the battle whence his spirit took its flight
 Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, and the thunder of the fight!
 Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, as we march o'er moor and lea,
 Is there any here will venture to bewail our dead Dundee?
 Let the widows of the traitors weep until their eyes are dim;
 Wail ye may indeed for Scotland—let none dare to mourn for him!
 See, above his glorious body lies the royal banner's fold—
 See, his valiant blood is mingled with its crimson and its gold—
 See how calm he looks and stately, like a warrior on his shield,
 Waiting till the flush of morning breaks upon the battle field.
 See—O never more, my comrades! shall we see that falcon eye
 Kindle with its inward lightning, as the hour of fight drew nigh;
 Never shall we hear the voice that, clearer than the trumpet's call,
 Bade us strike for King and Country, bade us win the field or fall!
 On the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army lay:
 Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's broken way,
 Hoarsely roar'd the swollen torrent, and the pass was wrapp'd in gloom
 When the clansmen rose together from their lair among the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets down we drew,
 And we felt our broadswords' edges, and we proved them to be true,
 And we pray'd the prayer of soldiers, and we cried the gathering cry,
 And we clasp'd the hands of kinsmen, and we swore to do or die!
 Then our leader rode before us on his war-horse black as night—
 Well the Cameronian rebels knew that charger in the fight!—
 And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors rose,
 For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought of good Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence—"Soldiers, I have sworn a vow;
 Ere the evening star shall glisten on Schehallion's lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the Græmes
 Shall have died in battle harness for his country and King James!
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—think of what his race endure—
 Think on him whom butchers murder'd on the field of Magus Muir;—
 By his sacred blood I charge ye—by the ruin'd hearth and shrine—
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland—by your injuries and mine—
 Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the while,
 Be they Covenanting traitors, or the brood of false Argyle!
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
 Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honour is not to be bought nor sold,
 That we scorn their Prince's anger, as we loathe his foreign gold.
 Strike! and when the fight is over, if we look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest, search for him who was Dundee!'

Loudly then the hills re echo'd with our answer to his call,

But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.

For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who heard him speak

Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flushing cheek

Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, and they harder drew their breath,
For their souls were strong within them, stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe ;
Down we crouch'd amid the bracken, till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer when they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of drum ;
Through the scatter'd wood of birches, o'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly till they gain'd the field beneath,
Then we bounded from our covert.—Judge how look'd the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain start to life with armed men !
Like a tempest down the ridges swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel !
Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of our band,
On we pour'd until we met them, foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood, when the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was done !

And the evening star was shining on Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords and return'd to count the dead.
There we found him, gash'd and gory, stretch'd upon the cumber'd plain,
As he told us where to seek him, in the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage, for within his dying ear
Peal'd the joyful note of triumph and the clansmen's clamorous cheer ;
So, amidst the battle's thunder, shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood pass'd the spirit of the Græme !

Open wide the vaults of Athol, where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallow'd portals to receive another guest !
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace !
O thou lion-hearted warrior ! reck not of the after-time,
Honour may be deem'd dishonour, loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the true,
Hands that never fail'd their country, hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep, and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own Dundee !

W. E. A.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH AND THE WHIGS.

THE period of a single year but just elapsed has exhibited in the neighbourhood of the Indus events of the most memorable and momentous kind. Disasters the most disgraceful have been endured—victories the most brilliant have been achieved. The policy and the fortunes of a mighty empire under one governor, have been wholly reversed under another. Safety and security have been substituted for danger and dismay—a strong and dignified peace for a weak and aggressive war. These changes have been coincident with a great revolution in domestic politics. Under Whig auspices those evils had arisen which their successors have now redressed. Under the administration of Whigs, that flood of calamity was opened up which has been arrested without their aid; but which could not have continued its threatened course without the most perilous consequences to the country, and the heaviest burden of responsibility on the authors of the mischief.

In such circumstances it might have been expected—if manly courage or common decency were to be looked for in such a quarter—that on these Eastern questions the Whig party should this session have followed one or other of two courses: either that they should have taken a bold line of opposition, and vindicated their own Indian policy, while they attacked that of their successors: or that they should have preserved a prudent silence on subjects where they could say nothing in their own praise, and have only lifted up their voice to join the general acclamations of the country for successes in which, though not achieved by themselves, they had the best reason to rejoice, as shielding them from the ignominy and punishment which, in an opposite event, would have been poured out by public indignation on the heads of the original wrong-doers.

A strong or an honest party would have chosen one or other of these lines. But the Whigs are neither strong nor honest; and they have accordingly, in the late Indian discussions in Parliament, pursued a course of policy in which it is difficult to say whether feebleness or fraud be the

more conspicuous. They have not ventured to vindicate their own conduct in invading the Affghan country: they have not dared to dispute the wisdom of their successors in retiring from it, when the object of a just retribution was accomplished. But while driven from these points—while forced to acknowledge the ability and judgment with which the present Governor-General has applied the forces of the empire to retrieve our honour and reputation in the East—while unable to point to a single practical measure as either improperly taken, or improperly omitted by him, the Whigs could not refrain, on some pretext or other, from marring the general joy by the discordant hissings of an impotent envy. Experiencing in an unparalleled degree both the indulgence of a generous nation, who are willing to forget the past in the enjoyment of the present, and the forbearance of high-minded opponents, who could easily have triumphed in the exposure of their disastrous blunders, the Whigs have made a characteristic return, by rancorously assailing the man whom the public views as its benefactor, with captious criticisms on the terms of a proclamation, or hypocritical objections to the transmission of a trophy. With that cunning which the faction have often shown in the use of apparent opportunities, they gained the reluctant concurrence of a few upright men, of whose peculiar scruples they contrived to avail themselves; but with an ignorance of the true English character, for which they are equally distinguished, they overshot the mark, and stand convicted of a design to make a verbal misconstruction the pretence for persecuting an absent man, and to convert honest prejudices into an unconscious instrument of oppression. They have thus earned a large allowance of general contempt, and they have nowhere, perhaps, excited a stronger feeling of disgust than in the minds of those who thought themselves compelled, by a rigid conscience, to give a seeming concurrence to their proceedings.

In judging of the conduct and position of Lord Ellenborough, it were gross ingratitude and injustice to forget

the nature of the calamities with which India was assailed and threatened at the commencement of his government. In the second week of March 1842, the overland mail from the East conveyed intelligence to our shores which struck the nation to the very heart, and spread one universal feeling of grief and dismay, approaching for a time as near to a feeling of despondency as English breasts can be taught to know. Let us describe the effect in the words of an impartial observer writing at the time :—

“No such disastrous news has for many years reached this country as that which has arrived from India. ‘The progress of our arms’ was carried merrily on, till our flag was set beside that of our puppet, Shah Soojah, in Cabul; but there the progress has abruptly terminated in the total engulfing of ‘our arms.’ Yes, Sir William Macnaghten had just written home to declare our supremacy established, when all Cabul rose beneath his feet. Sir Alex. Burnes was the first swallowed in the earthquake of arms; next Sir William himself, governor of Bombay, and representative of the power of England in North-Western India, was destroyed, and his mutilated remains were made the object of ignominious ribaldry; and at length, if very general rumour is to be believed, the English army of occupation has been literally expunged. Coorunna, Walcheren, all the reverses that have chequered our military career, baffle the memory to find a parallel to the utter defeat which, in the eyes of the barbarians of the Indian frontier, has crushed our power.”—*Spectator*, p. 242.

These were the feelings that possessed this country, and which wrung, even from the Whigs, with every wish to palliate them, an acknowledgment of the heavy disasters which had befallen us. Pressed with the weight of these convictions, Mr Macaulay, in a debate on the Income-tax, in April 1842, after *cannily* disclaiming any responsibility for the Afghan invasion, as having been effected before he joined the Government, was driven to deplore these military reverses as the greatest disaster that had ever befallen us: and added, somewhat incongruously :—

“He did not anticipate, if we acted with vigour, the least danger to our empire; though it must always be remembered that a great Mahometan success

could not but fall like a spark upon tinder, and act on the freemasonry of Islamism from Morocco to Coromandel.”

What, then, must have been the feeling in India, in the very focus of this calamitous visitation? Lord Auckland's despatches, now made public, will tell us what *he* felt. That he contemplated from the first the total and instant evacuation of Afghanistan, without attempting a blow for the vindication of our honour, or the release of the prisoners, is past all dispute, from documents under his own hand. Whether he is to be blamed for this resolution, or for the state of matters which rendered it necessary, is not here the question. But the fact is remarkable, as throwing further light on the effrontery of the Whigs. Lord Palmerston, in last August, twitted the Ministry with Lord Ellenborough's supposed intention to retire from beyond the Indus, and congratulated the country on the frustration of that intention, as having saved us “from the eternal disgrace.” He was answered by the Prime Minister at the time in terms that might have been a warning, and that are now no longer a mystery.

“The noble lord presumed much on my forbearance, in what he said with respect to the Afghan war: and I will not be betrayed by any language of his to forget what I owe to the public service in replying to him. It is easy to say, why don't you move troops to Candahar; and why don't you move troops somewhere else? The noble lord finds no difficulty in this; but does he recollect that 26,000 camels, carrying the baggage of the troops in Afghanistan, were sacrificed before they reached it? The noble lord says, ‘Who contemplated the abandonment of Afghanistan?’ *I could tell the noble lord.* Beware, I say; let the noble lord beware of indiscriminate reflections upon those in office.”

It is now known “*who* contemplated the abandonment of Afghanistan,” without a struggle to punish the perfidy of the Afghans, to avenge the insults to our honour, or to redress the wrongs of our countrymen. Lord Auckland resolved on this course, without even an aspiration after ‘any thing better than a safe retreat.’ Nor is such a resolution to be wondered at when the state of our military preparations is considered. A letter from Sir

Jasper Nicolls, of 24th January 1842, to the statements in which we see no contradiction in the *Blue Book*, exhibits at once the condition of our resources, and the feelings of the head of the Indian army.

"After I had dispatched my letter to your Lordship in Council, I received the note, of which I transmit a copy herewith, from the Adjutant-General, and I had a second discussion with Mr Clerk on the subject of holding our ground at Jellalabad against any Affghan power or force, in view to retrieving our position at Cabul, by advancing upon it, at the fit season, simultaneously from Candahar to Jellalabad. Having thus regained our position, and the influence which such proof of power must give, not only in Afghanistan but amongst all the neighbouring states, we should withdraw with dignity and undiminished honour. Admitting the undeniable force of this argument, I am greatly inclined to doubt that we have at present either army or funds sufficient to renew this contest. Money may, perhaps, be attainable, but soldiers are not, without leaving India bare. Shortly before I left Calcutta, there were at least 33,000 men in our pay in Afghanistan and Scinde, including Shah Soojah's troops, but not the rabble attached to his person. How insufficient that number has been to awe the barbarous and at first disunited tribes of Afghanistan and Scinde, our numerous conflicts, our late reverses, and our heavy losses fully prove. I admit that a blind confidence in persons around the late envoy—a total want of forethought and foresight on his part—unaccountable indecision at first, followed by cessions which, day by day, rendered our force more helpless—inactivity, perhaps, on some occasions—have led to these reverses; but we must not overlook the effects of climate, the difficulty of communication, the distance from our frontier, and the fanatical zeal of our opponents. No doubt your lordship can cause an army to force its way to Cabul, if you think our name and predominance in India cannot otherwise be supported; but our means are utterly insufficient to insure our dominion over that country. If this be granted, the questions for your lordship's decision are—whether we shall retake Cabul, to assert our paramount power; and whether, if we subsequently retire, our subjects and neighbours will not attribute our withdrawal even then, to conscious inability to hold the country."

In the same spirit the Commander-in-chief, in the beginning of February transmitted to General Pollock, with

the acquiescence of Lord Auckland, to whom he communicated his letter, the following explanation of the views of Government:—

"You may deem it perfectly certain that Government will not do more than detach this brigade, and this in view to support Major-General Sale, either at Jellalabad for a few weeks, or to aid his retreat; very probably also to strengthen the Sikhs at Peshawur for some time. It is not intended to collect a force for the reconquest of Cabul. You will convey the preceding paragraph, if you safely can, to the Major-General."

Such being the desponding views of the authorities stationed on the spot, what must have been the anxiety of the new Governor-General on his arrival in India, when this scene of disaster suddenly opened upon him with a succession of still further calamities in its train? We cannot better describe his position than in the words of Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the Whig motion for censure—

"The moment he set foot in Madras; what intelligence met him!—the day he arrived at Benares, what a succession of events took place, calculated to disturb the firmest mind, and to infuse apprehensions into the breast of the boldest man! It has been said the cry in England was, "What next?" That was a question which Lord Ellenborough had to put to himself for four or five days after his arrival. He lands at Madras on the 15th of February, presuming at the time that his predecessor had secured the admirable position so frequently spoken of in Afghanistan. He lands at Madras, after a four months' voyage, in necessary ignorance of all that had occurred in that interval of time, and to his astonishment he hears of the insurrection at Cabul. He receives tidings that Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes, the envoy and representative of the British Government, had been murdered; that the city was in a state of insurrection, and that doubts were entertained as to the security of the British army. What next? He arrives at Calcutta, and there hears of the orders of his predecessor to hasten the evacuation of Afghanistan, for the noble reason of inflicting as little discredit as possible upon the British powers. He repairs to Benares, and there he hears the tremendous news that not only you had lost power in Afghanistan, but that you had so depressed the spirits and shaken the confidence of the native army, that General Pollock gives this

melancholy account in a letter to Captain M'Gregor:—"It must no doubt appear to you and Sale most extraordinary, that, with the force I have here, I do not at once move on; God knows it has been my anxious wish to do so, but I have been helpless. I came on ahead to Peshawur to arrange for an advance, but was saluted with a report of 1900 sick, and a bad feeling among the Sepoys. I visited the hospitals, and endeavoured to encourage by talking to them, but they had no heart. On the 1st instant the feeling on the part of the Sepoys broke out, and I had the mortification of knowing that the Hindoos of four out of five native corps refused to advance. I immediately took measures to sift the evil, and gradually a reaction has taken place, in the belief that I will wait for the reinforcements. This has caused me the utmost anxiety on your account; your situation is never out of my thoughts; but having told you what I have, you and Sale will at once see that necessity has kept me here. I verily believe, if I were to attempt to move on now without the reinforcement, that the four regiments implicated would, as far as the Hindoos are concerned, stand fast. The case, therefore, now stands thus—whether I am to attempt, with my present materials, to advance, and risk the appearance of disaffection or cowardice, which in such a case could not again be got over, or wait the arrival of a reinforcement, which will make all sure—this is the real state of the case. If I attempted now, I might risk you altogether; but if you can hold out, the reinforcements would make your relief as certain as any earthly thing can be.' What next? On the 17th of April, Lord Ellenborough hears of the failure of General England to force the Kojuck Pass. On the 19th of April he hears that Ghuznee has fallen. And what next? This was a question which, I repeat, Lord Ellenborough had from day to day to put to himself. But what next? Lord Ellenborough had to contemplate the retirement of the British force from Affghanistan. This was due to the safety of the British army, after the proof that the king you had set upon the throne had no root in the affections of the people, and that the army in possession of Affghanistan was separated from supplies by a distance of 600 miles. Finding this state of things, Lord Ellenborough thought he had no alternative but to bring the troops within the borders of British protection. For that difficult operation your policy, and not that of Lord Ellenborough, is re-

sponsible. Those who involved the country in an expedition of this kind, ought justly to be responsible for its retirement."

It is needless to detail the difficulties in which the armies of General Pollock and General Nott were then placed. Despondency and desertion prevailed among the native troops, so as to render any advance in the utmost degree hazardous, even if they had been capable of moving. But of the means even of retrograde motion they were utterly destitute. The explanations given in Parliament on the vote of thanks to the army and the Governor-General, establish beyond a doubt the absence of all means of carriage till the indefatigable exertions of Lord Ellenborough supplied them with every thing that was needed. The Whigs affect to disparage these arrangements as belonging to the vulgar department of a Commissary-General; and we may therefore infer that Lord Ellenborough's predecessor would have deemed such a task beneath his dignity, and left it to some delegate, who might have performed or neglected his duty, as accident might direct. Had that been the case, the chances are at least equal, that Lord Auckland would have been as well and as successfully served in this branch of military administration as he had already been in the occupation of Cabul, and that further failures and reverses would have hung the tenure of our Indian empire on the cast of a die.

The evacuation of Affghanistan at the earliest possible period, was dictated both by the proceedings of Lord Auckland, by the condition of India, and by the peaceful policy of a Conservative Government. But the mode in which it should be accomplished, and the demonstrations of British power which should attend it, were necessarily questions depending entirely "upon military considerations;" and for several months it seemed impossible that our armies could be put in a state of moral and physical strength, such as could justify the risk of any forward or devious movement of importance. The indefatigable zeal and admirable arrangements, however, of the Governor-General, his personal presence near the scene of exertion, the concentration of a large and imposing force on the Sut-

lej, giving courage and security to the troops in the field, and the undaunted spirit of British officers, succeeded at last in giving an altered and more encouraging complexion to the aspect of our affairs. In one of the first statements of his views, Lord Ellenborough had significantly said, (15th March 1842:—

“We are fully sensible of the advantages which would be derived from the re-occupation of Cabul, the scene of our great disaster and of so much crime, even for a week—of the means which it might afford of recovering the prisoners, of the gratification which it would give to the army, and of the effect which it would have upon our enemies. Our withdrawal might then be made to rest upon an official declaration of the grounds upon which we retired, as solemn as that which accompanied our advance; and we should retire as a conquering, and not as a defeated, power.”

But it was only in July that the Governor-General was in a condition to suggest the practical accomplishment of this desirable object, incidentally to our retirement from a country which we should never have entered. On the 4th July is dated the admirable despatch to General Nott, which, in the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, was all that could have been wished for, and which we cannot help transferring to our columns:—

“You will have learnt from Mr Mad-dock’s letters of the 13th May and 1st of June, that it was not expected that your movement towards the Indus could be made till October, regard being had to the health and efficiency of your army. You appear to have been able to give a sufficient equipment to the force you recently despatched to Kelat-i-Ghilzie, under Colonel Wymer; and since his return, you will have received, as I infer from a private letter addressed by Major Outram to Captain Durand, my private secretary, a further supply of 3000 camels.

“I have now, therefore, reason to suppose, for the first time, that you have the means of moving a very large proportion of your army, with ample equipment for any service.

“There has been no deficiency of provisions at Candahar at any time; and, immediately after the harvest, you will have an abundant supply.

“Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure, commanded by considerations of political and military prudence, is to bring back

the armies now in Afghanistan at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected, consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India; and to this extent, the instructions you have received remain unaltered. *But the improved position of your army, with sufficient means of carriage for as large a force as it is necessary to move in Afghanistan, induces me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country.*

“I must desire, however, that, in forming your decision upon this most important question, you will attend to the following considerations:—

“In the direction of Quetta and Sukkur, there is no enemy to oppose you; at each place occupied by detachments, you will find provisions: and probably, as you descend the passes, you will have increased means of carriage. The operation is one admitting of no doubt as to its success.

“If you determine upon moving upon Ghuznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad, you will require, for the transport of provisions, a much larger amount of carriage, and you will be practically without communications from the time of your leaving Candahar. Dependent entirely upon the courage of your army, and upon your own ability in directing it, I should not have any doubt as to the success of the operations; but whether you will be able to obtain provisions for your troops during the whole march, and forage for your animals, may be a matter of reasonable doubt. Yet upon this your success will turn.

“You must remember that it was not the superior courage of the Affghans, but want, and the inclemency of the season, which led to the destruction of the army at Cabul; and you must feel, as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our government in India.

“I do not undervalue the account which our government in India would receive from the successful execution by your army of a march through Ghuznee and Cabul, over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effect which it would have upon the minds of our soldiers, of our allies, of our enemies in Asia, and of our countrymen, and of all foreign nations in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin; and I would endeavour to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as

are the objects to be obtained by success, the risk is great also.

"If you determine upon moving by Ghuznee, and entirely give up your communication by Quetta, I should suggest that you should take with you only the most efficient troops and men you have, securing the retreat of the remainder upon Killa, Abdoola, and Quetta.

"You will, in such case, consider it to be entirely a question to be decided by yourself, according to circumstances, whether you shall destroy or not the fortifications of Candahar; but, before you set out upon your adventurous march, do not fail to make the retirement of the force you leave behind you perfectly secure, and give such instructions as you deem necessary for the ultimate retirement of the troops in Scinde, upon Sukkur.

"You will recollect that what you will have to make is a successful march; that that march must not be delayed by any hazardous operations against Ghuznee or Cabul; that you should carefully calculate the time required to enable you to reach Jellalabad in the first week in October, so as to form the rearguard of Major-General Pollock's army. If you should be enabled by *coup-de-main* to get possession of Ghuznee and Cabul, you will act as you see fit, *and leave decisive proofs of the power of the British army, without impeaching its humanity.* You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, his club, which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the Temple of Somnauth. *These will be the just trophies of your successful march.*

"You will not fail to disguise your intention of moving, and to acquaint Major-General Pollock with your plans as soon as you have formed them. *A copy of this letter will be forwarded to Major-General Pollock to-day; and he will be instructed, by a forward movement, to facilitate your advance;* but he will probably not deem it necessary to move any troops actually to Cabul, where your force will be amply sufficient to beat any thing the Affghans can oppose to it. The operations, however, of the two armies must be combined upon their approach, so as to effect, with the least possible loss, the occupation of Cabul, and keep open the communications between Cabul and Peshawar.

"One apprehension upon my mind is, that, in the event of your deciding upon moving on Jellalabad, by Ghuznee and Cabul, the accumulation of so great a force as that of your army, combined with Major-General Pollock's, in the narrow valley of the Cabul river, may produce material difficulties in the matter of provisions and

forage; but every effort will be made from India to diminish that difficulty, should you adopt that line of retirement.

"This letter remains absolutely secret. I have, &c. "ELLENBOROUGH."

A paltry attempt was made in Parliament by Lord John Russell to represent this despatch as intended to defraud General Nott of his military trophies in the event of success, and to relieve the Governor-General of responsibility in the event of failure. No such base construction can be put upon it. Lord Ellenborough was doing his own duty as a civil minister, and leaving General Nott to do *his* as a military commander. A military responsibility lay on General Nott, from which no ruler could relieve him; but the military glory was his also, if he felt himself justified in choosing the path of honour that was opened to him. Who grudges the triumphs that General Nott and his companions-in-arms have achieved? Not certainly Lord Ellenborough or his friends. Let the distinctions which have been heaped on the Indian army and its leaders answer that question. But is their military merit a reason for denying to the man, under whose administration these victories were won, the high honour of having done all which a civil governor could do, to direct and assist the armies of his country? Let each receive the praise of his own merits, and we doubt not that military men, wherever, at least, they have experienced the reverse, will be the first to appreciate and commend, in Lord Ellenborough's administration, that active sympathy and assistance which are so essential to military efficiency and success.

It is said that the despatch of the 4th of July is qualified by heavy cautions. And should it not have been so? In addressing a British officer with a field of exertion before him, so glorious in a military, so hazardous in a political view, it is surely not the spur, but the curb, that a civilian was called on to apply. The courage of such a commander required nothing to fan the flame: The danger, if any, was rather that he would rashly seize the opportunity afforded him, than that he would timidly resign it; and if he was not prepared to adopt the bolder course, in the face of all the hazards which attended it, it was best that the enterprize should not be undertaken at all.

But Lord Ellenborough knew his man. In appointing General Nott, in March, to the command of all the troops, and entrusting him with the control of all the agents in Lower Affghanistan, the Governor and Council had desired him "to rely upon our constant support, and upon our placing the most favourable interpretation upon all the measures he may deem it necessary to adopt in the execution of our orders." And in now giving him the option of retiring by Cabul, Lord Ellenborough was assured that the General needed no other encouragement to avail himself of it, than the feeling that all counter-considerations had been stated and duly weighed. Every preparation was immediately made to support General Nott in his adventurous enterprise; and Lord Ellenborough writes to General Pollock:—

"I am in hopes that Major-General Nott will to-day be in possession of my letter of the 4th instant, and that you will, very soon after you receive this letter, be made acquainted with the Major-General's intentions. *My expectation is*, that Major-General Nott will feel himself sufficiently strong, and be sufficiently provided with carriage, to march upon Ghuznee and Cabul."

The result was such as had been looked for. The combined operation of the two armies placed the Affghans at our mercy, and terminated, by the ample vindication of our honour, and the restoration of our imprisoned friends, our inauspicious connexion with these barbarians, who had retaliated so cruelly the aggression we had made upon them.

It may be safely conjectured, that if these final triumphs had been achieved under the direction of Lord Auckland, even though merely retrieving the errors of his former policy, we should never have heard an end of the eulogiums pronounced upon him. Lord John Russell would have crowed and clapped his wings in the "moment of victory." Lord Palmerston would have blustered more brazenly than ever. Mr Macaulay would have aired the whole stores of his panegyric vocabulary; and Sir John Hobhouse would not have gone abroad.

But, under whatever Government achieved, these results would have filled the minds of patriotic men with unmingled gratitude to all who had contributed to their accomplishment.

India had been in danger, and was safe. The British arms had been stained by defeat, and were again glancing brightly in the light of victory. Our countrymen and countrywomen had been almost hopeless captives, and were now restored to freedom and their friends. In such a scene and season of rejoicing, we might have thought that none but a Whig of the very oldest school of all, could have entertained any feelings but those of generous sympathy and unrepining satisfaction. But limits cannot easily be put to human perverseness. The party whose policy had caused the evils from which we and they have been delivered, felt nothing but intense hatred to him who had been most prominent in that deliverance; and, heedless of the good that he had done, they fastened on what seemed to their malignant and microscopic vision some specks that chequered his otherwise unblemished administration of affairs.

The idea of discussing in Parliament, as we have lately witnessed, the literary style of a Government state paper at a crisis so momentous, implies a levity that would be hateful if it were not ludicrous. But there is something peculiarly laughable in the pedantry of such criticism. When other men are thinking of what has been done, the reviewers and poetasters of the Whig Opposition can think only of what has been said. The facts that are before them have no value in their eyes; they see nothing but the phraseology. From men who had themselves done nothing but what was mischievous, this is perhaps natural. They are content, possibly, if they have never said a foolish thing, to have never done a wise one; though we are doubtful if a taunt about simplicity of composition, either comes well from the noble leader of the Whigs, or his friends, when we remember some of their old achievements in addressing their supporters. But in the peculiar position of the Whigs, with ignominy and impeachment suspended over their heads for their Affghan errors, we think that such a course is as becoming as if a condemned criminal were to carp at the literary composition of his own reprieve.

The tactics of the Whigs in their move against Lord Ellenborough, had all the craft of conscious weakness. First, they postponed their motion from time to time, till they were re-

cued by their opponents from Mr Roebuck's assault upon them. Then they arranged their attack for the same night in both Houses of Parliament, lest explanations in any high quarter in the one might damage a future discussion in the other; and lastly, though thus acting by simultaneous and concerted movements in both, they framed their motions differently in each place; and in the Commons, where they had some dream of better success, confined themselves to the religious question under the letter on the Somnauth gates, omitting the Simla proclamation of the 1st October, which they knew neither Conservative nor Radical would join them to condemn.

With regard to the Somnauth gates, a pettier piece of hypercriticism, and a more palpable exhibition of hypocrisy, were never witnessed on a public question. Two things on this point are as plain as day.

1. That in retiring from the Affghan country, we were called upon to do so as much as possible in the light of triumphant victors, bearing every mark of military prowess and superiority that could readily be assumed, and inflicting as heavy a blow, and as severe a discouragement on our perfidious enemies, as humanity would permit.

2. That, the Affghan trophies of Mahmoud's success were treasured up by his nation as an assurance of continued ascendancy over their Hindoo neighbours; and that, in particular, the redelivery to India of these very gates of Somnauth, were, in negotiations of recent date, demanded by Runjeet Singh as an inestimable boon, and deprecated by Shah Soojah as a degrading humiliation.

Keeping in view these undeniable circumstances, it is clear that the seizure of these Somnauth gates was appropriately ordered as a palpable and permanent demonstration of conquest, and one eminently calculated to encourage the Indian army, and to depress their enemies.

That these gates were connected with the religion of the country, is of no relevancy in this matter. Every thing relating to Hindoo grandeur is more or less interwoven with religion; but we must take things as they are. We are the rulers of Hindostan; where the vast preponderance of our subjects and soldiers are Hindoos. We wish them to be Christians, but

they are not so yet; and, until they become Christianized, we cannot hope or wish that they should forget the only faith which they have to raise them above the earth they tread. Their religion is corrupted to the core; but in its primitive type, after which its worshippers will sometimes even yet aspire, it is not destitute of a high spirituality that would seek to assimilate and unite men's souls to the Great Being, whom they reverence as the maker, maintainer, and changer of the universe. Hindooism is more fantastic, and less pleasingly endeared to us, than the paganism of Greece, but it is scarcely more lax or licentious; yet if Fortune, in its caprices, had ordained our Indian subjects to be heathen Greeks, with a Whig Governor-General bringing them back in triumph to their homes, Lord Palmerston, who now, in a mingled rant of mythology and methodism, talks of "Dii and Jupiter hostis," would himself have penned a paragraph about the restored temple of Mars or Venus, and would have held up the scruples of Sir Robert Inglis and Mr Plumptre to classical ridicule.

But it is plain that here no religious triumph was, or could have been, contemplated by Lord Ellenborough. On this point we need no other evidence than that of Joseph Hume, who, combining the properties of Balaam and his ass, often brays out a blessing when he intends a curse. He tells us that—

"A Hindoo of high caste, now in this country, the Vakeel of the Rajah of Sattara, had written to him a letter, in which he stated—'It appears to me that the restoration of the gates of Somnauth could have no reference either to the support or degradation of any religious faith. To restore the gates to their original purpose is impracticable by the tenets of the Hindoo religion. Their doctrine is, that any thing, when in contact with a dead body, or any thing belonging to it, whether tomb or garment, is utterly contaminated and unfit for religious purposes. In my opinion, therefore, the proclamation must have been intended to gratify the feelings of the Hindoo portion of our army, by removing a stain which the western portion of India had long felt oppressive. In fact, he believed that the Governor-General, by this means, conciliated the feelings of the Hindoo soldiery in their return from those scenes of death and disaster in which

they had behaved so well, and where thousands of their fellow-countrymen had fallen. I hope that this intention of Lord Ellenborough to conciliate the princes of India will extend to my unfortunate master.' This letter was from (we believe) Rungoo Baffagee, Vakeel of the Rajah of Sattara, and he thought it was so important, that he had sent for the Vakeel, whom he found a most intelligent man; and from his conversation he (Mr Hume) was satisfied that, so far from being applied to the Hindoo population exclusively, it was utterly impossible that the gates could be used for the religious purposes to which the Governor-General seemed to have destined them. He had satisfied him (Mr Hume) that the object of the proclamation was merely to bring back to Western India those gates, the absence of which in Afghanistan had long been felt as an opprobrium. He hoped, therefore, that those religious sects who had most unnecessarily taken the alarm on this score, would be appeased. So far from the proclamation being an exclusive one, no single sentence was there in it which could be read after the address to 'all the princes and chiefs, and people of India,' as applicable to any one."

But it is said that such a trophy may give offence to Mahommedans; and Mr Mangles tells us, that the Mahommedan population sympathize strongly with the Affghans, and revere the memory of Mahmoud. If that be the case, it would have been difficult to bring any trophy home, or to imprint any mark of the superiority of our arms, without displeasing this sect. But, in that view, who are the parties responsible for thus placing our essential interests, and the safety of India generally, in contrast with the feelings of our Mahommedan subjects? Those certainly who, regardless of all justice, made a wanton aggression on a Mahommedan power. Those certainly who, regardless of all prudence, gave occasion to the Affghan massacre and captivity of British and Indian soldiers; and, by a great Mahommedan success, kindled a spark which was ready to set the freemasonry of Islamism on fire "from Morocco to Coromandel." If we have been placed in a false position, as regards our Mahommedan subjects, we have to blame the Whigs, whose wanton and unwise measures created this collision of interests, and not Lord Ellenborough, who has adopted measures the most

natural and the most humane, to re-establish the ascendancy and the reputation of English and Indian power.

The proclamation of Simla needs no vindication. It has satisfied every one but the Whigs, who can never forget and never forgive it. It is a poor pretence to say, that it denounces in an indecorous manner the errors of the previous governor. It does no such thing. It speaks, indeed, of errors, but only conscious culpability would have taken the allusion to itself. There were errors, and grievous ones. The Whigs themselves must say that; and they have not been slow to shift to the shoulders of military officers the results that most people think they should bear themselves. The proclamation of Lord Ellenborough seems to us to have been framed with a punctilious desire to reconcile in the eyes of India his own policy with that which had been avowed by his predecessor, and to ascribe the change of plans to a change of circumstances, and not of principles. We speak here of the avowed policy of his predecessor; for Lord Auckland, at least, pretended that he had no aggressive or hostile views against the Affghans, and no desire for a permanent occupation of their country. The real designs of the Whig Government are a different thing; and with these, as avowed by Lord Palmerston in Parliament, the intentions of Lord Ellenborough were wholly irreconcilable.

Let us listen here to one who knows the subject. The Duke of Wellington tells us the errors that Lord Ellenborough alludes to as occasioning our military disasters, and he shows us where those errors lay:—

"There is not a word in this proclamation that is not strictly true. But I do not blame the noble lord opposite, the late Governor-General of India; yet I cannot help looking at the enormous errors which have been committed from the commencement of these transactions in which these disasters originated, down to the last retreat from Cabul—I say, looking at all this, I still must blame, not the late Governor-General, but the gentlemen who acted under him. In the first place, I attribute the error to the gentleman who fell a victim to his own want of judgment. The army unfortunately was partly English and partly Hindoo—not Affghans, but Hindoos. What was the consequence? To maintain the whole system of the government, including the collection of

the revenue, devolved upon that army. All the details of the government were carried on through the agency of that English and Hindoo army, and eventually it became necessary to support that army with some troops in the service of the Company. Now, the gentleman who was responsible for this ought to have known that there was one rule, the violation of which any one acquainted with the government of India knew nothing could justify; and that was, the employment of the Company's European troops in the collection of the revenue. That rule is invariably laid down, and is invariably observed. That, as your lordships must plainly see, is one of the errors that has been committed. There is another point to which I wish to call your attention; it is this, that the country never had been occupied by an army as it ought to have been occupied. With the north no practicable communication was maintained—no practicable communications were kept up between Shikarpore, Candahar, and Ghuznee. The passes were held only through the agency of banditti. I do not blame the noble lord, but I blame the gentleman to whom the army was entrusted. He seemed never to have looked at what had been done by former commanders in similar circumstances. Any officer who has the command of an army ought to feel it to be his first duty to keep up a communication with his own country. If such communication had been maintained, those disasters never would have befallen us—they could not have happened. This was one of the errors committed; but I do not say that the noble lord opposite is answerable for that error. Not only was no communication kept up with the north, but none was kept up with the south. Neither the Kojuck nor the Bolan pass was kept open. Can that, my lords, be called a military communication? Could such a state of things exist? Why, was not this another error—a gross error? The noble lord opposite (Lord Auckland) had no more to do with this than I have. Sir W. Macnaghten, the gentleman who perished, could not have been ignorant of what was done in other places. He must have read the history of the Spanish war, and he must have recollected how the French conducted themselves in a similar situation; how they fortified the passes, and secured their communications. But he was not an officer; the gentleman at the head of the army in Afghanistan was not an officer—that was another error.”

That such errors existed is unde-

niable. Lord Auckland says there were errors:—

“With regard to the errors of the campaign, he conceived they rested with the military commanders, not with Sir W. Macnaghten; and if errors had been committed by Sir William, they must be shared between him and the more direct military commanders.”

Lord John Russell said,—

“I have heard causes given, and upon very high authority, for these disasters; I have heard it stated that very great errors were committed—that those errors consisted partly in not keeping up a communication by the straightest road between Cabul and Peshawur. This may be just; these may be errors, but they are errors not necessary or in any way connected with the policy of entering into Afghanistan. I may mention another circumstance—that the expedition into Afghanistan was undertaken under Lord Keane, who was shortly after succeeded by Sir W. Cotton; he came home, and was succeeded by General Elphinstone, who, from the time of assuming the command, never appears to have been in the state of vigorous health necessary for such a position. Are not these circumstances to be taken into account? If my Lord Auckland had had at his disposal any of those illustrious men who had honoured the British army in later days—if such a man as Lord Keane had remained in Cabul—my persuasion is, you would never have heard of such a disaster as that which took place at Cabul.”

We shall leave the Whigs to settle the question with their subordinates, as to the precise degree of blame which each of the parties shall bear. But there is seldom blame with the servants without blame in the master; and it is one of Lord Ellenborough's just titles to our praise, that he has been ably served by the officers whom he so ably supported.

If our Afghan disasters were imputable to gross errors in detail, was it not right to denounce the cause? It would have been a melancholy thing if we had been thus betrayed and circumvented without errors in our own servants. If British troops had been thus cut off, notwithstanding the use of every prudent precaution, the disasters would then have gone far to put in question the invincibility of our military power. It was necessary to declare, that by individual and special mal-arrangement, this unparal-

leed disaster had arisen; so that none of our enemies should thence derive a hope to crush us again, until at least the incompetent officials of a confiding Whig Government should give them another such opportunity.

The proclamation of Simla had another purpose—that of announcing the future policy of the Government, and repudiating those designs of aggression and aggrandizement which there was too good ground for imputing to us, and which could not fail to inspire distrust and suspicion in the minds even of friendly neighbours. On this point nothing can be added to the admirable exposition of Lord Fitzgerald in the late debate:—

“But there were other circumstances which compelled the Governor-General of India; he meant, which made it his duty to proclaim the motives of the policy of the Government; and why?—because a different policy had been proclaimed by his predecessor; and when it became necessary to withdraw from Afghanistan, it was necessary to show that this was not a retreat. We were compelled to show that we were not shrinking from setting up a king, because we could not sustain him there. He said it was the duty of the Governor-General to make that known to the Indian public. He would not attempt to shelter Lord Ellenborough in this respect, by saying—‘it was prudent,’ or, ‘it did no harm:’—he maintained it was his duty. What had been the language of the late Ministers of the Crown, in the last session of Parliament? And these debates, as the noble Earl had well said, ‘went forth to India;’ the discussions in that House went forth to the Indian public. He found one Minister of the Crown saying—‘He should like to see the Minister, or the Governor of India, who would dare to withdraw from the position we occupied in Afghanistan.’ (Hear, hear.) He found another noble lord, in another place, stating, ‘they took credit for the whole of that measure, and he trusted that at no time would that position in Afghanistan be abandoned.’ These were views of public policy which went forth to India, and it was not inconvenient nor unjust that those who administered the government of India on different principles should proclaim their views. The noble earl opposite, knew that at that period it was not intended altogether to confine the operations of the army to the westward of the Indus. It was very well to say, that it

was unwise and impolitic, and calculated to destroy the unanimity which was so essential to the Government of India, to issue public information as to the reasons for the withdrawal of an army, although its advance was heralded by a declaration on all these points, because the withdrawal of an army was supposed to terminate the operations; but in the eyes of India and Asia, if the declaration of the noble earl, dated from Simla on the same day of the same month of a preceding year, had remained as a record of British policy, after that declaration had been followed by a campaign, brilliant at its commencement, but as delusive as brilliant, and terminated by a most awful tragedy, and by the greatest disaster that ever befell the British forces—~~was it~~ ^{was it} unbecoming in a Governor-General to state, that the views and policy of the Government of India had changed, and that the Government no longer wished to interfere in the policy of Afghanistan, its motives for so doing having passed away on finding that the king, represented to be so popular, was unpopular? But there was another circumstance which called for Lord Ellenborough’s declaration, namely, the necessity of allaying the apprehensions and fears of other states; and it was Lord Ellenborough’s duty to do this. Had the Sikhs no apprehensions with respect to our intentions on Lahore? The most serious apprehensions had been stated by the Durbar of Lahore to our political agent there, Mr Clark, and had been represented by him to the Government of India.—Other states also had entertained apprehensions of the intentions and motives of the Indian Government, and he had yet to learn that it was a fault in a Governor-General to allay these apprehensions of native states, even if no precedent could be found for such a proceeding. After the policy of the Indian Government which had been proclaimed, it became Lord Ellenborough’s duty to take the step he had done.”

This, however, is the true *gravamen* of the quarrel of the Whigs with Lord Ellenborough. He has thrown overboard their aggressive policy—that policy which Lord Auckland, indeed, had not in words avowed in India, but which his friends at home had openly declared and gloried in. It was necessary for Lord Ellenborough, by a frank declaration of his intentions, to exclude the prevalent suspicion—nay, the universal belief—of those projects of encroachment which

the Whig Government had countenanced. This was the unkindest cut of all.

"Ill-weaved ambition! how much art thou shrunk!"

It was hard that their Affghan laurels—the only wreaths of victory that the Whigs had ever won—should have already withered on their brow. It was hard that their disasters should have been retrieved under the sway of a political opponent. But it was intolerable that the plans of conquest which they had fondly cherished, and tried to press upon the country, should be virtually denounced amid the universal approbation of all good men at home and abroad; that the solitary achievement of their administration in military affairs, should be recorded in the page of history, only to be condemned as an act of injustice, inexcusably undertaken, and incompetently executed: and relinquished by their successors in the very hour of triumph, with a wise self-denial which no one will suspect that a Whig could have ever practised.

The cloven foot has here too plainly been revealed. It is not this phrase or that procession in particular that has displeased the Whigs. It is the abandonment of a policy which they dared not proclaim in India, and which they could not justify in England. They are always hankering after it still. Mr Vernon Smith

"Considered it most absurd for any Governor-General to declare publicly that our Indian empire had reached the limits which nature had assigned to it. Why, what were the limits which nature had assigned to our Indian empire? In early days, the Mahratta ditch was said to be its natural limit; and why was the Sutlej or the Indus to be more the boundary of our empire than the Himalayas?"

Even Lord John Russell, who now acknowledges the wisdom of surrendering Afghanistan, declares, in almost so many words, that his party have shrunk from a general vote of censure because they could not properly put it, and have chosen this Act as "not the worst," but the most convenient

to attack. What the other errors of Lord Ellenborough are, or whether there are any, except the exploded story of the incivility to Mr Amos, is nowhere definitely discoverable in their discussions, and is not likely for some time to assume a greater degree of consistency than vague Whig calumnies and general Whig dissatisfaction. Let them come to something definite, and see how they will fare. If, as their old friend Lord Brougham said, "revelling in defeat, and intoxicated with failure," they know not when they have had enough—if they desire a contest on some other issue—let them name their day and abide the result.

In conclusion, we would only observe, what a contrast the conduct of the Whig party towards Lord Ellenborough exhibits to that of their opponents towards Lord Auckland! The ex-Governor-General is not absent, but here to defend himself; and every one sees how much room there is for assailing his measures. Their calamitous result would of itself go far to support the charge of imprudence, or something worse. But not a word has been said against him that could be avoided; and even those statements that necessarily reflect upon his discretion, have been extorted from the Conservative party, in reply to the attacks which Lord Auckland's friends have made upon his successor.

The English people admire fair play as much as they appreciate the value of practical benefits. They see the false pretences on which an absent man has now been assailed by disappointed opponents; they feel the generosity that has saved his rival from retaliation. They know the state of Indian affairs when Lord Ellenborough assumed his office, and they can estimate the position into which they have now been brought under his vigorous management. They agree with him in the pacific principles which he has avowed, and look forward to a continued career of useful services, in which the resources of that great empire will be more than ever developed under his control, and the power of the British name perpetuated by a wise, an upright, and a fearless Administration.

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DUMAS IN ITALY.

FRANCE has lately sent forth her poets in great force, to travel, and to write travels. Delamartine, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and others, have been forth in the high-ways and the high-seas, observing, portraying, poetizing, romancing. The last-mentioned of these, M. Dumas, a dramatist very ingenious in the construction of plots, and one who tells a story admirably, has travelled quite in character. There is a dramatic air thrown over all his proceedings, things happen as pat as if they had been rehearsed, and he blends the novelist and tourist together after a very bold and original fashion. It is a new method of writing travels that he has hit upon, and we recommend it to the notice of our countrymen or countrywomen, who start from home with the fixed idea, happen what may, of inditing a book. He does not depend altogether upon the incidents of the road, or the raptures of sight-seeing, or any odd fantasy that buildings or scenery may be kind enough to suggest: he provides himself with full half of his materials before he starts, in the shape of historical anecdote and romantic story, which he distributes as he goes along. A better plan for an amusing book could not be devised. Your mere tourist, it must be confessed, however frivolous he submits for our entertainment to become, grows heavy on our hands; that rapid

and incessant change of scene which is kindly meant to enliven our spirits, becomes itself wearisome, and we long for some resting-place, even though it should be obtained by that most illegitimate method of closing the volume. On the other hand, a teller of tales has always felt the want of some enduring thread—though, as some one says in a like emergency, it be only *packthread*—on which his tales may be strung—something to fill up the pauses, and prevent the utter solution of continuity between tale and tale—something that gives the narrator a reasonable plea for *going on again*, and makes the telling another story an indispensable duty upon his part, and the listening to it a corresponding obligation upon ours; and ever since the time when that young lady of unpronounceable and unrememberable name told the *One Thousand and One Tales*, telling a fragment every morning to keep her head upon her shoulders, there has been devised many a strange expedient for this purpose. Now, M. Dumas has contrived, by uniting the two characters of tourist and novelist, to make them act as reliefs to each other. Whilst he shares with other travellers the daily adventures of the road—the journey, the sight, and the dinner—he is not compelled to be always moving; he can pause when he pleases, and, like the *fableur* of olden times, sitting down in the mar-

ket-place, in the public square, at the corner of some column or statue, he narrates his history or his romance. Then, the story told, up starts the busy and provident tourist; lo! the *voiture* is waiting for him at the hotel; in he leaps, and we with him, and off we rattle through other scenes, and to other cities. He has a track *in space* to which he is bound; we recognize the necessity that he should proceed thereon; but he can diverge at pleasure through all *time*, bear us off into what age he pleases, make us utterly oblivious of the present, and lap us in the Elysium of a good story.

With a book written palpably for the sole and most amiable purpose of amusement, and succeeding in this purpose, how should we deal? How but receive it with a passive acquiescence equally amiable, content solely to be amused, and giving all severer criticism—to him who to his other merits may add, if he pleases, that of being the first critic. Most especially let us not be carping and questioning as to the how far, or what precisely, we are to set down for *true*. It is all true—it is all fiction; the artist cannot choose but see things in an artistic form; what ought not to be there drops from his field of vision. We are not poring through a microscope, or through a telescope, to discover new truths; we are looking at the old landscape through coloured glasses, blue, or black, or roseate, as the occasion may require. And here let us note a favourable contrast between our dramatic tourist, bold in conception, free in execution, and those compatriots of our own, authors and authoresses, who write travels merely because they are artists in ink, yet without any adequate notion of the duties and privileges of such an artist.

When a writer has got a name, the first rational use to make of the charming possession is to get astride of it, as a witch upon her broomstick, and whisk and scamper over half the kingdoms of the earth. Talk of bills of exchange!—letters of credit!—we can put our name to a whole book, and it will pass—it *will* pass. The idea is good—quite worthy of our commercial genius—and to us its origin, we believe, is due; but here, as in so many other cases, the Frenchman has given the idea its full development. Keeping steadily in view the

object of his book, which is—first, amusement—secondly, amusement—thirdly, amusement; he adapts his means consistently to his end. Does he want a dialogue?—he writes one. a story?—he invents one: a description?—he takes his hint from nature, and is grateful—the more grateful, because he knows that a hint to the wise is sufficient. It is the description only which the reader will be concerned with; what has he to do with the object? That is the merely traveller's affair. Now, your English tourists have always a residue of scruple about them which balks their genius. Not satisfied with pleasing, they aspire to be believed; are almost angry if their anecdote is not credited; content themselves with adding graces, giving a turn, trimming and decorating—cannot build a structure boldly from the bare earth. This necessity of finding a certain straw for their bricks, which must be picked up by the roadside, not only impedes the work of authorship, but must add greatly to their personal discomfort throughout the whole of their travels. They are in perpetual chase of something for the book. They bag an incident with as much glee as a sportsman his first bird in September. They are out on pleasure, but manifestly they have their task too; it is not quite holiday, only half-holiday with them. The prospect or the picture gives no pleasure till it has suggested the appropriate expression of enthusiasm, which, once safely deposited in the note-book, the enthusiasm itself can be quietly indulged in, or permitted to evaporate. At the dinner-table, even when champagne is circulating, if a jest or a story falls flat, they see with an Aristotelian precision the cause of its failure, and how an additional touch, or a more auspicious moment, would have procured for it a better fate; they stop to pick it up, they clean it, they revolve the chapter and the page to which it shall lend its lustre. Nay, it is noticeable, that without much labour from the polisher, many a dull thing in conversation has made a good thing in print; the conditions of success are so different. Now, from all such toils and perplexities M. Dumas is evidently free; free as the wildest Oxonian who flies abroad in the mere wanton prodigality of spirits and of purse. His book is

made, or can be made, when he chooses: fortune favours the bold, and incidents will always dispose themselves dramatically to the dramatist.

Our traveller opens his campaign at Nice. It may be observed that M. Dumas cannot be accused, like the present minister of his country, of any partiality to the English; if the mortifying truth must be told, he has no love of us at all; to which humour, so long as he delivers himself of it with any wit or pleasantry, he is heartily welcome. Our first extract will be thought, perhaps, to taste of this humour; but we quote it for the absurd proof it affords of the manner in which we English have overflowed some portions of the Continent:—

“As to the inhabitants of Nice, every traveller is to them an Englishman. Every foreigner they see, without distinction of complexion, hair, beard, dress, age, or sex, has, in their imagination, arrived from a certain mysterious city lost in the midst of fogs, where the inhabitants have heard of the sun only from tradition, where the orange and the pine-apple are unknown except by name, where there is no ripe fruit but baked apples, and which is called *London*.

“Whilst I was at the York Hotel, a carriage drawn by post horses drove up; and, soon after, the master of the hotel entering into my room, I asked him who were his new arrivals.

“*‘Sono certi Inglesi,’* he answered, *‘ma non saprei dire se sono Francesi o Tedeschi.* Some English, but I cannot say whether French or German.”—Vol. i. p. 9.

The little town of Monaco is his next resting-place. This town, which is now under the government of the King of Sardinia, was at one time an independent principality; and M. Dumas gives a lively sketch of the vicissitudes which the little state has undergone, mimicking, as it has, the movements of great monarchies, and being capable of boasting even of its revolution and its republic. During the reign of Louis XIV. the territory of Monaco gave the title of prince to a certain Honore III., who was under the protection of the *Grand Monarque*.

“The marriage of this Prince of Monaco,” says our annalist, “was not happy. One fine morning his spouse, who was the same beautiful and gay Duchess de

Valentinois so well known in the scandalous chronicles of that age, found herself at one step out of the states of her lord and sovereign. She took refuge at Paris. Desertion was not all. The prince soon learned that he was as unfortunate as a husband can be.

“At that epoch, calamities of this description were only laughed at; but the Prince of Monaco was, as the duchess used to say, a strange man, and he took offence. He got information from time to time of the successive gallants whom his wife thought fit to honour, and he hanged them in effigy, one after the other, in the front court of his palace. The court was soon full, and the executions bordered on the high road; nevertheless, the prince relented not, but continued always to hang. The report of these executions reached Versailles; Louis XIV. was, in his turn, displeased, and counselled the prince to be more lenient in his punishments. He of Monaco answered that, being a sovereign prince, he had undoubtedly the right of pit and gallows on his own domain, and that surely he might hang as many men of straw as he pleased.

“The affair bred so much scandal, that it was thought prudent to send the duchess back to her husband. He, to make her punishment the more complete, had resolved that she should, on her return, pass before this row of executed effigies. But the dowager Princess of Monaco prevailed upon her son to forego this ingenious revenge, and a bonfire was made of all the scarecrows. ‘It was,’ said Madame de Sevigné, ‘the torch of their second nuptials.’ * * *

“A successor of this prince, Honore IV., was reigning tranquilly in his little dominions when the French Revolution broke out. The Monacites watched its successive phases with a peculiar attention, and when the republic was finally proclaimed at Paris, they took advantage of Honore’s absence, who was gone from home, and not known where, armed themselves with whatever came to hand, marched to the palace, took it by assault, and commenced plundering the cellars, which might contain from twelve to fifteen thousand bottles of wine. Two hours after, the eight thousand subjects of the Prince of Monaco were drunk.

“Now, at this first trial, they found liberty was an excellent thing, and they resolved to constitute themselves forthwith into a republic. But it seemed that Monaco was far too extensive a territory to proclaim itself, after the example of France, a republic one and indivisible; so the wise men of the

country, who had already formed themselves into a national assembly, came to the conclusion that Monaco should rather follow the example of America, and give birth to a federal republic. The fundamental laws of the new constitution were then discussed and determined by Monaco and Mantone, who united themselves for life and death. There was a third village called Rocco-Bruno: it was decided that it should belong half to the one and half to the other. Rocco-Bruno murmured: it had aspired to independence, and a place in the federation; but Monaco and Mantone smiled at so arrogant a pretension. Rocco-Bruno was not the strongest, and was reduced to silence: from that moment, however, Rocco-Bruno was marked out to the two national conventions as a focus of sedition. The republic was finally proclaimed under the title of the Republic of Monaco.

"The Monacites next looked abroad upon the world for allies. There were two nations, equally enlightened with themselves, to whom they could extend the hand of fellowship—the American and the French. Geographical position decided in favour of the latter. The republic of Monaco sent three deputies to the National Convention of France to proffer and demand alliance. The National Convention was in a moment of perfect good-humour: it received the deputies most politely, and invited them to call the next morning for the treaty they desired.

"The treaty was prepared that very day. It was not, indeed, a very lengthy document: it consisted of the two following articles:—

"Art. 1. There shall be peace and alliance between the French Republic and the Republic of Monaco.

"Art. 2. The French Republic is delighted with having made the acquaintance of the Republic of Monaco."

"This treaty was placed next morning in the hands of the ambassadors, who departed highly gratified. Three months afterwards the French Republic had thrown its lion's paw on its dear acquaintance, the Republic of Monaco."—P. 14.

From Monaco our traveller proceeds to Geneva; from Geneva, by water, to Livorno, (*Anglicé*, Leghorn.) Now there is little or nothing to be seen at Livorno. There is, in the place *della Darnesa*, a solitary statue of Ferdinand I., some time cardinal, and afterwards Grand-Duke of Florence. M. Dumas bethinks him to tell us the

principal incident in the life of this Ferdinand; but then this again is connected with the history of Bianca Capello, so that he must commence with her adventures. The name of Bianca Capello figures just now on the title-page of one of Messrs Colburn's and Bentley's *last and newest*. Those who have read the novel, and those who, like ourselves, have seen only the title, may be equally willing to hear the story of this high-spirited dame told in the terse, rapid manner—brief, but full of detail—of Dumas. We cannot give the whole of it in the words of M. Dumas; the extract would be too long; we must get over a portion of the ground in the shortest manner possible.

"It was towards the end of the reign of Cosmo the Great, about the commencement of the year 1563, that a young man named Pietro Bonaventuri, the issue of a family respectable, though poor, left Florence to seek his fortune in Venice. An uncle who bore the same name as himself, and who had lived in the latter city for twenty years, recommended him to the bank of the Salviati, of which he himself was one of the managers. The youth was received in the capacity of clerk.

"Opposite the bank of the Salviati lived a rich Venetian nobleman, head of the house of the Capelli. He had one son and one daughter, but not by his wife then living, who, in consequence, was stepmother to his children. With the son, our narrative is not concerned; the daughter, Bianca Capello, was a charming girl of the age of fifteen or sixteen, of a pale complexion, on which the blood, at every emotion, would appear, and pass like a roseate cloud; her hair, of that rich flaxen which Raphael has made so beautiful; her eyes dark and full of lustre, her figure slight and flexile, but of that flexibility which denotes no weakness, but force of character; prompt, as another Juliet, to love, and waiting only till some Romeo should cross her path, to say, like the maid of Verona—"I will be to thee or to the tomb!"

"She saw Pietro Bonaventuri: the window of his chamber looked out upon hers; they exchanged glances, signs, promises of love. Arrived at this point, the distance from each other was their sole obstacle: this obstacle Bianca was the first to overcome.

"Each night, when all had retired to rest in the house of the Salviati, when the nurse who had reared Bianca, had

betaken herself to the next chamber, and the young girl, standing listening against the partition, had assured herself that this last Argus was asleep, she threw over her shoulders a dark cloak to be the less visible in the night, descended on tiptoe, and light as a shadow, the marble stairs of the paternal palace, unbarred the gate, and crossed the street. On the threshold of the opposite door, her lover was standing to receive her; and the two together, with stifled breath and silent caresses, ascended the stairs that led to the little chamber of Pietro. Before the break of day, Bianca retired in the same manner to her own room, where her nurse found her in the morning, in a sleep as profound at least as the sleep of innocence.

"One night whilst our Juliet was with her Romeo, a baker's boy, who had just been to light his oven in the neighbourhood, saw a gate half open, and thought he did good service by closing it. Ten minutes afterwards, Bianca descended, and saw that it was impossible to re-enter her father's house.

"Bianca was one of those energetic spirits whose resolutions are taken at once, and for ever. She saw that her whole future destiny was changed by this one accident, and she accepted without hesitation the new life which this accident had imposed on her. She re-ascended to her lover, related what had happened, demanded of him if he was ready to sacrifice all for her as she was for him, and proposed to take advantage of the two hours of the night which still remained to them, to quit Venice and conceal themselves from the pursuit of her parents. Pietro was true—he adopted immediately the proposal; they stepped into a gondola, and fled towards Florence.

"Arrived at Florence, they took refuge with the father of Pietro—Bonaventuri the elder, who with his wife had a small lodging in the second floor in the place of St Mark. Strange! it is with poor parents that the children are so especially welcome. They received their son and their new daughter with open arms. Their servant was dismissed, both for economy and the better preservation of their secret. The good mother charged herself with the care of the little household. Bianca, whose white hands had been taught no such useful duties, set about working the most charming embroidery. The father, who earned his living as a copyist for public offices, gave out that he had retained a clerk, and took home a

double portion of papers. All were employed, and the little family contrived to live.

"Meanwhile, it will be easily imagined how great a commotion the flight of Bianca occasioned in the palace of the noble Capello. During the whole of the first day they made no pursuit, for they still, though with much anxiety, expected her return. The day passed, however, without any news of the fugitive; the flight, on the same morning, of Pietro Bonaventuri was next reported; a thousand little incidents which attracted no notice at the time were now brought back to recollection; and the result of the whole was the clear conviction that they had fled together. The influence of the Capelli was such that the case was brought immediately before the Council of Ten; and Pietro Bonaventuri was placed under the ban of the Republic. The sentence of this tribunal was made known to the government of Florence; and this government authorized the Capelli, or the officers of the Venetian Republic, to make all necessary search, not only in Florence, but throughout all Tuscany. The search, however, was unavailing. Each one of the parties felt too great an interest in keeping their secret, and Bianca herself never stirred from the apartment.

"Three months passed in this melancholy concealment, yet she who had been habituated from infancy to all the indulgences of wealth, never once breathed a word of complaint. Her only recreation was to look down into the street through the sloping blind. Now, amongst those who frequently passed across the Place of St Mark was the young grand-duke, who went every other day to see his father at his castle of Petraja. Francesco was young, gallant, and handsome; but it was not his youth or beauty that preoccupied the thoughts of Bianca, it was the idea that this prince, as powerful as he seemed gracious, might, by one word, raise the ban from Pietro Bonaventuri, and restore both him and herself to freedom. It was this idea—which kindled a double lustre in the eyes of the young Venetian, as she punctually at the hour of his passing, ran to the window, and sloped the jealousy. One day, the prince happening to look up as he passed, met the enkindled glance of his fair observer. Bianca hastily retired."

What immediately follows need not be told at any length. Francesco was enamoured; he obtained an interview.

Bianca released and enriched her lover, but became the mistress of the young duke. Pietro was quite content with this arrangement; he had himself given the first example of inconstancy. He entered upon a career of riotous pleasure, which ended in a violent death.

Francesco, in obedience to his father, married a princess of the house of Austria; but Bianca still retained her influence. His wife, who had been much afflicted by this preference of her rival, died, and the repentant widower swore never again to see Bianca. He kept the oath for four months; but she placed herself as if by accident in his path, and all her old power was revived. Francesco, by the death of his father, became the reigning Duke of Tuscany, and Bianca Capello, his wife and duchess. And now we arrive at that part of the story in which Ferdinand, the brother of Francesco, and whose statue at Livorno led to this history, enters on the scene.

"About three years after their nuptials, the young Archduke, the issue of Francesco's previous marriage, died, leaving the ducal throne of Tuscany without direct heir; failing which the Cardinal Ferdinand would become Grand-duke at the death of his brother. Now Bianca had given to Francesco one son; but, besides that he was born before their marriage, and therefore incapable of succeeding, the rumour had been spread that he was supposititious. The dukedom, therefore, would descend to the Cardinal if the Grand-duchess should have no other child; and Francesco himself had begun to despair of this happiness, when Bianca announced to him a second pregnancy.

"This time the Cardinal resolved to watch himself the proceedings of his dear sister-in-law, lest he should be the dupe of some new manœuvre. He began, therefore, to cultivate in an especial manner the friendship of his brother, declaring, that the present condition of the Grand-duchess proved to him how false had been the rumours spread touching her former *accouchement*. Francesco, happy to find his brother in this disposition, returned his advances with the utmost cordiality. The Cardinal availed himself of this friendly feeling to come and install himself in the Palace Pitti.

"The arrival of the Cardinal was by no means agreeable to Bianca, who was

not at all deceived as to the true cause of this fraternal visit. She knew that, in the Cardinal, she had a spy upon her at every moment. The spy, however, could detect nothing that savoured of imposture. If her condition was feigned, the comedy was admirably played. The Cardinal began to think that his suspicions were unjust. Nevertheless, if there were craft, the game he determined should be played out with equal skill upon his side.

"The eventful day arrived. The Cardinal could not remain in the chamber of Bianca, but he stationed himself in an antechamber, through which every one who visited her must necessarily pass. There he began to say his breviary, walking solemnly to and fro. After praying and promenading thus for about an hour, a message was brought to him from the invalid, requesting him to go into another room, as his tread disturbed her. 'Let her attend to her affairs, and I to mine,' was the only answer he gave, and the Cardinal recommenced his walk and his prayer.

"Soon after this the confessor of the Grand-duchess entered—a Capuchin, in a long robe. The Cardinal went up to him, and embraced him in his arms, recommending his sister most affectionately to his pious care. While embracing the good monk, the Cardinal felt, or thought he felt, something strange in his long sleeve. He groped under the Capuchin's robe, and drew out—a fine boy.

"'My dear brother,' said the Cardinal, 'I am now more tranquil. I am sure, at least, that my dear sister-in-law will not die this time in childbirth.'

"The monk saw that all that remained was to avoid, if possible, the scandal; and he asked the Cardinal himself what he should do. The Cardinal told him to enter into the chamber of the Duchess, whisper to her what had happened, and, as she acted, so would he act. Silence should purchase silence; clamour, clamour.

"Bianca saw that she must renounce at present her design to give a successor to the ducal crown; she submitted to a miscarriage. The Cardinal, on his side, kept his word, and the unsuccessful attempt was never betrayed.

"A few months passed on; there was an uninterrupted harmony between the brothers, and Francesco invited the Cardinal, who was fond of field-sports, to pass some time with him at a country palace, famous for its preserves of game.

"On the very day of his arrival,

Bianca, who knew that the Cardinal was partial to a certain description of tart, bethought her to prepare one for him herself. This flattering attention on the part of his sister-in-law was hinted to him by Francesco, who mentioned it as a new proof of the Duchess's amiability; but, as he had no great confidence in his reconciliation with Bianca, it was an intimation which caused him not a little disquietude. Fortunately, the Cardinal possessed an opal, given to him by Pope Sixtus V., which had the property of growing dim the moment it approached any poisonous substance. He did not fail to make trial of it on the tart prepared by Bianca. The opal grew dim and tarnished. The Cardinal said, with an assumed air of carelessness, that, on consideration, he would not eat to-day of the tart. The Duke pressed him; but not being able to prevail—'Well,' said he, 'since Ferdinand will not eat of his favourite dish, it shall not be said that a Grand-duchess had turned confectioner for nothing—I will eat of it.' And he helped himself to a piece of the tart.

"Bianca was in the act of bending forward to prevent him—but suddenly paused. Her position was horrible. She must either avow her crime, or suffer her husband to poison himself. She cast a quick retrospective glance along her past life; she saw that she had exhausted all the pleasures of the world, and attained to all its glories; her decision was rapid—as rapid as on that day when she had fled from Venice with Pietro. She also cut off a piece from the tart, and extending her hand to her husband, she smiled, and, with her other hand, eat of the poisoned dish.

"On the morrow, Francesco and Bianca were dead. A physician opened their bodies by order of Ferdinand, and declared that they had fallen victims to a malignant fever. Three days after, the Cardinal threw down his red hat, and ascended the ducal throne."—P. 63.

But presto! Mr Dumas is traveller as well as annalist. He must leave the Middle Ages to themselves; the present moment has its exigences; he must look to himself and his baggage. He had great difficulty in doing this on his landing at the Port of Livorno; and now, on his departure, he is beset with *vetturini*. Let us recur to some of these miseries of tra-

vel, which may at least claim a wide sympathy, for most of us are familiar with them. It is not necessary even to leave our own island to find how great an embarrassment too much help may prove, but we certainly have nothing in our own experience quite equal to the lively picture of M. Dumas:—

"I have visited many ports—I have traversed many towns—I have contended with the porters of Avignon—with the *facchini* of Malta, and with the inn-keepers of Messina, but I never entered so villanous a place as Livorno.

"In every other country of the world there is some possibility of defending your baggage, of bargaining for its transport to the hotel; and if no treaty can be made, there is at least liberty given to load your own shoulders with it, and be your own porter. Nothing of this kind at Livorno. The vessel which brings you has not yet touched the shore when it is boarded; *commissionnaires* absolutely rain upon you, you know not whence; they spring upon the jetty, throw themselves on the nearest vessel, and glide down upon you from the rigging. Seeing that your little craft is in danger of being capsized by their numbers, you think of self-preservation, and grasping hold of some green and slimy steps, you cling there, like Crusoe to his rock; then, after many efforts, having lost your hat, and scarified your knees, and torn your nails, you at length stand on the pier. So much for yourself. As to your baggage, it has been already divided into as many lots as there are articles; you have a porter for your portmanteau, a porter for your dressing-case, a porter for your hat-box, a porter for your umbrella, a porter for your cane. If there are two of you, that makes ten porters; if three, fifteen; as we were four, we had twenty. A twenty-first wished to take Milord (the dog,) but Milord, who permits no liberties, took him by the calf, and we had to pinch his tail till he consented to unlock his teeth. The porter followed us, crying that the dog had lamed him, and that he would compel us to make compensation. The people rose in tumult; and we arrived at the *Pension Suisse* with twenty porters before us, and a rabble of two hundred behind.

"It cost us forty francs for our portmanteaus, umbrellas, and canes, and ten francs for the bitten leg.* In all, fifty francs for about fifty steps."—P. 59.

* This was not the only case of compensation made out against this travelling companion. "Milord," says our tourist, "in his quality of bulldog, was so great

This was on his landing at Livorno: on his departure he gives us an account, equally graphic, of the *vetturini* :—

“A diligence is a creature that leaves at a fixed hour, and its passengers run to it; a vetturino leaves at all hours, and runs after its passengers. Hardly have you set your foot out of the boat that brings you from the steam-vessel to the shore, than you are assailed, stifled, dragged, deafened by twenty drivers, who look on you as their merchandise, and treat you accordingly, and would end by carrying you off bodily, if they could agree among them who should have the booty. Families have been separated at the port of Livorno, to find each other how they could in the streets of Florence. In vain you jump into a *fiacre*, they leap up before, above, behind; and at the gate of the hotel, there you are in the midst of the same group of villains, who are only the more clamorous for having been kept waiting. Reduced to extremities, you declare that you have come to Livorno upon commercial business, and that you intend staying eight days at least, and you ask of the *garçon*, loud enough for all to hear, if there is an apartment at liberty for the next week. At this they will sometimes abandon the prey, which they reckon upon seizing at some future time; they run back with all haste to the port to catch some other traveller, and you are free.

“Nevertheless, if about an hour after this you should wish to leave the hotel, you will find one or two sentinels at the gate. These are connected with the hotel, and they have been forewarned by the *garçon* that it will not be eight days before you leave—that, in fact, you will leave to-morrow. These it is absolutely necessary that you call in, and make your treaty with. If you should have the imprudence to issue forth into

the street, fifty of the brotherhood will be attracted by their clamours, and the scene of the port will be renewed. They will ask ten piastres for a carriage—you will offer five. They will utter piercing cries of dissent—you will shut the door upon them. In three minutes one of them will climb in at the window, and engage with you for the five piastres.

“This treaty concluded, you are sacred to all the world; in five minutes the report is spread through all Livorno that you are *engaged*. You may then go where you please; every one salutes you, wishes you *bon voyage*; you would think yourself amongst the most disinterested people in the world.”—P. 94.

The only question that remains to be decided is that of the drink-money—the *buona-mano*, as the Italian calls it. This is a matter of grave importance, and should be gravely considered. On this *buona-mano* depends the rapidity of your journey; for the time may vary at the will of the driver from six to twelve hours. Hereupon M. Dumas tells an amusing story of a Russian prince, which not only proves how efficient a cause this *buona-mano* may be in the accomplishment of the journey, but also illustrates very forcibly a familiar principle of our own jurisprudence, and a point to which the Italian traveller must pay particular attention. We doubt if the necessity of a written agreement, in order to enforce the terms of a contract, was ever made more painfully evident than in the following instance:—

“The Prince C—— had arrived, with his mother and a German servant, at Livorno. Like every other traveller who arrives at Livorno, he had sought immediately the most expeditious means of departure. These, as we have said,

a destroyer of cats, that we judged it wise to take some precautions against overcharges in this particular. Therefore, on our departure from Genoa, in which town Milord had commenced his practices upon the feline race of Italy, we enquired the price of a full-grown, well-conditioned cat, and it was agreed on all hands that a cat of the ordinary species—grey, white, and tortoiseshell—was worth two pauls—(learned cats, Angora cats, cats with two heads or three tails, are not, of course, included in this tariff.) Paying down this sum for two several Genoese cats which had been just strangled by our friend, we demanded a legal receipt, and we added successively other receipts of the same kind, so that this document became at length an indisputable authority for the price of cats throughout all Italy. As often as Milord committed a new assassination, and the attempt was made to extort from us more than two pauls as the price of blood, we drew this document from our pocket, and proved beyond a cavil that two pauls was what we were accustomed to pay on such occasions, and obstinate indeed must have been the man or woman who did not yield to such a weight of precedent.”

present themselves in sufficient abundance; the only difficulty is, to know how to use them.

"The vetturini had learnt from the industrious porters that they had to deal with a prince. Consequently they demanded twelve piastres instead of ten, and the prince, instead of offering five, conceded the twelve piastres, but stipulated that this should include every thing, especially the *buona-mano*, which the master should settle with the driver. 'Very good,' said the vetturini; the prince paid his twelve piastres, and the carriage started off, with him and his baggage, at full gallop. It was nine o'clock in the morning: according to his calculation, the Prince would be at Florence about three or four in the afternoon.

"They had advanced about a quarter of a league when the horses relaxed their speed, and began to walk step by step. As to the driver, he sang upon his seat, interrupting himself now and then to gossip with such acquaintances as he met upon the road; and as it is ill talking and progressing at the same time, he soon brought himself to a full stop when he had occasion for conference.

"The prince endured this for some time; at length putting his head out of the window, he said, in the purest Tuscan, '*Avanti! avanti! tirate via!*'

"How much do you give for *buona-mano*?" answered the driver, turning round upon his box.

"Why do you speak to me of your *buona-mano*?" said the prince. 'I have given your master twelve piastres, on condition that it should include every thing.'

"The *buona-mano* does not concern the master,' responded the driver; 'how much do you give?'

"Not a sou—I have paid.'

"Then, your excellence, we will continue our walk.'

"Your master has engaged to take me to Florence in six hours,' said the Prince.

"Where is the paper that says that—the written paper, your excellence?'

"Paper! what need of a paper for so simple a matter? I have no paper.'

"Then, your excellence, we will continue our walk.'

"Ah, we will see that!' said the Prince.

"Yes, we *will* see that!' said the driver.

"Hereupon the prince spoke to his German servant, Frantz, who was sitting beside the coachman, and bade him administer due correction to this refractory fellow.

"Frantz descended from the voiture without uttering a word, pulled down the driver from his seat, and pummelled him with true German gravity. Then pointing to the road, helped him on his box, and resealed himself by his side. The driver proceeded—a little slower than before. One wearies of all things in this world, even of beating a coachman. The prince, reasoning with himself that, fast or slow, he must at length arrive at his journey's end, counselled the princess his mother to compose herself to sleep; and, burying himself in one corner of the carriage, gave her the example.

"The driver occupied six hours in going from Livorno to Pontedera; just four hours more than was necessary. Arrived at Pontedera, he invited the Prince to descend, as he was about to change the carriage.

"But,' said the Prince, 'I have given twelve piastres to your master on condition that the carriage should not be changed.'

"Where is the paper?'

"Fellow, you know I have none.'

"In that case, your excellence, we will change the carriage.'

"The Prince was half-disposed to break the rascal's bones himself; but, besides that this would have compromised his dignity, he saw, from the countenances of those who stood loitering round the carriage, that it would be a very imprudent step. He descended; they threw his baggage down upon the pavement; and after about an hour's delay, brought out a miserable dislocated carriage and two broken-winded horses.

"Under any other circumstances the Prince would have been generous—would have been lavish; but he had insisted upon his right, he was resolved not to be conquered. Into this ill-conditioned vehicle he therefore doggedly entered, and as the new driver had been forewarned that there would be no *buona-mano*, the equipage started amidst the laughter and jeers of the mob.

"This time the horses were such wretched animals that it would have been out of conscience to expect anything more than a walk from them. It took six more hours to go from Pontedera to Empoli.

"Arrived at Empoli the driver stopped, and presented himself at the door of the carriage.

"Your excellence sleeps here,' said he to the prince.

"How! are we at Florence?'

"No, your excellence, you are at the charming little town of Empoli.'

" 'I paid twelve piastres to your master to go to Florence, not to Empoli. I will sleep at Florence.'

" 'Where is the paper ?'

" 'To the devil with your paper !'

" 'Your excellence then has no paper ?'

" 'No.'

" 'In that case, your excellence now will sleep at Empoli !'

" In a few minutes afterwards the prince found himself driven under a kind of archway. It was a coach-house belonging to an inn. On his expressing surprise at being driven into this sort of place, and repeating his determination to proceed to Florence, the coachman said, that, at all events, he must change his horses; and that this was the most convenient place for so doing. In fact, he took out his horses, and led them away.

" After waiting some time for his return, the prince called to Frantz, and bade him open the door of this coach-house, and bring somebody.

" Frantz obeyed, but found the door shut—fastened.

" On hearing that they were shut in, the prince started from the carriage, shook the gates with all his might, called out lustily, and looked about, but in vain, for some paving stone with which to batter them open.

" Now the prince was a man of admirable good sense; so, having satisfied himself that the people in the house either could not, or would not hear him, he determined to make the best of his position. Re-entering the carriage, he drew up the glasses, looked to his pistols, stretched out his legs, and wishing his mother-good night, went off to sleep. Frantz did the same on his post. The princess was not so fortunate; she was in perpetual terror of some ambush, and kept her eyes wide open all the night.

" So the night passed. At seven o'clock in the morning the door of the coach-house opened, and a driver appeared with a couple of horses.

" 'Are there not some travellers for Florence here ?' he asked with the tone of perfect politeness, and as if he were putting the most natural question in the world.

" The prince leapt from the carriage with the intention of strangling the man—but it was another driver !

" 'Where is the rascal that brought us here ?' he demanded.

" 'What, Peppino ? Does your excellence mean Peppino ?'

" 'The driver from Pontedera ?'

" 'Ah, well, that was Peppino.'

" 'Then where is Peppino ?'

" 'He is on his road home. Yes, your excellence. You see it was the fête of the Madonna, and we danced and drank together—I and Peppino—all the night; and this morning about an hour ago says he to me, 'Gaetano, do you take your horses, and go find two travellers and a servant who are under a coach-house at the *Croix d'Or*; all is paid except the *buona-mano*.' And I asked him, your excellence, how it happened that travellers were sleeping in a coach-house instead of in a chamber. 'Oh,' said he, 'they are English—they are afraid of not having clean sheets, and so they prefer to sleep in their carriage in the coach-house.' Now as I know the English are a nation of originals, I supposed it was all right, and so I emptied another flask, and got my horses, and here I am. If I am too early I will return, and come by and by.'

" 'No, no, in the devil's name,' said the prince, 'harness your beasts, and do not lose a moment. There is a piastre for your *buona-mano*.'

" They were soon at Florence.

" The first care of the prince, after having breakfasted, for neither he nor the princess had eaten any thing since they had left Livorno, was to lay his complaint before a magistrate.

" 'Where is the paper ?' said the judicial authority.

" 'I have none,' said the prince.

" 'Then I counsel you,' replied the judge, 'to let the matter drop. Only the next time give five piastres to the master, and a piastre and a half to the driver; you will save five piastres and a half, and arrive eighteen hours sooner.'"
—P. 97.

M. Dumas, however, arrives at Florence without any such disagreeable adventure as sleeping in a coach-house. He gives a pleasing description of the Florentine people, amongst whom the spirit of commerce has died away, but left behind a considerable share of the wealth and luxury that sprang from it. There is little spirit of enterprise; no rivalry between a class enriching itself and the class with whom wealth is hereditary; the jewels that were purchased under the reign of the Medici still shine without competitors on the promenade and at the opera. It is a people that has made its fortune, and lives contentedly on its revenues, and on what it gets from the stranger. "The first want of a Florentine," says our author, "is re-

pose; even pleasure is secondary; it costs him some little effort to be amused. Wearied of its frequent political convulsions, the town of the Medici aspires only to that unbroken and enchanted slumber which fell, as the fairy tale informs us, on the beautiful lady in the sleepy wood. No one here seems to labour, except those who are tolling and ringing the church-bells, and they indeed appear to have rest neither day nor night."

There are but three classes visible in Florence. The nobility—the foreigner—and the people. The nobility, a few princely houses excepted, spend but little, the people work but little, and it would be a marvel how these last lived if it were not for the foreigner. Every autumn brings them their harvest in the shape of a swarm of travellers from England, France, or Russia, and, we may now add, America. The winter pays for the long delicious indolence of the summer. Then the populace lounges, with interminable leisure, in their churches, on their promenades, round the doors of coffee-houses that are never closed either day or night; they follow their religious processions; they cluster with an easy good-natured curiosity round every thing that wears the appearance of a fête; taking whatever amusement presents itself, without caring to detain it, and quitting it without the least distrust that some other quite as good will occupy its place. "One evening we were roused," says our traveller, "by a noise in the street: two or three musicians of the opera, on leaving the theatre, had taken a fancy to go home playing a waltz. The scattered population of the streets arranged themselves, and followed waltzing. The men who could find no better partners, waltzed together. Five or six hundred persons were enjoying this impromptu ball, which kept its course from the opera-house to the Port del Prato, where

the last musician resided. The last musician having entered his house, the waltzers returned arm-in-arm, still humming the air to which they had been dancing."

"It follows," continues M. Dumas, "from this commercial apathy, that at Florence you must seek after every thing you want. It never comes of itself—never presents itself before you;—everything there stays at home—rests in its own place. A foreigner who should remain only a month in the capital of Tuscany would carry away a very false idea of it. At first it seems impossible to procure the things the most indispensable, or those you do procure are bad; it is only after some time that you learn, and that not from the inhabitants, but from other foreigners who have resided there longer than yourself, where anything is to be got. At the end of six months you are still making discoveries of this sort; so that people generally quit Tuscany at the time they have learned to live there. It results from all this that every time you visit Florence you like it the better; if you should revisit it three or four times you would probably end by making of it a second country, and passing there the remainder of your lives."*

Shall we visit the churches of Florence with M. Dumas? No, we are not in the vein. Shall we go with him to the theatres—to the opera—to the Pergola? Yes, but not to discuss the music or the dancing. Every body knows that at the great theatres of Italy the fashionable part of the audience pay very little attention to the music, unless it be a new opera, but make compensation by listening devoutly to the ballet. The Pergola is the great resort of fashion. A box at the Pergola, and a carriage for the banks of the Arno, are the *indispensables*, we are told, at Florence. Who has these, may eat his macaroni where he pleases—may dine for

* It is amusing to contrast the *artistic* manner in which our author makes all his statements, with the style of a guide-book, speaking on the manufactures and industry of Florence. It is from Richard's *Italy* we quote. Mark the exquisite medley of humdrum, matter-of-fact details, jotted down as if by some unconscious piece of mechanism:—"Florence *manufactures* excellent silks, woollen cloths, elegant carriages, bronze articles, earthenware, straw hats, perfumes, essences, and candied fruits; also, all kinds of turnery and inlaid work, piano-fortes, philosophical and mathematical instruments, &c. The dyes used at this city are much admired, particularly the black, and its *sauvages* are famous throughout all Italy."

sixpence if he will, or can: it is his own affair, the world is not concerned about it—he is still a gentleman, and ranks with nobles. Who has them not—though he be derived from the loins of emperors, and dine every day off plate of gold, and with a dozen courses—is still nobody. Therefore regulate your expenditure accordingly, all ye who would be somebody. We go with M. Dumas to the opera, not, as we have said, for the music or the dancing, but because, as is the way with dramatic authors, he will there introduce us, for the sake of contrast with an institution very different from that of an operatic company—

“ Sometimes in the midst of a cavatina or a *pas-de-deux*, a bell with a sharp, shrill, excoriating sound, will be heard; it is the bell *della misericordia*. Listen: if it sound but once, it is for some ordinary accident; if twice, for one of a serious nature; if it sounds three times, it is a case of death. If you look around, you will see a slight stir in some of the boxes, and it will often happen that the person you have been speaking to, if a Florentine, will excuse himself for leaving you, will quietly take his hat and depart. You inquire what that bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told it is the bell *della misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order.

“ This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1244, on occasion of the frequent pestilences which at that period desolated the town, and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration, except in its details—with none in its purely charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these, who represent the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added 500 labourers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people.

“ The seat of the brotherhood is in the place *del Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents*, with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately that the news of any accident or disaster

is brought to the brother who is upon guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice, or thrice, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has claimed his pious offices; he puts on his black robe and a broad hat, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery has called him. If it is some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel: the nobleman and the day labourer, clothed with the same robe, support together the same litter, and the link which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who, knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always, on some worm-eaten piece of furniture, there will be found a pious alms, deposited by an unknown hand.

“ The Grand-duke himself is a member of this fraternity, and I have been assured that more than once, at the sound of that melancholy bell, he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-labourer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had afterwards been detected only by the alms he had left behind.”—p. 126.

It is not to be supposed that our dramatist pursues the same direct and unadventurous route that lies open to every citizen of Paris and London. At the end of the first volume we leave him still at Florence; we open the second, and we find him and his companion Jadin, and his companion's dog Milord, standing at the port of Naples, looking out for some vessel to take them to Sicily. So that we have travels in Italy with Rome left out. Not that he did not visit Rome, but that we have no “souvenirs” of his visit here. As the book is a mere *capriccio*, there can be no possible objection taken to it on this score. Besides, the island of Sicily, which becomes the chief scene of his adventures, is less beaten ground. Nor do we hear much of Naples, for he quits Naples almost as soon as he had entered it. This last fact requires explanation.

M. Dumas has had the honour to be an object of terror or of animosity to crowned heads. When at Genoa, his Sardinian Majesty manifested his hostility to M. Dumas—we presume on account of his too liberal politics—by dispatching an emissary of the police to notify to him that he must immediately depart from Genoa. Which emissary of his Sardinian Majesty had no sooner delivered his royal sentence of deportation, than he extended his hand for a *pour boire*. Either M. Dumas must be a far more formidable person than we have any notion of, or majesty can be very nervous, or very spiteful. And now, when he is about to enter Naples—but why do we presume to relate M. Dumas's personal adventures in any other language than his own? or language as near his own as we—who are, we must confess, imperfect translators—can hope to give.

“The very evening of our arrival at Naples, Jadin and I ran to the port to enquire if by chance any vessel, whether steam-boat or sailing packet, would leave on the morrow for Sicily. As it is not the ordinary custom for travellers to go to Naples to remain there a few hours only, let me say a word on the circumstance that compelled us to this hasty departure.

“We had left Paris with the intention of traversing the whole of Italy, including Sicily and Calabria; and, putting this project into scrupulous execution, we had already visited Nice, Genoa, Milan, Florence, and Rome, when, after a sojourn of about three weeks at this last city, I had the honour to meet, at the Marquis de P——’s, our own *chargé des affaires*, the Count de Ludorf, the Neapolitan ambassador. As I was to leave in a few days for Naples, the Marquis introduced me to his brother in diplomacy. M. de Ludorf received me with that cold and vacant smile which pledges to nothing; nevertheless, after this introduction, I thought myself bound to carry to him our passports myself. M. de Ludorf had the civility to tell me to deposit the passports at his office, and to call there for them the day after the morrow.

“Two days having elapsed, I accordingly presented myself at the office: I found a clerk there, who, with the utmost politeness, informed me that some difficulties having arisen on the subject of my *visa*, I had better make an application to the ambassador himself. I was

obliged, therefore, whatever resolution I had made to the contrary, to present myself again to M. de Ludorf.

“I found the ambassador more cold, more measured than before; but reflecting that it would probably be the last time I should have the honour of seeing him, I resigned myself. He motioned to me to take a chair. This was some improvement upon the last visit; the last visit he left me standing.

“‘Monsieur,’ said he, with a certain air of embarrassment, and drawing out, one after the other, the folds of his shirt-front, ‘I regret to say that you cannot go to Naples.’

“‘Why so?’ I replied, determined to impose upon our dialogue whatever tone I thought fit—‘are the roads so bad?’

“‘No, monsieur; the roads are excellent, but you have the misfortune to be on the list of those who cannot enter the kingdom of Naples.’

“‘However honourable such a distinction may be, monsieur l’ambassadeur,’ said I, suiting my tone to the words, ‘it will at present be rather inconvenient, and I trust you will permit me to inquire into the cause of this prohibition. If it is nothing but one of those slight and vexatious interruptions which one meets with perpetually in Italy, I have some friends about the world who might have influence sufficient to remove it.’

“‘The cause is one of a grave nature, and I doubt if your friends, of whatever rank they may be, will have influence to remove it.’

“‘What may it be?’

“‘In the first place, you are the son of General Matthieu Dumas, who was minister of war at Naples during the usurpation of Joseph.’

“‘I am sorry,’ I answered, ‘to be obliged to decline any relationship with that illustrious general. My father was not General Matthieu, but General Alexandre Dumas. The same,’ I continued, seeing that he was endeavouring to recall some reminiscences connected with the name of Dumas, ‘who, after having been made prisoner at Tarentum, in contempt of the rights of hospitality, was poisoned at Brindisi, with Mauscourt and Dolomieu, in contempt of the rights of nations. This happened, monsieur l’ambassadeur, at the same time that they hanged Carracciolo in the Gulf of Naples. You see I do all I can to assist your recollection.’

“M. de Ludorf bit his lips.

“‘Well, monsieur,’ he resumed after a moment’s silence, ‘there is a second reason—your political opinions. You

are marked out as a republican, and have quitted Paris, it is said, on some political design."

" 'To which I answer, monsieur, by showing you my letters of introduction. They bear nearly all the seals and signatures of our ministers. Here is one from the Admiral Jacob, another from Marshal Soult, another from M. de Villemain; they claim for me the aid of the French ambassador in any case of this description.'

" 'Well, well,' said M. de Ludorf, 'since you have foreseen the very difficulty that has occurred, meet it with those means which are in your power. For me, I repeat, I cannot sign your passport. Those of your companions are quite regular; they can proceed when they please; but they must proceed without you.'

" 'Has the Count de Ludorf' said I, rising, 'any commissions for Naples?'

" 'Why so, monsieur?'

" 'Because I shall have great pleasure in undertaking them.'

" 'But I repeat, you cannot go to Naples.'

" 'I shall be there in three days.'

" 'I wished M. de Ludorf good morning, and left him stupefied at my assurance.'—Vol. ii. p. 5.

Our dramatical traveller ran immediately to a young friend, an artist then studying at Rome, and prevailed on him to take out a passport, in his own name, for Naples. Fortified with this passport, and assuming the name of his friend, he left Rome that evening. The following day he reached Naples. But as he was exposed every moment to detection, it was necessary that he should pass over immediately to Sicily. The steam-boats at Naples, unlike the steam-boats every where else, start at no fixed period. The captain waits for his contingent of passengers, and till this has been obtained both he and his vessel are immovable. M. Dumas and his companion, therefore, hired a small sailing vessel, a *speronara* as it is called, in which they embarked the next morning. But before weighing anchor M. Dumas took from his portfolio the neatest, purest, whitest, sheet of paper that it contained, and indited the following letter to the Count de Ludorf:—

" Monsieur le Comte,

" I am distressed that your excellency did not think fit to charge me with your

commissions for Naples. I should have executed them with a fidelity which would have convinced you of the grateful recollection I retain of your kind offices.

" Accept, M. le Comte, the assurance of those lively sentiments which I entertain towards you, and of which, one day or other, I hope to give you proof.

" ALEX. DUMAS."

" Naples, 23d Aug. 1835."

With the crew of this *speronara* we became as familiar as with the personages of a novel; and, indeed, about this time the novelist begins to predominate over the tourist.

On leaving the bay of Naples our traveller first makes for the island of Capri. The greatest curiosity which he here visits and describes is the *azure grotto*. He and his companion are rowed, each in a small skiff, to a narrow dark aperture upon the rocky coast, and which appears the darker from its contrast with the white surf that is dashing about it. He is told to lie down on his back in the boat, to protect his head from a concussion against the low roof.

" In a moment after I was borne upon the surge—the bark glided on with rapidity—I saw nothing but a dark rock, which seemed for a second to be weighing on my chest. Then on a sudden I found myself in a grotto so marvellous that I uttered a cry of astonishment, and started up in my admiration with a bound which endangered the frail bark on which I stood.

" I had before me, around me, above me, beneath me, a perfect enchantment, which words cannot describe, and which the pencil would utterly fail to give any impression of. Imagine an immense cavern, all pure azure—as if God had made a tent there with some residue of the firmament; a surface of water so limpid, so transparent, that you seem to float on air: above you, the pendant stalactites, huge and fantastical, reversed pyramids and pinnacles: below you a sand of gold mingled with marine vegetation; and around the margin of the cave, where it is bathed by the water, the coral shooting out its capricious and glittering branches. That narrow entrance which, from the sea, showed like a dark spot, now shone at one end a luminous point, the solitary star which gave its subdued light to this fairy palace; whilst at the opposite extremity a sort of alcove led on the imagination to expect new wonders, or perhaps the ap-

parition of the nymph or goddess of the place.

"In all probability the azure grotto was unknown to the ancients. No poet speaks of it; and surely with their marvellous imagination the Greeks could not have failed to make it the palace of some marine goddess, and to have transmitted to us her history. The sea, perhaps, was higher than it is now, and the secrets of this cave were known only to Amphitrite and her court of sirens, naiads, and tritons.

"Even now at times the sea rises and closes the orifice, so that those who have entered cannot escape. In which case they must wait till the wind, which had suddenly shifted to the east or west, returns to the north or south; and it has happened that visitors who came to spend twenty minutes in the azure grotto, have remained there two, three, and even four days. To provide against such an emergency, the boatmen always bring with them a certain quantity of biscuit to feed the prisoners; and as the rock affords fresh water in several places, there is no fear of thirst. It was not till we had been in the grotto sometime that our boatmen communicated this piece of information; we were disposed to reproach them for this delay, but they answered with the utmost simplicity, that if they told this at first to travellers, half of them would decline coming, and this would injure the boatmen.

"I confess that this little piece of information raised a certain disquietude, and I found the azure grotto infinitely less agreeable to the imagination. . . . We again laid ourselves down at the bottom of our respective canoes, and issued forth with the same precautions, and the same good fortune, with which we had entered. But we were some minutes before we could open our eyes; the burning sun upon the glittering ocean absolutely blinded us. We had not gone many yards, however, before the eye recovered itself, and all that we had seen in the azure grotto had the consistency of a dream."

From Capri our travellers proceed to Sicily. We have a long story and a violent storm upon the passage, and are landed at Messina. Here M. Dumas enlarges his experience by an acquaintance with the *Sirocco*. His companion, M. Jadin, had been taken ill, and a physician had been called in.

"The doctor had ordered that the patient (who was suffering under a fever) should be exposed to all the air

possible, that doors and windows should be opened, and he should be placed in the current. This was done; but on the present evening, to my astonishment, instead of the fresh breeze of the night—which was wont to blow the fresher from our neighbourhood to the sea—there entered at the open window a dry hot wind like the air from a furnace. I waited for the morning, but the morning brought no change in the state of the atmosphere.

"My patient had suffered greatly through the night. I rang the bell for some lemonade, the only drink the doctor had recommended; but no one answered the summons. I rang again, and a third time: still no one came; at length seeing that the mountain would not come to me, I went to the mountain. I wandered through the corridor, and entered apartment after apartment, and found no one to address. It was nine o'clock in the morning, yet the master and mistress of the house had not left their room, and not a domestic was at his post. It was quite incomprehensible.

"I descended to the portico; I found him lying on an old sofa all in tatters, the principal ornament of his room, and asked him why the house was thus deserted.

"Ah, monsieur!" said he, 'do you not feel the *sirocco*?'"

"Sirocco or not, is this a reason why no one should come when I call?"

"Oh, monsieur, when it is *sirocco* no one does any thing!"

"And your travellers, who is to wait upon them?"

"On those days they wait upon themselves."

"I begged pardon of this respectable official for having disturbed him; he heaved such a sigh as indicated that it required a great amount of Christian charity to grant the pardon I had asked.

"The hour arrived when the doctor should have paid his visit, and no doctor came. I presumed that the *sirocco* detained him also; but as the state of Jadin appeared to me alarming, I resolved to go and rouse my Esculapius, and bring him, willing or unwilling, to the hotel. I took my hat and sallied forth.

"Messina had the appearance of a city of the dead: not an inhabitant was walking in the streets, not a head was seen at the windows. The mendicants themselves (and he who has not seen the Sicilian mendicant, knows not what wretchedness is,) lay in the corners of the streets, stretched out, doubled up, panting, without strength to stretch out

their hand for charity, or voice to ask an alms. Pompeii, which I visited three months afterwards, was not more silent, more solitary, more inanimate.

"I reached the doctor's. I rang, I knocked, no one answered. I pushed against the door, it opened;—I entered, and pursued my search for the doctor.

"I traversed three or four apartments. There were women lying upon sofas, and children sprawling on the floor. Not one even raised a head to look at me. At last, in one of the rooms, the door of which was, like the rest, half-open, I found the man I was in quest of, stretched upon his bed.

"I went up to him, I took him by the hand, and felt his pulse.

" 'Ah,' said he, with a melancholy voice, and scarcely turning his head towards me, 'Is that you? What can you want?'

" 'Want!—I want you to come and see my friend, who is no better, as it seems to me.'

" 'Go and see your friend!' cried the doctor, in a fright—'impossible!'

" 'Why impossible?'

"He made a desperate effort to move, and taking his cane in his left hand, passed his right hand slowly down it, from the golden head that adorned it

to the other extremity. 'Look you,' said he, 'my cane sweats.'

"And, in fact, there fell some globules of water from it, such an effect has this terrible wind even on inanimate things.

" 'Well,' said I, 'and what does that prove?'

" 'That proves, that at such a time as this, there are no physicians, all are patients.*'"—P. 175.

Seeing there was no chance of bringing the doctor to the hotel, unless he carried him there by main force, Mr Dumas contented himself with relating the symptoms of his friend. To drink lemonade—much lemonade—all the lemonade he could swallow, was the only prescription that the physician gave. And the simple remedy seems to have sufficed; for the patient shortly after recovered.

Not the least agreeable portion of these travels, is the pleasant impression they leave of the traveller himself, one who has his humours doubtless, but who is social, buoyant, brave, generous, and enterprising. A Frenchman—as a chemist, in his peculiar language, would say—is a crea-

* The extreme misery of the paupers in Sicily, who form, he tells us, a tenth part of the population, quite haunts the imagination of M. Dumas. He recurs to it several times. At one place he witnesses the distribution, at the door of a convent, of soup to these poor wretches, and gives a terrible description of the famine-stricken group. "All these creatures," he continues, "had eaten nothing since yesterday evening. They had come there to receive their porringer of soup, as they had come to-day, as they would come to-morrow. This was all their nourishment for twenty-four hours, unless some of them might obtain a few *grani* from their fellow-citizens, or the compassion of strangers; but this is very rare, as the Syracusans are familiarized with the spectacle, and few strangers visit Syracuse. When the distributor of this blessed soup appeared, there were unheard-of cries, and each one rushed forward with his wooden bowl in his hand. Only there were some too feeble to exclaim, or to run, and who dragged themselves forward, groaning, upon their hands and knees. There was in the midst of all, a child clothed, not in anything that could be called a shirt, but a kind of spider's web, with a thousand holes, who had no wooden bowl, and who wept with hunger. It stretched out its poor little meagre hands, and joined them together, to supply as well as it could, by this natural receptacle, the absent bowl. The cook poured in a spoonful of the soup. The soup was boiling, and burned the child's hand. It uttered a cry of pain, and was compelled to open its fingers, and the soup fell upon the pavement. The child threw itself on all fours, and began to eat in the manner of a dog."—Vol. iii. p. 58.

And in another place he says, "Alas, this cry of hunger! it is the eternal cry of Sicily; I have heard nothing else for three months. There are miserable wretches, whose hunger has never been appeased, from the day when, lying in their cradle, they began to draw the milk from their exhausted mothers, to the last hour when, stretched on their bed of death, they have expired endeavouring to swallow the sacred host which the priest had laid upon their lips. Horrible to think of! there are human beings to whom, to have eaten once sufficiently, would be a remembrance for all their lives to come."—Vol. iv. p. 108.

ture "endowed with a considerable range of affinity." Our traveller has this range of affinity; he wins the heart of all and several—the crew of his *speronara*. We will close with the following extract, both because it shows the frank and lively feelings of the Frenchman, and because it introduces a name dear to all lovers of melody. The father of Bellini was a Sicilian, and Dumas was in Sicily.

"It was while standing on this spot, that I asked my guide if he knew the father of Bellini. At this question he turned, and pointing out to me an old man who was passing in a little carriage drawn by one horse—'Look you,' said he, 'there he is, taking his ride into the country!'

"I ran to the carriage and stopped it, knowing that he is never intrusive who speaks to a father of his son, and of such a son as Bellini's. At the first mention of his name, the old man took me by both hands, and asked me eagerly if I really knew his son. I drew from my portfolio a letter of introduction, which, on my departure from Paris, Bellini had given me for the Duchess de Noja, and asked him if he knew the handwriting. He took the letter in his hands, and answered only by kissing the superscription.

"'Ah,' said he, turning round to me, 'you know not how good he is! We are not rich. Well, at each success there comes some remembrance, something to add to the ease and comfort of an old man. If you will come home with me, I will show you how many things I owe to his goodness. Every success brings something new. This watch I carry with me, was from *Norma*; this little carriage and horse, from the *Puritans*. In every letter that he writes, he says that he will come; but Paris is far from Sicily. I do not trust to this promise—I am afraid that I shall die without seeing him again. You will see him, you—'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and if you have any commission—'

"'No—what should I send him?—My blessing?—Dear boy, I give it him night and morning. But tell him you have given me a happy day by speaking to me of him—tell him that I embraced you as an old friend—(and he embraced me)—but you need not say that I was in tears. Besides,' he added, 'it is with joy that I weep.—And is it true that my son has a reputation?'

"'Indeed a very great reputation.'

"'How strange!' said the old man, 'who would have thought it, when I used to scold him, because, instead of working, he would be eternally beating time, and teaching his sister all the old Sicilian airs! Well, these things are written above. I wish I could see him before I die.—But your name?' he added, 'I have forgotten all this time to ask your name.'

"I told him: it woke no recollection.

"'Alexandre Dumas, Alexandre Dumas,' he repeated two or three times, 'I shall recollect that he who bears that name has given me good news of my son. Adieu! Alexandre Dumas—I shall recollect that name—Adieu!'

"Poor old man! I am sure he has not forgotten it; for the news I gave him of his son was the last he was ever to receive."—P. 226.

Sicily is one of those *romantic* countries, where you may still meet with adventures in your travels, where you may be shot at by banditti with pointed hats and long guns. M. Dumas passes not without his share of such adventures. Perhaps, as Sicily is less trodden ground than Italy, his "*Souvenirs*" will be found more interesting as he proceeds. We have naturally taken our quotations in the order in which they presented themselves, and we have not advanced further than the second of the five delectably small volumes in which these travels are printed. Would our space permit us to proceed, it is probable that our extracts would increase, instead of diminishing, in interest.

AMMALÁT BEK.

A TRUE TALE OF THE CAUCASUS. FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MARLÍNSKI.

CHAPTER VI.

Fragments from the Diary of Ammalát Bek.—Translated from the Tartar.

* * * HAVE I been asleep till now, or am I now in a dream? . . . This, then, is the new world called *thought!* . . . O beautiful world! thou hast long been to me cloudy and confused, like the milky way, which, they say, consists of thousands of glittering stars! It seems to me that I am ascending the mountain of knowledge from the valley of darkness and ignorance; each step opens to me views further and more extensive. . . . My breast breathes freer, I gaze in the face of the sun. . . . I look below—the clouds murmur under my feet! . . . annoying clouds! You prevent me from seeing the heavens from the earth; from the heaven to look upon the earth!

I wonder how the commonest questions, *whence* and *how*, never before came into my head? All God's world, with every thing in it good or evil, was seen reflected in my soul as in the sea; I only knew as much of it as the sea does, or a mirror. In my memory, it is true, much was preserved; but to what end did this serve? Does the hawk understand why the hood is put on his head? Does the steed understand why they shoe him? Did I understand why in one place mountains are necessary, in another steppes, here eternal snows, there oceans of sand? Why storms and earthquakes were necessary? And thou, most wondrous being, Man! it never has entered my head to follow thee from thy cradle, suspended on a wandering mule, to that magnificent city which I have never seen, and which I am enchanted merely to have heard of! . . . I confess that I am already delighted with the mere outside of a book, without understanding the meaning of the mysterious letters . . . but V. not only makes knowledge attractive, but gives me the means of acquiring it. With him, as a young swallow with its mother, I try my new wings. . . . The distance

and the height still astonish, but no longer alarm me. The time will come when I shall mount upwards to the heavens! . . .

. . . But yet, am I happy because V. and his books teach me to think? The time was, when a spirited steed, a costly sabre, a good gun, delighted me like a child. Now, that I know the superiority of mind over body, my former pride in shooting or horsemanship appears to me ridiculous—nay, even contemptible. Is it worth while to devote oneself to a trade, in which the meanest broad-shouldered *noúker* can surpass me? . . . Is it worth while to seek honour and happiness, of which the first wound may deprive me—the first awkward leap? They have taken from me this plaything, but with what have they replaced it? . . . With new wants, with new wishes, which Allah himself can neither weary nor satisfy. I thought myself a man of consequence; but now I am convinced of my own nothingness. Formerly, to my memory, my grandfather and great-grandfather were at the beginning of the night of the past, with its stories and dreaming traditions. . . . The Caucasus contained my world, and I peacefully slept in that night. I thought to be famous in Daghestán—the height of glory. And what then? History has peopled my former desert with nations, shattering each other for glory; with heroes, terrifying the nations by valour to which we can never rise. And where are they? Half forgotten, they have vanished in the dust of ages. The description of the earth shows me that the Tartars occupy a little corner of the world; that they are miserable savages in comparison with the European nations; and that of the existence, not only of their brave warriors, but of the whole nation, nobody thinks, nobody knows, nobody wishes to know. It is worth

while to be a glow-worm amongst insects. Was it worth while to expand my mind, in order to be convinced of such a bitter truth?

What is the use of a knowledge of the powers of nature to me, when I cannot change my soul, master my heart? The sea teaches me to build dykes—but I cannot restrain my tears! . . . I can conduct the lightning from the roof, but I cannot throw off my sorrows! Was I not unhappy enough from my feelings alone, without calling around me my thoughts, like greedy vultures? What does the sick man gain by knowing that his disease is incurable? . . . The tortures of my hopeless love have become sharper, more piercing, more various, since my intellect has been enlightened.

No! I am unjust. Reading shortens for me the long winter-like night—the hours of separation. In teaching me to fix on paper my flying thoughts, V. has given me a heart-felt enjoyment. Some day I shall meet Seltanetta, and I shall show her these pages; in which her name is written oftener than that of Allah in the Korán. "These are the annals of my heart," I shall say: "Look! on such a day thus I thought about you—on such a night, I saw you thus in my dreams! By these little leaves, as by a string of diamond beads, you may count my sighs, my tears for you." O lovely, and beloved being! you will often smile at my strange phantasies—long will they supply matter for our conversations. But, by your side, enchantress, shall I be able to remember the past? . . . No, no! . . . Every thing before me, every thing around me, will then fade away, except the present bliss—to be with you! O, how burning, and how light will my soul be! Liquid sunshine will flow in my veins—I shall float in heaven, like the sun! To forget all by your side is a bliss prouder than the highest wisdom!

I have read stories of love, of the charms of woman—of the perfidy of man—but no heroine approaches my Seltanetta in loveliness of soul or body—not one of the heroes do I resemble—I envy them the fascination, I ad-

mire the wisdom of lovers in books—but then, how weak, how cold is their love! It is a moonbeam playing on ice! Whence come these European babblers of Tharsis—these nightingales of the market-place—these sugared confections of flowers? I cannot believe that people can love passionately, and prate of their love—even as a hired mourner laments over the dead. The spendthrift casts his treasure by handfuls to the wind; the lover hides it, nurses it, buries it in his heart like a hoard.

I am yet young, and I ask "what is friendship?" I have a friend in V.—a loving, real, thoughtful friend; yet I am not *his* friend. I feel it, I reproach myself that I do not reciprocate his regard as I ought, as he deserves—but is it in my power? In my soul there is no room for any one but Seltanetta—in my heart there is no feeling but love.

No! I cannot read, I cannot understand what the Colonel explains to me. I cheated myself when I thought that the ladder of science could be climbed by me. . . I am weary at the first steps, I lose my way on the first difficulty, I entangle the threads, instead of unravelling them—I pull and tear them—and I carry off nothing of the prey but a few fragments. The *hope* which the Colonel held out to me I mistook for my own progress. But who—what—impedes this progress? That which makes the happiness and misery of my life—love. In every place, in every thing, I hear and see Seltanetta—and often Seltanetta alone. To banish her from my thoughts I should consider sacrilege; and, even if I wished, I could not perform the resolution. Can I see without light? Can I breathe without air? Seltanetta is my light, my air, my life, my soul!

My hand trembles—my heart flutters in my bosom. If I wrote with my blood, 'twould scorch the paper. Seltanetta! your image pursues me dreaming or awake. The image of your charms is more dangerous than the reality. The thought that I may never possess them, touch them, see them, perhaps, plunges me into an in-

cessant melancholy—at once I melt and burn. I recall each lovely feature, each attitude of your exquisite person—that little foot, the seal of love, that bosom, the gem of bliss! The remembrance of your voice makes my soul thrill like the chord of an instrument—ready to burst from the clearness of its tone—and your kiss! that kiss in which I drank your soul! It showers roses and coals of fire upon my lonely bed—I burn—my hot lips are tortured by the thirst for caresses—my hand longs to clasp your waist—to touch your knees! Oh, come—Oh, fly to me—that I may die in delight, as now I do in weariness!

Colonel Verkhóffsky, endeavouring by every possible means to divert Ammalát's grief, thought of amusing him with a boar-hunt, the favourite occupation of the Beks of Daghestán. In answer to his summons, there assembled about twenty persons, each attended by his noukers, each eager to try his fortune, or to gallop about the field and vaunt his courage. Already had grey December covered the tops of the surrounding mountains with the first-fallen snow. Here and there in the streets of Derbénd lay a crust of ice, but over it the mud rolled in sluggish waves along the uneven pavement. The sea lazily plashed against the sunken turrets of the walls which descended to the water; a flock of bustards and of geese whizzed through the fog, and flew with a complaining cry above the ramparts; all was dark and melancholy—even the dull and tiresome braying of the asses laden with faggots for the market, sounded like a dirge over the fine weather. The old Tartars sat in the bazárs, wrapping their shoubes over their noses. But this is exactly the weather most favourable to hunters. Hardly had the moóllahs of the town proclaimed the hour of prayer, when the Colonel, attended by several of his officers, the Beks of the city, and Ammalát, rode, or rather swam, through the mud, leaving the town in the direction of the north, through the principal gate Keerkhlár Kápi, which is covered with iron plates. The road leading to Tárkí is rude in appearance, bordered for a few paces to the right and left with beds of madder—

beyond them lie vast burying-grounds, and further still towards the sea, scattered gardens. But the appearance of the suburbs is a great deal more magnificent than those of the Southern ones. To the left, on the rocks were seen the Keifárs, or barracks of the regiment of Kouérin; while on both sides of the road, fragments of rock lay in picturesque disorder, rolled down in heaps by the violence of the mountain-torrents. A forest of ilex, covered with hoar-frost, thickened as it approached Vellikent, and at each verst the retinue of Verkhóffsky was swelled by fresh arrivals of *Beglar* and *Agalar*.* The hunting party now turned to the left, and they speedily heard the cry of the *ghayálst-chiks*† assembled from the surrounding villages. The hunters formed into an extended chain, some on horseback, and some running on foot; and soon the wild-boars also began to show themselves.

The umbrageous oak-forests of Daghestán have served, from time immemorial, as a covert for innumerable herds of wild hogs; and although the Tartars—like the Mussulmans—hold it a sin not only to eat, but even to touch the unclean animal, they consider it a praiseworthy act to destroy them—at least they practise the art of shooting on these beasts, as well as exhibit their courage, because the chase of the wild-boar is accompanied by great danger, and requires cunning and bravery.

The lengthened chain of hunters occupied a wide extent of ground; the most fearless marksmen selecting the most solitary posts, in order to divide with no one else the glory of success, and also because the animals make for those points where there are fewer people. Colonel Verkhóffsky, confident in his gigantic strength and sure eye, posted himself in the thickest of the wood, and halted at a small savannah to which converged the tracks of numerous wild-boars. Perfectly alone, leaning against the branch of a fallen tree, he awaited his game. Interrupted shots were heard on the right and left of his station; for a moment a wild-boar appeared behind the trees; at length the bursting crash of falling underwood was heard, and immediately a boar of uncommon

* *Lar* is the Tartar plural of all substantives.

† Beaters for the game.

size darted across the field like a ball fired from a cannon. The Colonel took his aim, the bullet whistled, and the wounded monster suddenly halted, as if in surprise—but this was but for an instant—he dashed furiously in the direction whence came the shot. The froth smoked from his red-hot tusks, his eye burned in blood, and he flew at the enemy with a grunt. But Verkhófsky showed no alarm, waiting for the nearer approach of the brute: a second time clicked the cock of his gun—but the powder was damp and missed fire. What now remained for the hunter? He had not even a dagger at his girdle—flight would have been useless. As if by the anger of fate, not a single thick tree was near him—only one dry branch arose from the oak against which he had leaned; and Verkhófsky threw himself on it as the only means of avoiding destruction. Hardly had he time to clamber an *arschine* and a half* from the ground, when the boar, enraged to fury, struck the branch with his tusks—it cracked from the force of the blow and the weight which was supported by it. . . . It was in vain that Verkhófsky tried to climb higher—the bark was covered with ice—his hands slipped—he was sliding downwards; but the beast did not quit the tree—he gnawed it—he attacked it with his sharp tusks a *tchét-verin* below the feet of the hunter. Every instant Verkhófsky expected to be sacrificed, and his voice died away in the lonely space in vain. No, not in vain! The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard close at hand, and Ammalát Bek galloped up at full speed with uplifted sabre. Perceiving a new enemy, the wild-boar turned at him, but a sideway leap of the horse decided the battle—a blow from Ammalát hurled him on the earth.

The rescued Colonel hurried to embrace his friend, but the latter was slashing, mangling, in a fit of rage, the slain beast. "I accept not unmerited thanks," he answered at length, turning from the Colonel's embrace. "This same boar gored before my eyes a Bek of Tabasóran, my friend, when he, having missed him, had entangled his foot in the stirrup. I burned with anger when I saw my

comrade's blood, and flew in pursuit of the boar. The closeness of the wood prevented me from following his track; I had quite lost him; and God has brought me hither to slay the accursed brute, when he was on the point of sacrificing a yet nobler victim—you, my benefactor."

"Now we are quits, dear Ammalát. Do not talk of past events. This day our teeth shall avenge us on this tasked foe. I hope you will not refuse to taste the forbidden meat, Ammalát?"

"Not I! nor to wash it down with champagne, Colonel. Without offence to Mahomet, I had rather strengthen my soul with the foam of the wine, than with the water of the true believer."

The hunt now turned to the other side. From afar were heard cries and hallooing, and the drums of the Tartars in the chase. From time to time shots rang through the air. A horse was led up to the Colonel: and he, feasting his sight with the boar, which was almost cut in two, patted Ammalát on the shoulder, crying "A brave blow!"

"In that blow exploded my revenge," answered the Bek; "and the revenge of an Asiatic is heavy."

"You have seen, you have witnessed," replied the Colonel, "how injury is avenged by Russians—that is, by Christians; let this be not a reproach, but—a lesson to you."

And they both galloped off towards the Line.

Ammalát was remarkably absent—sometimes he did not answer at all—at others, he answered incoherently to the questions of Verkhófsky, by whom he rode, gazing abstractedly around him. The Colonel, thinking that, like an eager hunter, he was engrossed by the sport, left him, and rode forward. At last, Ammalát perceived him whom he was so impatiently expecting, his hemdjék, Saphir Ali, flew to meet him, covered with mud, and mounted on a smoking horse. With cries of "Al-eikoúm Selam," they both jumped off their horses, and were immediately locked in each other's embrace.

"And so you have been there—you have seen her—you have spoken to her?" cried Ammalát, tearing off his *kafían*, and choking with agita-

* Rather less than an English yard.

tion. "I see by your face that you bring good news; here is my new *tchoukhâ** for you for that. Does she live? Is she well? Does she love me as before?"

"Let me recollect myself," answered Saphir Ali. "Let me take breath. You have put so many questions, and I myself am charged with so many commissions, that they are crowding together like old women at the door of the mosque, who have lost their shoes. First, at your desire, I have been to Khounzâkh. I crept along so softly, that I did not scare a single thrush by the road. Sultan Akhmet Khan is well, and at home. He asked about you with great anxiety, shook his head, and enquired if you did not want a spindle to dry the silk of Derbënd. The khânsha sends you *tchokh selammóum*, (many compliments,) and as many sweet cakes. I threw them away, the confounded things, at the first resting-place. Soukhai-Khan, Noutzal-Khan"—

"The devil take them all! What about Seltanetta?"

"Aha! at last I have touched the chilblain of your heart. Seltanetta, my dear Ammalât, is as beautiful as the starry sky; but in that heaven I saw no light, until I conversed about you. Then she almost threw herself on my neck when we were left alone together, and I explained the cause of my arrival. I gave her a camel-load of compliments from you—told her that you were almost dead with love—poor fellow!—and she burst into tears!"

"Kind, lovely soul! What did she tell you to say to me?"

"Better ask what she did not. She says that, from the time that you left her, she has never rejoiced even in her dreams; that the winter snow has fallen on her heart, and that nothing but a meeting with her beloved, like a vernal sun, can melt it. . . . But if I were to continue to the end of her messages, and you were to wait to the end of my story, we should both reach Derbënd with grey beards. Spite of all this, she almost drove me away, hurrying me off, lest you should doubt her love!"

"Darling of my soul! you know

not—I cannot explain what bliss it is to be with thee, what torment to be separated from thee, not to see thee!"

"That is exactly the thing, Ammalât; she grieves that she cannot rejoice her eyes with a sight of him whom she never can be weary of gazing at. 'Is it possible,' she says, 'that he cannot come but for one little day, for one short hour, one little moment?'"

"To look on her, and then die, I would be content!"

"Ah, when you behold her, you will wish to live. She is become quieter than she was of old; but even yet she is so lively, that when you see her your blood sparkles within you."

"Did you tell her why it is not in my power to do her will, and to accomplish my own passionate desire?"

"I related such tales that you would have thought me the Shah of Persia's chief poet. Seltanetta shed tears like a fountain after rain. She does nothing else but weep."

"Why, then, reduce her to despair? 'I cannot now' does not mean 'it is for ever impossible.' You know what a woman's heart is, Saphir Ali: for them the end of hope is the end of love."

"You sow words on the wind, djauníon (my soul.) Hope, for lovers, is a skein of worsted—endless. In cool blood, you do not even trust your eyes; but fall in love, and you will believe in ghosts. I think that Seltanetta would hope that you could ride to her from your coffin—not only from Derbënd."

"And how is Derbënd better than a coffin to me? Does not my heart feel its decay, without power to escape it? Here is only my corpse: my soul is far away."

"It seems that your senses often take the whim of walking I know not where, dear Ammalât. Are you not well at Verkhóffsky's—free and contented? beloved as a younger brother, caressed like a bride? Grant that Seltanetta is lovely: there are not many Verkhóffskys. Cannot you sacrifice to friendship a little part of love?"

"Am not I then doing so, Saphir Ali? But if you knew how much it

* The Tartars have an invariable custom, of taking off some part of their dress and giving it to the bearer of good news.

costs me! It is as if I tore my heart to pieces. Friendship is a lovely thing, but it cannot fill the place of love."

"At least, it can console us for love—it can relieve it. Have you spoken about this to the Colonel?"

"I cannot prevail on myself to do so. The words die on my lips, when I would speak of my love. He is so wise, that I am ashamed to annoy him with my madness. He is so kind, that I dare not abuse his patience. To say the truth, his frankness invites, encourages mine. Figure to yourself that he has been in love since his childhood with a maiden, to whom he was plighted, and whom he certainly would have married if his name had not been by mistake put into a list of killed during the war with the Feringhis. His bride shed tears, but nevertheless was given away in marriage. He flies back to his country, and finds his beloved the wife of another. What, think you, should I have done in such a case? Plunged a dagger in the breast of the robber of my treasure!—carried her away to the end of the world to possess her but one hour, but one moment! Nothing of this kind happened. He learned that his rival was an excellent and worthy man. He had the calmness to contract a friendship with him: had the patience to be often in the society of his former love, without betraying, either by word or deed, his new friend or his still loved mistress."

"A rare man, if this be true!" exclaimed Saphir Ali, with feeling, throwing away his reins. "A stout friend indeed!"

"But what an icy lover! But this is not all. To relieve both of them from misrepresentation and scandal, he came hither on service. Not long ago—for his happiness or unhappiness—his friend died. And what then? Do you think he flew to Russia. No! his duty kept him away. The Commander-in-chief informed him that his presence was indispensable here for a year more, and he has remained—cherishing his love with hope. Can such a man, with all his goodness, understand such a passion as mine? And besides, there is such a difference between us in years, in opinions. He kills me with his unapproachable dignity; and all this cools my friendship, and impedes my sincerity."

"You are a strange fellow, Ammalát; you do not love Verkhófsky for the very reason that he most merits frankness and affection!"

"Who told you that I do not love him? How can I but love the man who has educated me—my benefactor? Can I not love any one but Seltanetta? I love the whole world—all men!"

"Not much love, then, will fall to the share of each!" said Saphir Ali.

"There would be enough not only to quench the thirst, but to drown the whole world!" replied Ammalát, with a smile.

"Aha! This comes of seeing beauties unveiled—and then to see nothing but the veil and the eyebrows. It seems that you are like the nightingales of Ourmis; you must be caged before you can sing!"

Conversing in this strain, the two friends disappeared in the depths of the forest.

CHAPTER VII.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL VERKHÓFSKY TO HIS BETROTHED.

Derbénd, April.

Fly to me, heart of my heart, dearest Maria! Rejoice in the sight of a lovely vernal night in Daghestán. Beneath me lies Derbénd, slumbering calmly, like a black streak of lava flowing from the Caucasus and cooled in the sea. The gentle breeze bears to me the fragrant odour of the almond-trees, the nightingales are calling to each other from the rock-crevices, behind the fortress: all breathes

of life and love; and beautiful nature, full of this feeling, covers herself with a veil of mists. And how wonderfully has that vaporous ocean poured itself over the Caspian! The sea below gleams wavelingly, like steel damasked with gold on an escutcheon—that above swells like a silver surge lighted by the full moon, which rolls along the sky like a cup of gold, while the stars glitter around like scattered drops. In a moment, the reflection of

the moonbeams in the vapours of the night changes the picture, anticipating the imagination, now astounding by its marvels—now striking by its novelty. Sometimes I seem to behold the rocks of the wild shore, and the waves beating against them in foam. The billows roll onward to the charge: the rocky ramparts repel the shock, and the surf flies high above them; but silently and slowly sink the waves, and the silver palms arise from the midst of the inundation, the breeze stirs their branches, playing with the long leaves, and they spread like the sails of a ship gliding over the airy ocean. Do you see how she rolls along, how the spray-drops sparkle on her breast, how the waves slide along her sides. And where is she? . . . and where am I? You cannot imagine, dearest Maria, the sweetly solemn feeling produced in me by the sound and sight of the sea. To me, the idea of eternity is inseparable from it; of immensity—of our love. That love seems to me, like it, infinite—eternal. I feel as if my heart overflowed to embrace the world, even as the ocean, with its bright waves of love. It is in me and around me; it is the only great and immortal feeling which I possess. Its spark lights and warms me in the winter of my sorrows, in the midnight of my doubts. Then I love so blindly! I believe so ardently! You smile at my fantasy, friend and companion of my soul. You wonder at this dark language; blame me not. My spirit, like the denizen of another world, cannot bear the chill and frosty moonlight—it shakes off the dust of the grave; it soars away, and, like the moonlight, dimly discovers all things darkly and uncertainly. You know that it is to you alone that I write down the pictures which fall on the magic-glass of my heart, assured that you will guess, not with cold criticism, but with the heart, what I would describe. Besides, next August, your happy bridegroom will himself explain all the dark passages in his letters. I cannot think without ecstasy of the moment of our meeting. I count the sand-grains of the hours which separate us. I count the versts which lie between us. And so in the middle of June you will be at the waters of the Caucasus. And nought but the icy chain of the Caucasus will be between

two ardent hearts. . . . How near—yet how immeasurably far shall we be from each other! Oh! how many years of life would I not give to hasten the hour of our meeting! Long, long, have our hearts been plighted. . . . Why have they been separated till now?

My friend Ammalât is not frank or confiding. I cannot blame him. I know how difficult it is to break through habits imbibed with a mother's milk, and with the air of one's native land. The barbarian despotism of Persia, which has so long oppressed Aderbidján, has instilled the basest principles into the Tartars of the Caucasus, and has polluted their sense of honour by the most despicable subterfuge. And how could it be otherwise in a government based upon the tyranny of the great over the less—where justice herself can punish only in secret—where robbery is the privilege of power? "Do with me what you like, provided you let me do with my inferior what I like," is the principle of Asiatic government—its ambition, its morality. Hence, every man, finding himself between two enemies, is obliged to conceal his thoughts, as he hides his money. Hence every man plays the hypocrite before the powerful; every man endeavours to force from others a present by tyranny or accusation. Hence the Tartar of this country will not move a step, but with the hope of gain; will not give you so much as a cucumber, without expecting a present in return.

Insolent to rudeness with every one who is not in power, he is mean and slavish before rank or a full purse. He sows flattery by handfuls; he will give you his house, his children, his soul, to get rid of a difficulty; and if he does any body a service, it is sure to be from motives of interest.

In money matters (this is the weakest side of a Tartar) a ducat is the touchstone of his fidelity; and it is difficult to imagine the extent of their greediness for profit! The Armenian character is yet a thousand times more vile than theirs; but the Tartars hardly yield to them in corruption and greediness—and this is saying a good deal. Is it surprising that, beholding from infancy such examples, Ammalât—though he has retained the detestation of meanness natural to

pure blood—should have adopted concealment as an indispensable arm against open malevolence and secret villany? The sacred ties of relationship do not exist for Asiatics. With them, the son is the slave of the father—the brother is a rival. No one trusts his neighbour, because there is no faith in any man. Jealousy of their wives, and dread of espionage, destroy brotherly love and friendship. The child brought up by his slave-mother—never experiencing a father's caress, and afterwards estranged by the Arabian alphabet, (education,) hides his feelings in his own heart even from his companions; from his childhood, thinks only for himself; from the first beard are every door, every heart shut for him: husbands look askance at him, women fly from him as from a wild beast, and the first and most innocent emotions of his heart, the first voice of nature, the first movements of his feelings—all these have become crimes in the eyes of Mahometan superstition. He dares not discover them to a relation, or confide them to a friend. . . . He must even weep in secret.

All this I say, my sweet Maria, to excuse Ammalât: he has already lived a year and a half in my house, and hitherto has never confessed to me the object of his love; though he might well have known, that it was from no idle curiosity, but from a real heartfelt interest, that I wished to know the secret of his heart. At last, however, he has told me all; and thus it happened,

Yesterday I took a ride out of the town with Ammalât. We rode up through a defile in the mountain on the west, and we advanced further and further, higher and higher, till we found ourselves unexpectedly close to the village of Kelík, from which may be seen the wall that anciently defended Persia from the incursions of the wandering tribes inhabiting the Zakavkáz, (trans-Caucasian country,) which often devastated that territory. The annals of Derbénd (Derbénd-námé) ascribe, but falsely, the construction of it to a certain Iskender—i. e. Alexander the Great—who, however, never was in these regions. King Noushírván repaired it, and placed a guard along it. More than once since that time it has been restored; and again it fell into ruin, and

became overgrown, as it now is, with the trees of centuries. A tradition exists, that this wall formerly extended from the Caspian to the Black Sea, cutting through the whole Caucasus, and having for its extremity the “iron gate” of Derbénd, and Dariál in its centre; but this is more than doubtful as far as regards the general facts, though certain in the particulars. The traces of this wall, which are to be seen far into the mountains, are interrupted here and there, but only by fallen stones or rocks and ravines, till it reaches the military road; but from thence to the Black Sea, through Mingrelia, I think there are no traces of its continuation.

I examined, with curiosity, this enormous wall, fortified by numerous towers at short distances; and I wondered at the grandeur of the ancients, exhibited even in their unreasonable caprices of despotism—that greatness to which the effeminate rulers of the East cannot aspire, in our day, even in imagination. The wonders of Babylon, the lake of Moeris, the pyramids of the Pharaohs, the endless wall of China, and this huge bulwark, built in sterile places, on the summits of mountains, through the abyss of ravines—bear witness to the gigantic iron will, and the unlimited power, of the ancient kings. Neither time, nor earthquake, nor man, transitory man, nor the footstep of thousands of years, have entirely destroyed, entirely trodden down, the remains of immemorial antiquity. These places awake in me solemn and sacred thoughts. I wandered over the traces of Peter the Great; I pictured him the founder, the reformer, of a young state—building it on these ruins of the decaying monarchies of Asia, from the centre of which he tore out Russia, and with a mighty hand rolled her into Europe. What a fire must have gleamed in his eagle eye, as he glanced from the heights of Caucasus! What sublime thoughts, what holy aspirations, must have swelled that heroic breast! The grand destiny of his country was disclosed before his eyes; in the horizon, in the mirror of the Caspian, appeared to him the picture of Russia's future weal, sown by him, and watered by his red sweat. It was not empty conquest that was his aim, but victory over barbarism—the happiness of mankind. Derbénd, Báka, Astra-

bád, they are the links of the chain with which he endeavoured to bind the Caucasus, and rivet the commerce of India with Russia.

Demigod of the North! Thou whom nature created at once to flatter the pride of man, and to reduce it to despair by thine unapproachable greatness! Thy shade rose before me, bright and colossal, and the cataract of ages fell foaming at thy feet! Pensive and silent, I rode on.

The wall of the Caucasus is faced on the north side with squared stones, neatly and firmly fixed together with lime. Many of the battlements are still entire; but feeble seeds, falling into the crevices and joints, have burst them asunder with the roots of trees growing from them, and, assisted by the rains, have thrown the stones to the earth, and over the ruins triumphantly creep mallows and pomegranates; the eagle, unmolested, builds her nest in the turret once crowded with warriors, and on the cold hearthstone lie the fresh bones of the wild-goat, dragged thither by the jackals. Sometimes the line of the ruins entirely disappeared; then fragments of the stones again rose from among the grass and underwood. Riding in this way, a distance of about three versts, we reached the gate, and passed through to the south side, under a vaulted arch, lined with moss and overgrown with shrubs. We had not advanced twenty paces, when suddenly, behind an enormous tower, we came upon six armed mountaineers, who seemed, by all appearance, to belong to those gangs of robbers—the free Tabasaranetzes. They were lying in the shade, close to their horses, which were feeding. I was astounded. I immediately reflected how foolishly I had acted in riding so far from Derbénd without an escort. To gallop back, among such bushes and rocks, would have been impossible; to fight six such desperate fellows, would have been foolhardiness. Nevertheless, I seized a holster-pistol; but Ammalát Bek, seeing how matters stood, advanced, and cried in a calm slow voice: “Do not handle your arms, or we are dead men!”

The robbers, perceiving us, jumped up and cocked their guns; one fine, broad-shouldered, but extremely savage-looking Lezghín, remaining stretched on the ground. He lifted

his head coolly, looked at us, and waved his hand to his companions. In a moment we found ourselves surrounded by them, while a path in front was stopped by the Ataman.

“Pray, dismount from your horses, dear guests,” said he with a smile, though one could see that the next invitation would be a bullet. I hesitated; but Ammalát Bek jumped speedily from his horse, and walked up to the Ataman.

“Hail!” he said to him: “hail, sorvi golová! I thought not of seeing you. I thought the devils had long ago made a feast of you.”

“Softly, Ammalát Bek!” answered the other; “I hope yet to feed the eagles with the bodies of the Russians and of you Tartars, whose purse is bigger than your heart.”

“Well, and what luck, Sherma-dán?” carelessly enquired Ammalát Bek.

“But poor. The Russians are watchful: and we have seldom been able to drive the cattle of a regiment, or to sell two Russian soldiers at a time in the hills. It is difficult to transport madder and silk; and of Persian tissue, very little is now carried on the arbás. We should have had to quest like wolves again to-day, but Allah has had mercy; he has given into our hands a rich bek and a Russian colonel!”

My heart died within me, as I heard these words.

“Do not sell a hawk in the sky: sell him,” answered Ammalát, “when you have him on your glove.”

The robber sat down, laid his hand on the cock of his gun, and fixed on us a piercing look. “Hark’e, Ammalát!” said he; “is it possible that you think to escape me?—is it possible that you will dare to defend yourselves?”

“Be quiet,” said Ammalát; “are we fools, to fight two to six? Gold is dear to us, but dearer is our life. We have fallen into your hands, so there is nothing to be done, unless you extort an unreasonable price for our ransom. I have, as you know, neither father nor mother: and the Colonel has yet less—neither kinsmen nor tribe.”

“If you have no father, you have your father’s inheritance. There is no need then to count your relations with you: however, I am a man of

conscience, If you have no ducats, I will take your ransom in sheep. But about the colonel, don't talk any more nonsense. I know for him the soldiers would give the last button on their uniforms. Why, if for Sh . . . a ransom of ten thousand rubles was paid, they will give more for this man. However, we shall see, we shall see. If you will be quiet. . . . Why, I am not a Jew, or a cannibal—Per-viáder (the Almighty) forgive me!”

“Now that's it, friend: feed us well, and I swear and promise by my honour, we will never think of harming you—nor of escaping.”

“I believe, I believe! I am glad we have arranged without making any noise about it. What a fine fellow you have become, Ammalát! Your horse is not a horse, your gun is not a gun: it is a pleasure to look at you; and this is true. Let me look at your dagger, my friend. Surely this is the Koubatchin mark upon the blade.”

“No, the Kizliár mark,” replied Ammalát, quietly unbuckling the dagger-belt from his waist; “and look at the blade. Wonderful! it cuts a nail in two like a candle. On this side is the maker's name; there—read it yourself: Alióusta—Kóza—Nisht-shekói.” And while he spoke, he twirled the naked blade before the eyes of the greedy Lezghín, who wished to show that he knew how to read, and was decyphering the complicated inscription with some difficulty. But suddenly the dagger gleamed like lightning. . . . Ammalát, seizing the opportunity, struck Shermadán with all his might on the head; and so fierce was the blow, that the dagger was stopped by the teeth of the lower jaw. The corpse fell heavily on the grass. Keeping my eyes upon Ammalát, I followed his example, and with my pistol shot the robber who was next me, and had hold of my horse's bridle. This was to the others a signal for flight; the rascals vanished; for the death of their Ataman dissolved the knot of the leash which bound them together. Whilst Ammalát, after the oriental fashion, was stripping the dead of their arms, and tying together the reins of the abandoned horses, I lectured him on his dissembling and making a false oath to the robber. He lifted up his head with astonishment: “You are a strange man, Colonel!” he replied.

“This rascal has done an infinity of harm to the Russians, by secretly setting fire to their stacks of hay, or seizing and carrying straggling soldiers and wood-cutters into slavery. Do you know that he would have tyrannized over us—or even tortured us, to make us write more movingly to our kinsmen, to induce them to pay a larger ransom?”

“It may be so, Ammalát, but to lie or to swear an oath, either in jest or to escape misfortune, is wrong. Why could we not have thrown ourselves directly at the robbers, and have begun as you finished?”

“No, Colonel, we could not. If I had not entered into conversation with the Ataman, we should have been riddled with balls at the first movement. Moreover, I know that pack right well: they are brave only in the presence of their Ataman, and it was with him it was necessary to begin!”

I shook my head. The Asiatic cunning, though it had saved my life, could not please me. What confidence can I have in people accustomed to sport with their honour and their soul? We were about to mount our horses, when we heard a groan from the mountaineer who had been wounded by me. He came to himself, raised his head, and piteously besought us not to leave him to be devoured by the beasts of the forest. We both hastened to assist the poor wretch; and what was Ammalát's astonishment when he recognized in him one of the nóukers of Sultan Akhmet Khan of Avár. To the question how he happened to be one of a gang of robbers, he replied: “Shaián tempted me: the Khan sent me into Kemék, a neighbouring village, with a letter to the famous Hakím (Doctor) Ibrahim, for a certain herb, which they say removes every ailment, as easily as if it were brushed away with the hand. To my sorrow, Shermadán met me in the way! He teased me, saying, ‘Come with me, and let us rob on the road. An Armenian is coming from Kouba with money.’ My young heart could not resist this. . . . oh, Allah-il-Allah! He hath taken my soul from me!”

“They sent you for physic, you say,” replied Ammalát: “why, who is sick with you?”

“Our Khanóum Seltanetta is dy-

ing: here is the writing to the leech about her illness:" with these words he gave Ammalát a silver tube, in which was a small piece of paper rolled up. Ammalát turned as pale as death; his hands shook—his eyes sank under his eyebrows when he had read the note: with a broken voice he uttered detached words. "Three nights—and she sleeps not, eats not—delirious!—her life is in danger—save her! O God of righteousness—and I am idling here—leading a life of holidays—and my soul's soul is ready to quit the earth, and leave me a rotten corse! Oh that all her sufferings could fall on my head! and that I could lie in her coffin, if that would restore her to health. Sweetest and loveliest! thou art fading, rose of Avár, and destiny has stretched out her talons over thee. Colonel," he cried at length, seizing my hand, "grant my only, my solemn prayer—let me but once more look on her!"—

"On whom, my friend?"

"On my Seltanetta—on the daughter of the Khan of Avár—whom I love more than my life, than my soul! She is ill, she is dying—perhaps dead by this time—while I am wasting words—and I could not receive into my heart her last word—her last look—could not wipe away the icy tear of death! Oh, why do not the ashes of the ruined sun fall on my head—why will not the earth bury me in its ruins!"

He fell on my breast, choking with grief, in a tearless agony, unable to pronounce a word.

This was not a time for accusations of insincerity, much less to set forth the reasons which rendered it unadvisable for him to go among the enemies of Russia. There are circumstances before which all reasons must give way, and I felt that Ammalát was in such circumstances. On my own responsibility I resolved to let him go. "He that obliges from the heart, and speedily, twice obliges," is my favourite proverb, and best maxim. I pressed in my embrace the unhappy Tartar, and we mingled our tears together.

"My friend Ammalát," said I, "hasten where your heart calls you. God grant that you may carry thither health and recovery, and bring back peace of mind! A happy journey!"

"Farewell, my benefactor," he cried, deeply touched, "farewell, and per-

haps for ever! I will not return to life, if Allah takes from me my Seltanetta. May God keep you!"

He took the wounded Aváretz to the Hakím Ibrahim, received the medicinal herb according to the Khan's prescription, and in an hour Ammalát Bek, with four nóukers, rode out of Derbénd.

And so the riddle is guessed—he loves. This is unfortunate, but what is yet worse, he is beloved in return. I fancy, my love, that I see your astonishment. "Can that be a misfortune to another, which to you is happiness?" you ask. A grain of patience, my soul's angel! The Khan, the father of Seltanetta, is the irreconcilable foe of Russia, and the more so because, having been distinguished by the favour of the Czar, he has turned a traitor; consequently a marriage is possible only on condition of Ammalát's betraying the Russians, or in case of the Khan's submission and pardon—both cases being far from probable. I myself have experienced misery and hopelessness in love; I have shed many tears on my lonely pillow; often have I thirsted for the shade of the grave, to cool my anguished heart! Can I, then, help pitying this youth, the object of my disinterested regard, and lamenting his hopeless love? But this will not build a bridge to good-fortune; and I therefore think, that if he had not the ill-luck to be beloved in return, he would by degrees forget her.

"But," you say, (and methinks I hear your silvery voice, and am reveling in your angel's smile,) "but circumstances may change for them, as they have changed for us. Is it possible that misfortune alone has the privilege of being eternal in the world?"

I do not dispute this, my beloved, but I confess with a sigh that I am in doubt. I even fear for them and for ourselves. Destiny smiles before us, hope chaunts sweet music—but destiny is a sea—hope but a sea-siren; deceitful is the calm of the one, fatal are the promises of the other. All appears to aid our union—but are we yet together? I know not why, lovely Mary, but a chill penetrates my breast, amid the warm fountains of future bliss, and the idea of our meeting has lost its distinctness. But all this will pass away, all will change into happiness, when I press

your hand to my lips, your heart to mine. The rainbow shines yet brighter on the dark field of the cloud, and the

happiest moments of life are but the anticipations of sorrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ammalát knocked up two horses, and left two of his *noúkers* on the road, so that at the end of the second day he was not far from Khounzákh. At each stride his impatience grew stronger, and with each stride increased his fear of not finding his beloved amongst the living. A fit of trembling came over him when from the rocks the tops of the Khan's tower arose before him. His eyes grew dark. "Shall I meet there life or death?" he whispered to himself, and arousing a desperate courage, he urged his horse into a gallop.

He came up with a horseman completely armed: another horseman rode out of Khounzákh to meeting, and hardly did they perceive one another when they put their horses to full speed, rode up to each other, leaped down upon the earth, and suddenly drawing their swords, threw themselves with fury upon each other without uttering a word, as if blows were the customary salutation of travellers. Ammalát Bek, whose passage they intercepted along the narrow path between the rocks, gazed with astonishment on the combat of the two adversaries. It was short. The horseman who was approaching the town fell on the stones, bedewing them with blood from a gash which laid open his skull; and the victor, coolly wiping his blade, addressed himself to Ammalát: "Your coming is opportune: I am glad that destiny has brought you in time to witness our combat. God, and not I, killed the offender; and now his kinsmen will not say that I killed my enemy stealthily from behind a rock, and will not raise upon my head the feud of blood."

"Whence arose your quarrel with him?" asked Ammalát: "why did you conclude it with such a terrible revenge?"

"This Kharám-Záda," answered the horseman, "could not agree with me about the division of some stolen sheep, and in spite he killed them all, so that nobody should have them . . . and he dared to slander my wife. He had better have insulted my father's

grave, or my mother's good name, than have touched the reputation of my wife! I once flew at him with my dagger, but they parted us: we agreed to fight at our first encounter, and Allah has judged between us! The Bek is doubtless riding to Khounzákh—surely on a visit to the Khan?" added the horseman.

Ammalát, forcing his horse to leap over the dead body which lay across the road, replied in the affirmative.

"You go not at a fit time, Bek—not at all at a fit time."

All Ammalát's blood rushed to his head. "Why, has any misfortune happened in the Khan's house?" he enquired, reining in his horse, which he had just before lashed with the whip to force him faster to Khounzákh.

"Not exactly a misfortune; his daughter Seltanetta was severely ill, and now"—

"Is dead?" cried Ammalát, turning pale.

"Perhaps she is dead—at least dying. As I rode past the Khan's gate, there arose a bustling, crying, and yelling of women in the court, as if the Russians were storming Khounzákh. Go and see—do me the favour"—

But Ammalát heard no more, he dashed away from the astounded Ouz-dén; the dust rolled like smoke from the road, which seemed to be set on fire by the sparks from the horse's hoofs. Headlong he galloped through the winding streets, flew up the hill, bounded from his horse in the midst of the Khan's court-yard, and raced breathlessly through the passages to Seltanetta's apartment, overthrowing and jostling *noúkers* and maidens, and at last, without remarking the Khan or his wife, pushed himself to the bed of the sufferer, and fell, almost senseless, on his knees beside it.

The sudden and noisy arrival of Ammalát aroused the sad society present. Seltanetta, whose existence death was already overpowering, seemed as if awakening from the deep forgetfulness of fever; her cheeks

flushed with a transient colour, like that on the leaves of autumn before they fall: in her clouded eye beamed the last spark of the soul. She had been for several hours in a complete insensibility; she was speechless, motionless, hopeless. A murmur of anger from the bystanders, and a loud exclamation from the stupefied Ammalât, seemed to recall the departing spirit of the sick; she started up—her eyes sparkled. . . . "Is it thou—is it thou?" she cried, stretching forth her arms to him: "praise be to Allah! now I am contented, now I am happy," she added, sinking back on the pillow. Her lips wreathed into a smile, her eyelids closed, and again she sank into her former insensibility.

The agonized Asiatic paid no attention to the questions of the Khan, or the reproaches of the Khánsha: no person, no object distracted his attention from Seltanetta—nothing could arouse him from his deep despair. They could hardly lead him by force from the sick chamber; he clung to the threshold, he wept bitterly, at one moment praying for the life of Seltanetta, at another accusing heaven of her illness! Terrible, yet moving, was the grief of the fiery Asiatic.

Meanwhile, the appearance of Ammalât had produced a salutary influence on the sick girl. What the rude physicians of the mountains were unable to accomplish, was effected by his arrival. The vital energy, which had been almost extinguished, needed some agitation to revivify its action; but for this she must have perished, not from the disease, which had been already subdued, but from languor—as a lamp, not blown out by the wind, but failing for lack of air. Youth at length gained the victory; the crisis was past, and life again arose in the heart of the sufferer. After a long and quiet slumber, she awoke unusually strengthened and refreshed. "I feel myself as light, mother," she cried, looking gaily around her, "as if I were made wholly of air. Ah, how sweet it is to recover from illness; it seems as if the walls were smiling upon me. Yet, I have been very ill—long ill. I have suffered much; but, thanks to Allah! I am now only weak, and that will soon pass away. I feel health rolling, like drops

of pearl, through my veins. All the past seems to me a sort of dark vision. I fancied that I was sinking into a cold sea, and that I was parched with thirst; far away, methought, there hovered two little stars; the darkness thickened and thickened; I sank deeper, deeper yet. All at once it seemed as if some one called me by my name, and with a mighty hand dragged me from that icy, shoreless sea. Ammalât's face glanced before me, almost like a reality; the little stars broke into a lightning-flash, which writhed like a serpent to my heart: I remember no more!"

On the following day Ammalât was allowed to see the convalescent. Sultan Akhmet Khan, seeing that it was impossible to obtain a coherent answer from him while suspense tortured his heart, that heart which boiled with passion, yielded to his incessant entreaties. "Let all rejoice when I rejoice," he said, as he led his guest into his daughter's room. This had been previously announced to Seltanetta, but her agitation, nevertheless, was very great, when her eyes met those of Ammalât—Ammalât, so deeply loved, so long and fruitlessly expected. Neither of the lovers could pronounce a word, but the ardent language of their looks expressed a long tale, imprinted in burning letters on the tablet of their hearts. On the pale cheek of each other they read the traces of sorrow, the tears of separation, the characters of sleeplessness and grief, of fear and of jealousy. Entrancing is the blooming loveliness of an adored mistress; but her paleness, her languor, that is bewitching, enchanting, victorious! What heart of iron would not be melted by that tearful glance, which, without a reproach, says so tenderly to you, "I am happy, but I have suffered by thee and for thy sake?"

Tears dropped from Ammalât's eyes; but remembering at length that he was not alone, he mastered himself, and lifted up his head to speak; but his voice refused to pour itself in words, and with difficulty he faltered out, "We have not seen each other for a long time, Seltanetta!"

"And we were wellnigh parted for ever," murmured Seltanetta.

"For ever!" cried Ammalât, with a half reproachful voice. "And can you think, can you believe this? Is

there not, then, another life, in which sorrow is unknown, and separation from our kinsmen and the beloved? If I were to lose the talisman of my life, with what scorn would I not cast away the rusty ponderous armour of existence! Why should I wrestle with destiny?"

"Pity, then, that I did not die!" answered Seltanetta, sportively. "You describe so temptingly the other side of the grave, that one would be eager to leap into it."

"Ah, no! Live, live long, for happiness, for — love!" Ammalât would have added, but he reddened, and was silent.

Little by little the roses of health spread over the cheeks of the maiden, now happy in the presence of her lover. All returned into its customary order. The Khan was never weary of questioning Ammalât about the battles, the campaigns, the tactics of the Russians; the Khánsha tired him with enquiries about the dress and customs of their women, and could not omit to call upon Allah as often as she heard that they go without veils. But with Seltanetta he enjoyed conversations and tales, to his, as well as her, heart's content. The merest trifle which had the slightest connexion with the other, could not be passed over without a minute description, without abundant repetitions and exclamations. Love, like Midas, transforms every thing it touches into gold, and, alas! often perishes, like Midas, for want of finding some material nourishment.

But, as the strength of Seltanetta was gradually re-established, with the reappearing bloom of health on Ammalât's brow, there often appeared the shadow of grief. Sometimes, in the middle of a lively conversation, he would suddenly stop, droop his head, and his bright eyes would be dimmed with a filling of tears; heavy sighs would seem to rend his breast; he would start up, his eyes sparkling with fury; he would grasp his dagger with a bitter smile, and then, as if vanquished by an invisible hand, he would fall into a deep reverie, from whence not even the caresses of his adored Seltanetta could recall him.

Once, at such a moment, Seltanetta, leaning enraptured on his shoulder, whispered, "Asis, (beloved,) you are sad—you are weary of me!"

"Ah, slander not him who loves thee more than heaven!" replied Ammalât; "but I have felt the hell of separation; and can I think of it without agony? Easier, a hundred times easier, to part from life than from thee, my dark-eyed love!"

"You are thinking of it, therefore you desire it."

"Do not poison my wounds by doubting, Seltanetta. Till now you have known only how to bloom like a rose—to flutter like a butterfly; till now your will was your only duty. But I am a man, a friend; fate has forged for me an indestructible chain—the chain of gratitude for kindness—it drags me to Derbënd."

"Debt! duty! gratitude!" cried Seltanetta, mournfully shaking her head. "How many gold-embroidered words have you invented to cover, as with a shawl, your unwillingness to remain here. What! Did you not give your heart to love before it was pledged to friendship? You had no right to give away what belonged to another. Oh, forget your Verkhóffsky, forget your Russian friends and the beauty of Derbënd. Forget war and murder-purchased glory. I hate blood since I saw you covered with it. I cannot think without shuddering, that each drop of it costs tears that cannot be dried, of a sister, a mother, or a fair bride. What do you need, in order to live peacefully and quietly among our mountains! Here none can come to disturb with arms the happiness of the heart. The rain pierces not our roof; our bread is not of purchased corn; my father has many horses, he has arms, and much precious gold; in my soul there is much love for you. Say, then, my beloved, you will not go away, you will remain with us!"

"No, Seltanetta, I cannot, must not, remain here. To pass my life with you alone—for you to end it—this is my first prayer, my last desire, but its accomplishment depends on your father. A sacred tie binds me to the Russians; and while the Khan remains unreconciled with them, an open marriage with you would be impossible—the obstacle would not be the Russians, but the Khan"—

"You know my father," sorrowfully replied Seltanetta; "for some time past his hatred of the infidels has so strengthened itself, that he

hesitates not to sacrifice to it his daughter and his friend. He is particularly enraged with the Colonel for killing his favourite nouker, who was sent for medicine to the Hakím Ibrahim."

"I have more than once begun to speak to Akhmet Khan about my hopes; but his eternal reply has been—'Swear to be the enemy of the Russians, and then I will hear you out.'"

"We must then bid adieu to hope."

"Why to hope, Seltanetta? Why not say only—farewell, Avár!"

Seltanetta bent upon him her expressive eyes. "I don't understand you," she said.

"Love me more than any thing in the world—more than your father and mother, and your fair land, and then you will understand me, Seltanetta! Live without you I cannot, and they will not let me live with you. If you love me, let us fly!"

"Fly! the Khan's daughter fly like a slave—a criminal! This is dreadful—this is terrible!"

"Speak not so. If the sacrifice is unusual, my love also is unusual. Command me to give my life a thousand times, and I will throw it down like a copper poull.* I will cast my soul into hell for you—not only my life. You remind me that you are the daughter of the Khan; remember, too, that my grandfather wore, that my uncle wears, the crown of a Shamkhál! But it is not by this dignity, but by my heart, that I feel I am worthy of you; and if there be shame in being happy despite of the malice of mankind and the caprice of fate, that shame will fall on my head and not on yours."

"But you forget my father's vengeance."

"There will come a time when he himself will forget it. When he sees that the thing is done, he will cast aside his inflexibility; his heart is not stone; and even were it stone, tears of repentance will wear it away—our caresses will soften him. Happiness will cover us with her dove's wings, and we shall proudly say, 'We ourselves have caught her!'"

"My beloved, I have lived not long upon earth, but something at my

heart tells me that by falsehood we can never catch her. Let us wait: let us see what Allah will give! Perhaps, without this step, our union may be accomplished."

"Seltanetta, Allah has given me this idea: it is his will. Have pity on me, I beseech you. Let us fly, unless you wish that our marriage-hour should strike above my grave! I have pledged my honour to return to Derbénd; and I must keep that pledge, I must keep it soon: but to depart without the hope of seeing you, with the dread of hearing that you are the wife of another—this would be dreadful, this would be insupportable! If not from love, then from pity, share my destiny. Do not rob me of paradise! Do not drive me to madness! You know not whither disappointed passion can carry me. I may forget hospitality and kindred, tear asunder all human ties, trample under my feet all that is holy, mingle my blood with that of those who are dearest to me, force villany to shake with terror when my name is heard, and angels to weep to see my deeds!—Seltanetta, save me from the curse of others, from my own contempt—save me from myself! My noukers are fearless—my horses like the wind; the night is dark, let us fly to benevolent Russia, till the storm be over. For the last time I implore you. Life and death, my renown and my soul, hang upon your word. Yes or no?"

Torn now by her maiden fear, and her respect for the customs of her forefathers, now by the passion and eloquence of her lover, the innocent Seltanetta wavered, like a light cork, upon the tempestuous billows of contending emotions. At length she arose: with a proud and steady air she wiped away the tears which glistened on her eyelashes, like the amber-gum on the thorns of the larch-tree, and said, "Ammalát! tempt me not! The flame of love will not dazzle, the smoke of love will not suffocate, my conscience. I shall ever know what is good and what is bad; and I well know how shameful it is, how base, to desert a father's house, to afflict loving and beloved parents! I know all this—and now, measure the price of my sacrifice. I fly with you—I am yours!"

It is not your tongue which has convinced—it is my own heart which has vanquished me! Allah has destined me to see and love you: let, then, our hearts be united for ever—and indissolubly, though their bond be a crown of thorns! Now all is over! Your destiny is mine!”

If heaven had clasped Ammalát in its infinite wings, and pressed him to the heart of the universe—to the sun—even then his ecstasy would have been less strong than at this divine moment. He poured forth the most incoherent cries and exclamations of gratitude. When the first transports were over, the lovers arranged all the details of their flight. Seltanetta consented to lower herself by her bed-coverings from her chamber, to the steep bank of the Ouzén. Ammalát was to ride out in the evening with his *noúkers* from Khounzákh, as if on a hawking party; he was to return to the Khan's house by circuitous roads at nightfall, and there receive his fair fellow-traveller in his arms. Then they were to take horses in silence, and then—let enemies keep out of their road!

A kiss sealed the treaty; and the lovers separated with fear and hope in heart.

Ammalát Bek, having prepared his brave *noúkers* for battle or flight, looked impatiently at the sun, which seemed loth to descend from the warm sky to the chilly glaciers of the Caucasus. Like a bridegroom he pined for night, like an importunate guest he followed with his eyes the luminary of day. How slowly it moved—it crept to its setting! An interminable space seemed to intervene between hope and enjoyment. Unreasonable youth! What is your pledge of success? Who will assure you that your footsteps are not watched—your words not caught in their flight? Perhaps with the sun, which you upbraid, your hope will set.

About the fourth hour after noon, the time of the Mozlem's dinner, the Sultan Akhmet Khan was unusually savage and gloomy. His eyes gleamed suspiciously from under his frowning brows; he fixed them for a long space, now on his daughter, now on his young guest. Sometimes his features assumed a mocking expression, but it again vanished in the blush of anger. His questions were biting, his conver-

sation was interrupted; and all this awakened in the soul of Seltanetta repentance—in the heart of Ammalát apprehension. On the other hand, the Khánsha, as if dreading a separation from her lovely daughter, was so affectionate and anxious, that this unmerited tenderness wrung tears from the gentle-hearted Seltanetta, and her glance, stealthily thrown at Ammalát, was to him a piercing reproach.

Hardly, after dinner, had they concluded the customary ceremony of washing the hands, when the Khan called Ammalát into the spacious court-yard. There caparisoned horses awaited them, and a crowd of *noúkers* were already in the saddle.

“Let us ride out to try the mettle of my new hawks,” said the Khan to Ammalát; “the evening is fine, the heat is diminishing, and we shall yet have time, ere twilight, to shoot a few birds.”

With his hawk on his fist, the Khan rode silently by the side of Ammalát. An Avarétz was climbing up to a steep cliff on the left, by means of a spiked pole, fixing it into the crevices, and then, supporting himself on a prong, he lifted himself higher. To his waist was attached a cap containing wheat; a long crossbow hung upon his shoulders. The Khan stopped, pointed him out to Ammalát, and said meaningly, “Look at yonder old man, Ammalát Bek! He seeks, at the risk of his life, a foot of ground on the naked rock, to sow a handful of wheat. With the sweat of his brow he cultivates it, and often pays with his life for the defence of his herd from men and beasts. Poor is his native land; but why does he love this land? Ask him to change it for your fruitful fields, your rich flocks. He will say, ‘Here I do what I please; here I bow to no one; these snows, these peaks of ice, defend my liberty.’ And this freedom the Russians would take from him: of these Russians you have become the slave, Ammalát.”

“Khan, you know that it is not Russian bravery, but Russian generosity, that has vanquished me. Their slave I am not, but their companion.”

“A thousand times the worse, the more disgraceful for you. The heir of the Shamkhál pines for a Russian epaulette, and glories in being the dependant of a colonel!”

"Moderate your words, Sultan Akhmet. To Verkhófsky I owe more than life: the tie of friendship unites us."

"Can there exist a holy tie between us and the Giaour? To injure them, to destroy them, when possible, to deceive them when this cannot be done, is the commandment of the Korán, and the duty of every true believer."

"Khan! let us cease to play with the bones of Mahomet, and to menace others with what we do not believe. You are not a moólla, I am no fakir. I have my own notions of the duty of an honest man."

"Really, Ammalát Bek? It were well, however, if you were to have this oftener in your heart than on your tongue. For the last time, allow me to ask you, will you hearken to the counsels of a friend whom you quitted for the Giaour? Will you remain with us for good?"

"My life I would lay down for the happiness you so generously offer; but I have given my promise to return, and I will keep it."

"Is this decided?"

"Irrevocably so."

"Well then, the sooner the better. I have learned to know you. *Me* you know of old. Insincerity and flattery between us are in vain. I will not conceal from you, that I always wished to see you my son-in-law. I rejoiced that Seltanetta had pleased you; your captivity put off my plans for a time. Your long absence—the ru-

mours of your conversion—grieved me. At length you appeared among us, and found every thing as before; but you did not bring to us your former heart. I hoped you would fall back into your former course; I was painfully mistaken. It is a pity; but there is nothing to be done. I do not wish to have for my son-in-law a servant of the Russians."

"Akhmet Khan, I once"—

"Let me finish. Your agitated arrival, your ravings at the door of the sick Seltanetta, betrayed to every body your attachment, and our mutual intentions. Through all the mountains, you have been talked of as the affianced bridegroom of my daughter: but now the tie is broken, it is time to destroy the rumours; for the honour of my family—for the tranquillity of my daughter—you must leave us—and immediately. This is absolutely necessary and indispensable. Ammalát, we part friends; but here we will meet only as kinsmen, not otherwise. May Allah turn your heart, and restore you to us as an inseparable friend. Till then, farewell!"

With these words the Khan turned his horse, and rode away at full gallop to his retinue. If on the stupefied Ammalát the thunderbolt of heaven had fallen, he could not have been more astounded than by this unexpected explanation. Already had the dust raised by the horse's hoofs of the retiring Khan been laid at rest; but he still stood immovable on the hill now darkening in the shadow of sunset.

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel Verkhófsky, engaged in reducing to submission the rebellious Daghestánetzes, was encamped with his regiment at the village of Kiáfir-Kaúmik. The tent of Ammalát Bek was erected next to his own, and in it Saphir-Ali, lazily stretched on the carpet, was drinking the wine of the Don, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Prophet. Ammalát Bek, thin, pale, and pensive, was resting his head against the tent-pole, smoking a pipe. Three months had passed since the time when he was banished from his paradise; and he was now roving with a detachment, within sight of the mountains to which his heart flew,

but whither his foot durst not step. Grief had worn out his strength; vexation had poured its vial on his once serene character. He had dragged a sacrifice to his attachment to the Russians, and it seemed as if he reproached every Russian with it. Discontent was visible in every word, in every glance.

"A fine thing wine!" said Saphir Ali, carefully wiping the glasses; "surely Mahomet must have met with sour dregs in Aravéte, when he forbade the juice of the grape to true believers! Why, really these drops are as sweet as if the angels themselves, in their joy, had wept their

tears into bottles. Ho! quaff another glass, Ammalât; your heart will float on the wine more lightly than a bubble: Do you know what Hafiz has sung about it?"

"And do you know? Pray, do not annoy me with your prate, Saphir Ali: not even under the name of Sadi and Hafiz."

"Why, what harm is there? If even this prate is my own, it is not an earring: it will not remain hanging in your ear. When you begin your story about your goddess Seltanetta, I look at you as at the juggler, who eats fire, and winds endless ribbons from his cheeks. Love makes you talk nonsense, and the Donskoi (wine of the Don) makes me do the same. So we are quits. Now, then, to the health of the Russians!"

"What has made you like the Russians?"

"Say rather—why have you ceased to love them?"

"Because I have examined them nearer. Really they are no better than our Tartars. They are just as eager for profit, just as ready to blame others, and not with a view of improving their fellow-creatures, but to excuse themselves: and as to their laziness—don't let us speak of it. They have ruled here for a long time, and what good have they done; what firm laws have they established; what useful customs have they introduced; what have they taught us; what have they created here, or what have they constructed worthy of notice? Verkhóffsky has opened my eyes to the faults of my countrymen, but at the same time to the defects of the Russians, to whom it is more unpardonable; because they know what is right, have grown up among good examples, and here, as if they have forgotten their mission, and their active nature, they sink, little by little, into the insignificance of the beasts."

"I hope you do not include Verkhóffsky in this number."

"Not he alone, but some others, deserve to be placed in a separate circle. But then, are there many such?"

"Even the angels in heaven are numbered, Ammalât Bek: and Verkhóffsky absolutely is a man for whose

justice and kindness we ought to thank heaven. Is there a single Tartar who can speak ill of him? Is there a soldier who would not give his soul for him? Abdul-Hamet, more wine! Now then, to the health of Verkhóffsky!"

"Spare me! I will not drink to Mahomet himself."

"If your heart is not as black as the eyes of Seltanetta, you will drink, even were it in the presence of the red-bearded Yakhoúnts of the Shakhéeds* of Derbént: even if all the Imáms and Shieks not only licked their lips but bit their nails out of spite to you for such a sacrilege."

"I will not drink, I tell you."

"Hark ye, Ammalât: I am ready to let the devil get drunk on my blood for your sake, and you won't drink a glass of wine for mine."

"That is to say, that I will not drink because I do not wish—and I don't wish, because even without wine my blood boils in me like fermenting boozza."

"A bad excuse! It is not the first time that we have drunk, nor the first time that our blood boils. Speak plainly at once: you are angry with the Colonel."

"Very angry."

"May I know for what?"

"For much. For some time past he has begun to drop poison into the honey of his friendship: and at last these drops have filled and overflowed the cup. I cannot bear such lukewarm friends! He is liberal with his advice, not sparing with his lectures; that is, in every thing that costs him neither risk nor trouble."

"I understand, I understand! I suppose he would not let you go to Avár!"

"If you bore my heart in your bosom you would understand how I felt when I received such a refusal. He lured me on with that hope, and then all at once repulsed my most earnest prayer—dashed into dust, like a crystal kalián, my fondest hopes. . . . Akhmet Khan was surely softened, when he sent word that he wished to see me; and I cannot fly to him, or hurry to Seltanetta."

"Put yourself, brother, in his place,

* Shakhéeds, traders of the sect of Souni. Yakhoúnt, the senior móóllah.

and then say whether you yourself would not have acted in the same way."

"No, not so! I should have said plainly from the very beginning, 'Ammalât, do not expect any help from me.' I even now ask him not for help. I only beg him not to hinder me. Yet no! He, hiding from me the sun of all my joy, assures me that he does this from interest in me—that this will hereafter bring me fortune. Is not this a fine anodyne?"

"No, my friend! If this is really the case, the sleeping-draught is given to you as to a person on whom they wish to perform an operation. You are thinking only of your love, and Verkhófsky has to keep your honour and his own without spot; and you are both surrounded by ill-wishers. Believe me, either thus or otherwise, it is he alone who can cure you."

"Who asks him to cure me? This divine malady of love is my only joy: and to deprive me of it is to tear out my heart, because it cannot beat at the sound of a drum!"—

At this moment a strange Tartar entered the tent, looked suspiciously round, and bending down his head, laid his slippers before Ammalât—according to Asiatic custom, this signified that he requested a private conversation. Ammalât understood him, made a sign with his head, and both went out into the open air. The night was dark, the fires were going out, and the chain of sentinels extended far before them. "Here we are alone," said Ammalât Bek to the Tartar: "who art thou, and what dost thou want?"

"My name is Samit: I am an inhabitant of Derbénd, of the sect of Souni: and now am at present serving in the detachment of Mussulman cavalry. My commission is of greater consequence to you than to me. . . . *The eagle loves the mountains!*"

Ammalât shuddered, and looked suspiciously at the messenger. This was a watchword, the key of which Sultan Akhmet had previously written to him. "How can he but love the mountains?" . . . he replied; "In the mountains there are many lambs for the eagles, and *much silver for men.*"

"*And much steel for the valiant,*" (yigheeds.)

Ammalât grasped the messenger by the hand. "How is Sultan Akh-

met Khan?" he enquired hurriedly: "What news bring you from him—how long is it since you have seen his family?"

"Not to answer, but to question, am I come. . . Will you follow me?"

"Where? for what?"

"You know who has sent me. That is enough. If you trust not him, trust not me. Therein is your will and my advantage. Instead of running my head into a noose to-night, I can return to-morrow to the Khan, and tell him that Ammalât dares not leave the camp."

The Tartar gained his point; the touchy Ammalât took fire. "Saphir Ali!" he cried loudly.

Saphir Ali started up, and ran out of the tent.

"Order horses to be brought for yourself and me, even if unsaddled; and at the same time send word to the Colonel, that I have ridden out to examine the field behind the line, to see if some rascal is not stealing in between the sentries. My gun and shashka in a twinkling!"

The horses were led up, the Tartar leaped on his own, which was tied up not far off, and all three rode off to the chain. They gave the word and the countersign, and they passed by the videttes to the left, along the bank of the swift Azen.

Saphir Ali, who had very unwillingly left his bottle, grumbled about the darkness, the underwood, the ditches, and rode swearing by Ammalât's side; but seeing that nobody began the conversation, he resolved to commence it himself.

"My ashes fall on the head of this guide! The devil knows where he is leading us, and where he will take us. Perhaps he is going to sell us to the Lezghins for a rich ransom. I never trust these squinting fellows!"

"I trust but little even to those who have straight eyes," answered Ammalât; "but this squinting fellow is sent from a friend: he will not betray us!"

"And the very first moment he thinks of any thing like it, at his first movement I will slice him through like a melon. Ho! friend," cried Saphir Ali, to the guide; "in the name of the king of the genii, it seems you have made a compact with the thorns to tear the embroidery from my tshoukhá. Could you not find

a wider road? I am really neither a pheasant nor a fox."

The guide stopped. "To say the truth, I have led a delicate fellow like you too far!" he answered. "Stay here and take care of the horses, whilst Ammalát and I will go where it is necessary."

"Is it possible you will go into the woods with such a cut-throat looking rascal, without me?" whispered Saphir Ali to Ammalát.

"That is, you are afraid to remain here *without me*!" replied Ammalát, dismounting from his horse, and giving him the reins: "Do not annoy yourself, my dear fellow. I leave you in the agreeable society of wolves and jackals. Hark how they are singing!"

"Pray to God that I may not have to deliver your bones from these singers," said Saphir Ali. They separated. Samit led Ammalát among the bushes, over the river, and having passed about half a verst among stones, began to descend. At the risk of their necks they clambered along the rocks, clinging by the roots of the sweet-brier, and at length, after a difficult journey, descended into the narrow mouth of a small cavern parallel with the water. It had been excavated by the washing of the stream, erewhile rapid, but now dried up. Long stalactites of lime and crystal glittered in the light of a fire piled in the middle. In the back-ground lay Sultan Akhmet Khan on a *bourka*, and seemed to be waiting patiently till Ammalát should recover himself amid the thick smoke which rolled in masses through the cave. A cocked gun lay across his knees; the tuft in his cap fluttered in the wind which blew from the crevices. He rose politely as Ammalát hurried to salute him.

"I am glad to see you," he said, pressing the hands of his guest; "and I do not hide the feeling which I ought not to cherish. However, it is not for an empty interview that I have put my foot into the trap, and troubled you: sit down, Ammalát, and let us speak about an important affair."

"To me, Sultan Akhmet Khan?"

"To us both. With your father I have eaten bread and salt. There was a time when I counted you likewise as my friend."

"But counted!"

"No! you were my friend, and would ever have remained so, if the deceiver, Verkhóffsky, had not stepped between us."

"Khan, you know him not."

"Not only I, but you yourself shall soon know him. But let us begin with what regards Seltanetta. You know she cannot ever remain unmarried. This would be a disgrace to my house: and let me tell you candidly, that she has already been demanded in marriage."

Ammalát's heart seemed torn asunder. For some time he could not recover himself. At length he tremblingly asked, "Who is this bold lover?"

"The second son of the Shamkhál, Abdoul Mousselin. Next after you, he has, from his high blood, the best right, of all our mountaineers, to Seltanetta's hand."

"Next to me—after me!" exclaimed the passionate Bek, boiling with anger: "Am I, then, buried? Is then my memory vanished among my friends?"

"Neither the memory, nor friendship itself is dead in my heart; but be just, Ammalát; as just as I am frank. Forget that you are the judge of your own cause, and decide what we are to do. You will not abandon the Russians, and I cannot make peace with them."

"Do but wish—do but speak the word, and all will be forgotten, all will be forgiven you. This I will answer for with my head, and with the honour of Verkhóffsky, who has more than once promised me his mediation. For your own good, for the welfare of Avár, for your daughter's happiness, for my bliss, I implore you, yield to peace, and all will be forgotten—all that once belonged to you will be restored."

"How boldly you answer, rash youth, for another's pardon, for another's life! Are you sure of your own life, your own liberty?"

"Who should desire my poor life? To whom should be dear the liberty which I do not prize myself?"

"To whom? Think you that the pillow does not move under the Shamkhál's head, when the thought rises in his brain, that you, the true heir of the Shamkhálát of Tarki, are in favour with the Russian Government?"

"I never reckoned on its friendship, nor feared its enmity."

"Fear it not, but do not despise it. Do you know that an express, sent from Tarki to Yermóloff, arrived a moment too late, to request him to show no mercy, but to execute you as a traitor? The Shamkhál was before ready to betray you with a kiss, if he could; but now, that you have sent back his blind daughter to him, he no longer conceals his hate."

"Who will dare to touch me, under Verkhóffsky's protection?"

"Hark ye, Ammalát; I will tell you a fable:—A sheep went into a kitchen to escape the wolves, and rejoiced in his luck, flattered by the caresses of the cooks. At the end of three days he was in the pot. Ammalát, this is your story. 'Tis time to open your eyes. The man whom you considered your first friend has been the first to betray you. You are surrounded, entangled by treachery. My chief motive in meeting you was my desire to warn you. When Seltanetta was asked in marriage, I was given to understand from the Shamkhál, that through him I could more readily make my peace with the Russians, than through the powerless Ammalát—that you would soon be removed in some way or other, and that there was nothing to be feared from your rivalry. I suspected still more, and learned more than I suspected. To-day I stopped the Shamkhál's nouker, to whom the negotiations with Verkhóffsky were entrusted, and extracted from him, by torture, that the Shamkhál offers a thousand ducats to get rid of you. Verkhóffsky hesitates, and wishes only to send you to Siberia for ever. The affair is not yet decided; but to-morrow the detachment retires to their quarters, and they have resolved to meet at your house in Bouináki, to bargain about your blood. They will forge denunciations and charges—they will poison you at your own table, and cover you with chains of iron, promising you mountains of gold." It was painful to see Ammalát during this dreadful speech. Every word, like red-hot iron, plunged into his heart; all within him that was noble, grand, or consoling, took fire at once, and turned into ashes. Every thing in which he had so long and so trustingly confided, fell to pieces, and shrivelled up in the

flame of indignation. Several times he tried to speak, but the words died away in a sickly gasp; and at last the wild beast which Verkhóffsky had tamed, which Ammalát had lulled to sleep, burst from his chain: a flood of curses and menaces poured from the lips of the furious Bek. "Revenge, revenge!" he cried, "merciless revenge, and woe to the hypocrites!"

"This is the first word worthy of you," said the Khan, concealing the joy of success; "long enough have you crept like a serpent, laying your head under the feet of the Russians! 'Tis time to soar like an eagle to the clouds; to look down from on high upon the enemy who cannot reach you with their arrows. Repay treachery with treachery, death with death!"

"Then death and ruin be to the Shamkhál, the robber of my liberty; and ruin be to Abdoul Moússelin, who dared to stretch forth his hand to my treasure!"

"The Shamkhál? His son—his family? Are they worthy of your first exploits? They are all but little loved by the Tarkovétzes; and if we attack the Shamkhál, they will give up his whole family with their own hands. No, Ammalát, you must aim your first blow next to you; you must destroy your chief enemy; you must kill Verkhóffsky."

"Verkhóffsky!" exclaimed Ammalát, stepping back. . . . "Yes! . . . he is my enemy; but he was my friend. He saved me from a shameful death."

"And has now sold you to a shameful life! . . . A noble friend! And then you have yourself saved him from the tusks of the wild-boar—a death worthy of a swine-eater! The first debt is paid, the second remains due: for the destiny which he is so deceitfully preparing for you" . . .

"I feel . . . this ought to be . . . but what will good men say? What will my conscience say?"

"Is it for a man to tremble before old women's tales, and before a whimpering child—conscience—when honour and revenge are at stake? I see, Ammalát, that without me you will decide nothing; you will not even decide to marry Seltanetta. Listen to me. Would you be a son-in-law worthy of me, the first condition is Verkhóffsky's death. His head shall be a marriage-gift for your bride,

whom you love, and who loves you. Not revenge only, but the plainest reasoning requires the death of the Colonel. Without him, all Daghestán will remain several days without a chief, and stupefied with horror. In this interval, we come flying upon the Russians who are dispersed in their quarters. I mount with twenty thousand Avarétzes and Akoushétzes : and we fall from the mountains like a cloud of snow upon Tarki. Then Ammalát, Shamkhál of Daghestán, will embrace me as his friend, as his father-in-law. These are my plans, this is your destiny. Choose which you please ; either an eternal banishment, or a daring blow, which promises you

power and happiness ; but know, that next time we shall meet either as kinsmen, or as irreconcilable foes !”

The Khan disappeared. Long stood Ammalát, agitated, devoured by new and terrible feelings. At length Samit reminded him that it was time to return to the camp. Ignorant himself how and where he had found his way to the shore, he followed his mysterious guide, found his horse, and without answering a word to the thousand questions of Saphir Ali, rode up to his tent. There, all the tortures of the soul's hell awaited him. Heavy is the first night of sorrow, but still more terrible the first bloody thoughts of crime.

REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. CONCLUSION.

WE omit any notice of the other written works of Sir Joshua — his “Journey to Flanders and Holland,” his Notes to Mason’s verse translation of Du Fresnoy’s Latin poem, “Art of Painting,” and his contributions to the “Idler.” The former is chiefly a notice of pictures, and of value to those who may visit the galleries where most of them may be found ; and in some degree his remarks will attach a value to those dispersed ; the best part of the “Journey,” perhaps, is his critical discrimination of the style and genius of Rubens. The marrow of his Notes to Du Fresnoy’s poem, and indeed of his papers in the “Idler,” has been transferred to his Discourses, which, as they terminate his literary labours, contain all that he considered important in a discussion on taste and art. The notes to Du Fresnoy may, however, be consulted by the practical painter with advantage, as here and there some technical directions may be found, which, if of doubtful utility in practice, will at least demand thought and reasoning upon this not unimportant part of the art. To doubt is to reflect ; judgment results, and from this, as a sure source, genius creates. There are likewise some memoranda useful to artists to be read in Northcote’s “Life.” The influence of these Discourses upon art in this country has been much less than might have been expected from so

able an exposition of its principles. They breathe throughout an admiration of what is great, give a high aim to the student, and point to the path he should pursue to attain it : while it must be acknowledged our artists as a body have wandered in another direction. The Discourses speak to cultivated minds only. They will scarcely be available to those who have habituated their minds to lower views of art, and have, by a fascinating practice, acquired an inordinate love for its minor beauties. It is true their tendency is to teach, to *cultivate* : but in art there is too often as much to unlearn as to learn ; and the *unlearning* is the more irksome task ; prejudice, self-gratulation, have removed the humility which is the first step in the ladder of advancement. With the public at large, the Discourses have done more ; and rather by the reflection from that improvement in the public taste, than from any direct appeal to artists, our exhibitions have gained somewhat in refinement. And if there is, perhaps, less vigour now, than in the time of Sir Joshua, Wilson, and Gainsborough, those fathers of the English School, we are less seldom disgusted with the coarseness, both of subject and manner, that prevailed in some of their contemporaries and immediate successors. In no branch of art is this improvement more shown than in scenes of familiar life—which meant, indeed

"Low Life." Vulgarly has given place to a more "elegant familiar." This has necessarily brought into play a nicer attention to mechanical excellence, and indeed to all the minor beauties of the art. We almost fear too much has been done this way, because it has been too exclusively pursued, and led astray the public taste to rest satisfied with, and unadvisedly to require, the less important perfections. From that great style which it may be said it was the sole object of the Discourses to recommend, we are further off than ever. Even in portrait, there is far less of the historical, than Sir Joshua himself introduced into that department—an adoption which he has so ably defended by his arguments. But nothing can be more unlike the true historical, as defined in the precepts of art, than the modern representation of national (in that sense, historical) events. The precepts of the President have been unread or disregarded by the patronized historical painters of our day. It would seem to be thought a greater achievement to identify on canvass the millinery that is worn, than the characters of the wearers; silk stockings, and satins, and faces, are all of the same common aim of similitude; arrangement, attitude, and peculiarly inanimate expression, display of finery, with the actual robes, as generally announced in the advertisement, render such pictures counterparts, or perhaps inferior counterfeits to Mrs Jarley's wax-work. And, like the wax-work, they are paraded from town to town, to show the people how much the tailor and mantua-maker have to do in state affairs; and that the greatest of empires is governed by very ordinary-looking personages. Even the Venetian painters, called by way of distinction the "Ornamental School," deemed it necessary to avoid prettinesses and pettinesses, and by consummate skill in artistical arrangement in composition, in *chiaro-scuro* and colour, to give a certain greatness to the representations of their national events. There is not, whatever other faults they may have, this of poverty, in the public pictures of Venice; they are at least of a magnificent ambition: they are far removed from the littleness of a show. We are utterly gone out of the way of the first principles of art in our

national historical pictures. Yet was the great historical the whole subject of the Discourses—it was to be the only worthy aim of the student. If the advice and precepts of Sir Joshua Reynolds have, then, been so entirely disregarded, it may be asked what benefit he has conferred upon the world by his Discourses. We answer, great. He has shown what should be the aim of art, and has therefore raised it in the estimation of the cultivated. His works are part of our standard literature; they are in the hands of readers, of scholars; they materially help in the formation of a taste by which literature is to be judged and relished. Even those who never acquire any very competent knowledge of, or love for pictures, do acquire a respect for art, connect it with classical poetry—the highest poetry, with Homer, with the Greek drama, with all they have read of the venerated works of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles; and having no too nice discrimination, are credulous of, or anticipate by remembering what has been done and valued—the honour of the profession. We assert that, by bringing the precepts of art within the pale of our accepted literature, Sir Joshua Reynolds has given to art a better position. Would that there were no counteracting circumstances which still keep it from reaching its proper rank! Some there are, which materially degrade it, amongst which is the attempt to force patronage; the whole system of Art Unions, and of Schools of Design, the "*in formâ pauperis*" petitioning and advertising, and the rearing innumerable artists, ill-educated in all but drawing, and more degrading still, the binding art, as it were, apprenticed to manufacture in such Schools of Design; connecting, in more than idea, the drawer of patterns with the painter of pictures. Hence has arisen, and must necessarily arise, an inundation of mediocrity, the aim of the painter being to reach some low-prize mark, an unnatural competition, inferior minds brought into the profession, a sort of painting-made-easy school, and pictures, like other articles of manufacture, cheap and bad. We should say decidedly, that the best consideration for art, and the best patronage too, that we would give to it, would be to establish it in our universities of Cambridge and

Oxford. In those venerated places to found professorships, that a more sure love and more sure taste for it may be imbedded with every other good and classical love and taste in the early minds of the youth of England's pride, of future patrons; and where painters themselves may graduate, and associate with all noble and cultivated minds, and be as much honoured in their profession as any in those usually called "learned." But to return to Sir Joshua. He conferred upon his profession not more benefit by his writings and paintings, than by his manners and conduct. To say that they were irreproachable would be to say little—they were such as to render him an object of love and respect. He adorned a society at that time remarkable for men of wit and wisdom. He knew that refinement was necessary for his profession, and he studiously cultivated it—so studiously, that he brought a portion of his own into that society from which he had gathered much. He abhorred what was low in thought, in manners, and in art. And thus he tutored his genius, which was great rather from the cultivation of his judgment, by incessantly exercising his good sense upon the task before him, than from any innate very vigorous power. He thought prudence the best guide of life, and his mind was not of an eccentric daring, to rush heedlessly beyond the bounds of discretion. And this was no small proof of his good sense; when the prejudice of the age in which he lived was prone to consider eccentricity as a mark of genius; and genius itself, inconsistently with the very term of a silly admiration, an *inspiration*, that necessarily brought with it carelessness and profligacy. By his polished manners, his manly virtues, and his prudential views, which mainly formed his taste, and enabled him to disseminate taste, Sir Joshua rescued art from this degrading prejudice, which, while it flattered vanity and excused vice, made the objects of the flattery contemptible and inexcusable. If genius be a gift, it is one that passes through the mind, and takes its colour; the love of all that is pure, and good, and great, can alone invest genius with that habit of thought which, applied to practice, makes the perfect painter. Castiglione considered painting the proper acquirement of the perfect gentleman—Sir

Joshua Reynolds thought that to be in mind and manners the "gentleman," was as necessary to perfect the painter. The friend of Johnson and Burke, and of all persons of that brilliant age, distinguished by abilities and worth, was no common man. In raising himself, he was ever mindful to raise the art to which he had devoted himself, in general estimation.

We have noticed a charge against the writer of the Discourses, that he did not pursue that great style which he so earnestly recommended. Besides that this is not quite true—for he unquestionably did adopt so much of the great manner as his subjects would, generally speaking, allow—there was a sufficient reason for the tone he adopted, that it was one useful and honourable, and none can deny that it was suited to his genius. He was doubtless conscious of his own peculiar powers, and contemplated the degree of excellence which he attained. He felt that he could advance that department of his profession, and surely no unpardonable prudential views led him to the adoption of it. It was the one, perhaps, best suited to his abilities; and there is nothing in his works which might lead us to suspect that he would have succeeded so well in any other. The characteristic of his mind was a nice observation. It was not in its native strength creative. We doubt if Sir Joshua Reynolds ever attempted a perfectly original creation—if he ever designed without having some imitation in view. We mean not to say, that in the process he did not take slight advantages of accidents, and, if the expression may be used, by a second sort of creation, make his work in the end perfectly his own. But we should suppose that his first conceptions for his pictures, (of course, we speak principally of those not strictly portraits,) came to him through his admiration of some of the great originals, which he had so deeply studied. In almost every work by his hand, there is strongly marked his good sense—almost a prudent forbearance. He ever seemed too cautious not to dare beyond his tried strength, more especially in designing a subject of several figures. His true genius was alone conspicuous in those where much of the portrait was admissible;

and such was his "Tragic Muse," a strictly historical picture: was it equally discernible in his "Nativity" for the window in New College Chapel? We think not. There is nothing in his "Nativity" that has not been better done by others; yet, as a whole, it is good; and if the subject demands a more creative power, and a higher daring than was habitual to him, we are yet charmed with the good sense throughout; and while we look, are indisposed to criticise. We have already remarked how much Sir Joshua was indebted to a picture by Domenichino for the "Tragic Muse." Every one knows that he borrowed the "Nativity" from the "Notte" of Correggio, and perhaps in detail from other and inferior masters. His "Ugolino" was a portrait, or a study, in the commencement; it owes its excellence to its retaining this character in its completion. If we were to point to failures, in single figures, (historical,) we should mention his "Puck" and his "Infant Hercules." The latter we only know from the print. Here he certainly had an opportunity of displaying the great style of Michael Angelo; it was beyond his daring; the Hercules is a sturdy child, and that is all; we see not the *ex pede Herculem*. We can imagine the colouring, especially of the serpents and back-ground, to have been impressive. The picture is in the possession of the Emperor of Russia. The "Puck" is a somewhat mischievous boy—too substantially, perhaps heavily, given for the fanciful creation. The mushroom on which he is perched is unfortunate in shape and colour; it is too near the semblance of a bullock's heart. His "Cardinal Beaufort," powerful in expression, has been, we think, capriciously reprehended for the introduction of the demon. The mind's eye has the privilege of poetry to imagine the presence; the personation is therefore legitimate to the sister art. The National Gallery is not fortunate enough to possess any important picture of the master in the historical style. The portraits there are good. There was, we have been given to understand, an opportunity of purchasing for the National Gallery the portrait of himself, which Sir Joshua presented to his native town of Plympton as his substitute, having been

elected mayor of the town—an honour that was according to the expectation of the electors thus repaid. The Municipal Reform brought into office in the town of Plympton, as elsewhere, a set of men who neither valued art nor the fame of their eminent townsman. Men who would convert the very mace of office into cash, could not be expected to keep a portrait; so it was sold by auction, and for a mere trifle. It was offered to the nation; and by those whose business it was to cater for the nation, pronounced a copy. The history of its sale did not accompany the picture; when that was known, as it is said, a very large sum was offered, and refused. It is but justice to the committee to remind them of the fact, that Sir Joshua himself, as he tells us, very minutely examined a picture which he pronounced to be his own, and which was nevertheless a copy. Unquestionably his genius was for portrait; it suited his strictly observant character; and he had this great requisite for a portrait-painter, having great sense himself, he was able to make his heads intellectual. His female portraits are extremely lovely; he knew well how to represent intellect, enthusiasm, and feeling. These qualities he possessed himself. We have observed, in the commencement of these remarks upon the Discourses, that painters do not usually paint beyond themselves, either power or feeling—beyond their own grasp and sentiments; it was the habitual good sense and refinement of moral feeling that made Sir Joshua Reynolds so admirable a portrait-painter. He has been, and we doubt not justly, celebrated as a colourist. Unfortunately, we are not now so capable of judging, excepting in a few instances, of this his excellence. Some few years ago, his pictures, to a considerable amount in number, were exhibited at the British Institution. We are forced to confess that they generally looked too brown—many of them dingy, many loaded with colour, that, when put on, was probably rich and transparent: we concluded that they had changed. Though Sir Joshua, as Northcote in his very amusing Memoirs of the President assures us, would not allow those under him to try experiments, and carefully locked up his own, that he might more effec-

tually discourage the attempt—considering that, in students, it was beginning at the wrong end—yet was he himself a great experimentalist. He frequently used wax and varnish; the decomposition of the latter (mastic) would sufficiently account for the appearance those pictures wore. We see others that have very much faded; some that are said to be faded may rather have been injured by cleaners; the colouring when put on with much varnish not bearing the process of cleaning, may have been removed, and left only the dead and crude work. It has been remarked, that his pictures have more especially suffered under the hands of restorers. It must be very difficult for a portrait-painter, much employed, and called upon to paint a portrait, where short time and few sittings are the conditions, to paint a lasting work. He is obliged to hasten the drying of the paint, or to use injurious substances, which answer the purpose only for a short present. Sir Joshua, too, was tempted to use ornament largely in some pictures, which has sadly changed. An instance may be seen in the “Holy Family” in our National Gallery—the colour of the flesh of the St John is ruined from this cause. It is, however, one of his worst pictures, and could not have been originally designed for a “holy family.” The Mater is quite a youthful peasant girl: we should not regret it if it were totally gone. Were Sir Joshua living, and could he see it in its present state, he would be sure to paint over it, and possibly convert it into another subject. We do not doubt, however, that Sir Joshua deserved the reputation he obtained as a colourist in his day. We attribute the brown, the horny asphaltum look they have, to change. It is unquestionably exceedingly mortifying to see, while the specimens of the Venetian and Flemish colourists are at this day so pure and fresh, though painted centuries before our schools, our comparatively recent productions so obscured and otherwise injured. Tintory, excellent authority, the Genevan chemical professor, laments the practice of the English painters of mixing varnish with their colours, which, he says, shows that they prefer a temporary brilliancy to lasting beauty; for that it is impossible, that with this practice, pictures should either retain their

brilliancy or even be kept from decay. We do not remember to have seen a single historical picture of Sir Joshua's that has not suffered; happily there are yet many of his portraits fresh, vigorous, and beautiful in colouring. It should seem, that he thought it worth while to speculate upon those of least value to his reputation.

Portrait-painting, at the commencement of Sir Joshua's career, was certainly in a very low condition. A general receipt for face-making with the greatest facility seemed to have been current throughout the country. Attitudes and looks were according to a pattern; and, accordingly, there was so great a family resemblance, however unconnected the sitters, that it might seem to have been intended to promote a brotherly and sisterly bond of union among all the descendants of Adam. Portrait-painting, which had in this country been so good, was in fact, with here and there an exception, and generally an exception not duly estimated, in a degraded state: the art in this respect, as in others, had become vulgarized. From this universal family-likeness recipe, Reynolds came suddenly, and at once successfully, before the world, with individual nature, and variety of character, and portraits that had the merit of being pictures as well as portraits. He led to a complete revolution in this department, so that if he had rivals—and he certainly had one in Gainsborough—they were of his own making. The change is mostly perceptible in female portraits. They assumed grace and beauty. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were strangely vilified in their displeasing likenesses. The somewhat loose satin evening-dress, with the shepherdess's crook, was absurd enough; and no very great improvement upon the earlier taste of complimenting portraits with the personation of the heathen deities. The poetical pastoral, however, very soon descended to the real pastoral; and, as if to make people what they were not was considered enough of the historical of portrait, even this took. We suspect Gainsborough was the first to sin in this degradation line, by no means the better one for being the furthest from the divinities. He had painted some rustic figures very admirably, and made such subjects a fashion; but why they should ever be

so, we could never understand; or why royalty should not be represented as royalty, gentry as gentry; to represent them otherwise, appears as absurd as if our Landseer should attempt a greyhound in the character of a Newfoundland dog. A picture of Gainsborough's was exhibited, a year or two ago, in the British Institution, Pall-Mall, which we were astonished to hear was most highly valued; for it was a weak, washy, dauby, ill-coloured performance, and the design as bad as well could be. It was a scene before a cottage-door, with the children of George the Third as peasant children, in village dirt and mire. The picture had no merit to recommend it; if we remember rightly, it had been painted over, or in some way obscured, and unfortunately brought to light. Although Sir Joshua Reynolds generally introduced a new grace into his portraits, and mostly so without deviating from the character as he found it, dispensing indeed with the old affectation, we fear he cannot altogether be acquitted from the charge of deviating from the true propriety of portrait. Ladies as Miranda, as Hebe, and even as Thais, no very moral compliment, are examples—some there are of the lower pastoral. Mrs Macklin and her daughter were represented at a spinning-wheel, and Miss Potts as a gleaner. There is one of somewhat higher pretensions, but equally a deviation from propriety, in his portraits of the Honourable Mistresses Townshend, Beresford, and Gardiner. They are decorating the statue of Hymen; the grace of one figure is too theatrical, the others have but little. The one kneeling on the ground, and collecting the flowers, is, in one respect, disagreeable—the light of the sky, too much of the same hue and tone as the face, is but little separated from it—in fact, only by the dark hair; while all below the face and bosom is a too heavy dark mass. Portrait-painters are very apt to fail whenever they colour their back-grounds to the heads of a warm and light sky-colour; the force of the complexion is very apt to be lost, and the portrait is sure to lose its importance. The “General on Horseback,” in our National Gallery, (Ligonier,) a fine picture, is in no small degree hurt by the absence of a little greyer tone in the part of

the sky about the head. By far the best portraits by Sir Joshua—and, fortunately, they are the greater part—are those in real character. His very genius was for unaffected simplicity; attitudinizing recipes could never have been adopted by him with satisfaction to himself. Some of his slight, more sketchy portraits, as yet unexperimented upon by his powerful, frequently rather too powerful, colouring, his deep browns and yellows, are unrivalled. Such is his Kitty Fisher, not long since exhibited in the British Gallery, Pall-Mall. There the character is not overpowered by the effect.

Gainsborough was the only painter of his day that could, with any pretension, vie with Sir Joshua Reynolds in portrait. In some respects they had similar excellences. Both were alike, by natural taste, averse to affectation, and both were colourists. As a colourist, Gainsborough, as his pictures are now, may be even preferred to Reynolds. They seem to have been painted off more at once, and have therefore a greater freshness; his flesh tints are truly surprising, most true to life. He probably painted with a more simple palette. The pains and labour which Sir Joshua bestowed, and which were perhaps very surprising when his pictures were fresh from the easel, have lost much of their virtue. The great difference between these great contemporaries lay in their power of character. Gainsborough was as true as could be to nature, where the character was not of the very highest order. Plain, downright common sense he would hit off wonderfully, as in his portrait of Ralphe Schomberg—a picture, we are sorry to find, removed from the National Gallery. The world's every-day men were for his pencil. He did not so much excel in women. The bent of Sir Joshua's mind was to elevate, to dignify, to intellectualize. Enthusiasm, sentiment, purity, and all the varied poetry of feminine beauty, received their kindred hues and most exquisite expression under his hand. Whatever was dignified in man, or lovely in woman, was portrayed with its appropriate grace and strength. Sir Joshua was, in fact, himself the higher character; ever endeavouring to improve and cultivate his own mind, to raise it by

a dignified aim in his art and in his life; and gathering the beauty of sentiment to himself from its best source—the practice of social and every amiable charity—he was sure to transfer to the canvass something characteristic of himself. Gainsborough was, in his way, a gentle enthusiast, altogether of an humbler ambition. Even in his landscapes, he showed that he saw little in nature but what the vulgar see; he had little idea that what is commonly seen are the materials of a better creation. Gainsborough was unrivalled in his portraiture of common truth, Reynolds in poetical truth. Gainsborough spoke in character in one of his letters, wherein he said, that he “was well read in the volume of nature, and that was learning sufficient for him.” It is said that he was proud—perhaps his pride was shown in this remark—but it was not a pride allied with greatness. The pride of Reynolds was quite of another stamp; it did not disagree with his soundest judgment; his estimate of himself was more true, and it showed itself in modesty. That such men should meet and associate but little, is not surprising. That Reynolds withdrew in “cold and carefully meted out courtesy,” is not surprising, though the expressions quoted are written to disparage Reynolds. The man of fixed purpose may appear cold when he does not assimilate with the man of caprice, (as was Gainsborough,) in whose company there is nothing to call forth a congeniality, a sympathy; and it is probable that Gainsborough felt as little disposed as Sir Joshua, to preserve, or even to seek, an intimacy. Their final parting at the deathbed of Gainsborough was most honourable to them both; and the merit of seeking it was entirely Gainsborough's. It is singular that any facts should be so perverted, as to justify an insinuation that Reynolds, whose whole life exhibited the continued acts of a kind heart, was a cautious and cold calculator. Good sense has ever a reserve of manner, the result of a habit of thinking—and in one of a high aim, it is apt to acquire almost a stateliness; but even such stateliness is not inconsistent with modesty and with feeling; it is, in fact, the carriage of the mind, seen in the manner and the person. We make these remarks under a disgust produced by the sin-

gularly illiberal Life of Reynolds by Allan Cunningham; we think we should not err in saying, that it is maliciously written. We were reading this Life, and made many indignant remarks as we read, when the death of the author was announced in the newspapers. We had determined, as far as our power might extend, to rescue the name and fame of Reynolds from the mischief which so popular a writer as Allan Cunningham was likely to inflict. Death has its sanctity, and we hesitated; indeed, in regret for the loss of a man of talent, we felt for a time little disposed to think of the ill he may have done; nor was, on mature consideration, the regret less, that he could not, by our means, be called to review his own work—his “Lives of the British Painters”—in a more candid spirit than that in which they appear to have been written. It is to be lamented that he did not revise it. Its illiberality and untruth render it very unfit for a “Family Library,” for which it was composed. Yet it must be confessed, that such regret was rather one of momentary feeling, than accompanied with any thing like conviction, or even hope, that our endeavour would have been successful. There was no one better acquainted with the life of one of the painters in his work than ourselves. His Life, too, was written in a most illiberal spirit, though purposely in praise of the artist. But it was as untrue as it was illiberal. In a paper in *Blackwood*, some years ago, we noticed some of the errors and misstatements. This, we happen to know, was seen by the author of the “Lives;” for we were, in consequence, applied to upon the subject; and there being an intention expressed to bring out a new edition, we were invited to correct what was wrong. We did not hesitate, and wrote some two or three letters for the purpose, and entertained but little doubt of their having been favourably received, and that they would be used, until we were surprised by a communication, that the author “was much obliged, but was perfectly satisfied with his own account.” That is, that he was much obliged for an endeavour to mislead him by falsehood. For both accounts could not be true. There were, then, but small grounds to hope that Allan Cunningham would have so revised his

work, as to have done justice to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Besides, after all, "respect for the dead" moves both ways. The question is between the recently dead and the long since dead. In the literary world, and in the world of art, both yet live; and the author of the *Life* has this advantage, that thousands read the "*Family Library*," whilst but few, comparatively speaking, make themselves acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds and his works. We revere this founder of our English school, and feel it due to the art we love, to condemn the ungenerous and sarcastic spirit of *The Life*, by Allan Cunningham. And if the dead could have any interest in and guidance of things on earth, we can imagine no work that would be more pleasing to them, than the removal of even the slightest evils they may have inflicted; thus making restitution for them. It is very evident throughout the "*Lives*," that the author has a prejudice against, an absolute dislike to, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We stay not to account for it. There are men of some opinions who, whether from pride, or other feeling, have an antipathy to courtly manners, and what is called higher society: jealous and suspicious lest they should not owe, and seem to owe, every thing to themselves, there is a constant and irritable desire to set aside, with a feigned, oftener than a real, contempt, the influence and the homage the world pays to superiority of rank, station, and education. They would wish to have nothing above themselves. How far such may have been the case with the writer of the "*Lives*," we know not, totally unacquainted as we have ever been, but by his writings. In them there appears very strongly marked this vulgar feeling. He has stepped out of his way in other lives, such as those of Wilson and Gainsborough, to attack Sir Joshua by surmises and insinuations of meanness, blurring the fair character of his best acts. The generous doings of the President were too notorious not to be admitted, but generally a sinister or selfish motive is insinuated. His courtesy was unpleasant, while extreme coarseness met with a ready apologist. In the several *Lives* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there does not appear the slightest ground upon which to found a charge of meanness of character: it is incon-

ceivable how such should have ever been insinuated, while Northcote's "*Life*" of him was in existence, and Northcote must have known him well. He was most liberal in expenditure, as became his station, and the dignity which he was ambitiously desirous of conferring upon the art over which he presided. To artists and others in their distresses he was most generous: numerous, indeed, are the recorded instances; those unrecorded may be infinitely more numerous, for generosity was with him a habit. In the teeth of Mr Cunningham's insinuations we will extract from Northcote some passages upon this point. "At that time, indeed, Johnson was under many pecuniary obligations, as well as literary ones, to Sir Joshua, whose generous kindness would never permit his friends to ask a pecuniary favour, his purse and heart being always open." That his heart as well as his purse was open, the following anecdote more than indicates. We are tempted to give it unaltered, as we find it in the words of Northcote:—

"Sir Joshua, as his usual custom, looked over the daily morning paper at his breakfast time; and on one of those perusals, whilst reading an account of the Old Bailey sessions, to his great astonishment, saw that a prisoner had been tried and condemned to death for a robbery committed on the person of one of his own servants, a negro, who had been with him for some time. He immediately rung the bell for the servants, in order to make his enquiries, and was soon convinced of the truth of the matter related in the newspaper. This black man had lived in his service as footman for several years, and has been portrayed in several pictures, particularly in one of the Marquis of Granby, where he holds the horse of that general. Sir Joshua reprimanded this black servant for his conduct, and especially for not having informed him of this curious adventure; when the man said he had concealed it only to avoid the blame he should have incurred had he told it. He then related the following circumstances of the business, saying, that Mrs Anna Williams (the old blind lady lived at the house of Dr Johnson) had some time previous dined at Sir Joshua's with Miss Reynolds; that in the evening she went home to Bolt Court, Fleet Street, in a hackney coach, and that he had been sent to attend her to her house. On his return he had met with companions who had detained him till so late an hour, that

when he came to Sir Joshua's house, he found the doors were shut, and all the servants gone to rest. In this dilemma he wandered in the street till he came to a watch-house, in which he took shelter for the remainder of the night, among the variety of miserable companions to be found in such places; and amidst this assembly of the wretched, the black man fell sound asleep, when a poor thief, who had been taken into custody by the constable of the night, perceiving, as the man slept, that he had a watch and money in his pocket, (which was seen on his thigh,) watched his opportunity and stole the watch, and with a penknife cut through the pocket, and so possessed himself of the money. When the black awaked from his nap, he soon discovered what had been done, to his cost, and immediately gave the alarm, and a strict search was made through the company; when the various articles which the black had lost were found in the possession of the unfortunate wretch who had stolen them. He was accordingly secured, and next morning carried before the justice, and committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey, (the black being bound over to prosecute,) and, as we have seen, was at his trial cast and condemned to death. Sir Joshua, much affected by this recital, immediately sent his principal servant, Ralph Kirkly, to make all enquiries into the state of the criminal, and, if necessary, to relieve his wants in whatever way could be done. When Kirkly came to the prison he was soon admitted to the cell of the prisoner, where he beheld the most wretched spectacle that imagination can conceive—a poor forlorn criminal, without a friend on earth who could relieve or assist him, and reduced almost to a skeleton by famine and filth, waiting till the dreadful morning should arrive when he was to be made an end of by a violent death. Sir Joshua now ordered fresh clothing to be sent to him, and also that the black servant should carry him every day a sufficient supply of food from his own table; and at that time Mr E. Burke being very luckily in office, he applied to him, and by their joint interest they got his sentence changed to transportation; when, after being furnished with all necessaries, he was sent out of the kingdom.”—P. 119.

“In this year Sir Joshua raised his price to fifty guineas for a head size, which he continued during the remainder of his life. His rapidly accumulating fortune was not, however, for his own sole enjoyment; he still felt the luxury of doing good, and had many objects of bounty pointed out to him by his friend Johnson, who, in one of his letters, in this year, to Mrs Piozzi, enquires ‘will the master give

me any thing for my poor neighbours? I have had from Sir Joshua and Mr Strahan.”—P. 264.

“Sir Joshua, indeed, seems to have been applied to by his friends on all occasions; and by none oftener than by Dr Johnson, particularly for charitable purposes. Of this there is an instance, in a note of Johnson's preserved in his Life, too honourable to him to be here omitted.

‘To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

‘Dear Sir—It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.—I am, dear sir, your obliged and most humble servant,

‘SAM. JOHNSON.’

‘June 23, 1781.’”

—P. 278.

The following anecdote is delightful:—

“Whilst at Antwerp, Sir Joshua had taken particular notice of a young man of the name of De Gree, who had exhibited some considerable talents as a painter: his father was a tailor; and he himself had been intended for some clerical office, but, as it is said by a late writer, having formed a different opinion of his religion than was intended, from the books put into his hand by an Abbé who was his patron, it was discovered that he would not do for a priest, and the Abbé, therefore, articulated him to Gerrards of Antwerp. Sir Joshua received him, on his arrival in England, with much kindness, and even recommended him most strongly to pursue his profession in the metropolis; but De Gree was unwilling to consent to this, as he had been previously engaged by Mrs Latouche to proceed to Ireland. Even here Sir Joshua's friendly attentions did not cease, for he actually made the poor artist a present of fifty guineas to fit him for his Hibernian excursion; the whole of which, however, the careful son sent over to Antwerp for the use of his aged parents.”—P. 284.

“It is also recorded, as an instance of his prizing extraordinary merit, that when Gainsborough asked him but sixty guineas for his celebrated *Girl and Pigs*, yet being conscious in his own mind that it was worth more, he liberally paid him down one hundred guineas for the picture. I also find it mentioned on record, that a painter of considerable merit, having unfortunately made an injudicious matrimonial choice, was along with that and its consequences as well as an increasing family, in a few years reduced so very low, that he could not venture out without danger of being arrested—a circumstance which, in a great

measure, put it out of his power to dispose of his pictures to advantage. Sir Joshua having accidentally heard of his situation, immediately hurried to his residence to enquire into the truth of it, when the unfortunate man told him all the melancholy particulars of his lot, adding, that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling the distressed man he would do something for him; and when he was bidding him adieu at the door, he took him by the hand, and, after squeezing it in a friendly way, 'hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart the exalted of human kind only know by experience, whilst the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds.'

Of such traits of benevolence certainly many other instances may be recorded, but I shall only mention two; "the one is the purchasing a picture of Zoffani, who was without a patron, and selling it to the Earl of Carlisle for twenty guineas above the price given for it; and he sent the advanced price immediately to Zoffani, saying 'he thought he had sold the picture at first below its real value.'"

The other is—"the clergyman who succeeded Sir Joshua's father as master of the grammar-school at Plympton, at his decease left a widow, who, after the death of her husband, opened a boarding school for the education of young ladies. The governess who taught in this school had but few friends in situations to enable them to do her much service, and her sole dependence was on her small stipend from the school: hence she was unable to make a sufficiently reputable appearance in apparel at their accustomed little balls. The daughter of the schoolmistress, her only child, and at that time a very young girl, felt for the poor governess, and the pitiable insufficiency in the article of finery; but being unable to help her from her own resources, devised within herself a means by which it might be done otherwise. Having heard of the great fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his character for generosity, and charity, and recollecting that he had formerly belonged to the Plympton school, she, without mentioning a syllable to any of her companions, addressed a letter to Sir Joshua, whom she had never even seen, in which she represented to him the forlorn state

of the poor governess's wardrobe, and begged the gift of a silk gown for her. Very shortly after, they received a box containing silks of different patterns, sufficient for two dresses, to the infinite astonishment of the simple governess, who was totally unable to account for this piece of good fortune, as the compassionate girl was afraid to let her know the means she had taken in order to procure the welcome present."—P. 307.

Mr Dukes, the artist, says—"malice has charged him with avarice, probably from his not having been prodigal, like too many of his profession; his offer to me proves the contrary. At the time that I made the drawings of the King at St Paul's after his illness, Reynolds complimented me handsomely on seeing them, and afterwards observed, that the labour bestowed must have been such, that I could not be remunerated from selling them; but if I would publish them myself, he would lend me the money necessary, and engage to get me a handsome subscription among the nobility."—P. 351.

We will here mention an anecdote which we believe has never been published; we heard it from our excellent friend, and enthusiastic admirer of all that taste, good sense, and good feeling should admire and love, in art or out of it—now far advanced in years, and, like Sir Joshua, blind, but full of enjoyment and conversation fresh as ever upon art, for he remembers and hears, beloved by all who know him, G. Cumberland, Esq., author of "Outlines," &c. &c. He it was who recommended Collins, the miniature-painter, to Sir Joshua. Now poor Collins was one of the most nervous of men, morbidly distrustful of himself and his powers. Our friend showed us a portrait of Collins, painted by himself, the very picture of most sensitive nervousness. Well—Collins waited upon Sir Joshua, who gave him a picture to copy for him in miniature. Collins took it, and trembled, and looked all diffidence as he examined Sir Joshua's original. However, he took it home with him, and after some time came to Cumberland in great agitation, expressing a conviction that he never could copy it, that he had destroyed three attempts, and this, said he, is the best I can do, and I will destroy it. This Cumberland

would not allow, and took possession of it, and an admirable performance it is. Soon another was done, and Collins took it to Sir Joshua, with many timid expressions and apologies for his inability, that he feared displeasure for having undertaken a work above him. Sir Joshua looked at it, declared it to be, as it was, a most excellent copy, and gave him more to do in the same way—telling him to go to his scrutoire, open a drawer, and he would find some guineas, and to take out twenty to pay himself. “Twenty guineas!” said Collins, “I should not have thought of receiving more than three!” This kindness and liberality set up poor Collins with a better stock of self-confidence, and he made his way to celebrity in his line, and to fortune.

Is it in human nature, that the man of whom such anecdotes are told, and truly told, could be guilty of a mean unworthy action? Perhaps the reader will be curious to see how the writer of the “British Painters,” who, from the recent date of his publication, must have known all these incidents, excepting the last, has converted some of them, by insinuating sarcasm, into charges that blur their virtue. We should say that he has omitted, where he could omit—where he could not, he is compelled to contradict himself; for it is impossible that the insinuations, and the facts, and occasional acknowledgments, should be together true of one and the same man. We shall offer some specimens of this *illiberal style*:—A neighbour of Reynolds’s first advised him to settle in London. His success there made him remember this friendly advice—(the neighbour’s name was Cranch.) We quote now from Cunningham. “The timely counsel of his neighbour Cranch would have long afterwards been rewarded with the present of a silver cup, had not accident interfered. ‘Death,’ says Northcote, ‘prevented this act of gratitude. I have seen the cup at Sir Joshua’s table.’ The painter had the honour of the intention and the use of the cup—a twofold advantage, of which he was not insensible.”—*Lives of British Painters*, Vol. i. p. 220.—“Of lounging visitors he had great abhorrence, and, as he reckoned up the fruits of his labours, ‘Those idle people,’ said this disciple of the grand historical

school of Raphael and Angelo—‘those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.’ This calculation incidentally informs us, that it was Reynolds’s practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours.”—P. 251. In *this* Life, he could deprecate art, (in a manner we are persuaded he could not feel,) because it lowered the estimation of the painter whom he disliked. “One of the biographers of Reynolds imputes the reflections contained in the conclusion of this letter, ‘to that envy, which perhaps even Johnson felt, when comparing his own annual gains with those of his more fortunate friend.’ They are rather to be attributed to the sense and taste of Johnson, who could not but feel the utter worthlessness of the far greater part of the productions with which the walls of the Exhibition-room were covered. Artists are very willing to claim for their profession and its productions rather more than the world seems disposed to concede. It is very natural that this should be so; but it is also natural, that a man of Johnson’s taste should be conscious of the dignity of his own pursuits, and agree with the vast majority of mankind in ranking a Homer, a Virgil, a Milton, or a Shakspeare, immeasurably above all the artists that ever painted or carved. Johnson, in a conversation with Boswell, defined painting to be an art which could illustrate, but could not inform.”—P. 255. Does he so speak of this art in any other Life; and is not this view false and ill-natured? Were not Raffaele, Michael, Angelo, Correggio, Titian, Piombo, epic poets?

“Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest. Though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines.” He was compelled, a sentence or two after, to add, “It was honourable to that distinguished artist, that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here, he often aided them with his purse, nor *insisted* upon repayment.”—P. 258. We have marked “insisted”—it implies repayment was expected, if not enforced;

and it might have been said, that a mutual "honour" was conferred. Speaking of Northcote's and Malone's account of Sir Joshua's "social and well-furnished table," he adds, "these accounts, however, in as far as regards the splendour of the entertainments, must be received with some abatement. The eye of a youthful pupil was a little blinded by enthusiasm. That of Malone was rendered friendly, by many acts of hospitality, and a handsome legacy; while literary men and artists, who came to speak of books and paintings, cared little for the most part about the delicacy of the entertainment, provided it were wholesome." Here he quotes at length, no very good-natured account of the dinners given by Courteney.—P. 273. Even his sister, poor Miss Reynolds, whom Johnson loved and respected, must have her share of the writer's sarcasm. "Miss Reynolds seems to have been as indifferent about the good order of her domestics, and the appearance of her dishes at table, as her brother was about the distribution of his wine and venison. Plenty was the splendour; and freedom was the elegance, which Malone and Boswell found in the entertainments of the artist."—P. 275. If Reynolds was sparing of his wine, the word "plenty" was most inappropriate. Even the remark of Dunning, Lord Ashburton, is perverted from its evident meaning, and as explained by Northcote, and the perversion casts a slur upon Sir Joshua's guests; yet is it well known who they were. "Well, Sir Joshua," he said, "and who have you got to dine with you to-day?—the last time I dined in your house, the company was of such a sort, that by —, I believe all the rest of the world enjoyed peace for that afternoon."—P. 276. This is a gross idea, and unworthy a gentle mind. "By an opinion so critically sagacious, and an apology for portrait-painting; which appeals so effectually to the kindly side of human nature, Johnson repaid a hundred dinners."—P. 276. The liberality to De Gree is shortly told.—P. 298. "I have said that the President was frugal in his communications respecting the sources from whence he drew his own practice—he forgets his caution in one of these notes."—P. 303. We must couple this with some previous re-

marks; it is well known that Sir Joshua, as Northcote tells us, carefully locked up his experiments, and for more reasons than one: first, he was dissatisfied, as these were but experiments; secondly, he considered experimenting would draw away pupils from the rudiments of the art. Surely nothing but illiberal dislike would have perverted the plain meaning of the act. "The secret of Sir Joshua's own preparations was carefully kept—he permitted not even the most favoured of his pupils to acquire the knowledge of his colours—he had all securely locked, and allowed no one to enter where these treasures were deposited. What was the use of all this secrecy? Those who stole the mystery of his colours, could not use it, unless they stole his skill and talent also. A man who, like Reynolds, chooses to take upon himself the double office of public and private instructor of students in painting, ought not surely to retain a secret in the art, which he considers of real value."—P. 287. He was, in fact, too honest to mislead; and that he did not think the right discovery made, the author must have known; for Northcote says—"when I was a student at the Royal Academy, I was accidentally repeating to Sir Joshua the instructions on colouring I had heard there given by an eminent painter, who then attended as visitor. Sir Joshua replied; that this painter was undoubtedly a very sensible man, but by no means a good colourist; adding, that there was not a man then on earth who had the least notion of colouring. 'We all of us,' said he, 'have it equally to seek for and find out—as, at present, it is totally lost to the art.'"—"In his economy he was close and saving; while he poured out his wines and spread out his tables to the titled or the learned, he stinted his domestics to the commonest fare, and rewarded their faithfulness by very moderate wages. One of his servants, who survived till lately, described him as a master who exacted obedience in trifles—was prudent in the matter of pins—a saver of bits of thread—a man hard and parsimonious, who never thought he had enough of labour out of his dependents, and always suspected that he overpaid them. To this may be added the public opinion, which pictured him close, cautious,

and sordid. On the other side, we have the open testimony of Burke, Malone, Boswell, and Johnson, who all represent him as generous, open-hearted, and humane. The servants and the friends both spoke, we doubt not, according to their own experience of the man. Privations in early life rendered strict economy necessary; and in spite of many acts of kindness, his mind, on the whole, failed to expand with his fortune. He continued the same system of saving when he was master of sixty thousand pounds, as when he owned but sixpence. He loved reputation dearly, and it would have been well for his fame, if, over and above leaving legacies to such friends as Burke and Malone, he had opened his heart to humbler people. A little would have gone a long way—a kindly word and a guinea prudently given.”—P. 319. Opened his heart to humbler people! was the author of this libel upon a generous character, ignorant of his charity to humbler people, which Johnson certified? Why did he not narrate the robbery of the black servant, and his kindness to the humblest and the most wretched? What was fifty guineas to poor De Gree? Who were the humbler people to whom he denied his bounty? And is the fair fame, the honest reputation—the honourable reputation, we should say—of such a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds—such as he has been proved to be—such as not only such men as Burke and Johnson knew him, but such as his pupil and inmate Northcote knew him—to be vilified by a low-minded biography, the dirty ingredients of which are raked up from lying mouths, or, at least, incapable of judging of such a character—from the lips of servants, whose idle tales of masters who discard them, it is the common usage of the decent, not to say well-bred world, to pay no attention to—not to listen to—and whom none hear but the vulgar-curious, or the slanderous? But if a servant's evidence must be taken, the fact of the exhibition of Sir Joshua's works for his servant Kirkly should have been enough—to say nothing here of his black servant. But the story of Kirkly is mentioned—and how mentioned? To rake up a malevolent or a thoughtless squib of the day, to make it appear that Sir Joshua shared

in the gains of an exhibition ostensibly given to his servant. The joke is noticed by Northcote, and the exhibition, thus:—“The private exhibition of 1791, in the Haymarket, has been already mentioned, and some notice taken of it by a wicked wit, who, at the time, wished to insinuate that Sir Joshua was a partaker in the profits. But this was not the truth; neither do I believe there were any profits to share. However, these lines from *Hudibras* were inserted in a morning paper, together with some observations on the exhibition of pictures collected by the knight—

‘A squire he had whose name was Ralph
Who in the adventure went his half,’

thus gaily making a sacrifice of truth to a joke.” It is very evident that this was a mere newspaper squib, and suggested by the “knight and his squire Ralph;” but Cunningham so gives it as “the opinion of many,” and with rather more than a suspicion of its truth. “Sir Joshua made an exhibition of them in the Haymarket, for the advantage of his faithful servant Ralph Kirkly; but our painter's well-known love of gain excited public suspicion; he was considered by many as a partaker in the profits, and reproached by the application of two lines from *Hudibras*.”—P. 117. But this report from a servant is evidently no servant's report at all, as far as the words go: they are redolent throughout of the peculiar satire of the author of the “*Lives*,” who so loves point and antithesis, who tells us Sir Joshua “poured” out his wines, (the distribution of which he had otherwise spoken of,) that the *stint* to the servants may have its fullest opposition. And again, as to the humbler, does he not contradict himself? He prefaces the fact that Sir Joshua gave a hundred guineas to Gainsborough, who asked sixty, for his “*Girl and Pigs*,” thus—“Reynolds was commonly humane and tolerant; he could indeed afford, both in fame and purse, to commend and aid the timid and needy.”—P. 304. This is qualifying vilely a generous action, while it contradicts his assertion of being sparing of “a kindly word and a guinea.” Nor are the occasional criticisms on passages in the “*Discourses*” in a better spirit, nor are they exempt from a vulgar taste as to views of art; their

sole object is, apparently, to depreciate Reynolds; and though a selection of individual sentences might be picked out, as in defence, of an entirely laudatory character, they are contradicted by others, and especially by the sarcastic tone of the *Life*, taken as a whole. But it is not only in the *Life* of Reynolds that this attempt is made to depreciate him. In his "*Lives*" of Wilson and Gainsborough, he steps out of his way to throw his abominable sarcasm upon Reynolds. One of many passages in Wilson's *Life* says, "It is reported that Reynolds relaxed his hostility at last, and, becoming generous when it was too late, obtained an order from a nobleman for two landscapes at a proper price." So he insinuates an unworthy hypocrisy, while lauding the bluntness of Wilson. "Such was the blunt honesty of his (Wilson's) nature, that, when drawings were shown him which he disliked, he disdained, or was unable to give a courtly answer, and made many of the students his enemies. Reynolds had the sagacity to escape from such difficulties, by looking at the drawings and saying 'Pretty, pretty,' which vanity invariably explained into a compliment."—P. 207. After having thus spoken shamefully of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the body of his work, he reiterates all in a note, confirming all as his not hasty but deliberate opinion, having "now again gone over the narrative very carefully, and found it impossible, without violating the truth, to make any alteration of importance as to its facts;" and though he has omitted so much which might have been given to the honour of Reynolds, he is "unconscious of having omitted any enquiry likely to lead him aright."—P. 320. He may have made the enquiry without using the information—a practice not inconsistent in such a biographer. For instance, when he assumes, that in the portrait of Beattie, the figures of Scepticism, Sophistry, and Infidelity, represent Hume, Voltaire, and Gibbon; remarking, that they have survived the "insult of Reynolds." An enquiry

from Northcote ought to have led him to conclude otherwise, for Northcote, who had the best means of knowing, says, "Because one of those figures was a lean figure, (alluding to the subordinate ones introduced,) and the other a fat one, people of lively imaginations pleased themselves with finding in them the portraits of Voltaire and Hume. But Sir Joshua, I have reason to believe, had no such thought when he painted those figures." We have done with this disgusting *Life*. We would preserve to art and the virtue-loving part of mankind the great *integrity* of the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Documents and testimonies are sufficient to establish as much entire worth as falls to the lot and adornment of the best; and to bring this conviction, that, for the justice, candour, liberality, kindness, and generosity, which he showed in his dealings with all, even his professional rivals, if he had not had the extraordinary merit of being the greatest British painter, he deserved, and will deserve, the respect of mankind; and to have had his many and great virtues recorded in a far other manner than in that among the "*Lives* of the British Painters." His pictures may have faded, and may decay; but his precepts will still live, and tend to the establishment and continuance of art built upon the soundest principles; and the virtues of the man will ever give a grace to the profession which he adorned, and, for the benefit of art, contribute mainly to his own fame.

"Nihil enim est opere aut manu factum, quod aliquando non conficiat et consumat Vetustas; at vero hæc tua justitia et lenitas animi florescet quotidie magis, ita ut quantum operibus tuis diuturnitas detrahet, tantum afferet laudibus."

"He had," says Burke, "from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution; and he contemplated it with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow."

LEAP-YEAR.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the summer of 1838, in the pleasant little county of Huntingdon, and under the shade of some noble elms which form the pride of Lipscombe Park, two young men might have been seen reclining. The thick, and towering, and far-spreading branches under which they lay, effectually protected them from a July sun, which threw its scorching brilliancy over the whole landscape before them. They seemed to enjoy to the full that delightful *retired openness* which an English park affords, and that easy effortless communion which only old companionship can give. They were, in fact, fellow collegians. The one, Reginald Darcy by name, was a ward of Mr Sherwood, the wealthy proprietor of Lipscombe Park; the other, his friend, Charles Griffith, was passing a few days with him in this agreeable retreat. They had spent the greater part of the morning strolling through the park, making short journeys from one clump of trees to another, and traversing just so much of the open sunny space which lay exposed to all the "bright severity of noon," as gave fresh value to the shade, and renewed the luxury of repose.

"Only observe," said Darcy, breaking silence, after a long pause, and without any apparent link of connexion between their last topic of conversation and the sage reflection he was about to launch—"only observe," and, as he raised himself upon his elbow, something very like a sigh escaped from him, "how complete, in our modern system of life, is the ascendancy of woman over us! Every art is hers—is devoted to her service. Poetry, music, painting, sculpture—all seem to have no theme but woman. It is her loveliness, her power over us, that is paraded and chanted on every side. Poets have been always mad on the beauty of woman, but never so mad as now; we must not only submit to be sense-enthralled, the very innermost spirit of a man is to be deliberately resigned to the tyranny of a smooth brow and a soft eye. Music, which grows rampant with passion, speaks in all its tones of

woman: as long as the strain lasts we are in a frenzy of love, though it is not very clear with whom, and happily the delirium ends the moment the strings of the violin have ceased to vibrate. What subject has the painter worth a rush but the beauty of woman? We gaze for ever on the charming face which smiles on us from his canvass; we may gaze with perfect license—that veil which has just been lifted to the brow, it will never be dropt again—but we do not gaze with perfect impunity; we turn from the lovely shadow with knees how prone to bend! And as to the sculptor, on condition that he hold to the pure colourless marble, is he not permitted to reveal the sacred charms of Venus herself? Every art is hers. Go to the theatre, and whether it be tragedy, or comedy, or opera, or dance, the attraction of woman is the very life of all that is transacted there. Shut yourself up at home with the poem or the novel, and, lo! to love, and to be loved, by one fair creature, is all that the world has to dignify with the name of happiness. It is too much. The heart aches and sickens with an unclaimed affection, kindled to no purpose. Every where the eye, the ear, the imagination, is provoked, bewildered, haunted by the magic of this universal siren.

"And what is worse," continued our profound philosopher—and here he rose from his elbow, and supported himself at arm's length from the ground, one hand resting on the turf, the other at liberty, if required, for oratorical action—"what is worse, this place which woman occupies in art is but a fair reflection of that which she fills in real life. Just heavens! what a perpetual wonder it is, this living, breathing beauty! Throw all your metaphors to the winds—your poetic raptures—your ideals—your romance of position and of circumstance: look at a fair, amiable, cultivated woman, as you meet her in the actual, commonplace scenes of life: she is literally, prosaically speaking, the last consummate result of the creative power of nature, and the

gathered refinements of centuries of human civilization. The world can show nothing comparable to that light, graceful figure of the girl just blooming into perfect womanhood. Imagination cannot go beyond it. There is all the marvel, if you think of it, in that slight figure, as she treads across the carpet of a modern drawing-room, that has ever been expressed in, or given origin to, the nymphs, goddesses, and angels that the fancy of man has teemed with. I declare that a pious heathen would as soon insult the august statue of Minerva herself, as would any civilized being treat that slender form with the least show of rudeness and indignity. A Chartist, indeed, or a Leveller, would do it; but it would pain him—he would be a martyr to his principles. Verily we are slaves to the fair miracle!

"Well," said his companion, who had all this time been leisurely pulling to pieces some wild flowers he had gathered in the course of the morning's ramble, "what does it all end in? What, at last, but the old story—love and a marriage?"

"Love often where there is no possibility of marriage," replied Darcy, starting up altogether from his recumbent posture, and pacing to and fro under the shadow of the tree. "The full heart, how often does it swell only to feel the pressure of the iron bond of poverty! This very sentiment, which our cultivation refines, fosters, makes supreme, is encountered by that harsh and cruel evil which grows also with the growth of civilization—poverty—civilized poverty. Oh, 'tis a frightful thing, this well-born, well-bred poverty! There is a pauper state, which, loathsome as it is to look upon, yet brings with it a callousness to endure all inflictions, and a recklessness that can seize with avidity whatever coarse fragments of pleasure the day or the hour may afford. But this poverty applies itself to nerves strung for the subtlest happiness. No torpor here; no moments of rash and unscrupulous gratification—unreflected on, unrepented of—which being often repeated make, in the end, a large sum of human life; but the heart incessantly demands a genuine and enduring happiness, and is incessantly denied. It is a poverty which even helps to keep alive the susceptibility it tortures; for the man who has

never loved, or been the object of affection, whose heart has been fed only by an untaught imagination, feels a passion—feels a regret—it may be far more than commensurate with that envied reality which life possesses and withholds from him. No! there is nothing in the circle of human existence more fearful to contemplate than this perpetual divorce—irrevocable, yet pronounced anew each instant of our lives—between the soul and its best affections. And—look you!—this misery passes along the world under the mask of easy indifference, and wears a smiling face, and submits to be rallied by the wit, and assumes itself the air of vulgar jocularly. Oh, this penury that goes well clad, and is warmly housed, and makes a mock of its own anguish—I'd rather die on the wheel, or be starved to death in a dungeon!

"My excellent friend!" cried Griffith, startled from his quiescent posture, and tranquil occupation, by the growing excitement of his companion, "what has possessed you? Is it the daughter of our worthy host—is it Emily Sherwood, the nymph who haunts these woods—who has given birth to this marvellous train of reflection? to this rhapsody on the omnipresence of woman, which I certainly had never discovered, and on the misery of a snug bachelor's income, which to me is still more incomprehensible? I confess, however, it would be difficult to find a better specimen of this fearfully fascinating sex."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Darcy, "what is the heiress of Lipscombe Park to me?—a girl who might claim alliance with the wealthiest and noblest of the land—to me, who have just that rag of property, enough to keep from open shame one miserable biped? Can a man never make a general reflection upon one of the most general of all topics, without being met by a personal allusion? I thought you had been superior, Griffith, to this dull and hackneyed retort."

"Well, well; be not wroth!"

"But I *am*. There is something so odious in this trite and universal banter. Besides, to have it intimated, even in jest, that I would take advantage of my position in this family to pay my ridiculous addresses to Miss Sherwood—I do declare, Griffith, I

never will again to you, or any other man, touch upon this subject, but in the same strain of unmeaning levity one is compelled to listen to, and imitate, in the society of coxcombs."

"At all events," said Griffith, "give me leave to say that I admire Miss Sherwood, and that I shall think it a crying shame if so beautiful and intelligent a girl is suffered to fall into the clutches of this stupid baronet who is laying siege to her—this pompous, empty-headed Sir Frederic Beaumantle."

"Sir Frederic Beaumantle," said Darcy, with some remains of humour, "may be all you describe him, but he is very rich, and, mark me, he will win the lady. Old Sherwood suspects him for a fool, but his extensive estates are unincumbered—he will approve his suit. His daughter makes him a constant laughing-stock, she is perpetually ridiculing his presumption and his vanity; but she will end by marrying the rich baronet. It will be in the usual course of things; society will expect it; and it is so safe, so prudent, to do what society expects. Let wealth wed with wealth. It is quite right. I would never advise any man to marry a woman much richer than himself, so as to be indebted to her for his position in society. It is useless to say, or to feel, that her wealth was not the object of your suit. You may carry it how you will—what says the song?

*'She never will forget;
The gold she gave was not thy gain,
But it must be thy debt.'*

"But come, our host is punctual to his dinner hour, and if we journey back at the same pace we have travelled here, we shall not have much time upon our hands." And accordingly the two friends set themselves in motion to return to the house.

Our readers have, of course, discovered that, in spite of his disclaimer, Reginald Darcy was in love with Emily Sherwood. He was, indeed, very far gone, and had suffered great extremities; but his pride had kept pace with his passion. Left an orphan at an early age, and placed by the will of his father under the guardianship of Mr Sherwood, Darcy had found in the residence of that gentleman a home during the holidays when a schoolboy, and during the vacations

when a collegian. Having lately taken his degree at Cambridge, with high honours, which had been strenuously contended for, and purchased by severe labour, he was now recruiting his health, and enjoying a season of well-earned leisure under his guardian's roof. As Mr Sherwood was old and gouty, and confined much to his room, it fell on him to escort Emily in her rides or walks. She whom he had known, and been so often delighted with, as his little playmate, had grown into the young and lovely woman. Briefly, our Darcy was a lost man—gone—head and heart. But then—she was the only daughter of Mr Sherwood, she was a wealthy heiress—he was comparatively poor. Her father had been to him the kindest of guardians: ought he to repay that kindness by destroying, perhaps, his proudest schemes? Ought he, a man of fitting and becoming pride, to put himself in the equivocal position which the porsuitor of a wealthy heiress must inevitably occupy? "He invites me," he would say to himself, "he presses me to stay here, week after week, and month after month, because the idea that I should seek to carry away his daughter never enters into his head. And she—she is so frank, so gay, so amiable, and almost fond, because she has never recognized, with the companion of her childhood, the possibility of such a thing as marriage. There is but one part for me—silence, strict, unbroken silence!"

Charles Griffith was not far from the truth, when he said that it would be difficult to find a better specimen of her fascinating sex than the daughter of their host. But it was not her beauty, remarkable as this was—it was not her brightest of blue eyes, nor her fairest of complexions, nor those rich luxuriant tresses—that formed the greatest charm in Emily Sherwood. It was the delightful combination she displayed of a cheerful vivacious temper with generous and ardent feelings. She was as light and playful as one of the fawns in her own park, but her heart responded also to every noble and disinterested sentiment; and the poet who sought a listener for some lofty or tender strain, would have found the spirit that he wanted in the gay and mirth-loving Emily Sherwood.

Poor Darcy! he would sit, or walk,

by her side, talking of this or that, no matter what, always happy in her presence, passing the most delicious hours, but not venturing to betray, by word or look, how very content he was. For these hours of stolen happiness he knew how severe a penalty he must pay: he knew and braved it. And in our poor judgment he was right. Let the secret, stealthy, unrequited lover enjoy to the full the presence, the smiles, the bland and cheerful society of her whom his heart is silently worshipping. Even this shall in future hours be a sweet remembrance. By and by, it is true, there will come a season of poignant affliction. But better all this than one uniform, perpetual torpor. He will have felt that mortal man *may* breathe the air of happiness; he will have learned something of the human heart that lies within him.

But all this love—was it seen—was it returned—by her who had inspired it? Both, both. He thought, wise youth! that while he was swallowing draught after draught of this delicious poison, no one perceived the deep intoxication he was revelling in. Just as wisely some veritable toper, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, cheats himself into the belief that he conceals from every eye that delectable and irresistible confusion in which his brain is swimming. His

love was seen. How could it be otherwise? That instantaneous, that complete delight which he felt when she joined him in his rambles, or came to sit with him in the library, could not be disguised nor mistaken. He was a scholar, a reader and lover of books, but let the book be what it might which he held in his hand, it was abandoned, closed, pitched aside, the moment she entered. There was no stolen glance at the page left still open; nor was the place kept marked by the tenacious finger and thumb. If her voice were heard on the terrace, or in the garden—if her laugh—so light, merry, and musical, reached his ear—there was no question or debate whether he should go or stay, but down the stairs, or through the avenues of the garden—he sprung—he ran;—only a little before he came in sight he would assume something of the gravity becoming in a senior wrangler, or try to look as if he came there by chance. His love was seen, and not with indifference. But what could the damsel do? How presume to know of an attachment until in due form certified thereof? If a youth will adhere to an obstinate silence, what, we repeat, can a damsel do but leave him to his fate, and listen to some other, who, if he loves less, at least knows how to avow his love?

CHAPTER II.

We left the two friends proceeding towards the mansion; we enter before them, and introduce our readers into the drawing-room. Here, in a spacious and shaded apartment, made cool, as well by the massive walls of the noble edifice as by the open and protected windows, whose broad balcony was blooming with the most beautiful and fragrant of plants, sat Emily Sherwood. She was not, however, alone. At the same round table, which was covered with vases of flowers, and with books as gay as flowers, was seated another young lady, Miss Julia Danvers, a friend who had arrived in the course of the morning on a visit to Lipscombe Park. The young ladies seemed to have been in deep consultation.

"I can never thank you sufficiently," said Miss Danvers, "for your kindness in this affair."

"Indeed but you can very soon thank me much more than sufficiently," replied her more lively companion, "for there are few things in the world I dislike so much as thanks. And yet there is one cause of thankfulness you have, and know not of. Here have I listened to your troubles, as you call them, for more than two hours, and never once told you any of my own. Troubles! you are, in my estimation, a very happy, enviable girl."

"Do you think it then so great a happiness to be obliged to take refuge from an absurd selfish stepmother, in order to get by stealth one's own lawful way?"

"One's own way is always lawful, my dear. No tautology. But you have it—while I"—

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Julia, dear—now do not laugh—I have a lover that *won't speak*. I have another, or one who calls himself such, who has spoken, or whose wealth, I fear, has spoken, to some purpose—to my father."

"And you would open the mouth of the dumb, and stop the mouth of the foolish?"

"Exactly."

"Who are they? And first, to proceed by due climax, who is he whose mouth is to be closed?"

"A baronet of these parts, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. A vain, vain, vain man. It would be a waste of good words to spend another epithet upon him, for he is all vanity. All his virtues, all his vices, all his actions, good, bad, and indifferent, are nothing but vanity. He praises you from vanity, abuses you from vanity, loves and hates you from vanity. He is vain of his person, of his wealth, of his birth, of his title, vain of all he has, and all he has not. He sets so great a value on his innumerable and superlative good qualities, that he really has not been able (until he met with your humble servant) to find any individual of our sex on whom he could, conscientiously, bestow so great a treasure as his own right hand must inevitably give away. This has been the only reason—he tells me so himself—why he has remained so long unmarried; for he has rounded the arch, and is going down the bridge. To take his own account of this delicate matter, he is fluctuating, with an uneasy motion, to and fro, between forty and forty-five."

"Old enough, I doubt not, to be your father. How can he venture on such a frolicsome young thing as you?"

"I asked him that question myself one day; and he told me, with a most complacent smile, that I should be the perfect compendium of matrimony—he should have wife and child in one."

"The old coxcomb! And yet there was a sort of providence in that.—Now, who is he whose mouth is to be opened?"

"Oh—he!—can't you guess?"

"Your cousin Reginald, as you

used to call him—though cousin I believe he is none—this learned wrangler?"

"The same. Trust me, he loves me to the bottom of his heart; but because his little cousin is a great heiress, he thinks it fit to be very proud, and gives me over—many thanks to him—to this rich baronet. But here he comes."

As she spoke, Darcy and Griffith entered the room.

"We have been canvassing," said Emily, after the usual forms of introduction had been gone through, "the merits of our friend, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. By the way, Reginald, he dines here to-day, and so will another gentleman, whom I shall be happy to introduce to you, Captain Garland, an esteemed friend of mine and Miss Danvers'."

"Sir Frederic seems," said Griffith, by way merely of taking part in the conversation, "at all events, a very good-natured man. I have seen him but once, and he has already promised to use all his influence in my behalf, in whatever profession I may embark. If medicine, I am to have half-a-dozen dowagers, always ailing and never ill, put under my charge the moment I can add M.D. to my name; not to speak of certain mysterious hints of an introduction at court, and an appointment of physician extraordinary to Her Majesty. I suppose I may depend upon Sir Frederic's promises?"

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Sherwood, "you may depend upon Sir Frederic Beaumantle's promises; they will never fail; they are inexhaustible."

"The fool!" said Darcy with impatience, "I could forgive him any thing but that ridiculous ostentation he has of patronizing men, who, but they have more politeness than himself, would throw back his promises with open derision."

"Reginald," said Miss Sherwood, "is always forgiving Sir Frederic every fault but one. But then that one fault changes every day. Last time he would pardon him every thing except the fulsome eulogy he is in the habit of bestowing upon his friends, even to their faces. You must know, Mr Griffith, that Sir Frederic is a most liberal chapman in this commodity of praise: he will

give any man a bushel-full of compliments who will send him back the measure only half filled. Nay, if there are but a few cherries clinging to the wicker-work he is not wholly dissatisfied."

"What he gives he knows is trash," said Darcy; "what he receives he always flatters himself to be true coin. But indeed Sir Frederic is somewhat more just in his dealings than you, perhaps, imagine. If he bestows excessive laudation on a friend in one company, he takes it all back again in the very next he enters."

"And still his amiability shines through all; for he abuses the absent friend only to gratify the self-love of those who are present."

The door opened as Miss Sherwood gave this *coup-de-grace* to the character of the baronet, and Sir Frederic Beaumantle was announced, and immediately afterwards, Captain Garland.

Miss Sherwood, somewhat to the surprise of Darcy, who was not aware that any such intimacy subsisted between them, received Captain Garland with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. On the other hand she introduced the baronet to Miss Danvers with that slightly emphatic manner which intimates that the parties may entertain a "high consideration" for each other.

"You are too good a herald, Sir Frederic," she said, "not to know the Danverses of Dorsetshire."

"I shall be proud," replied the baronet, "to make the acquaintance of Miss Danvers."

"She has come to my poor castle," continued Miss Sherwood, "like the distressed princess in the Faery Queen, and I must look out for some red-cross knight to be her champion, and redress her wrongs."

"It is not the first time," said the lady thus introduced, "that I have heard of the name of Sir Frederic Beaumantle."

"I dare say not, I dare say not," answered the gratified baronet. "Mine, I may venture to say, is an historic name. Did you ever peruse, Miss Danvers, a work entitled 'The History of the County of Huntingdon?' You would find in it many curious particulars relating to the Beaumantles, and one anecdote especially, drawn, I may say, from the ar-

chives of our family, which throws a new light upon the reign and character of Charles II. It is a very able performance is this 'History of the County of Huntingdon;' it is written by a modest and ingenious person of my acquaintance, and I felt great pleasure in lending him my poor assistance in the compilation of it. My name is mentioned in the preface. Perhaps," he added with a significant smile, "it might have claimed a still more conspicuous place; but I hold it more becoming in persons of rank to be the patrons than the competitors of men of letters."

"I should think," said Miss Danvers very quietly, "it were the more prudent plan for them to adopt. But what is this anecdote you allude to?"

"An ancestor of mine—But I am afraid," said the baronet, casting a deprecatory look at Miss Sherwood, "that some here have read it, or heard me repeat it before."

"Oh, pray proceed," said the young lady appealed to.

"An ancestor of mine," resumed the baronet, "on being presented at the Court of Charles II., soon after the Restoration, attracted the attention of that merry monarch and his witty courtiers, by the antique fashion of his cloak. 'Beaumantle! Beaumantle!' said the king, 'who gave thee that name?' My ancestor, who was a grave man, and well brought up, answered, 'Sire, my godfathers and my godmothers at my baptism.' 'Well responded!' said the king with a smile; 'and they gave thee thy raiment also, as it seems.' These last words were added in a lower voice, and did not reach the ear of my ancestor, but they were reported to him immediately afterwards, and have been treasured up in our family ever since. I thought it my duty to make it known to the world as an historical fact, strikingly illustrative of a very important period in our annals."

"Why, your name," said Miss Danvers, "appears to be historical in more senses than one."

"I hope soon—but I would not wish this to go beyond the present company," said Sir Frederic, and he looked round the circle with a countenance of the most imposing solemnity—"I hope soon that you will hear of it being elevated to the peerage—that

is, when Sir Robert Peel comes into power."

"You know Sir Robert, then?" said Griffith, with perfect simplicity.

"Public men," said Sir Frederic, "are sufficiently introduced by public report. Besides, Mr Griffith—we baronets!—we constitute a sort of brotherhood. I have employed all my influence in the county, and I may safely say it is not little, to raise the character and estimation of Sir Robert, and I have no doubt that he will gladly testify his acknowledgment of my services by this trifling return. And as it is well known that my estates"——

But the baronet was interrupted in mid career by the announcement of dinner.

Miss Sherwood took the arm of Captain Garland, and directed Sir Frederic to lead down Miss Danvers.

"You will excuse my father," she said, as they descended, "for not meeting us in the drawing-room. His gout makes him a lame pedestrian. We shall find him already seated at the table."

At the dinner-table the same arrangement was preserved. Miss Sherwood had placed Captain Garland by her side, and conversed almost exclusively with him; while the Baronet was kept in play by the sedulous flattery of Miss Danvers.

After a few days, it became evident to all the household at Lipscombe Park that a new claimant for the hand of Miss Sherwood had appeared in the person of Captain Garland. The captain did not reside in the house, but, on the pretence of a very strong passion for trout-fishing, he had taken up his quarters in apartments within a most convenient distance of the scene of operations. It was not forgotten that, at the very time he made his appearance, Miss Danvers also arrived at the Park, and between these parties there was suspected to be some secret understanding. It seemed as if our military suitor had resolved to assail the fort from within as well as from without, and therefore had brought down with him this fair ally. Nothing better than such a fair ally. She could not only chant his praises when absent, (and there is much in that,) but she could so manœuvre as to procure for the captain many a *tête-à-tête*, which otherwise would not

fall to his share. Especially, (and this task she appeared to accomplish most adroitly,) she could engage to herself the attentions of his professed and redoubtable rival, Sir Frederic Beaumantle. In fifty ways she could assist in betraying the citadel from within, whilst he stood storming at the gates, in open and most magnanimous warfare. Darcy was not slower than others to suspect the stratagem, and he thought he saw symptoms of its success. His friend Griffith had now left him; he had no dispassionate observer to consult, and his own responding passion led him to conclude whatever was most unfavourable to himself. Certainly there was a confidential manner between Miss Sherwood and these close allies, which seemed to justify the suspicion alluded to. More than once, when he had joined Miss Sherwood and the captain, the unpleasant discovery had been forced upon him, by the sudden pause in their conversation, that he was the *one too many*.

But jealousy? Oh, no! What had *he* to do with jealousy? For his part, he was quite delighted with this new attachment—quite delighted; it would set at rest for ever the painful controversy so often agitated in his own breast. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that he felt the rivalry of Captain Garland in a very different manner from that of Sir Frederic Beaumantle. The baronet, by virtue of his wealth alone, would obtain success; and he felt a sort of bitter satisfaction in yielding Emily to her opulent suitor. She might marry, but she could not love him; she might be thinking of another, perhaps of her cousin Reginald, even while she gave her hand to him at the altar. But if the gallant captain, whose handsome person, and frank and gentlemanly manners, formed his chief recommendation, were to be the happy man, then must her affections have been won, and Emily was lost to him utterly. And then—with the usual logic of the passions, and forgetting the part of silence and disguise that he had played—he taxed her with levity and unkindness in so soon preferring the captain to himself. That Emily should so soon have linked herself with a comparative stranger! It was not what he should have expected. "At all events," he would thus conclude

his soliloquy, "I am henceforward free—free from her bondage and from all internal struggle. Yes! I am free!" he exclaimed, as he paced his room triumphantly. The light voice of Emily was heard calling on him to accompany her in a walk. He started, he flew. His freedom, we suppose, gave him wings, for he was at her side in a moment.

Reginald had intended, on the first opportunity, to rally his cousin upon her sudden attachment to the captain, but his tongue absolutely refused the office. He could not utter a word of banter on the subject. His heart was too full.

On this occasion, as they returned from their walk through the park, there happened one of those incidents which have so often, at least in novels and story-books, brought about the happiness of lovers, but which in the present instance served only to bring into play the most painful feelings of both parties.

A prize-fight had taken place in the neighbourhood, and one of the numerous visitors of that truly noble exhibition, who, in order to do honour to the day, had deprived Smithfield market of the light of his countenance, was returning across the park from the scene of combat, accompanied by his bull-dog. The dog, who doubtless knew that his master was a trespasser, and considered it the better policy to assume at once the offensive, flew at the party whom he saw approaching. Emily was a little in advance. Darcy rushed forward to to plant himself between her and this ferocious assailant. He had no weapon of defence of any kind, and, to say truth, he had at that moment no idea of defending himself, or any distinct notion whatever of combating his antagonist. The only reflection that occurred to his mind was, that if the animal satiated its fury upon him, his companion would be safe. A strong leg and a stout boot might have done something; Darcy, stooping down, put the fleshy part of his own arm fairly into the bulldog's jaws; assured that, at all events, it could not bite two persons at the same time, and that, if its teeth were buried in his own arm, they could not be engaged in lacerating Emily Sherwood. It is the well-known nature of the bulldog to fasten where it once bites, and

the brute pinned Darcy to the ground, until its owner, arriving on the spot, extricated him from his very painful position.

In this encounter, our senior wrangler probably showed himself very unskilful and deficient in the combat with wild beasts, but no conduct could have displayed a more engrossing anxiety for the safety of his fair companion. Most men would have been willing to reap advantage from the grateful sentiment which such a conduct must inspire; Darcy, on the contrary, seemed to have no other wish than to disclaim all title to such a sentiment. He would not endure that the incident should be spoken of with the least gravity or seriousness.

"I pray you," said he, "do not mention this silly business again. What I did, every living man who had found himself by your side would have done, and most men in a far more dexterous manner. And, indeed, if instead of yourself, the merest stranger—the poorest creature in the parish, man, woman, or child, had been in your predicament, I think I should have done the same."

"I know you would, Reginald. I believe," said Emily, "that if the merest idiot had been threatened with the danger that threatened me, you would have interposed, and received the attack yourself. And it is because I believe this of you, Reginald"—

Something apparently impeded her utterance, for the sentence was left unfinished.

"For this wound," resumed Darcy, after a pause, and observing that Emily's eye was resting on his arm, "it is really nothing more than a just penalty for my own want of address in this notable combat. You should have had the captain with you," he added; "he would have defended you quite as zealously, and with ten times the skill."

Emily made no answer; and they walked on in silence till they entered the Hall. Reginald felt that he had been ungracious; but he knew not how to retrieve his position. Just before they parted, Emily resuming, in some measure, her natural and cheerful manner, turned to her companion, and said—"Years ago, when you were cousin Reginald, and condescended to be my playfellow, the greatest services you rendered were to throw me

occasionally out of the swing, or frighten me till I screamed by putting my pony into a most unmerciful trot; but you were always so kind in the *making up*, that I liked you the better afterwards. Now, when you preserve me, at your own hazard, from a very serious injury—you do it in so surly a

manner—I wish the dog had bitten me!" And with this she left him and tripped up stairs.

If Darcy could have followed her into her own room, he would have seen her throw herself into an arm-chair, and burst into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Danvers, it has been said, (from whatever motive her conduct proceeded, whether from any interest of her own, or merely a desire to serve the interest of her friend, Captain Garland,) showed a disposition to engross the attentions of Sir Frederic Beaumantle as often as he made his appearance at Lipscombe Park. Now, as that lady was undoubtedly of good family, and possessed of considerable fortune, the baronet was not a little flattered by the interest which a person who had these excellent qualifications for a judge, manifestly took in his conversation. In an equal degree was his dignity offended at the preference shown by Miss Sherwood for Captain Garland, a man, as he said, but of yesterday, and not in any one point of view to be put in comparison with himself. He almost resolved to punish her levity by withdrawing his suit. The graver manner, and somewhat more mature age of Miss Danvers were also qualities which he was obliged to confess were somewhat in her favour.

The result of all this was, that one fine morning Sir Frederic Beaumantle might have been seen walking to and fro in his own park, with a troubled step, bearing in his hand a letter—most elaborately penned—carefully written out—sealed—but not directed. It was an explicit declaration of his love, a solemn offer of his hand; it was only not quite determined to whom it should be sent. As the letter contained very little that referred to the lady, and consisted almost entirely of an account, not at all disparaging, of himself and his own good qualities, it was easy for him to proceed thus far upon his delicate negotiation, although the main question—to whom the letter was to be addressed—was not yet decided. This letter had indeed been a *labour of love*. It

was as little written for Miss Sherwood as for Miss Danvers. It was composed for the occasion whenever that might arise; and for these ten years past it had been lying in his desk, receiving from time to time fresh touches and emendations. The necessity of making use of this epistle, which had now attained a state of painful perfection, we venture to say had some share in impelling him into matrimony. To some one it must be sent, or how could it appear to any advantage in those "*Memoirs of Sir Frederic Beaumantle*," which, some future day, were to console the world for his decease, and the prospect of which (for he saw them already in beautiful hot-pressed quarto) almost consoled himself for the necessity of dying? The *intended* love-letter!—this would have an air of ridicule, while the real declaration of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which would not only adorn the *Memoirs* above mentioned, but would ultimately form a part of the "*History of the County of Huntingdon*." We hope ourselves, by the way, to have the honour of editing those *Memoirs*, should we be so unfortunate as to survive Sir Frederic.

But we must leave our baronet with his letter in his hand, gazing profoundly and anxiously on the blank left for the superscription, and must follow the perplexities of Reginald Darcy.

That good understanding which apparently existed between Emily and Captain Garland seemed rather to increase than to diminish after the little adventure we recorded in the last chapter. It appeared that Miss Sherwood had taken Darcy at his word, and resolved not to think any the more kindly of him for his conduct on that occasion. The captain was plainly in the ascendant. It even

appeared, from certain arrangements that were in stealthy preparation, that the happiness of the gallant lover would not long be delayed. Messages of a very suspicious purport had passed between the Park and the vicarage. The clerk of the parish had been seen several times at Lipscombe. There was something in the wind, as the sagacious housekeeper observed; surely her young *missus* was not going to be married on the sly to the captain! The same thought, however, occurred to Darcy. Was it to escape the suit of Sir Frederic Beaumantle, which had been in some measure countenanced by her father, that she had recourse to this stratagem?—hardly worthy of her, and quite unnecessary, as she possessed sufficient influence with her father to obtain his consent to any proposal she herself was likely to approve. Had not the state of his own feelings made him too interested a party to act as counsellor or mediator, he would at once have questioned Emily on the subject. As it was, his lips were closed. She herself, too, seemed resolved to make no communication to him. The captain, a man of frank and open nature, was far more disposed to reveal his secret: he was once on the point of speaking to Darcy about his “approaching marriage;” but Emily, laying her finger on her lip, suddenly imposed silence on him.

One morning, as Darcy entered the breakfast-room, it was evident that something unusual was about to take place. The carriage, at this early hour, was drawn up to the door, and the two young ladies, both dressed in bridal white, were stepping into it. Before it drove off, Miss Sherwood beckoned to Darcy.

“I have not invited you,” she said, “to the ceremony, because Captain Garland has wished it to be as private as possible. But we shall expect your company at breakfast, for which you must even have the patience to wait till we return.” Without giving any opportunity for reply, she drew up the glass, and the carriage rolled off.

However Darcy might have hitherto borne himself up by a gloomy sense of duty, by pride, and a bitter—oh, what bitter resignation!—when the blow came, it utterly prostrated him. “She is gone!—lost!—Fool that I have been!—What was this man more

than I?” Stung with such reflections as these, which were uttered in such broken sentences, he rapidly retreated to the library, where he knew he should be undisturbed. He threw himself into a chair, and planting his elbows on the table, pressed his doubled fists, with convulsive agony, to his brows. All his fortitude had forsaken him: he wept outright.

From this posture he was at length aroused by a gentle pressure on his shoulder, and a voice calling him by his name. He raised his head: it was Emily Sherwood, enquiring of him, quite calmly, why he was not at the breakfast-table. There she stood, radiant with beauty, and in all her bridal attire, except that she had thrown off her bonnet, and her beautiful hair was allowed to be free and unconfined. Her hand was still upon his shoulder.

“You are married, Emily,” he said, as well as that horrible stifling sensation in the breast would let him speak; “you are married, and I must be for evermore a banished man. I leave you, Emily, and this roof, for ever. I pronounce my own sentence of exile, for I love you, Emily!—and ever shall—passionately—tenderly—love you. Surely I may say this now—now that it is a mere cry of anguish, and a misery exclusively my own. Never, never—I feel that this is no idle raving—shall I love another—never will this affection leave me—I shall never have a home—never care for another—or myself—I am alone—a wanderer—miserable. Farewell! I go—I know not exactly where—but I leave this place.”

He was preparing to quit the room, when Emily, placing herself before him, prevented him. “And why,” said she, “if you honoured me with this affection, why was I not to know of it till now?”

“Can the heiress of Lipscombe Park ask that question?”

“Ungenerous! unjust!” said Emily. “Tell me, if one who can himself feel and act nobly, denies to another the capability of a like disinterested conduct—denies it rashly, pertinaciously, without cause given for such a judgment—is he not ungenerous and unjust?”

“To whom have I acted thus? To whom have I been ungenerous or unjust?”

"To me, Reginald—to me! I am wealthy, and for this reason alone you have denied to me, it seems, the possession of every worthy sentiment. She has gold, you have said, let her gold content her, and you withheld your love. She will make much boast, and create a burdensome obligation, if she bestows her superfluous wealth upon another: you resolved not to give her the opportunity, and you withheld your love. She has gold—she has no heart—no old affections that have grown from childhood—no estimate of character: she has wealth—let her gratify its vanity and its caprice; and so you withheld your love. Yes, she has gold—let her have more of it—let her wed with gold—with any gilded fool—she has no need of love! This is what you have thought, what your conduct has implied, and it was ungenerous and unjust."

"No, by heaven! I never thought unworthy of you," exclaimed Darcy.

"Had you been the wealthy cousin, Reginald, of wealth so ample, that an addition to it could scarcely bring an additional pleasure, would you have left your old friend Emily to look out for some opulent alliance?"

"Oh, no! no!"

"Then, why should I?"

"I may have erred," said Darcy. "I may have thought too meanly of myself, or nourished a misplaced pride, but I never had a disparaging thought of you. It seemed that I was right—that I was fulfilling a severe—oh, how severe a duty! Even now I know not that I was wrong—I know only that I am miserable. But," added he in a calmer voice, "I, at all events, am the only sufferer. You, at least, are happy."

"Not, I think, if marriage is to make me so. I am not married, Reginald," she said, amidst a confusion of smiles and blushes. "Captain Garland was married this morning to Miss Julia Danvers, to whom he has been long engaged, but a silly selfish stepmother"—

"Not married!" cried Darcy, interrupting all further explanation. "Not married! Then you are free—then you are"—But the old train of thought rushed back upon his mind—the old objections were as strong as ever—Miss Sherwood was still the daughter of his guardian, and

the heiress of Lipcombe Park. Instead of completing the sentence, he paused, and muttered something about "her father."

Emily saw the cloud that had come over him. Dropping playfully, and most gracefully, upon one knee, she took his hand, and looking up archly in his face, said, "You love me, coz—you have said it. Coz, will you marry me?—for I love you."

"Generous, generous girl!" and he clasped her to his bosom.

"Let us go in," said Emily, in a quite altered and tremulous voice, "let us join them in the other room." And as she put her arm in his, the little pressure said distinctly and triumphantly—"He is mine!—he is mine!"

We must take a parting glance into old Mr Sherwood's room. He is seated in his gouty chair; his daughter stands by his side. Apparently Emily's reasonings have almost prevailed; she has almost persuaded the old gentleman that Darcy is the very son-in-law whom, above all others, he ought to desire. For how could Emily leave her dear father, and how could he domicile himself with any other husband she could choose, half so well as with his own ward, and his old favourite, Reginald?

"But Sir Frederic Beaumantle," the old gentleman replied, "what is to be said to him? and what a fine property he has!"

As he was speaking, the door opened, and the party from the breakfast table, consisting of Captain Garland, and his bride, and Reginald, entered the room.

"Oh, as for Sir Frederic Beaumantle," said she who was formerly Miss Danvers, and now Mrs Garland, "I claim him as mine." And forthwith she displayed the famous declaration of the baronet—addressed to herself!

Their mirth had scarcely subsided, when the writer of the letter himself made his appearance. He had called early, for he had concluded, after much deliberation, that it was not consistent with the ardour and impetuosity of love, to wait till the formal hour of visiting, in order to receive the answer of Miss Danvers.

That answer the lady at once gave by presenting Captain Garland to him

in the character of her husband. At the same time, she returned his epistle, and, explaining that circumstances had compelled the captain and herself to marry in a private and secret manner, apologized for the mistake into which the concealment of their engagement had led him.

"A mistake indeed—a mistake altogether!" exclaimed the baronet, catching at a straw as he fell—"a mistake into which this absurd fashion of envelopes has led us. The letter was never intended, madam, to be enclosed to you. It was designed for the hands"—

And he turned to Miss Sherwood, who, on her part, took the arm of Reginald with a significance of manner which proved to him that, for the present at least, his declaration of love might return into his own desk, there to receive still further emendations.

"No wonder, Sir Frederic," said

Mr Sherwood, compassionating the baronet's situation—"no wonder your proposal is not wanted. These young ladies have taken their affairs into their own hands. It is *Leap-Year*. One of them, at least, (looking to his daughter,) has made good use of its privilege. The initiative, Sir Frederic, is taken from us."

The baronet had nothing left but to make his politest bow and retire.

"Reginald, my dear boy," continued the old gentleman, "give me your hand. Emily is right. I don't know how I should part with her. I will only make this bargain with you, Reginald—that you marry us both. You must not turn me out of doors."

Reginald returned the pressure of his hand, but he could say nothing. Mr Sherwood, however, saw his answer in eyes that were filling involuntarily with tears.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKS.

THE PAVING QUESTION.

THE subject of greatest metropolitan interest which has occurred for many years, is the introduction of wood paving. As the main battle has been fought in London, and nothing but a confused report of the great object in dispute may have penetrated beyond the sound of Bow bells, we think it will not be amiss to put on record, in the imperishable brass and marble of our pages, an account of the mighty struggle—of the doughty champions who couched the lance and drew the sword in the opposing ranks—and, finally, to what side victory seems to incline on this beautiful 1st of May in the year 1843.

Come, then, to our aid, oh ye heavenly Muses! who enabled Homer to sing in such persuasive words the fates of Troy and of its wooden horse; for surely a subject which is so deeply connected both with wood and horses, is not beneath your notice; but perhaps, as poetry is gone out of fashion at the present time, you will depute one of your humbler sisters, rejoicing in the name of Prose, to give us a few hints in the composition of our great

history. The name of the first pavier, we fear, is unknown, unless we could identify him with Triptolemus, who was a great improver of Rhodes; but it is the fate of all the greatest benefactors of their kind to be neglected, and in time forgotten. The first regularly defined paths were probably footways—the first carriages broad-wheeled. No record remains of what materials were used for filling up the ruts; so it is likely, in those simple times when enclosure acts were unknown, that the cart was seldom taken in the same track. As houses were built, and something in the shape of streets began to be established, the access to them must have been more attended to. A mere smoothing of the inequalities of the surface over which the oxen had to be driven, that brought the grain home on the enormous *plaustra* of the husbandman, was the first idea of a street, whose very name is derived from *stratum*, levelled. As experience advanced, steps would be taken to prevent the softness of the road from interrupting the draught. A narrow rim of stone, just wide enough to sustain the wheel, would,

in all probability, be the next improvement; and only when the gentle operations of the farm were exchanged for war, and the charger had to be hurried to the fight, with all the equipments necessary for an army, great roads were laid open, and covered with hard materials to sustain the wear and tear of men and animals. Roads were found to be no less necessary to retain a conquest than to make it; and the first true proof of the greatness of Rome was found in the long lines of military ways, by which she maintained her hold upon the provinces. You may depend on it, that no expense was spared in keeping the glorious street that led up her Triumphs to the Capitol in excellent repair. All the nations of the *Orbis Antiquus* ought to have trembled when they saw the beginning of the Appian road. It led to Britain and Persia, to Carthage and the White Sea. The Britons, however, in ancient days, seem to have been about the stupidest and least enterprising of all the savages hitherto discovered. After an intercourse of four hundred years with the most polished people in the world, they continued so miserably benighted, that they had not even acquired masonic knowledge enough to repair a wall. The rampart raised by their Roman protectors between them and the Picts and Scots, became in some places dilapidated. The unfortunate natives had no idea how to mend the breach, and had to send once more for their auxiliaries. If such their state in regard to masonry, we cannot suppose that their skill in road-making was very great; and yet we are told that, even on Cæsar's invasion, the Britons careered about in war-chariots, which implies both good roads and some mechanical skill; but we think it a little too much in historians to ask us to believe BOTH these views of the condition of our predecessors in the tight little island; for it is quite clear that a people who had arrived at the art of coach-making, could not be so very ignorant as not to know how to build a wall. If it were not for the letters of Cicero, we should not believe a syllable about the war-chariots that carried amazement into the hearts of the Romans, even in Kent or Surrey. But we here boldly declare, that if twenty Ciceros were to make their affidavits to the fact of

a set of outer barbarians, like Galgacus and his troops, "sweeping their fiery lines on rattling wheels" up and down the Grampians—where, at a later period, a celebrated shepherd fed his flocks—we should not believe a word of their declaration. Tacitus, in the same manner, we should prosecute for perjury.

The Saxons were a superior race, and when the eightsome-reel of the heptarchy became the *pas-seul* of the kingdom of England, we doubt not that Watling Street was kept in passable condition, and that Alfred, amidst his other noble institutions, invented a highway rate. The fortresses and vassal towns of the barons, after the Conquest, must have covered the country with tolerable cross-roads; and even the petty wars of those steel-clad marauders must have had a good effect in opening new communications. For how could Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, or Sir Hildebrand Bras-de-Fer, carry off the booty of their discomfited rival to their own granaries without loaded tumbrils, and roads fit to pass over?

Nor would it have been wise in rich abbots and fat monks to leave their monasteries and abbeys inaccessible to pious pilgrims, who came to admire thigh-bones of martyred virgins and skulls of beatified saints, and paid very handsomely for the exhibition. Finally, trade began, and paviers flourished. The first persons of that illustrious profession appear, from the sound of the name, to have been French, unless we take the derivation of a cockney friend of ours, who maintains that the origin of the word is not the French *pavé*, but the indigenous English pathway. However that may be, we are pretty sure that paving was known as one of the fine arts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for, not to mention the anecdote of Raleigh and his cloak—which could only happen where puddles formed the exception and not the rule—we read of Essex's horse stumbling on a paving-stone in his mad ride to his house in the Strand. We also prove, from Shakspeare's line—

"The very stones would rise in mutiny"—

the fact of stones forming the main body of the streets in his time; for it is absurd to suppose that he was so rigid an observer of the unities as to

pay the slightest respect to the state of paving in the time of Julius Cæsar at Rome.

Gradually London took the lead in improving its ways. It was no longer necessary for the fair and young to be carried through the mud upon costly pillions, on the backs of high-stepping Flanders mares. Beauty rolled over the stones in four-wheeled carriages, and it did not need more than half-a-dozen running footmen—the stoutest that could be found—to put their shoulders occasionally to the wheel, and help the eight black horses to drag the ponderous vehicle through the heavier parts of the road. Science came to the aid of beauty in these distressing circumstances. Springs were invented that yielded to every jolt; and, with the aid of cushions, rendered a visit to Highgate not much more fatiguing than we now find the journey to Edinburgh. Luxury went on—wealth flowed in—paviers were encouraged—coach-makers grew great men—and London, which our ancestors had left mud, was now stone. Year after year the granite quarries of Aberdeen poured themselves out on the streets of the great city, and a million and a half of people drove, and rode, and bustled, and bargained, and cheated, and throve, in the midst of a din that would have silenced the artillery of Trafalgar, and a mud which, if turned into bricks, would have built the tower of Babel. The citizens were now in possession of the “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*,” but some of the more quietly disposed, though submitting patiently to the “*fumum*,” and by no means displeased with the “*opes*,” thought the “*strepitumque*” could be dispensed with; and plans of all kinds were proposed for obviating the noise and other inconveniences of granite blocks. Some proposed straw, rushes, sawdust; ingenuity was at a stand-still; and London appeared to be condemned to a perpetual atmosphere of smoke and sound. It is pleasant to look back on difficulties when overcome—the best illustration of which is Columbus’s egg; for, after convincing the sceptic, there can be no manner of doubt that he swallowed the yolk and white, leaving the shell to the pugnacious disputant. In the same way we look with a pleasing kind of pity on the quandaries of those whom we shall

call—with no belief whatever in the pre-Adamite theory—the pre-Macadamites.

A man of talent and enterprise, Mr Macadam, proposed a means of getting quit of one of the objections to the granite causeways. By breaking them up into small pieces, and spreading them in sufficient quantity, he proved that a continuous hard surface would be formed, by which the uneasy jerks from stone to stone would be avoided, and the expense, if not diminished, at all events not materially increased. When the proposition was fairly brought before the public, it met the fate of all innovations. Timid people—the very persons, by the by, who had been the loudest in their exclamations against the ancient causeways—became alarmed the moment they saw a chance of getting quit of them. As we never know the value of a thing till we have lost it, their attachment to stone and noise became more intense in proportion as the certainty of being deprived of them became greater. It was proved to the satisfaction of all rational men, if Mr Macadam’s experiment succeeded, and a level surface were furnished to the streets, that, besides noise, many other disadvantages of the rougher mode of paving would be avoided. Among these the most prominent was slipperiness; and it was impossible to be denied, that at many seasons of the year, not only in frost, when every terrestrial pathway must be unsafe; but in the dry months of summer, the smooth surfaces of the blocks of granite, polished and rounded by so many wheels, were each like a convex mass of ice, and caused unnumbered falls to the less adroit of the equestrian portion of the king’s subjects. One of the most zealous advocates of the improvement was the present Sir Peter Laurie, not then elevated to a seat among the Equites, but imbued probably with a foreknowledge of his knighthood, and therefore anxious for the safety of his horse. Sir Peter was determined, in all senses of the word, to *leave no stone unturned*; and a very small mind, when directed to one object with all its force, has more effect than a large mind unactuated by the same zeal—as a needle takes a sharper point than a sword. Thanks, therefore, are due, in a great measure, to the activity and eloquence of the

worthy alderman for the introduction of Macadam's system of road-making into the city.

Many evils were certainly got rid of by this alteration—the jolting motion from stone to stone—the slipperiness and unevenness of the road—and the chance, in case of an accident, of contesting the hardness of your skull with a mass of stone, which seemed as if it were made on purpose for knocking out people's brains. For some time contentment sat smiling over the city. But, as “man never is, but always to be, blest,” perfect happiness appeared not to be secured even by Macadam. Ruts began to be formed—rain fell, and mud was generated at a prodigious rate; repairs were needed, and the road for a while was rough and almost impassable. Then it was found out that the change had only led to a different *kind* of noise, instead of destroying it altogether; and the perpetual grinding of wheels, sawing their way through the loose stones at the top, or ploughing through the wet foundation, was hardly an improvement on the music arising from the jolts and jerks along the causeway. Men's minds got confused in the immensity of the uproar, and deafness became epidemic. In winter, the surface of Macadam formed a series of little lakes, resembling on a small scale those of Canada; in summer, it formed a Sahara of dust, prodigiously like the great desert. Acres of the finest alluvial clay floated past the shops in autumn; in spring, clouds of the finest sand were wafted among the goods, and penetrated to every drawer and wareroom. And high over all, throughout all the main highways of commerce—the Strand—Fleet Street—Oxford Street—Holborn—raged a storm of sound, that made conversation a matter of extreme difficulty without such stentorian an effort as no ordinary lungs could make. As the inhabitants of Abdera went about sighing from morning to night, “Love! love!” so the persecuted dwellers in the great thoroughfares wished incessantly for cleanliness! smoothness! silence!

“Abra was present when they named her name,” and, after a few gropings after truth—a few experiments that ended in nothing—a voice was heard in the city, that streets could be paved with wood. This was

by no means a discovery in itself; for in many parts of the country ingenious individuals had laid down wooden floors upon their farm-yards; and, in other lands, it was a very common practice to use no other material for their public streets. But, in London, it was new; and all that was wanted, was science to use the material (at first sight so little calculated to bear the wear and tear of an enormous traffic) in the most eligible manner. The first who commenced an actual piece of paving was a Mr Skead—a perfectly simple and inartificial system, which it was soon seen was doomed to be superseded. His blocks were nothing but pieces of wood of a hexagon shape—with no cohesion, and no foundation—so that they trusted each to its own resources to resist the pressure of a wheel, or the blow of a horse's hoof; and, as might have been foreseen, they became very uneven after a short use, and had no recommendation except their cheapness and their exemption from noise. The fibre was vertical, and at first no grooves were introduced; they, of course, became rounded by wearing away at the edge, and as slippery as the ancient granite. The Metropolitan Company took warning from the defects of their predecessor, and adopted the patent of a scientific French gentleman of the name of De Lisle. The combination of the blocks is as elaborate as the structure of a ship of war, and yet perfectly easy, being founded on correct mechanical principles, and attaining the great objects required—viz. smoothness, durability, and quiet. The blocks, which are shaped at such an angle that they give the most perfect mutual support, are joined to each other by oaken dowels, and laid on a hard concrete foundation, presenting a level surface, over which the impact is so equally divided, that the whole mass resists the pressure on each particular block; and yet, from being formed in panels of about a yard square, they are laid down or lifted up with far greater ease than the causeway. Attention was immediately attracted to this invention, and all efforts have hitherto been vain to improve on it. Various projectors have appeared—some with concrete foundations, some with the blocks attached to each other, not by oak

dowels, but by being alternately concave and convex at the side; but this system has the incurable defect of wearing off at the edges, where the fibre of the wood, of course, is weakest, and presents a succession of bald-pated surfaces, extremely slippery, and incapable of being permanently grooved. A specimen of this will be often referred to in the course of this account, being that which has attained such an unenviable degree of notoriety in the Poultry. Other inventors have shown ingenuity and perseverance; but the great representative of wooden paving we take to be the Metropolitan Company, and we proceed to a narrative of the attacks it has sustained, and the struggles it has gone through.

So long ago as July 1839, the inventor explained to a large public meeting of noblemen and men of science, presided over by the Duke of Sussex, the principle of his discovery. It consisted in a division of the cube, or, as he called it, the stereotomy of the cube. After observing, that "although the cube was the most regular of all solid bodies, and the most learned men amongst the Greeks and other nations had occupied themselves to ascertain and measure its proportions, he said it had never hitherto been regarded as a body, to be anatomized or explored in its internal parts. Some years ago, it had occurred to a French mathematician that the cube was divisible into six pyramidal forms; and it therefore had struck him, the inventor, that the natural formation of that figure was by a combination of those forms. Having detailed to his audience a number of experiments, and shown how the results thereby obtained accorded with mathematical principles, he proceeded to explain the various purposes to which diagonal portions of the cube might be applied. By cutting the body in half, and then dividing the half in a diagonal direction, he obtained a figure—namely, a quarter of the cube—in which, he observed, the whole strength or power of resistance of the entire body resided; and he showed the application of these sections of the cube to the purposes of paving by wood." Such is the first meagre report of the broaching of a scientific system of paving; and, with the patronage of

such men of rank and eminence as took an interest in the subject, the progress was sure and rapid.

In December 1839, about 1100 square yards were laid down in Whitehall, and a triumph was never more complete; for since that period it has continued as smooth and level as when first it displaced the Macadam; it has never required repair, and has been a small basis of peace and quietness, amidst a desert of confusion and turmoil. Since that time, about sixty thousand yards in various parts of London, being about three-fourths of all the pavement hitherto introduced, attest the public appreciation of the Metropolitan Company's system. It may be interesting to those who watch the progress of great changes, to particularize the operations (amounting in the aggregate to forty thousand yards) that were carried on upon this system in 1842:—

St Giles's, Holborn
Foundling Estate
Hammersmith Bridge
St Andrew's, Holborn
Jermyn Street
Old Bailey
Piccadilly
Newgate Street, eastern end
Southampton Street
Lombard Street
Oxford Street
Regent Street;

besides several noblemen's court-yards, such as the Dukes of Somerset and Sutherland's, and a great number of stables, for which it is found peculiarly adapted.

The other projectors have specimens principally in the Strand; that near the Golden Cross, being by Mr Skead; that near Coutts's Bank, Mr Saunders; at St Giles's Church, in Holborn, Mr Rankin; and in the city, at Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and the Poultry, Mr Cary. The Poultry is a short space lying between Cheapside and the Mansion-house, consisting altogether of only 378 square yards. It lies in a hollow, as if on purpose to receive the river of mud which rolls its majestic course from the causeway on each side. The traffic on it, though not fast, is perpetual, and the system from the first was faulty. In addition to these drawbacks, its cleansing was totally neglected; and on all these accounts, it offered an excellent point of attack

to any person who determined to signalize himself by preaching a crusade against wood. Preachers, thank heaven! are seldom wanted; and on this occasion the part of Peter the Hermit was undertaken by Peter the Knight; for our old acquaintance, the opponent of causeways, the sworn enemy to granite, the favourer of Macadam, had worn the chain of office; had had his ears tickled for a whole year by the magic word, my lord; was as much of a knight as Sir Amadis de Gaul, and much more of an alderman; had been a great dispenser of justice, and sometimes a dispenser with law; had made himself a name, before which that of the Curtises and Waithmans grew pale; and, above all, was at that very moment in want of a grievance. Sir Peter Laurie gave notice of a motion on the subject of the Poultry. People began to think something had gone wrong with the chickens, or that Sir Robert had laid a high duty on foreign eggs. The alarm spread into Norfolk, and affected the price of turkeys. Bantams fell in value, and barn-door fowls were a drug. In the midst of all these fears, it began to be whispered about, that if any chickens were concerned in the motion, it was Cary's chickens; and that the attack, though nominally on the hen-roost, was in reality on the wood. It was now the depth of winter; snowy showers were succeeded by biting frosts; the very smoothness of the surface of the wooden pavement was against it; for as no steps were taken to prevent slipperiness, by cleansing or sanding the street—or better still, perhaps, by roughing the horses' shoes, many tumbles took place on this doomed little portion of the road; and some of the city police, having probably, in the present high state of English morals, little else to do, were employed to count the falls. Armed with a list of these accidents, which grew in exact proportion to the number of people who saw them—for instance, if three people separately reported, "a grey horse down in the Poultry," it did duty for three grey horses)—Sir Peter opened the business of the day, at a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers for the City of London, on the 14th of February 1843. Mr Alderman Gibbs was in the chair. Sir Peter, on this occasion, transcended

his usual efforts; he was inspired with the genius of his subject, and was as great a specimen of slip-slop as the streets themselves. He requested a petition to be read, signed by a Mr Gray, and a considerable number of other jobmasters and livery stable-keepers, against wood pavement; and, as it formed the text on which he spoke, we quote it entire:—

"To the Commissioners of Sewers—

"The humble memorial of your memorialists, humbly sheweth,—That in consequence of the introduction of wood pavements into the City of London, in lieu of granite, a very great number of accidents have occurred; and in drawing a comparison between the two from observations made, it is found where one accident happened on the granite pavement, that ten at least took place upon the wood. Your memorialists therefore pray, that, in consequence of the wood pavement being so extremely dangerous to travel over, you would be pleased to take the matter into your serious consideration, and cause it to be removed; by doing which you will, in the first place, be removing a great and dangerous nuisance; and, secondly, you will be setting a beneficial and humane example to other metropolitan districts."

Mr Gray, in addition to the memorial, begged fully to corroborate its statements, and said that he had himself twice been thrown out by the falling of his horse on the wood, and had broken his shafts both times. As he did not allude to his legs and arms, we conclude they escaped uninjured; and the only effect created by his observation, seemed to be a belief that his horse was probably addicted to falling, and preferred the wood to the rough and hard angles of the granite. Immediately after the reading of the stablemen's memorial, a petition was introduced in favour of wood pavement from Cornhill, signed by all the inhabitants of that wealthy and flourishing district, and, on the principles of fair play, we transcribe it as a pendant to the other:—

"Your petitioners, the undersigned inhabitants of the ward of Cornhill and Birchen Lane, beg again to bring before you their earnest request, that that part of Cornhill which is still

paved with granite, and also Birchen Lane, may now be paved with wood.

"Your petitioners are well aware that many complaints have been received of the wood paving in the Poultry; but they beg to submit to you that no reports which have been, or which may be made, of the accidents which have occurred on that small spot, should be considered as in any way illustrative of the merits of the general question. From its minuteness, and its slope at both extremities, it is constantly covered with slippery mud from the granite at each end; and that, together with the sudden transition from one sort of paving to another, causes the horses continually to stumble on that spot. Your petitioners therefore submit that no place could have been selected for experiment so ill adapted to show a fair result. Since your petitioners laid their former petition before you, they have ascertained, by careful examination and enquiry, that in places where wood paving has been laid down continuously to a moderate extent—viz. in Regent Street, Jermyn Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, the Strand, Coventry Street, and Lombard Street—it has fully effected all that was expected from it; it has freed the streets from the distracting nuisance of incessant noise, has diminished mud, increased the value of property, and given full satisfaction to the inhabitants. Your petitioners, therefore, beg to urge upon you most strongly a compliance with their request, which they feel assured would be a further extension of a great public good."

In addition to the petition, Mr Fernie, who presented it, stated "that the inhabitants (whom he represented) had satisfied themselves of the advantages of wood paving before they wished its adoption at their own doors. That enquiries had been made of the inhabitants of streets in the enjoyment of wood paving, and they all approved of it; and said, that nothing would induce them to return to the old system of stone; that they were satisfied the number of accidents had not been greater on the wood than they had been on the granite; and that they were of a much less serious character and extent."

Sir Peter on this applied a red silk handkerchief to his nose; wound

three blasts on that wild horn, as if to inspire him for the charge; and rushed into the middle of the fight. His first blow was aimed at Mr Prosser, the secretary of the Metropolitan Company, who had stated that in Russia, where wooden pavements were common, a sprinkling of pitch and strong sand had prevented the possibility of slipping. Orlando Furioso was a peaceful Quaker compared to the infuriate Laurie. "The admission of Mr Prosser," he said, "proves that, without pitch and sand, wood pavements are impassable;" and fearful was it to see the prodigious vigour with which the Prosser with two s's, was pressed and assaulted by the Prosser with only one. Wonder took possession of the assemblage, at the catalogue of woes the impassioned orator had collected as the results of this most dangerous and murderous contrivance. An old woman had been run over by an omnibus—all owing to wood; a boy had been killed by a cab—all owing to wood; and it seemed never to have occurred to the speaker, in his anti-silvan fury, that boys' legs are occasionally broken by unruly cabs, and poles of omnibuses run into the backs of unsuspecting elderly gentlemen on the roads which continue under the protecting influence of granite or Macadam. He had seen horses fall on the wooden pavements in all directions; he had seen a troop of dragoons, in the midst of the frost, dismount and lead their un-roughed horses across Regent Street; the Recorder had gone round by the squares to avoid the wooden districts; one lady had ordered her coachman to stick constantly to stone; and another, when she required to go to Regent Street, dismissed her carriage and walked. The thanks he had received for his defence of granite were innumerable; an omnibus would not hold the compliments that had been paid him for his efforts against wood; and, as Lord Shaftesbury had expressed his obligations to him on the subject, he did not doubt that if the matter came before the House of Lords, he would bestow the degree of attention on it which his lordship bestowed on all matters of importance. Working himself up as he drew near his peroration, he broke out into a blaze of eloquence which put the Lord Mayor into some fear on account of

the Thames, of which he is official conservator. "The thing cannot last!" he exclaimed; "and if you don't, in less than two years from this time, say I am a true prophet, put me on seven years' allowance." What the meaning of this latter expression may be, we cannot divine. It seems to us no very severe punishment to be forced to receive the allowance of seven years instead of one; the only explanation we can think of is, that it contains some delicate allusion to the dietary of gentlemen who are supposed to be visiting one of the colonies in New Holland, but in reality employ themselves in aquatic amusements in Portsmouth and Plymouth harbour "for the space of seven long years"—and are not supposed to fare in so sumptuous a manner as the aldermen of the city of London.

"The poor horses," he proceeded, "that are continually tumbling down on the wood pavement, cannot send their representatives, but I will represent them here whenever I have the opportunity"—(a horse laugh, as if from the orator's constituents, was excited by this sally.) "But, gentlemen, besides the danger of this atrocious system, we ought to pay a little attention to the expense. I maintain you have no right to make the inhabitants of those streets to which there is no idea of extending the wood paving, pay for the ease and comfort, as it is called, of persons residing in the larger thoroughfares, such as Newgate Street and Cheapside. But the promoters say, 'Oh! but we will have the whole town paved with it'—(hear, hear.) What would this cost? A friend of mine has made some calculations on this point, and he finds that, to pave the whole town with wood, an outlay of twenty-four millions of money must be incurred!"

It was generally supposed in the meeting that the friend here alluded to was either Mr Joseph Hume or the ingenious gentleman who furnished Lord Stanley with the statistics of the wheat-growing districts of Tamboff. It was afterwards discovered to be a Mr Cocker Munchausen.

Twenty-four millions of money! and all to be laid out on wood! The thought was so immense that it nearly choked the worthy orator, and he could not proceed for some time. When at last, by a great effort, he re-

covered the thread of his discourse, he became pathetic about the fate of one of the penny-post boys, (a relation—"we guess"—of the deceased H. Walker, Esq. of the Twopenny Post,)—who had broken his leg on the wooden pavement. The authorities had ordered the lads to avoid the wood in future. For all these reasons, Sir Peter concluded his speech with a motion, "That the wood pavement in the Poultry is dangerous and inconvenient to the public, and ought to be taken up and replaced with granite pavement."

"As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After some well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him who enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,
Even so, or with more scorn, men's eyes
Were turned on—Mr Deputy Godson!"

The benevolent reader may have observed that the second fiddle is generally a little louder and more sharp set than the first. On this occasion that instrument was played upon by the worthy deputy, to the amazement of all the connoisseurs in that species of music in which he and his leader are known to excel. From his speech it was gathered that he represented a district which has been immortalized by the genius of the author of *Tom Thumb*; and in the present unfortunate aspect of human affairs, when a comet is brandishing its tail in the heavens, and O'Connell seems to have been deprived of his upon earth—when poverty, distress, rebellion, and wooden pavements, are threatening the very existence of *Great Britain*, it is consolatory to reflect that under the guardianship of Deputy Godson *Little Britain* is safe; for he is resolved to form a cordon of granite round it, and keep it free from the contamination of Norway pines or Scottish fir. "I have been urged by my constituents," he says, "to ask for wood pavement in Little Britain; but I am adverse to it, as I think wood paving is calculated to produce the greatest injury to the public."

"I have seen twenty horses down on the wood pavement together—(laughter.) I am here to state what I have seen. I have seen horses down on the wood pavement, twenty at a time—(renewed laughter.) I say, and with great deference, that we are in

the habit of conferring favours when we ought to withhold them. I think gentlemen ought to pause before they burden the consolidated rate with those matters, and make the poor inhabitants of the City pay for the fancies of the wealthy members of Cornhill and the Poultry. We ought to deal even-handed justice, and not introduce into the City, and that at a great expense, a pavement that is dirty, stinking, and every thing that is bad."—(laughter.)

In Pope's Homer's Iliad, it is very distressing to the philanthropic mind to reflect on the feelings that must agitate the bosom of Mr Deputy Thersites when Ajax passes by. In the British Parliament it is a melancholy sight to see the countenance of some unfortunate orator when Sir Robert Peel rises to reply, with a smile of awful import on his lips, and a subdued cannibal expression of satisfaction in his eyes. Even so must it have been a harrowing spectacle to observe the effects of the answer of Mr R. L. Jones, who rose for the purpose of moving the previous question. He said, "I thought the worthy alderman who introduced this question would have attempted to support himself by bringing some petitions from citizens against wood paving—(hear.) He has not done so, and I may observe, that from not one of the wards where wood pavement has been laid down has there been a petition to take any of the wood pavement up. What the mover of these resolutions has done, has been to travel from one end of the town to the other, to prove to you that wood paving is bad in principle. Has that been established?—(Cries of 'no, no.')

I venture to say they have not established any thing of the kind. All that has been done is this—it has been shown that wood pavement, which is comparatively a recent introduction, has not yet been brought to perfection—(hear, hear.) Now, every one knows that complaints have always been made against every new principle, till it has been brought to perfection. Look, for instance, at the steam-engine. How vastly different it now is, with the improvements which science has effected, from what it was when it was first introduced to the notice of the world! Wherever wood pavement has been laid down, it has been approved of. All who have enjoyed the advantage of its extension,

acknowledge the comfort derived from it. Sir Peter Laurie asserts that he is continually receiving thanks for his agitation about wood paving, and that an omnibus would not hold the compliments he receives at the West End. Now, I can only say, that I find the contrary to be the case; and every body who meets me exclaims, 'Good God! what can Sir Peter Laurie be thinking about, to try and get the wood paving taken up, and stone paving substituted?' So far from thanking Sir Peter, every body is astonished at him. The wood pavement has now been laid down nearly three years, and I say here, in the face of the Commission, that there have not been ten blocks taken up; but had granite been put down, I will venture to say that it would, during the same period, have been taken up six or seven times. Your books will prove it, that the portion of granite pavement in the Poultry was taken up six or seven times during a period of three years. When the wood paving becomes a little slippery, go to your granite heaps which belong to this commission, or to your fine sifted cinder heaps, and let that be strewed over the surface; that contains no earthy particles, and will, when it becomes imbedded in the wood, form such a surface that there cannot by any possibility be any slipperiness—(hear, hear!) Do we not pursue this course in frosty weather even with our own stone paving? There used to be, before this plan was adopted, not a day pass but you would in frosty weather see two, three, four, and even five or six horses down together on the stone paving—('Oh! oh!' from Mr Deputy Godson.) My friend may cry 'oh! oh!' but I mean to say that this assertion is not so incongruous as the statement of my friend, that he saw twenty horses down at once on the wood pavement in Newgate Street, (laughter.) I may exclaim with my worthy friend the deputy on my left, who lives in Newgate Street, 'When the devil did it happen? I never heard of it.' I stand forward in support of wood paving as a great public principle, because I believe it to be most useful and advantageous to the public; which is proved by the fact, that the public at large are in favour of it. If we had given notice that this court would be open to hear the opinions of

the citizens of London on the subject of wood paving, I am convinced that the number of petitions in its favour would have been so great, that the doors would not have been sufficiently wide to have received them."

Mr Jones next turned his attention to the arithmetical statements of Sir Peter; and a better specimen of what in the Scotch language is called a stramash, it has never been our good fortune to meet with:—

"We have been told by the worthy knight who introduced this motion, that to pave London with wood would cost twenty-four millions of money. Now, it so happens that, some time since, I directed the city surveyor to obtain for me a return of the number of square yards of paving-stone there are throughout all the streets in this city. I hold that return in my hand; and I find there are 400,000 yards, which, at fifteen shillings per yard, would not make the cost of wood paving come to twenty-four millions of money; no, gentlemen, nor to four millions, nor to three, nor even to one million—why, the cost, gentlemen, dwindles down from Sir Peter's twenty-four millions to £300,000—(hear, hear, and laughter)

"If I go into Fore Street I find every body admiring the wood pavement. If I go on Cornhill I find the same—and all the great bankers in Lombard Street say, 'What a delightful thing this wood paving is! Sir Peter Laurie must be mad to endeavour to deprive us of it.' I told them not to be alarmed, for they might depend on it the good sense of this court would not allow so great and useful an improvement in street paving to retrograde in the manner sought to be effected by this revolution. I shall content myself with moving the previous question"—(cheers.)

It is probable that Mr Jones, in moving the previous question, contented himself a mighty deal more than he did Sir Peter; and the triumph of the woodites was increased when Mr Pewiress seconded the amendment:—

"If there is any time of the year when the wood pavement is more dangerous than another, probably the most dangerous is when the weather is of the damp, muggy, and foggy character which has been prevailing; and when all pavements are remarkably slippery. The worthy knight

has shown great tact in choosing his time for bringing this matter before the public. We have had three or four weeks weather of the most extraordinary description I ever remember; not frosty nor wet, but damp and slippery; so that the granite has been found so inconvenient to horses, that they have not been driven at the common and usual pace. And I am free to confess that, under the peculiar state of the atmosphere to which I have alluded, the wood pavement is more affected than the granite pavement. But in ordinary weather there is very little difference. I am satisfied that, if the danger and inconvenience were as great as the worthy knight has represented, we should have had applications against the pavement; but all the applications we have had on the subject have been in favour of the extension of wood pavement."

The speaker then takes up the ground, that as wood, as a material for paving, is only recently introduced, it is natural that vested interests should be alarmed, and that great misapprehension should exist as to its nature and merits. On this subject he introduces an admirable illustration:—"In the early part of my life I remember attending a lecture—when gas was first introduced—by Mr Winson. The lecture was delivered in Pall-Mall, and the lecturer proposed to demonstrate that the introduction of gas would be destructive of life and property. I attended that lecture, and I never came away from a public lecture more fully convinced of any thing than I did that he had proved his position. He produced a quantity of gas, and placed a receiver on the table. He had with him some live birds, as well as some live mice and rabbits; and, introducing some gas into the receiver, he put one of the animals in it. In a few minutes life was extinct, and in this way he deprived about half a dozen of these animals of their life. 'Now, gentlemen,' said the lecturer, 'I have proved to you that gas is destructive to life; I will now show you that it is destructive to property.' He had a little pasteboard house, and said, 'I will suppose that it is lighted up with gas, and from the carelessness of the servant the stopcock of the burner has been so turned off as to allow an escape of gas, and that it has escaped and filled the house.' Having let the

gas into the card house, he introduced a light and blew it up. 'Now,' said he, 'I think I have shown you that it is not only destructive to life and property; but that, if it is introduced into the metropolis, it will be blown up by it.'

We have now given a short analysis of the speeches of the proposers and seconders on each side in this great debate; and after hearing Mr Frodsham on the opposition, and the Common Sergeant—whose objection, however, to wood was confined to its unsuitableness at some seasons for horsemanship—granting that a strong feeling in its favour existed among the owners and inhabitants of houses where it has been laid down; and on the other side, Sir Chapman Marshall—a strenuous woodite—who challenged Sir Peter Laurie to find fault with the pavement at Whitehall, "which he had no hesitation in saying was the finest piece of paving of any description in London;" Mr King, who gave a home thrust to Sir Peter, which it was impossible to parry—"We have heard a great deal about humanity and post-boys; does the worthy gentleman know, that the Postmaster has only within the last few weeks sent a petition here, begging that you would, with all possible speed, put wood paving round the Post-office?" and various other gentlemen *pro* and *con*—a division was taken, when Sir Peter was beaten by an immense majority.

Another meeting, of which no public notice was given, was held shortly after to further Sir Peter's object, by sundry stable-keepers and jobmasters, under the presidency of the same Mr Gray, whose horse had acquired the malicious habit of breaking its knees on the Poultry. As there was no opposition, there was no debate; and as no names of the parties attending were published, it fell dead-born, although advertised two or three times in the newspapers.

On Tuesday, the 4th of April, Sir Peter buckled on his armour once more, and led the embattled cherubim to war, on the modified question, "That wood-paving operations be suspended in the city for a year;" but after a repetition of the arguments on both sides, he was again defeated by the same overwhelming majority as before.

Such is the state of wood paving as a party question among the city authorities at the present date. The squabbles and struggles among the various projectors would form an amusing chapter in the history of street rows—for it is seen that it is a noble prize to strive for. If the experiment succeeds, all London will be paved with wood, and fortunes will be secured by the successful candidates for employment. Every day some fresh claimant starts up and professes to have remedied every defect hitherto discovered in the systems of his predecessors. Still confidence seems unshaken in the system which has hitherto shown the best results; and since the introduction of the very ingenious invention of Mr Whitworth of Manchester, of a cart, which by an adaptation of wheels and pulleys, and brooms and buckets, performs the work of thirty-six street-sweepers, the perfection of the work in Regent Street has been seen to such advantage, and the objections of slipperiness so clearly proved to arise, not from the nature of wood, but from the want of cleansing, that even the most timid are beginning to believe that the opposition to the further introduction of it is injudicious. Among these even Sir Peter promises to enrol himself, if the public favour continues as strong towards it for another year as he perceives it to be at the present time.

And now, dismissing these efforts at resisting a change which we may safely take to be at some period or other inevitable, let us cast a cursory glance at some of the results of the general introduction of wood pavement.

In the first place, the facility of cleansing will be greatly increased. A smooth surface, between which and the subsoil is interposed a thick concrete—which grows as hard and impermeable as iron—will not generate mud and filth to one-fiftieth of the extent of either granite roads or Macadam. It is probable that if there were no importations of dirt from the wheels of carriages coming off the stone streets, little scavengering would be needed. Certainly not more than could be supplied by one of Whitworth's machines. And it is equally evident that if wood were kept unpolluted by the liquid mud—into which the surface of the other causeways is converted in the driest weather by

water carts—the slipperiness would be effectually cured.

In the second place, the saving of expense in cleansing and repairing would be prodigious. Let us take as our text a document submitted to the Marylebone Vestry in 1840, and acted on by them in the case of Oxford Street; and remember that the expenses of cleansing were calculated at the cost of the manual labour—a cost, we believe, reduced two-thirds by the invention of Mr Whitworth. The Report is dated 1837:—

" The cost of the last five years having been,	£16,881
The present expense for 1837, about	2,000
The required outlay	4,000
And the cleansing for 1837	900

Gives a total for six years of £23,781

" Or an annual expenditure averaging £3963; so that the future expenses of Oxford Street, maintained as a Macadamized carriage-way, would be about £4000, or 2s. 4d. per yard per annum.

" In contrast with this extract from the parochial documents, the results of which must have been greatly increased within the last three years, the Metropolitan Wood-Paving Company, who have already laid down above 4000 yards in Oxford Street, between Wells Street and Charles Street, are understood to be willing to complete the entire street

in the best manner for 12s. per square yard, or about £14,000—for which they propose to take bonds bearing interest at the rate of four-and-a-half per cent per annum, whereby the parish will obtain ample time for ultimate payment; and further, to keep the whole in repair, inclusive of the cost of cleansing and watering, for one year gratuitously, and for twelve years following at £1900 per annum, being less than one-half the present outlay for these purposes."

Whether these were the terms finally agreed on we do not know; but we perceive by public tenders that the streets can be paved in the best possible manner for 13s. or 12s. 6d. a yard; and kept in repair for 6d. a yard additional. This is certainly much cheaper than Macadam, and we should think more economical than causeways. And, besides, it has the advantage—which one of the speakers suggested to Sir Peter Laurie—"that in case of an upset, it is far more satisfactory to contest the relative hardness of heads with a block of wood than a mass of granite."

We can only add in conclusion, that advertisements are published by the Commissioners of Sewers for contracts to pave with wood Cheapside, and Bishopsgate Street, and Whitechapel. Oh, Sir Peter!—how are the mighty fallen!

POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. VIII.

FIRST PERIOD CONTINUED.

A FUNERAL FANTASIE.

1.

PALE, at its ghastly noon,
 Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon ;
 The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs ;
 The clouds descend in rain ;
 Mourning, the wan stars wane,
 Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres !
 Haggard as spectres—vision-like and dumb,
 Dark with the pomp of Death, and moving slow,
 Towards that sad lair the pale Procession come
 Where the Grave closes on the Night below.

2.

With dim, deep sunken eye,
 Crutch'd on his staff, who trembles tottering by ?
 As wrung from out the shatter'd heart, one groan
 Breaks the deep hush alone !
 Crush'd by the iron Fate, he seems to gather
 All life's last strength to stagger to the bier,
 And hearken——Do those cold lips murmur “ Father ? ”
 The sharp rain, drizzling through that place of fear,
 Pierces the bones gnaw'd fleshless by despair,
 And the heart's horror stirs the silver hair.

3.

Fresh bleed the fiery wounds
 Through all that agonizing heart undone—
 Still on the voiceless lips “ my Father ” sounds,
 And still the childless Father murmurs “ Son ! ”
 Ice-cold—ice-cold, in that white shroud he lies—
 Thy sweet and golden dreams all vanish'd there—
 The sweet and golden name of “ Father ” dies
 Into thy curse,—ice-cold—ice-cold—he lies
 Dead, what thy life's delight and Eden were !

4.

Mild, as when, fresh from the arms of Aurora,
 When the air like Elysium is smiling above,
 Steep'd in rose-breathing odours, the darling of Flora
 Wantons over the blooms on his winglets of love.—
 So gay, o'er the meads, went his footsteps in bliss,
 The silver wave mirror'd the smile of his face ;
 Delight, like a flame, kindled up at his kiss,
 And the heart of the maid was the prey of his chase.

5.

Boldly he sprang to the strife of the world,
 As a deer to the mountain-top carelessly springs ;
 As an eagle whose plumes to the sun are unfurl'd,
 Swept his Hope round the Heaven on its limitless wings.
 Proud as a war-horse that chafes at the rein,
 That kinglily exults in the storm of the brave ;
 That throws to the wind the wild stream of its mane,
 Strode he forth by the prince and the slave !

6.

Life, like a spring-day, serene and divine,
 In the star of the morning went by as a trance;
 His murmurs he drown'd in the gold of the wine,
 And his sorrows were borne on the wave of the dance.
 Worlds lay conceal'd in the hopes of his youth,
 When once he shall ripen to manhood and fame!
 Fond Father exult!—In the germs of his youth
 What harvests are destined for Manhood and Fame!

7.

Not to be was that Manhood!—The death-bell is knelling
 The hinge of the death-vault creaks harsh on the ears—
 How dismal, O Death, is the place of thy dwelling!
 Not to be was that Manhood!—Flow on bitter tears!
 Go, beloved, thy path to the sun,
 Rise, world upon world, with the perfect to rest;
 Go—quaff the delight which thy spirit has won,
 And escape from our grief in the halls of the blest.

8.

Again (in that thought what a healing is found!)
 To meet in the Eden to which thou art fled!—
 Hark, the coffin sinks down with a dull, sullen sound,
 And the ropes rattle over the sleep of the dead.
 And we cling to each other!—O Grave, he is thine!
 The eye tells the woe that is mute to the ears—
 And we dare to resent what we grudge to resign,
 Till the heart's sinful murmur is choked in its tears.

Pale at its ghastly noon,
 Pauses above the death-still wood—the moon!
 The night-sprite, sighing, through the dim air stirs;
 The clouds descend in rain;
 Mourning, the wan stars wane,
 Flickering like dying lamps in sepulchres.
 The dull clods swell into the sullen mound;
 Earth, one look yet upon the prey we gave!
 The Grave locks up the treasure it has found;
 Higher and higher swells the sullen mound—
 Never gives back the Grave!

A GROUP IN TARTARUS.

Hark, as hoarse murmurs of a gathering sea—
 As brooks that howling through black gorges go,
 Groans sullen, hollow, and eternally,
 One wailing Woe!
 Sharp Anguish shrinks the shadows there;
 And blasphemous Despair
 Yells its wild curse from jaws that never close;
 And ghastly eyes for ever
 Stare on the bridge of the relentless River,
 Or watch the mournful wave as year on year it flows,
 And ask each other, with parch'd lips that writhe
 Into a whisper, “When the end shall be!”
 The end?—Lo, broken in Time's hand the scythe,
 And round and round revolves Eternity!

ELYSIUM.

Past the despairing wail—
 And the bright banquets of the Elysian Vale
 Melt every care away!
 Delight, that breathes and moves for ever,
 Glides through sweet fields like some sweet river!
 Elysian life survey!
 There, fresh with youth, o'er jocund meads,
 His youngest west-winds blithely leads
 The ever-blooming May.
 Thorough gold-woven dreams goes the dance of the Hours,
 In space without bounds swell the soul and its powers,
 And Truth, with no veil, gives her face to the day,
 And joy to-day and joy to-morrow,
 But wafts the airy soul aloft;
 The very name is lost to Sorrow,
 And Pain is Rapture tuned more exquisitely soft.
 Here the Pilgrim reposes the world-weary limb,
 And forgets in the shadow, cool-breathing and dim,
 The load he shall bear never more;
 Here the Mower, his sickle at rest, by the streams,
 Lull'd with harp-strings, reviews, in the calm of his dreams,
 The fields, when the harvest is o'er.
 Here, He, whose ears drank in the battle-roar,
 Whose banners stream'd upon the startled wind
 A thunder-storm,—before whose thunder-tread
 The mountains trembled,—in soft sleep reclined,
 By the sweet brook that o'er its pebbly bed
 In silver plays, and murmurs to the shore,
 Hears the stern clangour of wild spears no more!
 Here the true Spouse the lost-beloved regains,
 And on the enamell'd couch of summer-plains
 Mingles sweet kisses with the west-wind's breath.
 Here, crown'd at last—Love never knows decay,
 Living through ages its one BRIDAL DAY,
 Safe from the stroke of Death!

 COUNT EBERHARD, THE GRUMBLER, OF WURTEMBERG.

Ha, ha! take heed—ha, ha! take heed,*
 Ye knaves both South and North!
 For many a man both bold in deed
 And wise in peace, the land to lead,
 Old Swabia has brought forth.

* Of the two opening lines we subjoin the original—to the vivacity and spirit of which it is, perhaps, impossible to do justice in translation:—

“Ihr—Ihr dort aussen in der Welt,
 Die Nasen eingespant!”

Eberhard, Count of Wurtemberg, reigned from 1344 to 1392. Schiller was a Swabian, and this poem seems a patriotic effusion to exalt one of the heroes of his country, of whose fame (to judge by the lines we have just quoted) the rest of the Germans might be less reverentially aware.

Proud boasts your Edward and your Charles,
 Your Ludwig, Frederick—are!
 Yet Eberhard's worth, ye bragging carles!
 Your Ludwig, Frederick, Edward, Charles—
 A thunder-storm in war.

And Ulrick, too, his noble son,
 Ha, ha! his might ye know;
 Old Eberhard's boast, his noble son,
 Not he the boy, ye rogues, to run,
 How stout soe'er the foe!

The Reutling lads with envy saw
 Our glories, day by day;
 The Reutling lads shall give the law—
 The Reutling lads the sword shall draw—
 O Lord—how hot were they!

Out Ulrick went and beat them not—
 To Eberhard back he came—
 A lowering look young Ulrick got—
 Poor lad, his eyes with tears were hot—
 He hung his head for shame.

“Ho—ho”—thought he—“ye rogues beware,
 Nor you nor I forget—
 For by my father's beard I swear
 Your blood shall wash the blot I bear,
 And Ulrick pay you yet!”

Soon came the hour! with steeds and men
 The battle-field was gay;
 Steel closed in steel at Doffingen—
 And joyous was our stripling then,
 And joyous the hurra!

“The battle lost” our battle-cry;
 The foe once more advances:
 As some fierce whirlwind cleaves the sky,
 We skirr, through blood and slaughter, by,
 Amidst a night of lances!

On, lion-like, grim Ulrick sweeps—
 Bright shines his hero glaive—
 Her chase before him Fury keeps,
 Far-beard behind him, Anguish weeps,
 And round him—is the Grave!

Woe—woe! it gleams—the sabre-blow—
 Swift sheering down it sped—
 Around, brave hearts the buckler throw—
 Alas! our boast in dust is low!
 Count Eberhard's boy is dead!

Grief checks the rushing Victor-van—
 Fierce eyes strange moisture know—
 On rides old Eberhard, stern and wan,
 “My son is like another man—
 March, children, on the Foe!”

And fiery lances whirr'd around,
 Revenge, at least, undying—
 Above the blood-red clay we bound—
 Hurrah! the burghers break their ground,
 Through vale and woodland flying!

Back to the camp, behold us throng,
 Flags stream, and bugles play—
 Woman and child with choral song,
 And men, with dance and wine, prolong
 The warrior's holyday.

And our old Count—and what doth he?
 Before him lies his son,
 Within his lone tent, lonelily,
 The old man sits with eyes that see
 Through one dim tear—his son!

So heart and soul, a loyal band,
 Count Eberhard's band, we are!
 His front the tower that guards the land,
 A thunderbolt his red right hand—
 His eye a guiding star!

Then take ye heed—Aha! take heed,
 Ye knaves both South and North!
 For many a man, both bold in deed
 And wise in peace, the land to lead,
 Old Swabia has brought forth!

TO A MORALIST.

Are the sports of our youth so displeasing?
 Is love but the folly you say?
 Benumb'd with the Winter, and freezing,
 You scold at the revels of May.

For you once a nymph had her charms,
 And oh! when the waltz you were wreathing,
 All Olympus embraced in your arms—
 All its nectar in Julia's breathing.

If Jove at that moment had hurl'd
 The earth in some other rotation,
 Along with your Julia whirl'd,
 You had felt not the shock of creation.

Learn this—that Philosophy beats
 Sure time with the pulse—quick or slow
 As the blood from the heyday retreats,—
 But it cannot make gods of us—No!

It is well, icy Reason should thaw
 In the warm blood of Mirth now and then,
 The Gods for themselves have a law
 Which they never intended for men.

The spirit is bound by the ties
Of its jailer, the Flesh—if I can
Not reach, as an angel, the skies,
Let me feel, on the earth, as a Man.

ROUSSEAU.*

Oh, Monument of Shame to this our time,
Dishonouring record to thy Mother Clime!
Hail, Grave of Rousseau! Here thy sorrows cease.
Freedom and Peace from earth and earthly strife!
Vainly, sad seeker, didst thou search through life
To find—(found now)—the Freedom and the Peace.
When will the old wounds scar? In the dark age
Perish'd the wise. Light came; how fares the sage?
There's no abatement of the bigot's rage.
Still as the wise man bled, he bleeds again.
Sophists prepared for Socrates the bowl—
And Christians drove the steel through Rousseau's soul—
Rousseau who strove to render Christians—men.

FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

In a quarrel with her lover
To Wisdom Fortune flew;
“I'll all my hoards discover—
Be but my friend—to you.
Like a mother I presented
To one each fairest gift,
Who still is discontented,
And murmurs at my thrift.
Come, let's be friends. What say you?
Give up that weary plough,
My treasures shall repay you,
For both I have enow!”
“Nay, see thy Friend betake him
To death from grief for thee—
He dies if thou forsake him—
Thy gifts are nought to *me*!”

THE INFANTICIDE.

1.

Hark where the bells toll, chiming, dull and steady,
The clock's slow hand hath reach'd the appointed time.
Well, be it so—prepare! my soul is ready,
Companions of the grave—the rest for crime!

* Schiller lived to reverse, in the third period of his intellectual career, many of the opinions expressed in the first. The sentiment conveyed in these lines on Rousseau is natural enough to the author of “The Robbers,” but certainly not to the poet of “Wallenstein” and the “Lay of the Bell.” We confess we doubt the maturity of any mind that can find either a saint or a martyr in Jean Jacques.

Now take, O world! my last farewell—receiving
 My parting kisses—in these tears they dwell!
 Sweet are thy poisons while we taste believing,
 Now we are quits—heart-poisoner, fare-thee-well!

2.

Farewell, ye suns that once to joy invited,
 Changed for the mould beneath the funeral shade
 Farewell, farewell, thou rosy Time delighted,
 Luring to soft desire the careless maid.
 Pale gossamers of gold, farewell, sweet-dreaming
 Fancies—the children that an Eden bore!
 Blossoms that died while dawn itself was gleaming,
 Opening in happy sunlight never more.

3.

Swanlike the robe which Innocence bestowing,
 Deck'd with the virgin favours, rosy fair,
 In the gay time when many a young rose glowing,
 Blush'd through the loose train of the amber hair.
 Woe, woe! as white the robe that decks me now—
 The shroud-like robe Hell's destined victim wears;
 Still shall the fillet bind this burning brow—
 That sable braid the Doomsman's hand prepares!

4.

Weep, ye *who never fell*—for whom, unerring,
 The soul's white lilies keep their virgin hue,
 Ye who when thoughts so danger-sweet are stirring,
 Take the stern strength that Nature gives the few
 Woe, for too human was this fond heart's feeling—
 Feeling!—my sin's avenger * doom'd to be;
 Woe—for the false man's arm around me stealing,
 Stole the lull'd Virtue, charm'd to sleep, from me.

5

Ah, he perhaps shall, round another sighing,
 (Forgot the serpents stinging at my breast,)
 Gaily, when I in the dumb grave am lying,
 Pour the warm wish, or speed the wanton jest,
 Or play, perchance, with his new maiden's tresses,
 Answer the kiss her lip enamour'd brings,
 When the dread block the head he cradled presses,
 And high the blood his kiss once fever'd springs.

6.

Thee, Francis, Francis,† league on league, shall follow
 The death-dirge of the Lucy once, so dear;
 From yonder steeple, dismal, dull, and hollow,
 Shall knell the warning horror on thy ear.
 On thy fresh leman's lips when Love is dawning,
 And the lisp'd music glides from that sweet well—
 Lo, in that breast a red wound shall be yawning,
 And, in the midst of rapture, warn of hell!

7.

Betrayer, what! thy soul relentless closing
 To grief—the woman-shame no art can heal—

* "Und Empfindung soll mein Richtschwert seyn."

A line of great vigour in the original, but which, if literally translated, would seem extravagant in English.

† Joseph, in the original.

- To that small life beneath my heart reposing !
 Man, man, the wild beast for its young can feel !
 Proud flew the sails—receding from the land,
 I watch'd them waning from the wistful eye,
 Round the gay maids on Seine's voluptuous strand,
 Breathes the false incense of his fatal sigh.

8.

And there the Babe ! there, on the mother's bosom,
 Lull'd in its sweet and golden rest it lay,
 Fresh in life's morning as a rosy blossom,
 It smiled, poor harmless one, my tears away.
 Deathlike yet lovely, every feature speaking
 In such dear calm and beauty to my sadness,
 And cradled still the mother's heart, in breaking,
 The soft'ning love and the despairing madness.

9.

“ Woman, where is my father ? ”—freezing through me,
 Lisp'd the mute Innocence with thunder-sound ;
 “ Woman, where is thy husband ? ”—call'd unto me,
 In every look, word, whisper, busying round !
 For thee, poor child, there is no father's kiss.
 He fondleth *other* children on his knee.
 How thou wilt curse our momentary bliss,
 When Bastard on thy name shall branded be !

10.

Thy mother—oh, a hell her heart concealeth,
 Lone-sitting, lone in social Nature's All !
 Thirsting for that glad fount thy love revealeth,
 While still thy look the glad fount turns to gall.
 In every infant cry my soul is heark'ning,
 The haunting happiness for ever o'er,
 And all the bitterness of death is dark'ning
 The heavenly looks that smiled mine eyes before.

11.

Hell, if my sight those looks a moment misses—
 Hell, when my sight upon those looks is turn'd—
 The avenging furies madden in *thy* kisses,
 That slept in *his* what time my lips they burn'd.
 Out from their graves his oaths spoke back in thunder !
 The perjury stalk'd like murder in the sun—
 For ever—God !—sense, reason, soul, sunk under—
 The deed was done !

12.

Francis, O Francis ! league on league, shall chase thee
 The shadows hurrying grimly on thy flight—
 Still with their icy arms they shall embrace thee,
 And mutter thunder in thy dream's delight !
 Down from the soft stars, in their tranquil glory,
 Shall look thy dead child with a ghastly stare ;
 That shape shall haunt thee in its cerements gory,
 And scourge thee back from heaven—its home is there !

13

Lifeless—how lifeless !—see, oh see, before me
 It lies cold—stiff !—O God !—and with that blood
 I feel, as swoops the dizzy darkness o'er me,
 Mine own life mingled—ebbing in the flood—

Hark, at the door they knock—more loud within me—
 More awful still—its sound the dread heart gave!
 Gladly I welcome the cold arms that win me—
 Fire, quench thy tortures in the icy grave!

14.

Francis—a God that pardons dwells in heaven—
 Francis, the sinner—yes—she pardons thee—
 So let my wrongs unto the earth be given:
 Flame seize the wood!—it burns—it kindles—see!
 There—there his letters cast—behold are ashes—
 His vows—the conquering fire consumes them here:
 His kisses—see—see all—all are only ashes—
 All, all—the all that once on earth were dear!

15

Trust not the roses which your youth enjoyeth,
 Sisters, to man's faith, changeful as the moon!
 Beauty to me brought guilt—its bloom destroyeth:
 Lo, in the judgment court I curse the boon:
 Tears in the headsman's gaze—what tears?—tis spoken!
 Quick, bind mine eyes—all soon shall be forgot—
 Doomsman—the lily hast thou never broken?
 Pale doomsman—tremble not!

[The poem we have just concluded was greatly admired at the time of its first publication, and it so far excels in art most of the earlier efforts by the author, that it attains one of the highest secrets in true pathos. It produces interest for the *criminal* while creating terror for the *crime*. This, indeed, is a triumph in art never achieved but by the highest genius. The inferior writer, when venturing upon the grandest stage of passion, (which unquestionably exists in the delineation of great guilt as of heroic virtue,) falls into the error either of gilding the crime in order to produce sympathy for the criminal, or, in the spirit of a spurious morality, of involving both crime and criminal in a common odium. It is to discrimination between the doer and the deed, that we owe the sublimest revelations of the human heart: in this discrimination lies the key to the emotions produced by the *Œdipus* and *Macbeth*. In the brief poem before us a whole drama is comprehended. Marvellous is the completeness of the pictures it presents—its mastery over emotions the most opposite—its fidelity to nature in its exposition of the disordered and despairing mind in which tenderness becomes cruelty, and remorse for error tortures itself into scarce conscious crime.

But the art employed, though admirable of its kind, still falls short of the perfection which, in his later works, Schiller aspired to achieve, viz. the point at which *Pain* ceases. The tears which Tragic Pathos, when purest and most elevated, calls forth, ought not to be tears of pain. In the ideal world, as Schiller has inculcated, even sorrow should have its charm—all that harrows, all that revolts, belongs but to that inferior school in which Schiller's fiery youth formed itself for nobler grades—the school “of Storm and Pressure”—(*Sturm und Drang*—as the Germans have expressively described it.) If the reader will compare Schiller's poem of the ‘*Infanticide*,’ with the passages which represent a similar crime in the *Medea*, (and the author of ‘*Wallenstein*’ deserves comparison even with Euripides,) he will see the distinction between the art that seeks an *elevated* emotion, and the art which is satisfied with creating an *intense* one. In Euripides, the detail—the reality—all that can degrade terror into pain—are loftily dismissed. The Titan grandeur of the Sorceress removes us from too close an approach to the crime of the unnatural Mother—the emotion of pity changes into awe—just at the pitch before the coarse sympathy of actual pain can be effected. And it is the avoidance of reality—it is the all-purifying Presence of the Ideal, which make the vast distinction in our emotions between following, with shocked and displeasing pity, the crushed, broken-hearted,

mortal criminal to the scaffold, and gazing—with an awe which has pleasure of its own—upon the Mighty Murderess—soaring out of the reach of Humanity, upon her Dragon Car !]

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

A HYMN.

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like the Gods may man be ;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth can be !
 Once, as the poet sung,
 In Pyrrha's time, 'tis known,
 From rocks Creation sprung,
 And Men leapt up from stone ;
 Rock and stone, in night
 The souls of men were seal'd,
 Heaven's diviner light
 Not as yet reveal'd ;
 As yet the Loves around them
 Had never shone—nor bound them
 With their rosy rings ;
 As yet their bosoms knew not
 Soft song—and music grew not
 Out of the silver strings.
 No gladsome garlands cheerily
 Were love-y-woven then ;
 And o'er Elysium drearily
 The May-time flew for men ; †
 The morning rose ungreeted
 From ocean's joyless breast ;
 Unhail'd the evening fled
 To ocean's joyless breast—
 Wild through the tangled shade,
 By clouded moons they stray'd,
 The iron race of Men !
 Sources of mystic tears,
 Yearnings for starry spheres,
 No God awaken'd then !

*

Lo, mildly from the dark-blue water,
 Comes forth the Heaven's divinest Daughter,
 Borne by the Nymphs fair-floating o'er
 To the intoxicated shore !
 Like the light-scattering wings of morning
 Soars universal May, adorning
 As from the glory of that birth
 Air and the ocean, heaven and earth !
 Day's eye looks laughing, where the grim
 Midnight lay coil'd in forests dim ;
 And gay narcissuses are sweet
 Wherever glide those holy feet—

† " The World was sad, the garden was a wild,
 And Man, the Hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smiled."

Now, pours the bird that haunts the eve
 The earliest song of love,
 Now in the heart—their fountain—heave
 The waves that murmur love.
 O blest Pygmalion—blest art thou—
 It melts, it glows, thy marble now!
 O Love, the God, thy world is won!
 Embrace thy children, Mighty One.

*

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like the Gods may man be;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth can be.

*

Where the nectar-bright streams,
 Like the dawn's happy dreams,
 Eternally one holiday,
 The life of the Gods glides away.
 Throned on his seat sublime,
 Looks He whose years know not time;
 At his nod, if his anger awaken,
 At the wave of his hair all Olympus is shaken.
 Yet He from the throne of his birth,
 Bow'd down to the sons of the earth,
 Through dim Arcadian glades to wander sighing,
 Lull'd into dreams of bliss—
 Lull'd by his Leda's kiss—
 Lo, at his feet the harmless thunders lying!

The Sun's majestic coursers go
 Along the Light's transparent plain,
 Curb'd by the Day-god's golden rein;
 The nations perish at his bended bow;
 Steeds that majestic go,
 Death from the bended bow,
 Gladly he leaves above—
 For Melody and Love!
 Low bend the dwellers of the sky,
 When sweeps the stately Juno by;
 Proud in her car, the Uncontroll'd
 Curbs the bright birds that breast the air,
 As flames the sovereign crown of gold
 Amidst the ambrosial waves of hair—
 Ev'n thou, fair Queen of Heaven's high throne,
 Hast Love's subduing sweetness known;
 From all her state, the Great One bends
 To charm the Olympian's bright embraces,
 The Heart-Enthraller only lends
 The rapture-cestus of the Graces!

*

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like a God may man be;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
 Through love like a heaven earth can be!

*

Love can sun the Realms of Night—
 Orcus owns the magic might—
 Peaceful where She sits beside,
 Smiles the swart King on his Bride;
 Hell feels the smile in sudden light—
 Love can sun the Realms of Night.
 Heavenly o'er the startled Hell,
 Holy, where the Accursed dwell,

O Thracian, went thy silver song!
 Grim Minos, with unconscious tears,
 Melts into mercy as he hears—
 The serpents in Megara's hair,
 Kiss, as they wreath enamour'd there;
 All harmless rests the madding thong;—
 From the torn breast the Vulture mute
 Flies, scared before the charmèd lute—
 Lull'd into sighing from their roar
 The dark waves woo the listening shore—
 Listening the Thracian's silver song!—
 Love was the Thracian's silver song!

*

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like a God may man be;
 Heavenlier through love is the heaven above—
 Through love like a heaven earth can be!

*

Through Nature blossom-strewing,
 One footstep we are viewing,
 One flash from golden pinions!—
 If from Heaven's starry sea,
 If from the moonlit sky;
 If from the Sun's dominions,
 Look'd not Love's laughing eye;
 Then Sun and Moon and Stars would be
 Alike, without one smile for me!
 But, oh, wherever Nature lives
 Below, around, above—
 Her happy eye the mirror gives
 To thy glad beauty, Love!

Love sighs through brooklets silver-clear,
 Love bids their murmur woo the vale;
 Listen, O list! Love's soul ye hear
 In his own earnest nightingale.
 No sound from Nature ever stirs,
 But Love's sweet voice is heard with hers!
 Bold Wisdom, with her sunlit eye,
 Retreats when Love comes whispering by—
 For Wisdom's weak to love!
 To victor stern or monarch proud,
 Imperial Wisdom never bow'd
 The knee she bows to Love!
 Who through the steep and starry sky,
 Goes onward to the gods on high,
 Before thee, hero-brave?
 Who halves for thee the land of Heaven;
 Who shows thy heart, Elysium, given
 Through the flame-rended Grave?
 Below, if we were blind to Love,
 Say, should we soar o'er Death, above?
 Would the weak soul, did Love forsake her,
 E'er gain the wing to seek the Maker?
 Love, only Love, can guide the creature
 Up to the Father-fount of Nature;
 What were the soul did Love forsake her?
 Love guides the Mortal to the Maker!

*

Blessed through love are the Gods above—
 Through love like a God may man be:

Heavenlier through love is the heaven above,
Through love like a heaven earth can be!

FANTASIE TO LAURA.

What, Laura, say, the vortex that can draw
Body to body in its strong control;
Beloved Laura, what the charmed law
That to the soul attracting plucks the soul?
It is the charm that rolls the stars on high,
For ever round the sun's majestic blaze—
When, gay as children round their parent, fly
Their circling dances in delighted maze.
Still, every star that glides its gladsome course,
Thirstily drinks the luminous golden rain;
Drinks the fresh vigour from the fiery source,
As limbs imbibe life's motion from the brain;
With sunny motes, the sunny motes united
Harmonious lustre both receive and give,
Love spheres with spheres still interchange delighted,
Only through love the starry systems live.
Take love from Nature's universe of wonder,
Each jarring each, rushes the mighty All.
See, back to Chaos shock'd, Creation thunder;
Weep, starry Newton—weep the giant fall!
Take from the spiritual scheme that Power away,
And the still'd body shrinks to Death's abode.
Never—love *not*—would blooms revive for May,
And, love extinct, all life were dead to God.
And what the charm that at my Laura's kiss,
Pours the diviner brightness to the cheek;
Makes the heart bound more swiftly to its bliss,
And bids the rushing blood the magnet seek—
Out from their bounds swell nerve, and pulse, and sense,
The veins in tumult would their shores o'erflow;
Body to body rapt—and charmed thence,
Soul drawn to soul with intermingled glow.
Mighty alike to sway the flow and ebb
Of the inanimate Matter, or to move
The nerves that weave the Arachnean web
Of Sentient Life—rules all-pervading Love!
Ev'n in the Moral World, embrace and meet
Emotions—Gladness clasps the extreme of Care;
And Sorrow, at the worst, upon the sweet
Breast of young Hope, is thaw'd from its despair.
Of sister-kin to melancholy Woe,
Voluptuous Pleasure comes, and with the birth
Of her gay children, (golden Wishes,) lo,
Night flies, and sunshine settles on the earth!*

* Literally, "the eye beams its sun-splendour," or, "beams like a sun." For the construction that the Translator has put upon the original (which is extremely obscure) in the preceding lines of the stanza, he is indebted to Mr Carlyle. The general meaning of the Poet is, that Love rules all things in the inanimate or animate creation; that, even in the moral world, opposite emotions or principles meet and embrace each other. The idea is pushed into an extravagance natural to the youth,

The same great Law of Sympathy is given
 To Evil as to Good, and if we swell
 The dark account that life incurs with Heaven,
 'Tis that our Vices are thy Wooers, Hell!
 In turn those Vices are embraced by Shame
 And fell Remorse, the twin Eumenides.
 Danger still clings in fond embrace to Fame,
 Mounts on her wing, and flies where'er she flees.
 Destruction marries its dark self to Pride,
 Envy to Fortune: when Desire most charms,
 'Tis that her brother Death is by her side,
 For him she opens those voluptuous arms.
 The very Future to the Past but flies
 Upon the wings of Love—as I to thee;
 O, long swift Saturn, with unceasing sighs,
 Hath sought his distant bride, Eternity!
 When—so I heard the oracle declare—
 When Saturn once shall clasp that bride sublime,
 Wide-blazing worlds shall light his nuptials there—
 'Tis thus Eternity shall wed with Time.
 In *those* shall be *our* nuptials! ours to share
 That bridenight, waken'd by no jealous sun;
 Since Time, Creation, Nature, but declare
 Love—in our love rejoice, Beloved One!

TO THE SPRING.

Welcome, gentle Stripling,
 Nature's darling, thou—
 With thy basket full of blossoms,
 A happy welcome now!
 Aha!—and thou returnest,
 Heartily we greet thee—
 The loving and the fair one,
 Merrily we meet thee!
 Think'st thou of my Maiden
 In thy heart of glee?
 I love her yet the Maiden—
 And the Maiden yet loves me!
 For the Maiden, many a blossom
 I begg'd—and not in vain;
 I came again, a-begging,
 And thou—thou giv'st again:
 Welcome, gentle stripling,
 Nature's darling thou—
 With thy basket full of blossoms,
 A happy welcome, now!

and redeemed by the passion, of the Author. But the connecting links are so slender, nay, so frequently omitted, in the original, that a certain degree of paraphrase in many of the stanzas is absolutely necessary to supply them, and render the general sense and spirit of the poem intelligible to the English reader.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SALMON AND SEA-TROUT.

The salmon is undoubtedly the finest and most magnificent of our fresh-water fishes, or rather of those *anadromous* kinds which, in accordance with the succession of the seasons, seek alternately the briny sea and the "rivers of water." It is also the most important, both in a commercial and culinary point of view, as well as the most highly prized by the angler as an object of exciting recreation. Notwithstanding these and other long-continued claims upon our consideration, a knowledge of its natural history and habits has developed itself so slowly, that little or nothing was precisely ascertained till very recently regarding either its early state or its eventual changes. The salmon-trout, in certain districts of almost equal value with the true salmon, was also but obscurely known to naturalists, most of whom, in truth, are too apt to satisfy themselves rather by the extension than the increase of knowledge. They hand down to posterity, in their barren technicalities, a great deal of what is neither new nor true, even in relation to subjects which lie within the sphere of ordinary observation,—to birds and beasts, which almost dwell among us, and give utterance, by articulate or intelligible sounds, to a vast variety of instinctive, and as it were explanatory emotions:—what marvel, then, that they should so often fail to inform us of what we desire to know regarding the silent, because voiceless, inhabitants of the world of waters?

But that which naturalists have been unable to accomplish, has, so far as concerns the two invaluable species just alluded to, been achieved by others with no pretension to the name; and we now propose to present our readers with a brief sketch of what we conceive to be the completed biography of salmon and sea-trout. In stating that our information has been almost entirely derived from the researches of practical men, we wish it to be understood, and shall afterwards endeavour to demonstrate, that these researches have, neverthe-

less, been conducted upon those inductive principles which are so often characteristic of natural acuteness of perception, when combined with candour of mind and honesty of purpose. We believe it to be the opinion of many, that statements by comparatively uneducated persons are less to be relied upon than those of men of science. It may, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to define in all cases what really constitutes a man of science. Many sensible people suppose, that if a person pursues an original truth, and obtains it—that is, if he ascertains a previously unknown or obscure fact of importance, and states his observations with intelligence—he is entitled to that character, whatever his station may be. For ourselves, we would even say that if his researches are truly valuable, he is himself all the more a man of science in proportion to the difficulties or disadvantages by which his position in life may be surrounded.

The development and early growth of salmon, from the ovum to the smolt, were first successfully investigated by Mr John Shaw of Drumlanrig, one of the Duke of Buccleuch's gamekeepers in the south of Scotland. Its subsequent progress from the smolt to the adult condition, through the transitional state of grilse, has been more recently traced, with corresponding care, by Mr Andrew Young of Invershin, the manager of the Duke of Sutherland's fisheries in the north. Although the fact of the parr being the young of the salmon had been vaguely surmised by many, and it was generally admitted that the smaller fish were never found to occur except in streams or tributaries to which the grown salmon had, in some way, the power of access, yet all who have any acquaintance with the works of naturalists, will acknowledge that the parr was universally described as a distinct species. It is equally certain that all who have written upon the subject of smolts or salmon-fry, maintained that these grew rapidly in fresh water, and made their way to the sea

On the Growth of Grilse and Salmon. By Mr Andrew Young, Invershin, Sutherlandshire. (Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Vol. XV. Part III.) Edinburgh, 1843.

On the Growth and Migrations of the Sea-Trout of the Solway. By Mr John Shaw, Drumlanrig. (*Ibid.*) Edinburgh, 1843.

in the course of a few weeks after they were hatched.

Now, Mr Shaw's discovery in relation to these matters is in a manner twofold; first,—he ascertained by a lengthened series of rigorous and frequently-repeated experimental observations, that parr are the early state of salmon, being afterwards converted into smolts; secondly,—he proved that such conversion does not, under ordinary circumstances, take place until the second spring ensuing that in which the hatching has occurred, by which time the young are *two years old*. The fact is, that during early spring there are three distinct broods of parr or young salmon in our rivers.

1st, We have those which, recently excluded from the ova, are still invisible to common eyes; or, at least, are inconspicuous or unobservable. Being weak, in consequence of their recent emergence from the egg, and of extremely small dimensions, they are unable to withstand the rapid flow of water, and so betake themselves to the gentler eddies, and frequently enter "into the small hollows produced in the shingle by the hoofs of horses which have passed the fords." In these and similar resting-places, our little natural philosophers, instinctively aware that the current of a stream is less below than above, and along the sides than in the centre, remain for several months during spring, and the earlier portion of the summer, till they gain such an increase of size and strength as enables them to spread themselves abroad over other portions of the river, especially those shallow places where the bottom is composed of fine gravel. But at this time their shy and shingle-seeking habits in a great measure screen them from the observance of the uninitiated.

2dly, We have likewise, during the spring season, parr which have just completed their first year. As these have gained little or no accession of size during the winter months, owing to the low temperature both of the air and water, and the consequent deficiency of insect food, their dimensions are scarcely greater than at the end of the preceding October: that is, they measure in length little more than three inches.—(N.B. The old belief was that they grew nine inches in about three weeks, and as suddenly sought the turmoil of the sea.) They increase, however, in size as the summer

advances, and are then the declared and admitted parr of anglers and other men.

3dly, Simultaneously with the two preceding broods, our rivers are inhabited during March and April by parr which have completed their second year. These measure six or seven inches in length, and in the months of April and May they assume the fine silvery aspect which characterizes their migratory condition,—in other words, they are converted into smolts, (the admitted fry of salmon,) and immediately make their way towards the sea.

Now, the fundamental error which pervaded the views of previous observers of the subject, consisted in the sudden sequence which they chose to establish between the hatching of the ova in early spring, and the speedy appearance of the acknowledged salmon-fry in their lustrous dress of blue and silver. Observing, in the first place, the hatching of the ova, and, ere long, the seaward migration of the smolts, they imagined these two facts to take place in the relation of immediate or connected succession; whereas they had no more to do with each other than an infant in the nursery has to do with his elder, though not very ancient, brother, who may be going to school. The rapidity with which the two-year-old parr are converted into smolts, and the timid habits of the new-hatched fry, which render them almost entirely invisible during the first few months of their existence,—these two circumstances combined, have no doubt induced the erroneous belief that the silvery smolts were the actual produce of the very season in which they are first observed in their migratory dress: that is, that they were only a few weeks old, instead of being upwards of two years. It is certainly singular, however, that no enquirer of the old school should have ever bethought himself of the mysterious fate of the two-year-old parr, (supposing them not to be young salmon,) none of which, of course, are visible after the smolts have taken their departure to the sea. If the two fish, it may be asked, are not identical, how does it happen that the one so constantly disappears along with the other? Yet no one alleges that he has ever seen parr, *as such*, making a journey towards the sea. "They cannot do so," says Mr Shaw, "because they

have been previously converted into smolts."

Mr Shaw's investigations were carried on for a series of years, both on the fry as it existed naturally in the river, and on captive broods produced from ova deposited by adult salmon, and conveyed to ingeniously-constructed experimental ponds, in which the excluded young were afterwards nourished till they threw off the livery of the parr, and underwent their final conversion into smolts. When this latter change took place, the migratory instinct became so strong that many of them, after searching in vain to escape from their prison—the little streamlet of the pond being barred by fine wire gratings—threw themselves by a kind of parabolic somerset upon the bank and perished. But, previous to this, he had repeatedly observed and recorded the slowly progressive growth to which we have alluded. The value of the parr, then, and the propriety of a judicious application of our statutory regulations to the preservation of that small, and, as hitherto supposed, insignificant fish, will be obvious without further comment.*

Having now exhibited the progress of the salmon fry from the ovum to the smolt, our next step shall be to show the connexion of the latter with the grilse. As no experimental observations regarding the future dimensions of the *détenu*s of the ponds could be regarded as legitimate in relation to the usual increase of the species, (any more than we could judge of the growth of a young English guardsman in the prisons of Verdun,) after the period of their natural migration to the sea, and as Mr Shaw's distance from the salt water—twenty-five miles, we believe, windings included—debarred his carrying on his investigations much further with advantage, he wisely turned his attention to a different, though cognate subject, to which

we shall afterwards refer. We are, however, fortunately enabled to proceed with our history of the adolescent salmon by means of another ingenious observer already named, Mr Andrew Young of Invershin.

It had always been the prevailing belief that smolts grew rapidly into grilse, and the latter into salmon. But as soon as we became assured of the gross errors of naturalists, and all other observers, regarding the progress of the fry in fresh water, and how a few weeks had been substituted for a period of a couple of years, it was natural that considerate people should suspect that equal errors might pervade the subsequent history of this important species. It appears, however, that *marine* influence (in whatever way it works) does indeed exercise a most extraordinary effect upon those migrants from our upland streams, and that the extremely rapid transit of a smolt to a grilse, and of the latter to an adult salmon, is strictly true. Although Mr Young's labours in this department differ from Mr Shaw's, in being rather confirmatory than original, we consider them of great value, as reducing the subject to a systematic form, and impressing it with the force and clearness of the most successful demonstration.

Mr Young's first experiments were commenced as far back as 1836, and were originally undertaken with a view to show whether the salmon of each particular river, after descending to the sea, returned again to their original spawning-beds, or whether, as some supposed, the main body, returning coastwards from their feeding grounds in more distant parts of the ocean, and advancing along our island shores, were merely thrown into, or induced to enter, estuaries and rivers by accidental circumstances; and that the numbers obtained in these latter localities thus depended mainly on

* Mr Shaw's researches include some curious physiological and other details, for an exposition of which our pages are not appropriate. But we shall here give the titles of his former papers. "An Account of some Experiments and Observations on the Parr, and on the Ova of the Salmon, proving the Parr to be the Young of the Salmon."—*Edinburgh New Phil. Journ.* vol. xxi. p. 99. "Experiments on the Development and Growth of the Fry of the Salmon, from the Exclusion of the Ovum to the Age of Six Months."—*Ibid.* vol. xxiv. p. 165. "Account of Experimental Observations on the Development and Growth of Salmon Fry, from the Exclusion of the Ova to the Age of Two Years."—*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xiv. part ii. (1840.) The reader will find an abstract of these discoveries in the No. of this Magazine for April 1840.

wind and weather, or other physical conditions, being suitable to their upward progress at the time of their nearing the mouths of the fresher waters. To settle this point, he caught and marked all the spawned fish which he could obtain in the course of the winter months during their sojourn in the rivers. As soon as he had hauled the fish ashore, he made peculiar marks in their caudal fins by means of a pair of nipping-irons, and immediately threw them back into the water. In the course of the following fishing season great numbers were recaptured on their return from the sea, each in its own river bearing its peculiar mark. "We have also," Mr Young informs us, "another proof of the fact, that the different breeds or races of salmon continue to revisit their native streams. You are aware that the river Shin falls into the Oykel at Invershin, and that the conjoined waters of these rivers, with the Carron and other streams, form the estuary of the Oykel, which flows into the more open sea beyond, or eastwards of the bar, below the Gizzen Brigs. Now, were the salmon which enter the mouth of the estuary at the bar thrown in merely by accident or chance, we should expect to find the fish of all the various rivers which form the estuary of the same average weight; for, if it were a mere matter of chance, then a mixture of small and great would occur indifferently in each of the interior streams. But the reverse of this is the case. The salmon in the Shin will average from seventeen pounds to eighteen pounds in weight, while those of the Oykel scarcely attain an average of half that weight. I am, therefore, quite satisfied, as well by having marked spawned fish descending to the sea, and caught them ascending the same river, and bearing that river's mark, as by a long-continued general observation of the weight, size, and even something of the form, that every river has its own breed, and that breed continues, till captured and killed, to return from year to year into its native stream."

We have heard of a partial excep-

tion to this instinctive habit, which, however, essentially confirms the rule. We are informed that a Shin salmon (recognized as such by its shape and size) was, on a certain occasion, captured in the river Conon, a fine stream which flows into the upper portion of the neighbouring Frith of Cromarty. It was marked and returned to the river, and was taken *next day* in its native stream the Shin, having, on discovering its mistake, descended the Cromarty Frith, skirted the intermediate portion of the outer coast by Tarbet Ness, and ascended the estuary of the Oykel. The distance may be about sixty miles. On the other hand, we are informed by a Sutherland correspondent of a fact of another nature, which bears strongly upon the pertinacity with which these fine fish endeavour to regain their spawning ground. By the side of the river Helmsdale there was once a portion of an old channel forming an angular bend with the actual river. In summer, it was only partially filled by a detached or landlocked pool, but in winter, a more lively communication was renewed by the superabounding waters. This old channel was, however, not only resorted to by salmon as a piece of spawning ground during the colder season of the year, but was sought for again instinctively in summer during their upward migration, when there was no water running through it. The fish being, of course, unable to attain their object, have been seen, after various aerial boundings, to fall, in the course of their exertions, upon the dry gravel bank between the river and the pool of water, where they were picked up by the considerate natives.

No sooner had Mr Young satisfied himself that the produce of a river invariably returned to that river after descending to the sea, than he commenced his operations upon the smolts—taking up the subject where it was unavoidably left off by Mr Shaw.* His long-continued superintendence of the Duke of Sutherland's fisheries in the north of Scotland, and his peculiar position as residing almost within a few yards of the noted river Shin, afforded advantages of which he was

* Mr Young has, however, likewise repeated and confirmed Mr Shaw's earlier experiments regarding the slow growth of salmon fry in fresh water, and the conversion of parr into smolts. We may add, that Sir William Jardine, a distinguished Ichthyologist and experienced angler, has also corroborated Mr Shaw's observations,

not slow to make assiduous use. He has now performed numerous and varied experiments, and finds that, notwithstanding the slow growth of parr in fresh water, "such is the influence of the sea as a more enlarged and salubrious sphere of life, that the very smolts which descend into it from the rivers in spring, ascend into the fresh waters in the course of the immediate summer as grilse, varying in size in proportion to the length of their stay in salt water."

For example, in the spring of 1837, Mr Young marked a great quantity of descending smolts, by making a perforation in their caudal fins with a small pair of nipping-irons constructed for the purpose, and in the ensuing months of June and July he recap-

tured a considerable number on their return to the rivers, all in the condition of grilse, and varying from 3lbs. to 8lbs., "according to the time which had elapsed since their first departure from the fresh water, or, in other words, the length of their sojourn in the sea." In the spring of 1842, he likewise marked a number of descending smolts, by clipping off what is called the adipose fin upon the back. In the course of the ensuing June and July, he caught them returning up the river, bearing his peculiar mark, and agreeing with those of 1837 both in respect to size, and the relation which that size bore to the lapse of time.

The following list from Mr Young's note-book, affords a few examples of the rate of growth:—

List of Smolts marked in the River, and recaptured as Grilse on their first ascent from the Sea.

Period of marking.	Period of recapture.	Weight when retaken.
1842. April and May.	1842. June 28.	4 lb.
... ..	July 15.	5 lb.
... ..	... 15.	5 lb.
... ..	... 25.	7 lb.*
... ..	... 25.	5 lb.
... ..	... 30.	3½ lb.*

We may now proceed to consider the final change,—that of the grilse into the adult salmon. We have just seen that smolts return to the rivers as grilse, (of the weights above noted,) during the summer and autumn of the same season in which they had descended for the first time to the sea. Such as seek the rivers in the earlier part of summer are of small size, because they have sojourned for but a short time in the sea:—such as abide in the sea till autumn, attain of course a larger size. But it appears to be an established, though till now an unknown fact, that with the exception of the early state of parr, in which the growth has been shown to be extremely slow, salmon actually never do grow in fresh

water at all, either as grilse or in the adult state. All their growth in these two most important later stages, takes place during their sojourn in the sea. "Not only," says Mr Young, "is this the case, but I have also ascertained that they actually decrease in dimensions after entering the river, and that the higher they ascend the more they deteriorate both in weight and quality. In corroboration of this I may refer to the extensive fisheries of the Duke of Sutherland, where the fish of each station of the same river are kept distinct from those of another station, and where we have had ample proof that salmon habitually decrease in weight in proportion to their time and distance from the sea."†

* These two specimens are now preserved in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

† The existence in the rivers during spring, of grilse which have spawned, and which weigh only three or four pounds, is itself a conclusive proof of this retardation of growth in fresh water. These fish had *run*, as anglers say—that is, had entered the rivers about midsummer of the preceding year—and yet had made no progress

Mr Young commenced marking grilse, with a view to ascertain that they became salmon, as far back as 1837, and has continued to do so ever since, though never two seasons with the same mark. We shall here record only the results of the two preceding years. In the spring of 1841, he marked a number of spawned grilse soon after the conclusion of the spawning period. Taking his "net and coble," he fished the river for the special purpose, and all the spawned grilse of 4 lb. weight were marked by putting a peculiarly twisted piece of wire through the dorsal fin. They were immediately thrown into the river, and of course disappeared, making their way downwards with other spawned fish towards the sea. "In the course of the next summer we

again caught several of those fish which we had thus marked with wire as 4 lb. grilse, grown in the short period of four or five months into beautiful full-formed salmon, ranging from 9 lb. to 14 lb. in weight, the difference still depending on the length of their sojourn in the sea."

In January 1842, he repeated the same process of marking 4 lb. grilse which had spawned, and were therefore about to seek the sea; but, instead of placing the wire in the back fin, he this year fixed it in the upper lobe of the tail, or caudal fin. On their return from the sea, he caught many of these quondam grilse converted into salmon as before. The following lists will serve to illustrate the rate of growth:—

List of Grilse marked after having spawned, and re-captured as Salmon, on their second ascent from the Sea.

Period of marking.	Period of recapture.	Weight when marked.	Weight when retaken.
1841. Feb. 18.	1841. June 23.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.
... 18.	... 23.	4 lbs.	11 lbs.
... 18.	... 25.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.
... 18.	... 25.	4 lbs.	10 lbs.
... 18.	July 27.	4 lbs.	13 lbs.
... 18.	... 28.	4 lbs.	10 lbs.
March 4.	July 1.	4 lbs.	12 lbs.
... 4.	... 1.	4 lbs.	14 lbs.
... 4.	... 27.	4 lbs.	12 lbs.
1842. Jan. 29.	1842. July 4.	4 lbs.	8 lbs.*
... 29.	... 14.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.*
... 29.	... 14.	4 lbs.	8 lbs.
March 8.	... 23.	4 lbs.	9 lbs.
Jan. 29.	... 29.	4 lbs.	11 lbs.
March 8.	Aug. 4.	4 lbs.	10 lbs.
Jan. 29.	... 11.	4 lbs.	12 lbs.

During both these seasons, Mr Young informs us, he caught far more marked grilse returning with the form and attributes of perfect salmon, than

are recorded in the preceding lists. "In many specimens the wires had been torn from the fins, either by the action of the nets or other casualties;

Had they remained in the sea till autumn, their size on entering the fresh waters would have been much greater; or had they spawned early in winter, and descended speedily to the sea, they might have returned again to the river in spring as *small salmon*, while their more sluggish brethren of the same age were still in the streams under the form of grilse. All their growth, then, seems to take place during their sojourn in the sea, usually from eight to twelve weeks. The length of time spent in the salt waters, by grilse and salmon which have spawned, corresponds nearly to the time during which smolts remain in these waters; the former two returning as *clean salmon*, the last-named making their first appearance in our rivers as grilse.

* These two specimens, with their wire marks *in situ*, may now be seen in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

and, although I could myself recognise distinctly that they were the fish I had marked, I kept no note of them. All those recorded in my lists returned and were captured with the twisted wires complete, the same as the specimens transmitted for your examination."

We agree with Mr Young in thinking that the preceding facts, viewed in connexion with Mr Shaw's prior observations, entitle us to say, that we are now well acquainted with the history and habits of the salmon, and its usual rate of growth from the ovum to the adult state. The young are hatched after a period which admits of considerable range, according to the temperature of the season, or the modifying character of special localities.* They usually burst the capsule of the egg in 90 to 100 days after deposition, but they still continue for a considerable time beneath the gravel, with the yolk or vitelline portion of the egg adhering to the body; and from this appendage, which Mr Shaw likens to a red currant, they probably derive their sole nourishment for several weeks. But though the lapse of 140 or even 150 days from the period of deposition is frequently required to perfect the form of these little fishes, which even then measure scarcely more than an inch in length, their subsequent growth is still extremely slow; and the silvery aspect of the smolt is seldom assumed till after the expiry of a couple of years. The great mass of these smolts descend to the sea during the months of April and May,—the varying range of the spawning and hatching season carrying with it a somewhat corresponding range in the assumption of the first signal change, and the consequent movement to the sea. They return under the greatly enlarged form of grilse, as already stated, and these grilse spawn that same season in common with the salmon, and then both the one and the other re-descend into the sea in the course of the winter or ensuing spring. They all return again to the rivers sooner or later, in accordance, as we believe, with the time they had previously left it after spawning, early or late. The grilse

have now become salmon by the time of their second ascent from the sea; and no further change takes place in their character or attributes, except that such as survive the snares of the fishermen, the wily chambers of the cruives, the angler's gaudy hook, or the poacher's spear, continue to increase in size from year to year. Such, however, is now the perfection of our fisheries, and the facilities for conveying this princely species even from our northern rivers, and the "distant islands of the sea," to the luxurious cities of more populous districts, that we greatly doubt if any salmon ever attains a good old age, or is allowed to die a natural death. We are not possessed of sufficient data from which to judge either of their natural term of life, or of their ultimate increase of size. They are occasionally, though rarely, killed in Britain of the weight of forty and even fifty pounds. In the comparatively unfished rivers of Scandinavia large salmon are much more frequent, although the largest we ever heard of was an English fish which came into the possession of Mr Groves, of Bond Street. It was a female, and weighed eighty-three pounds. In the year 1841, Mr Young marked a few spawned salmon along with his grilse, employing as a distinctive mark copper wire instead of brass. One of these, weighing twelve pounds, was marked on the 4th of March, and was recaptured on returning from the sea on the 10th of July, weighing eighteen pounds. But as we know not whether it made its way to the sea immediately after being marked, we cannot accurately infer the rate of increase. It probably becomes slower every year, after the assumption of the adult state. Why the salmon of one river should greatly exceed the average weight of those of another into which it flows, is a problem which we cannot solve. The fact, for example, of the river Shin flowing from a large lake, with a course of only a few miles, into the Oykel, although it accounts for its being an *early* river, owing to the receptive depth, and consequently higher temperature of its great nursing mo-

* Mr Shaw, for example, states the following various periods as those which he found to elapse between the deposition of the ova and the hatching of the fry—90, 101, 108, and 131 days. In the last instance, the average temperature of the river for eight weeks, had not exceeded 33°.

ther, Loch Shin, in no way, so far at least as we can see, explains the great size of the Shin fish, which are taken in scores of twenty pounds' weight. They have little or nothing to do with the loch itself, haunting habitually the brawling stream, and spawning in the shallower fords, at some distance up, but still below the great basin;* and there are no physical peculiarities which in any way distinguish the Shin from many other lake-born northern rivers, where salmon do not average half the size.

Leaving the country of the *Morer Chatt* (the Celtic title of the Earls of Sutherland) we shall now return to the retainer of the "bold Buccleuch." We have already mentioned that Mr Shaw, having so successfully illustrated the early history of salmon, next turned his attention to a cognate subject, that of the sea-trout (*Salmo-trutta*?). Although no positive observations of any value, anterior to those now before us, had been made upon this species, it is obvious that as soon as his discoveries regarding salmon fry had afforded, as it were, the key to this portion of nature's secrets, it was easy for any one to infer that the old notions regarding the former fish were equally erroneous. Various modifications of these views took place accordingly; but no one ascertained the truth by observation. Mr Shaw was, therefore, entitled to proceed as if the matter were solely in his own hands; and he makes no mention either of the "vain imaginations" of Dr Knox, the more careful compilation of Mr Yarrell, or the still closer, but by no means approximate calculations of Richard Parnell, M. D. In this he has acted wisely, seeing that his own essay professes to be simply a statement of facts, and not an historical exposition of the progress of error.

It would, indeed, have been singular if two species, in many respects so closely allied in their general structure and economy, had been found to differ very materially in any essential point. It now appears, however, that Mr

Shaw's original discovery of the slow growth of salmon fry in fresh water, applies equally to sea-trout; and, indeed, his observations on the latter are valuable not only in themselves, but as confirmatory of his remarks upon the former species. The same principle has been found to regulate the growth and migrations of both, and Mr Shaw's two contributions thus mutually strengthen and support each other.

The sea trout is well known to anglers as one of the liveliest of all the fishes subject to his lure. Two species are supposed by naturalists to haunt our rivers—*Salmo eriox*, the bull trout of the Tweed, comparatively rare on the western and northern coasts of Scotland, and *Salmo trutta*, commonly called the sea or white trout, but, like the other species, also known under a variety of provincial names, somewhat vaguely applied. In its various and progressive stages, it passes under the names of fry, smolt, orange-fish, phinock, herling, whiting, sea-trout, and salmon-trout. It is likewise the "Fordwich trout" of Izaak Walton, described by that poetical old piscator as "rare good meat." As an article of diet it indeed ranks next to the salmon, and is much superior in that respect to its near relation, *S. eriox*. It is taken in the more seaward pools of our northern rivers, sometimes in several hundreds at a single haul; and vast quantities, after being boiled, and hermetically sealed in tin cases, are extensively consumed both in our home and foreign markets. But, notwithstanding its great commercial value, naturalists have failed to present us with any accurate account of its consecutive history from the ovum to the adult state. This desideratum we are now enabled to supply through Mr Shaw.

On the 1st of November 1839, this ingenious observer perceived a pair of sea-trouts engaged together in depositing their spawn among the gravel of one of the tributaries of the river Nith, and being unprovided at the

* If we are rightly informed, salmon were not in the habit of spawning in the rivulets which run into Loch Shin, till under the direction of Lord Francis Egerton some full-grown fish were carried there previous to the breeding season. These spawned; and their produce, as was to be expected, after descending to the sea, returned in due course, and, making their way through the loch, ascended their native tributaries.

moment with any apparatus for their capture, he had recourse to his fowling-piece. Watching the moment when they lay parallel to each other, he fired across the heads of the devoted pair, and immediately secured them both, although, as it afterwards appeared, rather by the influence of concussion than the more immediate action of the shot. They were about six inches under water. Having obtained a sufficient supply of the impregnated spawn, he removed it in a bag of wire gauze to his experimental ponds. At this period the temperature of the water was about 47° , but in the course of the winter it ranged a few degrees lower. By the fortieth day the embryo-fish were visible to the naked eye, and, on the 14th January, (seventy-five days after deposition,) the fry were excluded from the egg. At this early period, the brood exhibit no perceptible difference from that of the salmon, except that they are somewhat smaller, and of paler hue. In two months they were an inch long, and had then assumed those lateral markings so characteristic of the young of all the known *Salmonide*. They increased in size slowly, measuring only three inches in length by the month of October, at which time they were nine months old. In January 1841, they had increased to three and a half inches, exhibiting a somewhat defective condition during the winter months, in one or more of which, Mr Shaw seems to think, they scarcely grow at all. We need not here go through the entire detail of these experiments.* In October (twenty-one months) they measured six inches in length, and had lost those lateral bars, or transverse markings, which characterise the general family in their early state. At this period they greatly resembled certain varieties of the common river-trout, and the males had now attained the age of sexual completion, although none of the fe-

males had matured the roe. This physiological fact is also observable in the true salmon. In the month of May, three-fourths of the brood (being now upwards of two years old, and seven inches long) assumed the fine clear silvery lustre which characterises the migratory condition, being thus converted into smolts, closely resembling those of salmon in their general aspect, although easily to be distinguished by the orange tips of the pectoral fins, and other characters with which we shall not here afflict our readers.

The natural economy of the sea-trout thus far approximates that of the genuine salmon, but with the following exception. Mr Shaw is of opinion that about one fourth of each brood never assume the silvery lustre; and, as they are never seen to migrate in a dusky state towards the sea, he infers that a certain portion of the species may be permanent residents in fresh water.† In this respect, then, they resemble the river-trout, and afford an example of those numerous gradations, both of form and instinct, which compose the harmonious chain of nature's perfect kingdom. In support of this power of adaptation to fresh water possessed by sea-trout, Mr Shaw refers to a statement by the late Dr McCulloch, that these fish had become permanent inhabitants of a loch in the island of Lismore, Argyllshire. Similar facts have been recorded by other naturalists, though, upon the whole, in a somewhat vague and inconclusive manner. We have it in our power to mention a very marked example. When certain springs were conducted, about twenty years ago, from the slopes of the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh, into that city, which Dr Johnson regarded as by no means abundantly supplied with the "pure element of water," it was necessary to compensate the mill-owners by another supply. Accordingly a valley, (the supposed scene of Allan Ramsay's

* A complete series of specimens, from the day of hatching till about the middle of the sixth year, has been deposited by Mr Shaw in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

† Mr Shaw informs us, moreover, that if those individuals which have assumed the silvery lustre be forcibly detained for a month or two in fresh water, they will resume the coloured coating which they formerly bore. The captive females, he adds, manifested symptoms of being in a breeding state by the beginning of the autumn of their third year. They were, in truth, at this time as old as *herlings*, though not of corresponding size, owing to the entire absence of marine agency.

"Gentle Shepherd,") through which there flowed a small stream, had a great embankment thrown across it. After this operation, of course the waters of the upper portion of the stream speedily rose to a level with the sluices, thus forming a small lake, commonly called the "Compensation Pond." The flow of water now escapes by throwing itself over the outer side of the embankment, which is lofty and precipitous, in the form of a cataract, up which no fish can possibly ascend. Yet in the pond itself we have recently ascertained the existence of sea-trout in a healthy state, although such as we have examined, being young, were of small size. These attributes, however, were all the more important as proving the breeding condition of the parents in a state of prolonged captivity. It is obvious that sea-trout must have made their way (in fulfilment of their natural migratory instinct) into the higher portions of the stream prior to the completion of the obstructing dam; and as none could have ascended since, it follows that the individuals in question (themselves and their descendants) must have lived and bred in fresh water, without access to the sea, for a continuous period of nearly twenty years. This is not only a curious fact in the natural history of the species, but it is one of some importance in an economical point of view. Sea-trout, as an article of diet, are much more valuable than river-trout; and if it can be ascertained that they breed freely, and live healthily, without the necessity of access to the sea, it would then become the duty, as it would doubtless be the desire, of those engaged in the construction of artificial ponds, to stock those receptacles rather with the former than the latter.*

Having narrated the result of Mr Shaw's experiment up to the migra-

tory state of his brood, we shall now refer to the further progress of the species. This, of course, we can only do by turning our attention to the corresponding condition of the fry in their natural places in the river. So far back as the 9th of May 1836, our observer noticed salmon fry descending seawards, and he took occasion to capture a considerable number by admitting them into the salmon cruive. On examination, he found about one-fifth of each shoal to be what he considered sea-trout. Wisely regarding this as a favourable opportunity of ascertaining to what extent they would afterwards "suffer a sea change," he marked all the smolts of that species (about ninety in number) by cutting off the whole of the adipose fin, and three-quarters of the dorsal. At a distance, by the course of the river, of twenty-five miles from the sea, he was not sanguine of recapturing many of these individuals, and in this expectation he was not agreeably surprised by any better success than he expected. However, on the 16th of July, exactly eighty days afterwards, he recaptured as a *herling* (the next progressive stage) an individual bearing the marks he had inflicted on the young sea-trout in the previous May. It measured twelve inches in length, and weighed ten ounces. As the average weight of the migrating fry is about three and a half ounces, it had thus gained an increase of six and a half ounces in about eighty days' residence in salt water, supposing it to have descended to the sea immediately after its markings were imposed. In this condition of *herlings* or *phinocks*, young sea-trout enter many of our rivers in great abundance in the months of July and August.

On the 1st of August 1837—fifteen months after being marked as fry, on its way to the sea—another individual

* Another interesting result may be noticed in connexion with this Compensation Pond. The original streamlet, like most others, was naturally stocked with small "burn-trout," which never exceeded a few ounces in weight, as their ultimate term of growth. But, in consequence of the formation above referred to, and the great increase of their productive feeding-ground, and tranquil places for repose and play, these tiny creatures have, in some instances, attained to an enormous size. We lately examined one which weighed six pounds. It was not a sea-trout, but a common fresh-water one—*Salmo fario*. This strongly exemplifies the conformable nature of fishes; that is, their power of adaptation to a change of external circumstances. It is as if a small Shetland pony, by being turned into a clover field, could be expanded into the gigantic dimensions of a brewer's horse.

was caught, and recognised by the absence of one fin, and the curtailment of another. This specimen, as well as others, had no doubt returned, and escaped detection as a herling, in 1836; but it was born for greater things, and when captured, as above stated, weighed two pounds and a half. "He may be supposed," says Mr Shaw, "to represent pretty correctly the average size of sea-trout on their second migration from the sea." In this state they usually make their appearance in our rivers, (we refer at present particularly to those of Scotland,) in greatest abundance in the months of May and June. This view of the progress of the species clearly accounts for a fact well known to anglers, that in spring and the commencement of summer, larger sea-trout are caught than in July and August, which would not be the case if they were all fish of the same season. But the former are herlings which have descended, after spawning early, to the sea, and returned with the increase just mentioned; the latter were nothing more than smolts in May, and have only once enjoyed the benefit of sea-bathing. They are a year younger than the others.

As herlings (sea-trout in their third year) abounded in the river Nith during the summer of 1834, Mr Shaw marked a great number (524) by cutting off the adipose fin. "During the following summer (1835) I recaptured sixty-eight of the above number as sea-trout, weighing on an average about two and a half pounds. On these I put a second distinct mark, and again returned them to the river, and on the next ensuing summer (1836) I recaptured a portion of them, about one in twenty, averaging a weight of four pounds. I now marked them distinctively for the third time, and once more returned them to the river, also for the third time. On the following season (23d day of August 1837) I recaptured the individual now exhibited, for the fourth time.* It then weighed six pounds." This is indeed an eventful history, and we question if any *Salmo trutta* ever before felt him-

self so often out of his element. However, the individual referred to must undoubtedly be regarded as extremely interesting to the naturalist. It exhibits, at a single glance, the various marks put upon itself and its companions, as they were successively recaptured, from year to year, on their return to the river—viz. 1st, The absence of the adipose fin, (herling of ten or twelve ounces in 1834;) 2dly, One-third part of the dorsal fin removed, (sea-trout of two and a half pounds in 1835;) 3dly, A portion of the anal fin clipped off (large sea-trout of four pounds in 1836.) In the 4th and last place, it shows, in its own proper person, as leader of the forlorn hope of 1837, the state in which it was finally captured and killed, of the weight of six pounds. It was then in its sixth year, and, representing the adult condition of this migratory species, we think it renders further investigation unnecessary.

From these and other experiments of a similar nature, which Mr Shaw has been conducting for many years, he has come to the conclusion, that the small fry called "Orange-fins," which are found journeying to the sea with smolts of the true salmon, are the young of sea-trout of the age of two years;—that the same individuals, after nine or ten weeks' sojourn in salt water, ascend the rivers as herlings, weighing ten or twelve ounces, and on the approach of autumn pass into our smaller tributaries with a view to the continuance of their kind;—that, having spawned, they re-descend into the sea, where their increase of size (about one and a half pound per annum) is almost totally obtained;—and that they return annually, with an accession of size, for several seasons, to the rivers in which their parents gave them birth. In proof of this last point, Mr Shaw informs us, that of the many hundred sea-trout of different ages which he has marked in various modes, he is not aware that even a single individual has ever found its way into any tributary of the Solway, saving that of the river Nith.

* The specimen is preserved in the Museum of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

CALEB STUKELY.

PART THE LAST.

TRANQUILLITY.

THE sudden and unlooked-for appearance of James Temple threw light upon a mystery. Further explanation awaited me in the house from which the unfortunate man had rushed to meet instant death and all its consequences. It will be remembered that, in the narrative of his victim, mention is made of one Mrs Wybrow, with whom the poor girl, upon the loss of her father and of all means of support, obtained a temporary home. It appeared that Frederick Harrington, a few months after his flight, returned secretly to the village, and, at the house of that benevolent woman, made earnest application for his sister. He was then excited and half insane, speaking extravagantly of his views and his intentions in respect of her he came to take away. "She should be a duchess," he said, "and must take precedence of every lady in the land. He was a king himself, and could command it so. He could perform wonders, if he chose to use the power with which he was invested; but he would wait until his sister might reap the benefit of his acquired wealth." In this strain he continued, alarming the placid Mrs Wybrow, who knew not what to do to moderate the wildness and the vehemence of his demeanour. Hoping, however, to appease him, she told him of the good fortune of his sister—how she had obtained a happy home, and how grateful he ought to be to Providence for its kind care of her. Much more she said, only to increase the anger of the man, whose insane pride was roused to fury the moment that he heard his sister was doomed to eat the bread of a dependent. He disdained the assistance of Mrs Temple—swore it was an artifice, a cheat, and that he would drag her from the net into which they had enticed her. When afterwards he learned that it was through the mediation of James Temple that his sister had been provided for, the truth burst instantly upon him, and he foresaw at once all that actually took place. He vowed that he would become himself

the avenger of his sister, and that he would not let her betrayer sleep until he had wrung from him deep atonement for his crime. It was in vain that Mrs Wybrow sought to convince him of his delusion. He would not be advised—he would not listen—he would not linger another moment in the house, but quitted it, wrought to the highest pitch of rage, and speaking only of vengeance on the seducer. He set out for London. Mrs Wybrow, agitated more than she had been at any time since her birth, and herself almost deprived of reason by her fears for the safety of Miss Harrington, James Temple, and the furious lunatic himself, wrote immediately to Emma, then resident in Cambridge, explaining the sad condition of her brother, and warning her of his approach—Emma having already (without acquainting Mrs Wybrow with her fallen state) forwarded her address, with a strict injunction to her humble friend to convey to her all information of her absent brother which she could possibly obtain. The threatened danger was communicated to the lover—darkened his days for a time with anxiety and dread, but ceased as time wore on, and as no visitant appeared to affect the easy tenor of his immoral life. The reader will not have forgotten, perhaps, that when for the first time I beheld James Temple, he was accompanied by an elder brother. It was from the latter, his friend and confidant, that the above particulars, and those which follow in respect of the deceased, were gathered. The house in which, for a second time, I encountered my ancient college friends, was their uncle's. Parents they had none. Of father and of mother both they had been deprived in infancy; and, from that period, their home had been with their relative and guardian. The conduct of one charge, at least, had been from boyhood such as to cause the greatest pain to him who had assumed a parent's cares. Hypocrisy, sensuality, and—for his years and social station—unparalleled dis-

honesty, had characterised James Temple's short career. By some inexplicable tortuosity of mind, with every natural endowment, with every acquired advantage, graced with the borrowed as well as native ornaments of humanity, he found no joy in his inheritance, but sacrificed it all, and crawled through life a gross and earthy man. The seduction of Emma, young as he was when he committed that offence, was, by many, not the first crime for which—not, thank Heaven! without some preparation for his trial—he was called suddenly to answer. As a boy, he had grown aged in vice. It has been stated that he quitted the university the very instant he disencumbered himself of the girl whom he had sacrificed. He crept to the metropolis, and for a time there hid himself. But it was there that he was discovered by Frederick Harrington, who had pursued the destroyer with a perseverance that was indomitable, and scoffed at disappointment. How the lunatic existed no one knew; how he steered clear of transgression and restraint was equally difficult to explain. It was evident enough that he made himself acquainted with the haunts of his former schoolfellow; and, in one of them, he rushed furiously and unexpectedly upon him, affrighting his intended victim, but failing in his purpose of vengeance by the very impetuosity of his assault. Temple escaped. Then it was that the latter, shaken by fear, revealed to his brother the rise and progress of his intimacy with the discarded girl, and, in his extremity, called upon him for advice and help. He could afford him none; and the seducer found himself in the world without an hour's happiness or quiet. What quails so readily as the heartless soul of the sensualist? Who so cowardly as the man only courageous in his oppression of the weak? The spirit of Temple was laid prostrate. He walked, and eat, and slept, in base and dastard fear. Locks and bolts could not secure him from dismal apprehensions. A sound shook him, as the unseen wind makes the tall poplar shudder—a voice struck terror in his ear, and sickness to his recreant heart. He could not be alone—for alarm was heightened by the speaking conscience that pronounced it just. He journeyed from place to place, his brother ever at his

side, and the shadow of the avenger ever stalking in the rear, and impelling the weary wanderer still onward. The health of the sufferer gave way. To preserve his life, he was ordered to the south-western coast. His faithful brother was his companion still. He had not received a week's benefit from the mild and grateful climate—he was scarcely settled in the tranquil village in which they had fixed their residence, before the old terror was made manifest, and hunted the unhappy man away. Whilst sitting at his window, and gazing with something of delight upon the broad and smooth blue sea—for who can look, criminal though he be, upon that glorious sheet in summer time, when the sky is bright with beauty, and the golden sun is high, and not lose somewhat of the heavy sense of guilt—not glow, it may be, with a returning gush of childhood's innocence, long absent, and coming now only to reproach and then depart?—whilst sitting there and thus, the sick man's notice was invited to a crowd of yelling boys, who had amongst them one, the tallest of their number, whom they dragged along for punishment or sport. He was an idiot. Who he was none knew so well as the pale man that looked upon him, who could not drag his eye away, so lost was it in wonder, so transfixed with horror. The invalid remained no longer there. Fast as horses could convey him, he journeyed homeward; and, in the bosom of his natural protectors, he sought for peace he could not gain elsewhere. Here he remained, the slave of fear, the conscience-stricken, diseased in body—almost spent; and here he would have died, had not Providence directed the impotent mind of the imbecile to the spot, and willed it otherwise. I have narrated, as shortly as I might, the history of my earliest college friend, as I received it from his brother's lips. There remain but a few words to say—the pleasantest that I have had to speak of him. James Temple did not die a hardened man. If there be truth in tears, in prayers of penitence that fall from him who stands upon the borders of eternity—who can gain nothing by hypocrisy, and may lose by it the priceless treasure of an immortal soul—if serenity and joy are signs of a repentance spoken, a forgiveness

felt, then Heaven had assuredly been merciful with the culprit, and had remitted his offences, as Heaven can, and will, remit the vilest.

I remained in the village of Belton until I saw all that remained of the schoolfellows deposited in the earth. Their bodies had been easily obtained—that of the idiot, indeed, before life had quitted it. The evening that followed their burial, I passed with William Temple. Many a sad reminiscence occurred to him which he communicated to me without reserve, many a wanton act of coarse licentiousness, many a warning unheeded, laughed at, spurned. It is a mournful pleasure for the mind, as it dwells upon the doings of the departed, to build up its own theories, and to work out a history of what might have been in happier circumstances—a useless history of *ifs*. “If my brother had been looked to when he was young,” said William Temple more than once, “he would have turned out differently. My uncle spoiled him. As a child, he was never corrected. If he wished for a toy, he had but to scream for it. If, at school, he had been fortunate enough to contract his friendships with young men of worth and character, their example would have won him to rectitude, for he was always a lad easily led.” And again, “If he had but listened to the advice which, when it would have served him, I did not fail daily and hourly to offer him, he might have lived for years, and been respected—for many know, I lost no opportunity to draw him from his course of error.” Alas! how vain, how idle was this talk—how little it could help the clod that was already crumbling in the earth—the soul already at the judgment-seat; yet with untiring earnestness the brother persisted in this strain, and with every new hypothesis found fresh satisfaction. There was more reason for gratification when, at the close of the evening, the surviving relative turned from his barren discourse and referred to the last days of the deceased. There was comfort and consolation to the living in the evidences which he produced of his most blessed change. It was a joy to me to hear of his repentance, and to listen to the terms in which he made it known. I did not easily forget them. I journeyed homeward. When I arrived at the house of Doctor Mayhew, I was surprised to

find how little I could remember of the country over which I had travelled. The scenes through which I had passed were forgotten—had not been noticed. Absorbed by the thoughts which possessed my brain, I had suffered myself to be carried forward, conscious of nothing but the waking dreams. I was prepared, however, to see my friend. Still influenced by the latent hope of meeting once more with Miss Fairman, still believing in the happy issue of my love, I had resolved to keep my own connexion with the idiot as secret as the grave. There was no reason why I should betray myself. His fate was independent of my act—my conduct formed no link in the chain which must be presented to make the history clear: and shame would have withheld the gratuitous confession, had not the ever present, never-dying promise forbade the disclosure of one convicting syllable. As may be supposed, the surprise of Doctor Mayhew, upon hearing the narrative, was no less than the regret which he experienced at the violent death of the poor creature in whom he had taken so kind and deep an interest. But a few days sufficed to sustain his concern for one who had come to him a stranger, and whom he had known so short a time. The pursuits and cares of life gradually withdrew the incident from his mind, and all thoughts of the idiot. He ceased to speak of him. To me, the last scene of his life was present for many a year. I could not remove it. By day and night it came before my eyes, without one effort on my part to invoke it. It has started up, suddenly and mysteriously, in the midst of enjoyment and serene delight, to mingle bitterness in the cup of earthly bliss. It has come in the season of sorrow to heighten the distress. Amongst men, and in the din of business, the vision has intruded, and in solitude it has followed me to throw its shadows across the bright green fields, beautiful in their freshness. Night after night—I cannot count their number—it has been the form and substance of my dreams, and I have gone to rest—yes, for months—with the sure and natural expectation of beholding the melancholy repetition of an act which I would have given any thing, and all I had, to forget and drive away for ever.

A week passed pleasantly with my

host. I spoke of departure at the end of it. He smiled when I did so, bade me hold my tongue and be patient. I suffered another week to glide away, and then hinted once more that I had trespassed long enough upon his hospitality. The doctor placed his hand upon my arm, and answered quickly, "all in good time—do not hurry." His tone and manner confirmed, I know not why, the strong hope within me, and his words passed with meaning to my heart. I already built upon the aerial foundation, and looked forward with joyous confidence and expectation. The arguments and shows of truth are few that love requires. The poorest logic is the soundest reasoning—if it conclude for him. The visits to the parsonage were, meanwhile, continued. Upon my return, I gained no news. I asked if all were well there, and the simple monosyllable, "Yes," answered with unusual quickness and decision, was all that escaped the doctor's lips. He did not wish to be interrogated further, and was displeased. I perceived this, and was silent. For some days, no mention was made of his dear friend the minister. He was accustomed to speak often of that man, and most affectionately. What was the inference? A breach had taken place. If I entertained the idea for a day, it was dissipated on the next; for the doctor, a week having elapsed since his last visit, rode over to the parsonage as usual, remained there some hours, and returned in his best and gayest spirits. He spoke of the Fairmans during the evening with the same kind feeling and good-humour that had always accompanied his allusions to them and their proceedings, and grew at length eloquent in the praises of them both. The increasing beauty of the young mistress, he said, was marvellous. "Ah," he added slyly, and with more truth, perhaps, than he suspected, "it would have done your eyes good to-day, only to have got one peep at her." I sighed, and he tantalized me further. He pretended to pity me for the inconsiderate haste with which I had thrown up my employment, and to condole with me for all I had lost in consequence. "As for himself," he said, "he had, upon further consideration, given up all thought of marriage for the present. He should live a little longer and grow wiser; but it was not

a pleasant thing, by any means, to see so sweet a girl taken coolly off by a young fellow, who, if all he heard was true, was very likely to have an early opportunity." I sighed again, and asked permission to retire to rest; but my tormentor did not grant it, until he had spoken for half an hour longer, when he dismissed me in a state of misery incompatible with rest, in bed, or out of it. My heart was bursting when I left him. He could not fail to mark it. To my surprise, he made another excursion to the parsonage on the following day; and, as before, he joined me in the evening with nothing on his lips but commendation of the young lady whom he had seen, and complaint at the cruel act which was about to rob them of their treasure; for he said, regardless of my presence or the desperate state of my feelings, "that the matter was now all but settled. Fairman had made up his mind, and was ready to give his consent the very moment the young fellow was bold enough to ask it. And lucky dog he is too," added the kind physician, by way of a conclusion, "for little puss herself is over head and ears in love with him, or else I never made a right prognosis."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," I answered, when Doctor Mayhew paused; "very grateful for your hospitality. If you please, I will depart to-morrow. I trust you will ask me to remain no longer. I cannot do so. My business in London"—

"Oh, very well! but that can wait, you know," replied the doctor, interrupting me. "I can't spare you to-morrow. I have asked a friend to dinner, and you must meet him."

"Do not think me ungrateful, doctor," I answered; "but positively I must and will depart to-morrow. I cannot stay."

"Nonsense, man, you shall. Come, say you will, and I engage, if your intention holds, to release you as early as you like the next day. I have promised my friend that you will give him the meeting, and you must not refuse me. Let me have my way to-morrow, and you shall be your own master afterwards."

"Upon such terms, sir," I answered immediately, "it would be unpardonable if I persisted. You shall command me; on the following day, I will seek my fortunes in the world again."

"Just so," replied the doctor, and so we separated.

The character of Dr Mayhew was little known to me. His goodness of heart I had reason to be acquainted with, but his long-established love of jesting, his intense appreciation of a joke, practical or otherwise, I had yet to learn. In few men are united, as happily as they were in him, a steady application to the business of the world, and an almost unrestrained indulgence in its harmless pleasantries. The grave doctor was a boy at his fireside. I spent my last day in preparing for my removal, and in rambling for some hours amongst the hills, with which I had become too familiar to separate without a pang. Long was our leave-taking. I lingered and hovered from nook to nook, until I had expended the latest moment which it was mine to give. With a burdened spirit I returned to the house, as my thoughts shifted to the less pleasing prospect afforded by my new position. I shuddered to think of London, and the fresh vicissitudes that awaited me.

It wanted but a few minutes to dinner when I stepped into the drawing-room. The doctor had just reached home, after being absent on professional duty since the morning. The visitor had already arrived; I had heard his knock whilst I was dressing. Having lost all interest in the doings of the place, I had not even cared to enquire his name. What was it to me? What difference could the chance visitor of a night make to me, who was on the eve of exile? None. I walked despondingly into the room, and advanced with distant civility towards the stranger. His face was from me, but he turned instantly upon hearing my step, and I beheld—Mr Fairman. I could scarcely trust my eyes. I started, and retreated. My revered friend, however, betrayed neither surprise nor discomposure. He smiled kindly, held out his hand, and spoke as he was wont in the days of cordiality and confidence. What did it mean?

"It is a lovely afternoon, Stukely," began the minister, "worthy of the ripe summer in which it is born."

"It is, sir," I replied; "but I shall see no more of them," I added *instantly*, anxious to assure him that I was not lurking with sinister design so near the parsonage—that I was on

the eve of flight. "I quit our friend to-morrow, and must travel many miles away."

"You will come to us, Caleb," answered Mr Fairman mildly.

"Sir!" said I, doubting if I heard aright.

"Has Dr Mayhew said nothing then?" he asked.

I trembled in every limb.

"Nothing, sir," I answered. "Oh, yes! I recollect—he did—he has—but what have I—I have no wish—no business"—

The door opened, and Dr Mayhew himself joined us, rubbing his hands, and smiling, in the best of good tempers. In his rear followed the faithful Williams. Before a word of explanation could be offered, the latter functionary announced "*dinner*," and summoned us away. The presence of the servants during the meal interfered with the gratification of my unutterable curiosity. Mr Fairman spoke most affably on different matters, but did not once revert to the previous subject of discourse. I was on thorns. I could not eat. I could not look at the minister without anxiety and shame; and whenever my eye caught that of the doctor, I was abashed by a look of meaning and good-humoured cunning, that was half intelligible and half obscure. Rays of hope penetrated to my heart's core, and illuminated my existence. The presence of Mr Fairman could not be without a purpose. What was it, then? Oh, I dared not trust myself to ask the question! The answer bred intoxication and delight, too sweet for earth. What meant that wicked smile upon the doctor's cheek? He was too generous and good to laugh at my calamity. He could not do it. Yet the undisturbed demeanour of the minister confounded me. If there had been connected with this visit so important an object as that which I longed to believe was linked with it, there surely would have been some evidence in his speech and manner, and he continued as cheerful and undisturbed as if his mind were free from every care and weighty thought. "What can it mean?" I asked myself, again and again. "How can he coolly bid me to his house, after what has passed, after his fearful anxiety to get me out of it? Will he hazard another meeting with his be-

loved daughter?—Ab, I see it!" I suddenly and mentally exclaimed; "it is clear enough—she is absent—she is away. He wishes to evince his friendly disposition at parting, and now he can do it without risk or cost." It was a plain elucidation of the mystery—it was enough, and all my airy castles tumbled to the earth, and left me there in wretchedness. Glad was I when the dinner was concluded, and eager to withdraw. I had resolved to decline, at the first opportunity, the invitation of the incumbent. I did not wish to grieve my heart in feasting my eyes upon a scene crowded with fond associations, to revoke feelings in which it would be folly to indulge again, and which it were well to annihilate and forget. I was about to beg permission to leave the table, when Dr Mayhew rose; he looked archly at me when I followed his example, and requested me not to be in haste; "he had business to transact, and would rejoin us shortly." Saying these words, he smiled and vanished. I remained silent. To be left alone with Mr Fairman, was the most annoying circumstance that could happen in my present mood. There were a hundred things which I burned to know, whilst I lacked the courage to enquire concerning one. But I had waited for an opportunity to decline his invitation. Here it was, and I had not power to lift my head and look at him. Mr Fairman himself did not speak for some minutes. He sat thoughtfully, resting his forehead in the palm of his hand—his elbow on the table. At length he raised his eyes, and whilst my own were still bent downward, I could feel that his were fixed upon me.

"Caleb," said the minister.

It was the first time that the incumbent had called me by my Christian name. How strangely it sounded from his lips! How exquisitely grateful it dropt upon my ear!

"Tell me, Caleb," continued Mr Fairman, "did I understand you right? Is it true that Mayhew has told you nothing?"

"Nothing distinctly, sir," I answered—"I have gathered something from his hints, but I know not what he says in jest and what in earnest."

"I have only her happiness at heart, Stukely—from the moment that you spoke to me on the subject, I have

acted solely with regard to that. I hoped to have smothered this passion in the bud. In attempting it, I believed I was acting as a father should, and doing my duty by her."

The room began to swim round me, and my head grew dizzy.

"I am to blame, perhaps, as Mayhew says, for having brought you together, and for surrounding her with danger. I should have known that to trifle with a heart so guileless and so pure was cruel and unjust, and fraught with perilous consequences. I was blind, and I am punished for my act."

I looked at him at length.

"I use the word deliberately—*punished*, Stukely. It is a punishment to behold the affection of which I have ever been too jealous, departing from me, and ripening for another. Why have I cared to live since Heaven took her mother to itself—but for her sake, for her welfare, and her love? But sorrow and regret are useless now. You do not know, young man, a thousandth part of your attainment when I tell you, you have gained her young and virgin heart. I oppose you no longer—I thwart not—render yourself worthy of the precious gift."

"I cannot speak, sir!" I exclaimed, seizing the hand of the incumbent in the wildness of my joy. "I am stupified by this intelligence! Trust me, sir—believe me, you shall find me not undeserving of your generosity and"—

"No, Stukely. Call it not by such a name. It is any thing but that; there is no liberality, no nobility of soul, in giving you what I may not now withhold. I cannot see her droop and die, and live myself to know that a word from me had saved her. I have given my consent to the prosecution of your attachment at the latest moment—not because I wished it, but to prevent a greater evil. I have told you the truth! It was due to us both that you should hear it; for the future look upon me as your father, and I will endeavour to do you justice."

There was a stop. I was so oppressed with a sense of happiness, that I could find no voice to speak my joy or tell my thanks. Mr Fairman paused, and then continued.

"You will come to the parsonage to-morrow, and take part again in the instruction of the lads after their return. You will be received as my

daughter's suitor. Arrangements will be made for a provision for you. Mayhew and I have it in consideration now. When our plan is matured, it shall be communicated to you. There need be no haste. You are both young—too young for marriage—and we shall not yet fix the period of your espousal."

My mind was overpowered with a host of dazzling visions, which rose spontaneously as the minister proceeded in his delightful talk. I soon lost all power of listening to details. The beloved Ellen, the faithful and confiding maiden, who had not deserted the wanderer although driven from her father's doors—she, the beautiful and priceless jewel of my heart, was present in every thought, and was the ornament and chief of every group that passed before my warm imagination. Whilst the incumbent continued to speak of the future, of his own sacrifice, and my great gain—whilst his words, without penetrating, touched my ears, and died away—my soul grew busy in the contemplation of the prize, which, now that it was mine, I scarce knew how to estimate. Where was she *then*? How had she been? To how many days of suffering and of trial may she have been doomed? How many pangs may have wrung that noble heart before its sad complaints were listened to, and mercifully answered? I craved to be at her side. The words which her father had spoken had loosened the heavy chain that tied me down—my limbs were conscious of their freedom—my spirit felt its liberty—what hindered instant flight? In the midst of my reverie Dr Mayhew entered the room—and I remember distinctly that my immediate impulse was to leave the two friends together, and to run as fast as love could urge and feet could carry me—to the favoured spot which held all that I cared for now on earth. The plans, however, of Doctor Mayhew interfered with this desire. He had done much for me, more than I knew, and he was not the man to go without his payment. A long evening was yet before us, time enough for a hundred jokes, which I must hear, and witness, and applaud, or I was most unworthy of the kindness he had shown me. The business over for which Mr Fairman had come expressly, the promise given of an early

visit to the parsonage on the following day, an affectionate parting at the garden gate, and the incumbent proceeded on his homeward road. The doctor and I returned together to the house in silence, and one of us in partial fear; for I could see the coming sarcasm in the questionable smile that played about his lips. Not a word was spoken when we resumed our seats. At last he rang the bell, and Williams answered it—

"Book Mr Stukely by the London coach to-morrow, Williams," said the master; "*he positively must and will depart to-morrow.*"

The criminal reprieved—the child, hopeless and despairing at the suffering parent's bed, and blessed at length with a firm promise of amendment and recovery, can tell the feelings that sustained my fluttering heart, beating more anxiously the nearer it approached its *home*. I woke that morning with the lark—yes, ere that joyous bird had spread its wing, and broke upon the day with its mad note—and I left the doctor's house whilst all within were sleeping. There was no rest for me away from that abode, whose gates of adamant, with all their bars and fastenings, one magic word had opened—whose sentinels were withdrawn—whose terrors had departed. The hours were all too long until I claimed my new-found privilege. Morn of the mellow summer, how beautiful is thy birth! How soft—how calm—how breathlessly and blushing thou stealest upon a slumbering world! fearful, as it seems, of startling it. How deeply quiet, and how soothing, are thy earliest sounds—scarce audible—by no peculiar quality distinguishable, yet thrilling and intense! How doubly potent falls thy witching influence on him whose spirit passion has attuned to all the harmonies of earth, and made but too susceptible! Disturbed as I was by the anticipation of my joy, and by the consequent unrest, with the first sight of day, and all its charms, came *peace*—actual and profound. The agitation of my soul was overwhelmed by the prevailing stillness, and I grew tranquil and subdued. Love existed yet—what could extinguish that?—but heightened and sublimed. It was as though, in contemplating the palpable and lovely work of heaven, all selfishness had

at once departed from my breast—all dross had separated from my best affections, and left them pure and free. And so I walked on, happiest of the happy, from field to field, from hill to hill, with no companion on the way, no traveller within my view—alone with nature and my heart's delight. "And men pent up in cities," thought I, as I went along, "would call this—*Solitude*." I remembered how lonely I had felt in the busy crowds of London—how chill, how desolate and forlorn, and marvelled at the reasoning of man. And came no other thoughts of London, and the weary hours passed there, as I proceeded on my delightful walk? Yes, many, as Heaven knows, who heard the involuntary matin prayer, offered in gratefulness of heart, upon my knees, and in the open fields, where no eye but one could look upon the worshipper, and call the fitness of the time and place in question. The early mowers were soon a-foot; they saluted me and passed. Then, from the humblest cottages issued the straight thin column of white smoke—white as the snowy cloud—telling of industry within, and the return of toil. Now labourers were busy in their garden plots, labouring for pleasure and delight, ere they strove abroad for hire, their children at their side, giving the utmost of their small help—young, ruddy, wild, and earnest workmen all! The country day is up some hours before the day in town. Life sleeps in cities, whilst it moves in active usefulness away from them. The hills were dotted with the forms of men before I reached the parsonage, and when I reached it, a golden lustre from the mounting sun lit up the lovely house with fire—streaming through the casements already opened to the sweet and balmy air.

If I had found it difficult to rest on this eventful morning, so also had another—even here—in this most peaceful mansion. The parsonage gate was at this early hour unclosed. I entered. Upon the borders of the velvet lawn, bathed in the dews of night, I beheld the gentle lady of the place; she was alone, and walking pensively—now stooping, not to pluck, but to admire, and then to leave amongst its mates, some crimson beauty of the earth—now looking to the mountains of rich gold piled in the heavens, one upon

another, changing in form and colour, blending and separating, as is their wondrous power and custom, filling the maiden's soul with joy. Her back was towards me: should I advance, or now retire? Vain question, when, ere an answer could be given, I was already at the lady's side. Shall I tell of her virgin bashfulness, her blushes, her trembling consciousness of pure affection? Shall I say how little her tongue could speak her love, and how eloquently the dropping tear told all! Shall I describe our morning's walk, her downward gaze—my pride?—her deep, deep silence, my impassioned tones, the insensibility to all external things—the rushing on of envious Time, jealous of the perfect happiness of man? The heart is wanting for the task—the pen is shaking in the tremulous hand.—Beautiful vision! long associate of my rest, sweetener of the daily cares of life, shade of the heavenly one—beloved Ellen! hover still around me, and sustain my aching soul—carry me back to the earliest days of our young love, quicken every moment with enthusiasm—be my fond companion once again, and light up the old man's latest hour with the fire that ceased to burn when thou fled'st heavenward! Thou hast been near me often since we parted here! Whose smile but thine has cheered the labouring pilgrim through the lagging day? In tribulation, whose voice has whispered *peace*—whose eye hath shone upon him, like a star, tranquil and steady in the gloomy night? Linger yet, and strengthen and hallow the feeble words that chronicle our love!

It would be impossible to conceive a woman more eminently fitted to fulfil the duties of her station, than the gentle creature whose heart it had been my happiness and fortune to make my own. Who could speak so well of the *daughter's* obedience as he who was the object of her hourly solicitude? Who could behold her tenderness, her watchfulness and care, and not revere the filial piety that sanctified the maid? The poor, most difficult of mankind to please, the easily offended, the jealous and the peevish, were unanimous in their loud praise of her, whose presence filled the foulest hut with light, and was the harbinger of good. It is well to doubt the indigent when they speak

evil of their fellows; but trust them when, with one voice, *they pray for blessings*, as they did for her, who came amongst them as a sister and a child. If a spotless mind be a treasure in the wife, if simplicity and truth, virtue and steadfast love, are to be prized in her who plights her troth to man, what had I more to ask—what had kind nature more to grant?

Had all my previous sufferings been multiplied a hundred times, I should have been indemnified for all in the month that followed my restoration to the parsonage. Evening after evening, when the business of the day was closed, did we together wander amongst the scenes that were so dear to us—too happy in the enjoyment of the present, dwelling with pleasure on the past, dreaming wildly—as the young must dream—of the uncreated future. I spoke of earthly happiness, and believed it not a fable. What could be brighter than our promises? What looked more real—less likely to be broken? How sweet was our existence! My tongue would never cease to paint in dazzling colours the days that yet awaited us. I numbered over the joys of a domestic life, told her of the divine favour that accompanies contentment, and how angels of heaven hover over the house in which it dwells united to true love. Nor was there wanting extravagant and fanciful discourse, such as may be spoken by the prodigal heart to its co-mate, when none are by to smile and wonder at blind feeling.

“Dear Ellen,” have I said, in all the fulness of my passion—“what a life is this we lead! what heavenly joy! To be for ever only as we are, were to have more of God’s kindness and beloved care than most of earthly creatures may. Indissolubly joined, and in each other’s light to live, and in each other’s sight alone to seek those blessings wedded feelings may bestow—to perceive and know ourselves as one—to breathe as one the ripe delicious air—to fix on every object of our mutual love the stamp and essence of one living heart—to walk abroad, and find glad sympathy in all created things—this, this is to be conscious of more lasting joy—to have more comfort in the sight of God, than they did know, the happy parent pair, when heaven smiled on earth, and

earth was heaven, connected both by tenderest links of love.”

She did not answer, when my soul ran riot in its bliss. She listened, and she sighed, as though experience cut off the promises of hope, or as if intimations of evil began already to cast their shadows, and to press upon her soul!

Time flew as in a dream. The sunny days passed on, finding and leaving me without a trouble or a fear—happy and entranced. Each hour discovered new charms in my betrothed, and every day unveiled a latent grace. How had I merited my great good fortune? How could I render myself worthy of her love? It was not long before the object of my thoughts, sleeping and waking, became a living idol, and I, a reckless worshipper.

Doctor Mayhew had been a faithful friend, and such he continued, looking to the interests of the friendless, which might have suffered in the absence of so good an advocate. It was he, as I learnt, who had drawn from the incumbent his reluctant consent to my return. My departure following my thoughtless declaration so quickly, was not without visible effect on her who had such deep concern in it. Her trouble was not lost upon the experienced doctor; he mentioned his suspicion to her father, and recommended my recall. The latter would not listen to his counsel, and pronounced his *diagnosis* hasty and incorrect. The physician bade him wait. The patient did not rally, and her melancholy increased. The doctor once more interceded, but not successfully. Mr Fairman received his counsel with a hasty word, and Dr Mayhew left the parsonage in anger, telling the minister he would himself be answerable no longer for her safety. A week elapsed, and Doctor Mayhew found it impossible to keep away. The old friends met, more attached than ever for the parting which both had found it difficult to bear. The lady was no better. They held a conference—it ended in my favour. I had been exactly a month reinstated, when Doctor Mayhew, who could not rest thoroughly easy until our marriage was concluded, and, as he said, “the affair was off his hands,” took a convenient opportunity to intimate to Mr Fair-

man the many advantages of an early union. The minister was anxious to postpone the ceremony to a distant period, which he had not courage himself to name. This Mayhew saw, and was well satisfied that, if my happiness depended on the word of the incumbent, I should wait long before I heard it voluntarily given. He told me so, and undertook "to bring the matter to a head" with all convenient speed. He met with a hundred objections, for all of which he was prepared. He heard his friend attentively, and with great deference, and then he answered. What his answers were, I cannot tell—powerful his reasoning must have been, since it argued the jealous parent into the necessity of arranging for an early marriage, and communicating with me that same day upon the views which he had for our future maintenance and comfort.

Nothing could exceed the gratification of Doctor Mayhew, that best and most successful of ambassadors, when he ran to me—straight from the incumbent's study—to announce the perfect success of his diplomacy. Had he been negotiating for himself, he could not have been in higher spirits. Ellen was with me when he acquainted me, that in three months the treasure would be my own, and mine would be the privilege and right to cherish it. He insisted that he should be rewarded on the instant with a kiss; and, in the exuberance of his feelings, was immodest enough to add, that "if he wasn't godfather to the first, and if we did not call him Jacob after him, he'd give us over to our ingratitude, and not have another syllable to say to us."

It was a curious occupation to contemplate the parent during the weeks that followed—to observe all-powerful nature working in him, the chastened and the upright minister of heaven, as she operates upon the weakest and the humblest of mankind. He lived for the happiness and prosperity of his child. For that he was prepared to make every sacrifice a father might—even the greatest—that of parting with her. Was it to be expected that he should be insensible to the heavy cost? Could it be supposed that he would all at once resign the dear one without a quiver or a pang? There is a tremor of the soul as well as of the

body, when the knife is falling on the limb to sever it, and this he suffered, struggling for composure as a martyr, and yet with all the weakness of a man. I have watched him closely, and I have known his heart wringing with pain, as the eye of his child sparkled with joy at my approach, whilst the visible features of his face strove fiercely to suppress the rising selfishness. He has gazed upon her, as we have sat together in the cheerful night, wondering, as it seemed, by what fascination the natural and deep-rooted love of years could be surpassed and superseded by the immature affection of a day—forgetful of her mother's love, that once preferred him to her sire. In our evening walks I have seen him in our track, following from afar, eager to overtake and join us, and yet resisting the strong impulse, and forbearing. He could not hide from me the glaring fact, that he was envious of my fortune, manifest as it was in every trifling act; nor was it, in truth, easier for him to conceal the strong determination which he had formed to act with honour and with justice. No angry or reproachful word escaped his lips; every favour that he could show me he gladly proffered; nay, many uncalled-for and unexpected, he insisted upon my receiving, apparently, or, as I guessed, because he wished to mortify his own poor heart, and to remove from me the smallest cause for murmuring or complaint. I endeavoured not to be unworthy of his liberality and confidence; and the daughter, who perceived the conflict in his breast, redoubled her attention, and made more evident her unimpaired and childlike love.

It wanted but a month to the time fixed for our union, when Ellen reached her twentieth year. On that occasion, Doctor Mayhew dined with us, and passed the evening at the parsonage. He was in high spirits; and the minister himself more gay than I had known him since our engagement. Ellen reflected her father's cheerfulness, and was busy in sustaining it. All went merry as a marriage-bell. Ellen sang her father's favourite airs—played the tunes that pleased him best, and acquired new energy and power as she proceeded. The parent looked upon her with just pride, and took occasion, when the music was at

its loudest, to turn to Mayhew, and to speak of her.

"How well she looks!" said he; "how beautiful she grows!"

"Yes," answered the physician; "I don't wonder that she made young Stukely's heart ache. What a figure the puss has got!"

"And her health seems quite restored!"

"Well, you are not surprised at that, I reckon. Rest assured, my friend, if we could only let young ladies have their way, our patients would diminish rapidly. Why, how she sings to-night! I never knew her voice so good—did you?"

"Oh, she is happy, Mayhew; all her thoughts are joyful! Her heart is revelling. It was very sinful to be so anxious on her account."

"So I always told you; but you wouldn't mind me. She'll make old bones."

"You think so, do you?"

"Why, look at her yourself, and say whether we should be justified in thinking otherwise. Is she not the picture of health and animation?"

"Yes, Mayhew, but her mother"—

"There, be quiet will you? The song is over."

Ellen returned to her father's side, sat upon a stool before him, and placed her arms upon his knee. The incumbent drew her head there, and touched her cheek in playfulness.

"Come, my friend," exclaimed the physician, "that isn't allowable by any means. Recollect two young gentlemen are present, and we can't be tantalized."

The minister smiled, and Ellen looked at me.

"Do you remember, doctor," enquired the latter, "this very day eleven years, when you came over on the grey pony, that walked into this room after you, and frightened us all so?"

"Yes, puss, I do very well; and don't I recollect your tying my wig to the chair, and then calling me to the window, to see how I should look when I had left it behind me, you naughty little girl!"

"That was very wrong, sir; but you know you forgave me for it."

"No, I didn't. Come here, though, and I will now."

She left her stool, and ran laughing

to him. The doctor professed to whisper in her ear, but kissed her cheek. He coughed and hemmed, and, with a serious air, asked me what I meant by grinning at him.

"Do you know, doctor," continued Ellen, "that this is my first birth-day, since that one, which we have kept without an interruption. Either papa or you have been always called away before half the evening was over."

"Well, and very sorry you would be, I imagine, if both of us were called away *now*. It would be very distressing to you; wouldn't it?"

"It would hardly render her happy, Mayhew," said Mr Fairman, "to be deprived of her father's society on such an occasion."

"No, indeed, papa," said Ellen, earnestly; "and the good doctor does not think so either."

"Doesn't he, though, you wicked pussy? You would be very wretched, then, if we were obliged to go? No doubt of it, especially if we happened to leave that youngster there behind us."

"Ellen shall read to us, Mayhew," said the incumbent, turning from the subject. "You will find Milton on my table, Caleb."

As he spoke, Ellen imparted to her friend a look of tenderest remembrance, and the doctor said no more.

The incumbent, himself a fine reader, had taken great pains to teach his child the necessary and simple, but much neglected art of reading well. There was much grace and sweetness in her utterance, correct emphasis, and no effort. An hour passed delightfully with the minister's favourite and beloved author; now the maiden read, now he. He listened with greater pleasure to her voice than to his own or any other, but he watched the smallest diminution of its power—the faintest evidence of failing strength—and released her instantly, most anxious for her health and safety, then and always.

Then arose, as will arise from the contented bosom of domestic piety, grateful rejoicings—the incense of an altar glowing with love's own offerings! Past time was summoned up, weighed with the present, and, with all the mercies which accompanied it, was still found wanting in the perfect and unsullied happiness that existed now. "The love of heaven," said

the minister, "had never been so manifest and clear. His labours in the service of his people, his prayers on their behalf, were not unanswered. Improvement was taking place around him; even those who had given him cause for deepest sorrow, were already turning from the path of error into that of rectitude and truth. The worst characters in the village had been checked by the example of their fellows, and by the voice of their own conscience, (he might have added, by the working of their minister's most affectionate zeal,) and his heart was joyful—how joyful he could not say—on their account. His family was blessed—(and he looked at Ellen with a moistened eye)—with health, and with the promise of its continuance. His best and oldest friend was at his side; and he, who was dear to them all on her account whose life would soon be linked with his, was about to add to every other blessing, the advantages which must follow the possession of so good a son. What more could he require? How much more was this than the most he could deserve!"

Doctor Mayhew, touched with the solemn feeling of the moment, became a serious man. He took the incumbent by the hand, and spoke.

"Yes, Fairman, we have cause for gratitude. You and I have roughed it many years, and gently enough do we go down the hill. To behold the sufferings of other men, and to congratulate ourselves upon our exemption, is not the rational mode of receiving goodness from Almighty God—yet it is impossible for a human being to look about him, and to see family after family worn down by calamity, whilst he himself is free from any, and not have his heart yearning with thankfulness, knowing, as he must, how little he merits his condition. You and I are happy fellows, both of us; and all we have to do, is to think so, and to prepare quietly to leave our places, whilst the young folks grow up to take them. As for the boy there, if he doesn't smooth your pillow, and lighten for you the weight of old age as it comes on, then am I much mistaken, and ready to regret the steps which I have taken to bring you all together."

There was little spoken after this. The hearts were full to the brink—to speak was to interfere with their con-

summate joy. The doctor was the only one who made the attempt, and he, after a very ineffectual endeavour to be jocose, held his peace. The Bible was produced. The servants of the house appeared. A chapter was read from it by the incumbent—a prayer was offered up, and then we separated.

I stole to Ellen as she was about to quit us for the night. "And you, dear Ellen," I whispered in her ear, "are you, too, happy?"

"Yes, *dearest*," she murmured with a gentle pressure, that passed like wildfire to my heart. "I fear too happy. Earth will not suffer it."

We parted, and in twelve hours those words were not without their meaning.

We met on the following morning at the usual breakfast hour. The moment that I entered the apartment, I perceived that Ellen was indisposed—that something had occurred, since the preceding night, to give her anxiety or pain. Her hand trembled slightly, and a degree of perturbation was apparent in her movements. My first impression was, that she had received ill news, for there was nothing in her appearance to indicate the existence of bodily suffering. It soon occurred to me, however, that the unwonted recent excitement might account for all her symptoms—that they were, in fact, the natural consequence of that sudden abundance of joyous spirits which I had remarked in her during the early part of the evening. I satisfied myself with this belief, or strove to do so—the more easily, perhaps, because I saw her father indifferent to her state, if not altogether ignorant of it. He who was ever lying in wait—ever watching—ever ready to apprehend the smallest evidence of ill health, was, on this morning, as insensible to the alteration which had taken place in the darling object of his solicitude, as though he had no eyes to see, or object to behold; so easy is it for a too anxious diligence in a pursuit to overshoot and miss the point at which it aims. Could he, as we sat, have guessed the cause of all her grief—could some dark spirit, gloating on man's misery, have breathed one fearful word into his ear, bringing to life and light the melancholy tale of distant years—how would his nature have supported the announcement—

how bore the?—but let me not anticipate. I say that I dismissed all thought of serious mischief, by attributing at once all signs of it to the undue excitement of the festive night. As the breakfast proceeded, I believed that her anxiety diminished, and with that passed away my fears.

At the end of the pleasure garden of the parsonage was a paddock, and, immediately beyond this, another field, leading to a small valley of great beauty. On one side of "*the Dell*," as it was called, was a summer-house, which the incumbent had erected for the sake of the noble prospect which the elevation commanded. To this retreat Ellen and I had frequently wandered with our books during the progress of our love. Here I had read to her of affection and constancy, consecrated by the immortal poet's song. Here we had passed delightful hours, bestowing on the future the same golden lustre that made so bright the present. In joy, I had called this summer-house "*the Lover's Bower*," and it was pleasing to us both to think that we should visit in our after days, for many a year, and with increasing love, a spot endeared to us by the fondest recollections. Thither I bent my steps at the close of our repast. It wanted but two days to the time fixed for the resumption of our studies. The boys had returned, and the note of preparation was already sounded. I carried my task to the retreat, and there commenced my labours. An hour fled quickly whilst I was occupied somewhat in Greek, but more in contemplation of the gorgeous scene before me, and in lingering thoughts of her whose form was never absent, but hovered still about the pleasure or the business of the day. The shadow of that form was yet present, when the substance became visible to the bodily eye. Ellen followed me to the "*Lover's Bower*," and there surprised me. She was even paler than before—and the burden of some disquietude was written on her gentle brow; but a smile was on her lips—one of a languid cast—and also of encouragement and hope. I drew her to my side. Lovers are egotists; their words point ever to themselves. She spoke of the birthday that had just gone by; the tranquil and blissful celebration of it. My expectant soul was already dreaming of the next that was to come, and

speaking of the increased happiness that must accompany it.

Ellen sighed.

"It is a lover's sigh!" thought I, not heeding it.

"Whatever may be the future, Caleb," said Ellen seriously, but very calmly, "we ought to be prepared for it. Earth is not our *resting-place*. We should never forget that. Should we, dearest?"

"No, love; but earth has happiness of her kind, of which her children are most sensible. Whilst we are here, we live upon her promises."

"But oh, not to the exclusion of the brighter promises that come from heaven! You do not say that, dear Caleb?"

"No, Ellen. You could not give your heart to him who thought so; howbeit, you have bestowed it upon one unworthy of your piety and excellence."

"Do not mock me, Caleb," said Ellen, blushing. "I have the heart of a sinner, that needs all the mercy of heaven for its weaknesses and faults. I have ever fallen short of my duty."

"You are the only one who says it. Your father will not say so, and I question if the villagers would take your part in this respect."

"Do not misunderstand me, Caleb. I am not, I trust, a hypocrite. I have endeavoured to be useful to the poor and helpless in our neighbourhood—I have been anxious to lighten the heaviness of a parent's days, and, as far as I could, to indemnify him for my mother's loss. I believe that I have done the utmost my imperfect faculties permitted. I have nothing to charge myself with on these accounts. But my Heavenly Father," continued the maiden, her cheeks flushing, her eyes filling with tears—"oh! I have been backward in my affection and duty to him. I have not ever had before my eyes his honour and glory in my daily walk—I have not done every act in subordination to his will, for his sake, and with a view to his blessing. But He is merciful as well as just, and if his punishment falls now upon my head, it is assuredly to wean me from my error, and to bring me to himself."

The maid covered her moistened cheek, and sobbed loudly. I was fully convinced that she was suffering from

the reaction consequent upon extreme joy. I was rather relieved than distressed by her burst of feeling, and I did not attempt for a time to check her tears.

"Tell me, dear Caleb," she said herself at length, "if I were to lose you—if it were to please Heaven to take you suddenly from this earth, would it not be sinful to murmur at his act? Would it not be my duty to bend to his decree, and to prepare to follow you?"

"You would submit to such a trial as a Christian woman ought. I am sure you would, dear Ellen—parted, as we should be, but for a season, and sure of a reunion."

"And would you do this?" enquired the maiden quickly. "Oh, say that you would, dear Caleb! Let me hear it."

"You are agitated, dearest. We will not talk of this now. There is grace in heaven appointed for the bitterest seasons of adversity. It does not fail when needed. Let us pray that the hour may be distant which shall bring home to either so great a test of resignation."

"Yes, pray, dear Stukely; but, should it come suddenly and quickly—oh, let us be prepared to meet it!"

"We will endeavour, then; and now to a more cheerful theme. Do we go to Dr Mayhew's, as proposed? We shall spend a happy day with our facetious, but most kind-hearted friend."

Ellen burst again into a flood of tears.

"What is the matter, love?" I exclaimed. "Confide to me, and tell the grief that preys upon your mind."

"Do not be alarmed, Stukely," she answered rapidly; "it may be nothing after all; but when I woke this morning—it may, I hope for your sake that it is nothing serious—but my dear mother, it was the commencement of her own last fatal illness."

She stopped suddenly, as if her speech had failed her—coughed sharply, and raised her handkerchief to her mouth. I perceived a thick, broad spot of BLOOD, and shuddered.

"Do not be frightened, Stukely," she continued, shocked fearfully herself. "I shall recover soon. It is the suddenness—I was unprepared. So it was when I awoke this morning—and it startled me, because I heard it was

the first bad symptom that my poor mother showed. Now, I pray you, Stukely, to be calm. Perhaps I shall get well; but if I do not, I shall be so happy—preparing for eternity, with you, dear Caleb, at my side. You promised to be tranquil, and to bear up against this day; and I am sure you will—yes, for my sake—that I may see you so, and have no sorrow."

I took the dear one to my bosom, and, like a child, cried upon her neck. What could I say? In one moment I was a bankrupt and a beggar—my fortunes were scattered to the winds—my solid edifice was stricken by the thunder-bolt, and lay in ruins before me! Was it real?

Ellen grew calmer as she looked at me, and spoke.

"Listen to me, dearest Stukely. It was my duty to acquaint you with this circumstance, and I have done so, relying on your manliness and love. You have already guessed what I am about to add. My poor father"—her lips quivered as she said the word—"he must know nothing for the present. It would be cruel unnecessarily to alarm him. His heart would break. He must be kept in ignorance of this. You shall see Mayhew; he will, I trust, remove our fears. Should he confirm them, he can communicate to papa." Again she paused, and her tears trickled to her lips, which moved convulsively.

"Do not speak, my beloved," I exclaimed. "Compose yourself. We will return home. Be it as you wish. I will see Mayhew immediately, and bring him with me to the parsonage. Seek rest—avoid exertion."

I know not what conversation followed this. I know not how we reached our home again. I have no recollection of it. Three times upon our road was the cough repeated, and, as at first, it was accompanied by that hideous sight. In vain she turned her head away to escape detection. It was impossible to deceive my keen and piercing gaze. I grew pale as death as I beheld on each occasion the frightful evidence of disease; but the maiden pressed my hand, and smiled sweetly and encouragingly to drive away my fears. She did not speak—I had forbidden her to do so; but her looks—full of tenderness and love—told how all her thoughts were for her lover—all her anxiety and care.

At my request, as soon as we arrived at home, she went to bed. I saw the incumbent—acquainted him with her sudden illness—taking care to keep its nature secret—and then ran for my life to Dr Mayhew's residence. The very appearance of blood was to me, as it is always to the common and uninformed observer, beyond all doubt confirmatory of the worst suspicions—the harbinger of certain death. There is something horrible in its sight, presented in such a form; but not for itself do we shrink as we behold it—not for what it is, but for what it awfully proclaims. I was frantic and breathless when I approached the doctor's house, and half stupified when I at length stood before him.

I told my errand quickly.

The doctor attempted instantly to mislead me, but he failed in his design. I saw, in spite of the forced smile that would not rest upon his lips, how unexpectedly and powerfully this news had come upon him—how seriously he viewed it. He could not remove my miserable convictions by his own abortive efforts at cheerfulness and unconcern. He moved to his window, and strove to whistle, and to speak of the haymakers who were busy in the fields, and of the weather; but the more he feigned to regard my information as undeserving of alarm, the more convinced I grew that deadly mischief had already taken place. There was an air about him that showed him ill at ease; and, in the midst of all his quietude and indifference, he betrayed an anxiety to appear composed, unwarranted by an ordinary event. Had the illness been trifling, indeed, he could have afforded to be more serious and heedful.

"I will be at the parsonage some time to-day. You can return without me, Stukely."

"Dr Mayhew," I exclaimed, "I entreat, I implore you not to trifle with me! I can bear any thing but that. Tell me the worst, and I will not shrink from it. You must not think to deceive me. You are satisfied that there is no hope for us; I am sure you are, and you will not be just and say so."

"I am satisfied of no such thing," answered the doctor quickly. "I should be a fool, a madman, to speak so rashly. There is every reason to hope, I do believe, at present. Tell

me one thing—does her father know of it?"

"He does not."

"Then let it still be kept a secret from him. Her very life may depend upon his ignorance. She must be kept perfectly composed—no agitation—no frightened faces around her. But I will go with you, and see what can be done. I'll warrant it is nothing at all, and that puss is well over her fright before we get to her."

Again the doctor smiled unhealthfully, and tried, awkwardly enough, to appear wholly free from apprehension, whilst he was most uncomfortable with the amount of it.

The physician remained for half an hour with his patient, and rejoined me in the garden when he quitted her. He looked serious and thoughtful.

"There is no hope, then?" I exclaimed immediately.

"Tush, boy," he answered; "quiet—quiet. She will do well, I hope—eventually. She has fever on her now, which must be brought down. While that remains there will be anxiety, as there must be always—when it leaves her, I trust she will be well again. Do you know if she has undergone any unusual physical exertion?"

"I do not."

"I confess to you that I do not like this accident; but it is impossible to speak positively now. Whilst the fever lasts, symptoms may be confounded and mistaken. I will watch her closely."

"Have you seen her father?"

"I have; but I have told him nothing further than he knew. He believes her slightly indisposed. I have calmed him, and have told him not to have the child disturbed. You will see to that?"

"I will."

"And now mark me, Stukely. I expect that you will behave like a man, and as you ought. We cannot keep Fairman ignorant of this business. Should it go on, as it may—in spite of every thing we can do—he must know it. You have seen sufficient of his character to judge how he will receive the information which it may be my painful lot to take to him. I think of it with dread. It has been my pleasure to stand your friend—you must prove mine. I shall expect you to act with fortitude and calmness, and

not, by weakness and self-indulgence, to increase the pain that will afflict the parent's heart—for it will be sufficient for Fairman to know only what has happened to give up every hope and consolation. You must be firm on his account, and chiefly for the sake of the dear girl, who should not see your face without a smile of confidence and love upon it. Do you hear me? I will let you weep now," he continued, noticing the tears which prevented my reply, "provided that you dry your eyes, and keep them so from this time forward. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," I faltered.

"And will you heed me?"

"I will try," I answered, as firmly as I might, with every hope within me crushed and killed by the words which he had spoken.

"Very well. Then let us say no more, until we see what Providence is doing for us."

The fever of Ellen did not abate that day. The doctor did not leave the house, but remained with the incumbent—not, as he told his friend, because he thought it necessary so to do, but to keep the word which he had given the night before—viz., to pass the day with him. He was sorry that he had been deprived of their company at his own abode, but he could make himself quite comfortable where he was. About eleven o'clock at night the doctor thought it strange that Robin had not brought his pony over, and wondered what had happened.

"Shall we send to enquire?" asked Mr Fairman.

"Oh no!" was the quick answer, "that never can be worth while. We'll wait a little longer."

At twelve the doctor spoke again. "Well, he must think of moving; but he was very tired, and did not care to walk."

"Why not stay here, then? I cannot see, Mayhew, why you should be so uneasy at the thought of sleeping out. Come, take your bed with us for once."

"Eh?—well—it's very late—suppose I do."

Mayhew had not been shrewd enough, and, with his ready acquiescence, the minister learned all.

I did not go to bed. My place was at her door, and there I lingered till the morning. The physician had paid his

last visit shortly after midnight, and had given orders to the nurse who waited on the patient, to call him up if necessary, but on no account to disturb the lady if she slept or was composed. The gentle sufferer did not require his services, or, if she did, was too thoughtful and too kind to make it known. Early in the morning Doctor Mayhew came—the fever had increased—and she had experienced a new attack of hæmoptysis the moment she awoke. The doctor stepped softly from her room, and deep anxiety was written on his brow. I followed him with eagerness. He put his finger to his lips, and said, "Remember, Stukely."

"Yes, I will—I do; but, is she better?"

"No—but I am not discouraged yet. Every thing depends upon extreme tranquillity. No one must see her. Dear me, dear me! what is to be said to Fairman, should he ask?"

"Is she placid?" I enquired.

"She is an angel, Stukely," said the good doctor, pressing my hands, and passing on. When we met at breakfast, the incumbent looked hard at me, and seemed to gather something from my pale and careworn face. When Mayhew came, full of bustle, assumed, and badly too, as the shallowest observer could perceive, he turned to him, and in a quiet voice asked "if his child was much worse since the previous night."

"Not much," said Mayhew. "She will be better in a short time, I trust."

"May I see her?" enquired the father in the same soft tone.

"Not now—by and by perhaps—I hope to-morrow. This is a sudden attack—you see—any excitement may prolong it—it wouldn't be well to give a chance away. Don't you see that, Fairman?"

"Yes," said the minister, and from that moment made no further mention of his daughter during breakfast. The meal was soon dispatched. Mr Fairman retired to his study—and the doctor prepared for his departure. He promised to return in the afternoon.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as he took leave of me at the gate, "that Fairman remains so very unsuspicious. This is not like him. I expected to find him more inquisitive."

"I am surprised," I answered; "but it is most desirable that he should continue so."

“Yes—yes—by all means—for the present at all events.”

Throughout the day there was no improvement in the patient's symptoms. The physician came according to his promise, and again at night. He slept at the parsonage for the second time. The minister betrayed no wonder at this unusual act, showed no agitation, made no importunate enquiries. He asked frequently during the day if any amendment had taken place; but always in a gentle voice, and without any other reference to her illness. As often as the doctor came, he repeated his wish to visit his dear child, but, receiving for answer “that he had better not at present,” he retired to his study with a tremulous sigh, but offering no remonstrance.

The doctor went early to rest. He had no inclination to spend the evening with his friend, whom he hardly cared to see until he could meet him as the messenger of good tidings. I had resolved to hover, as I did before, near the mournful chamber in which she lay; and there I kept a weary watch until my eyes refused to serve me longer, and I was forced against my will, and for the sake of others, to yield my place and crawl to my repose. As I walked stealthily through the house, and on tiptoe, fearful of disturbing one beloved inmate even by a breath—I passed the incumbent's study. The door was open, and a glare of light broke from it, and stretched across the passage. I hesitated for a moment—then listened—but, hearing nothing, pursued my way. It was very strange. The clock had just before struck three, and the minister, it was supposed, had been in bed since midnight. “His lamp is burning,” thought I—“he has forgotten it.” I was on the point of entering the apartment—when I was deterred and startled by his voice. My hand was already on the door, and I looked in. Before me, on his knees, with his back towards me, was my revered friend—his hands clasped, and his head raised in supplication. He was in his dress of the day, and had evidently not yet visited his pillow. I waited, and he spoke—

“Not my will,” he exclaimed in a piercing tone of prayer—“not mine, but thy kind will be done, O Lord! If it be possible, let the bitter cup pass from me—but spare not, if thy glory must needs be vindicated. Bring me

to thy feet in meek, and humble, and believing confidence—all is well, then, for time and for eternity. It is merciful and good to remove the idol that stands between our love and God. Father of mercy—enable me to bring the truth *home, home* to this most traitorous—this lukewarm, earthy heart of mine—a heart not worthy of thy care and help. Let me not murmur at thy gracious will—oh, rather bend and bow to it—and kiss the rod that punishes. I need chastisement—for I have loved too well—too fondly. I am a rebel, and thy all-searching eye hath found me faithless in thy service. Take her, Father and Saviour—I will resign her—I will bless the hand that smites me—I will”—— he stopped; and big tears, such as drop fearfully from manhood's eye, made known to heaven the agony that tears a parent's heart, whilst piety is occupied in healing it.

It is not my purpose to recite the doubts and fears, the terrible suspense, the anxious hopes, that filled the hours which passed whilst the condition of the patient remained critical. It is a recital which the reader may well spare, and I avoid most gladly. At the end of a week, the fever departed from the sufferer. The alarming symptoms disappeared, and confidence flowed rapidly to the soul again. At this time the father paid his first visit to his child. He found her weak and wasted; the violent applications which had been necessary for her safety had robbed her of all strength—had effected, in fact, a prostration of power, which she never recovered, from which she never rallied. Mr Fairman was greatly shocked, and asked the physician for his opinion *now*. The latter declined giving it until, as he expressed himself, “the effects of the fever, and her attack, had left him a fair and open field for observation. There was a slight cough upon her. It was impossible for the present to say, whether it was temporary and dependent upon what had happened, or whether it resulted from actual mischief in her lung.”

* * * * *

A month has passed away since the physician spoke these words, and to doubt longer would be to gaze upon the sun and to question its brightness. Mayhew has told the father his worst fears, and bids him prepare like a Christian and a man for the loss of his earthly treasure. It was he who watched

the decay of her mother. The case is a similar one. He has no consolation to offer. It must be sought at the throne of Him who giveth, and hath the right to take away. The minister receives the intelligence with admirable fortitude. We are sitting together, and the doctor has just spoken as becomes him, seriously and well. There is a spasm on the cheek of the incumbent, whilst I sob loudly. The latter takes me by the hand, and speaks to the physician in a low and hesitating tone.

"Mayhew," said he, "I thank you for this sincerity. I will endeavour to look the terror in the face, as I have struggled to do for many days. It is hard—but through the mercy of Christ it is not impracticable. Dear and oldest friend, unite your prayers with mine, for strength, and holiness, and resignation. Cloud and agitation are at our feet. Heaven is above us. Let us look there, and all is well."

We knelt. The minister prayed. He did not ask his Master to suspend his judgments. He implored him to prepare the soul of the afflicted one for its early flight, and to subdue the hearts of them all with his grace and holy spirit. Let him who doubts the efficacy of *prayer* seek to clear his difficulty in the season of affliction, or when death sits grimly at the hearth—he shall be satisfied.

If it were a consolation and a joy in the midst of our tribulation to behold the father chastened by the heavy blow which had fallen so suddenly upon his age, how shall I express the ineffable delight—yes, delight, amidst sorrow the most severe—with which I contemplated the beloved maiden, upon whose tender years Providence had allowed to fall so great a trial. Fully sensible of her position, and of the near approach of death, she was, so long as she could see her parent and her lover without distress, patient, cheerful, and rejoicing. Yes, weaker and weaker as she grew, happier and happier she became in the consciousness of her pure soul's increase. Into her ear had been whispered, and before her eyes holy spirits had appeared with the mysterious communication, which, hidden as it is from us, we find animating and sustaining feeble nature, which else would sink, appalled and overwhelmed. There was not one of

us who did not live a witness to the truth of the heavenly promise, "*as thy days, so shall thy strength be*;" not one amongst the dearest friends of the sufferer, who did not feel, in the height of his affliction, that God would not cast upon his creatures a burden which a Christian might not bear. But to *her* especially came the celestial declaration with power and might. An angel, sojourning for a day upon the earth, and preparing for his homeward flight, could not have spread his ready wing more joyfully, with livelier anticipation of his native bliss, than did the maiden look for her recall and blest ascension to the skies. In her presence I had seldom any grief; it was swallowed up and lost in gratitude for the victory which the dear one had achieved, in virtue of her faith, over all the horrors of her situation. It was when alone that I saw, in its reality and naked wretchedness, the visitation that I, more than any other, was doomed to suffer. For days I could scarcely bring myself to the calm consideration of it. It seemed unreal, impossible, a dream—any thing but what it was—the direst of worldly woes—the most tremendous of human punishments.

I remember vividly a day passed in the chamber of the resigned creature, about two months after the first indication of her illness. Her disease had increased rapidly, and the signs of its ravages were painfully manifest in her sunken eye, her hectic cheek, her hollow voice, her continual cough. Her spirit became more tranquil as her body retreated from the world—her hopes more firm, her belief in the love of her Saviour—his will and power to save her, more clear, and free from all perplexity. I had never beheld so beautiful a sight as the devoted maid presented to my view. I had never supposed it possible to exist; and thus, as I sat at her side, though the thought of death was ever present, it was as of a terror in a milkwhite shroud—a monster enveloped and concealed beneath a robe of beauty. I listened to her with enchantment, whilst she spoke of the littleness of this world, and the boundless happiness that awaited true believers in the next—of the unutterable mercy of God, in removing us from a scene of trouble whilst our views were cloudless, and our hopes sure and abiding. Yes, charmed by the

unruffled air, the angelic look, I could forget even my mortality for a moment, and feel my living soul in deep communion with a superior and brighter spirit. It was when she recalled me to earth by a reminiscence of our first days of love, that the bruised heart was made sensible of pain, and of its lonely widowed lot. Then the tears would not be checked, but rushed passionately forth, and, as the clouds shut out and hid the one brief glimpse of heaven, flowed unrestrained.

Her mind was in a sweet composed state during the interview to which I allude. She had pleasure in referring to the days of her childhood, and in speaking of the happiness which she had found amongst her native hills.

"How little, Caleb," she said, "is the mind occupied with thoughts of death in childhood—with any thoughts of actual lasting evil! We cannot see these things in childhood—we cannot penetrate so deeply or throw our gaze so far, we are so occupied with the joys that are round about us. Is it not so? Our parents are ever with us. Day succeeds to day—one so like the other—and our home becomes our world. A sorrow comes at length—a parent dies—the first and dearest object in that world; then all is known, and the stability of life becomes suspected."

"The home of many," I replied, "is undisturbed for years!"

"Yes, and how sweet a thing is love of home! It is not acquired, I am sure. It is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us; brought from another world, to carry us on in this with joy. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed."

"Dear Ellen!" I exclaimed, "how little has sorrow to do with your affliction!"

"And why, dear Caleb? Have you never found that the difficulties of the broad day melt away beneath the influences of the quiet lovely night? Have you never been perplexed in the bustle and tumult of the day, and has not truth revealed itself when all was dark and still? This is my night, and in sickness I have seen the eye of God upon me, and heard his words, as I have never seen and heard before?"

It was in this manner that she would talk, not more disturbed, nay, not so much, as when in happier times I

never heard her speak of the troubles and anxieties of her poor villagers. No complaint—no mournful accents escaped her lips. If at times the soaring spirit was repressed, dejected, the living—the loved ones whom she must leave behind her had possession of her thoughts, and loaded them with pain. Who would wait upon her father? Who would attend to all his little wants? Who could understand his nature as she had learnt it—and who would live to comfort and to cheer his days? These questions she has asked herself, whilst her only answers have been her struggling tears.

The days were travelling fast; each one taking from the doomed girl—years of life. She dwindled and wasted; and became at length less than a shadow of her former self. Why linger on the narrative? Autumn arrived, and, with the general decay—she died. A few hours before her death she summoned me to her bedside, and acquainted me with her fast-approaching dissolution. "It is the day," she said, speaking with difficulty—"I am sure of it. I have watched that branch for many days—look—it is quite bare. Its last yellow leaf has fallen—I shall not survive it." I gazed upon her; her eye was brighter than ever. It sparkled again, and most beautiful she looked. But death was there—and her soul eager to give him all that he could claim!

"You are quite happy, dearest Ellen!" I exclaimed, weeping on her thin emaciated hand.

"Most happy, beloved. Do not grieve—be resigned—be joyful. I have a word to say. Nurse," she continued, calling to her attendant—"the drawing."

The nurse placed in her hand the sketch which she had taken of my favourite scene.

"Do you remember, love?" said she. "Keep it, for Ellen—you loved that spot—oh, so did I!—and you will love it still. There is another sketch, you will find it by and by—afterwards—when I am—it is in my desk. Keep that too, for Ellen, will you? It is the last drawing I have made."

I sat by and bit my lips to crush my grief, but I would not be silent whilst my heart was breaking.

"You should rejoice, dear," con-

tinued Ellen solemnly. "We did not expect this separation so very soon; but it is better now than later. Be sure it is merciful and good. Prepare for this hour, Caleb; and when it comes, you will be so calm, so ready to depart. How short is life! Do not waste the precious hours. Read from St John, dearest—the eleventh chapter. It is all sweetness and consolation."

The sun was dropping slowly into the west, leaving behind him a deep red glow that illuminated the hills, and burnished the windows of the sick-chamber. The wind moaned, and, sweeping the sere leaves at intervals, threatened a tempest. There was a solemn stillness in the parsonage, around whose gate—weeping in silence, without heart to speak, or wish to make their sorrow known—were collected a host of humble creatures—the poorest but sincerest friends of Ellen—the villagers who had been her care. They waited and lingered for the heavy news, which they were told must come to them this day; and prayed secretly—every one of them, old and young—for mercy on the sufferer's soul! And she, whose gentle spirit is about to flit, lies peacefully, and but half-conscious of the sounds that pass to heaven on her behalf. Her father, Mayhew, and I, kneel round her bed, and the minister in supplicating tones, where nature does not interpose, dedicates the virgin to *His* favour whose love she has applied so well. He ceases, for a whisper has escaped her lips. We listen all. "*Oh, this is peace!*" she utters faintly, but most audibly, and the scene is over.

"It is a dream," said the minister, when we parted for the night—I with the vain hope to forget in sleep the circumstances of the day—the father to stray unwittingly into *her* former room, and amongst the hundred objects connected with the happy memory of the departed.

The picture of which my Ellen had spoken, I obtained on the following day. It was a drawing of the church and the burial-ground adjoining it. One grave was open. It represented that in which her own mortal remains were deposited, amidst the unavailing lamentations of a mourning village.

In three months the incumbent quitted Devonshire. The scenery had no

pleasure for him, associated as it was with all the sorrows of his life. His pupils returned to their homes. He had offered to retain them, and to retain his incumbency for the sake of my advancement; but, whilst I saw that every hour spent in the village brought with it new bitterness and grief, I was not willing to call upon him for so great a sacrifice. Such a step, indeed, was rendered unnecessary through the kind help of Dr Mayhew, to whom I owe my present situation, which I have held for forty years with pleasure and contentment. Mr Fairman retired to a distant part of the kingdom, where the condition of the people rendered the presence of an active minister of God a privilege and a blessing. In the service of his Master, in the securing of the happiness of other men, he strove for years to deaden the pain of his own crushed heart. And he succeeded—living to bless the wisdom which had carried him through temptation; and dying, at last, to meet with the reward conferred upon the man *who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seeks for glory, and honour, and immortality*—ETERNAL LIFE.

The employment obtained for me by the kind interest of Dr Mayhew, which the return of so many summers and winters has found me steadily prosecuting, was in the house of his brother—a gentleman whose name is amongst the first in a profession adorned by a greater number of high-minded, honourable men, than the world generally is willing to allow. Glad to avail myself of comparative repose, an active occupation, and a certain livelihood, I did not hesitate to enter his office in the humble capacity of clerk. I have lived to become the confidential secretary and faithful friend of my respected principal.

As I have progressed noiselessly in the world, and rather as a spectator than an actor on the broad stage of life, it has been no unprofitable task to trace the career of those with whom I formed an intimacy during the bustle and excitement of my boyhood. Not many months after my introduction into the mysteries of law, tidings reached my ears concerning Mr Clayton. He had left his chapel suddenly. His avarice had led him deeper and deeper into guilt; speculation followed speculation, until he found himself en-

tangled in difficulties, from which, by lawful means, he was unable to extricate himself. He forged the signature of a wealthy member of his congregation, and thus added another knot to the complicated string of his delinquencies. He was discovered. There was not a man aware of the circumstances of the case who was not satisfied of his guilt; but a legal quibble saved him, and he was sent into the world again, branded with the solemn reprimand of the judge who tried him for his life, and who bade him seek existence honestly—compelled to labour, as he would be, in a humbler sphere of life than that in which he had hitherto employed his undoubted talents. To those acquainted with the working of the unhappy system of *dissent*, it will not be a matter of surprise that the result was not such as the good judge anticipated. It so happened that, at the time of Mr Clayton's acquittal, a dispute arose between the minister of his former congregation and certain influential members of the same. The latter, headed by a fruiterer, a very turbulent and conceited personage, separated from what they called the *church*, and set up another *church* in opposition. The meeting-house was built, and the only question that remained to agitate the pious minds of the half-dozen founders was—*how to let the pews!* Mr CLAYTON, more popular amongst his set than ever, was invited to accept the duties of a pastor. He consented, and had the pews been trebled they would not have satisfied one half the applications which, in one month, were showered on the victorious schismatics. Here, for a few years, Mr Clayton continued; his character improved, his fame more triumphant, his godliness more spiritual and pure than it had been even before he committed the crime of forgery. His ruling passion, notwithstanding, kept firm hold of his soul, and very soon betrayed him into the commission of new offences. He fled from London, and I lost sight of him. At length I discovered that he was preaching in one of the northern counties, and with greater success than ever—yes, such is the fallacy of the system—with the approbation of men, and the idolatry of women, to whom the history of his career was as familiar as their own. Again circumstances compelled him to decamp. I know not

what these were, nor could I ever learn; satisfied, however, that from his nature *money* must have been in close connexion with them, I expected soon to hear of him again; and I did hear, but not for years. The information that last of all I gained was, that he had sold his noble faculties *undisguisedly* to the arch enemy of man. He had become the editor of one of the lowest newspapers of the metropolis, notorious for its Radical politics and atheistical blasphemies.

Honest, faithful, and unimpeachable John Thompson! Friend, husband, father—sound in every relation of this life—thou noble-hearted Englishman! Let me not say thy race is yet extinct. No; in spite of the change that has come over the spirit of our land—in spite of the rust that eats into men's souls, eternally racked with thoughts of gain and traffic—in spite of the cursed poison insidiously dropped beneath the cottage eaves, by reckless, needy demagogues, I trust my native land, and still believe, that on her lap she cherishes whole bands of faithful children, and firm patriots. Not amongst the least inducements to return to London was the advantage of a residence near to that of my best friend and truest counsellor. I cannot number the days which I have spent with him and his unequalled family—unequalled in their unanimity and love. For years, no Sunday passed which did not find me at their hospitable board; a companion afterwards in their country walks, and at the evening service of their parish church. The children were men and women before it pleased Providence to remove their sire. How like his life was good John Thompson's death! Full of years, but with his mental vision clear as in its dawn, aware of his decline, he called his family about his bed, and to the weeping group spoke firmly and most cheerfully.

"He had lived his time," he said, "and long enough to see his children doing well. There was not one who caused him pain and fear—and that was more than every father of a family could say—thank God for it! He didn't know that he had much to ask of any one of them. If they continued to work hard, he left enough behind to buy them tools; and if they didn't, the little money he had saved would be of very little use. There was their

mother. He needn't tell 'em to be kind to her, because their feelings wouldn't let them do no otherwise. As for advice, he'd give it to them in his own plain way. First and foremost, he hoped *they never would sew their mouths up*—never act in such a way as to make themselves ashamed of speaking like a man; and then he recommended strongly that *they should touch no bills but such as they might cut wood with*. The worst that could befall 'em would be a cut upon the finger; and if they handled other bills they'd cut their heads off in the end, be sure of it. "Alec," said he at last,—"you fetch me a bundle of good sticks. Get them from the workshop." Alec brought them, and the sire continued,—"Now, just break one a-piece. There, that's right—now, try and break them altogether. No, no, my boys, you can't do that, nor can the world break you so long as you hold fast and well together. Disagree and separate, and nothing is more easy. If a year goes bad with one, let the others see to make it up. Live united, do your duty, and leave the rest to heaven." So Thompson spake; such was the legacy he left to those who knew from his good precept and example how to profit by it. My friendship with his children has grown and ripened. They are thriving men. Alec has inherited the nature of his father more than any other son. All go smoothly on in life, paying little regard to the broils and contests of external life, but most attentive to the *in-door* business. All, did I say?—I err. Exception must be made in favour of my excellent good friend, Mr Robert Thompson. He has in him something of the spirit of his mother, and finds fault where his brethren are most docile. Catholic emancipation he regarded with horror—the Reform bill with indignation; and the onward movement of the present day he looks at with the feelings of an individual waiting for an earthquake. He is sure that the world is going round the other way, or is turned topsy-turvy, or is coming to an end. He is the quietest and best disposed man in his parish—his moral character is without a flaw—his honesty without a blemish; yet is his mind filled with designs which would astonish the strongest head that rebel ever wore. He talks calmly of the propriety of hanging, without trial, all

publishers of immorality and sedition—of putting embryo rioters to death, and granting them a judicial examination as soon as possible afterwards. Dissenting meeting-houses he would shut up instant, and guard with soldiers to prevent irregularity or disobedience. "Things," he says, "are twisted since his father was a boy, and must be twisted back—by force—to their right place again. Ordinary measures are less than useless for extraordinary times, and he only wishes he had power, or was prime-minister for a day or two." But for this unfortunate *monomania*, the Queen has not a better subject, London has not a worthier citizen than the plain-spoken, simple-hearted Robert Thompson.

In one of the most fashionable streets of London, and within a few doors of the residence of royalty, is a stylish house, which always looks as if it were newly painted, furnished, and decorated. The very imperfect knowledge which a passer-by may gain, denotes the existence of great wealth within the clean and shining walls. Nine times out of ten shall you behold, standing at the door, a splendid equipage—a britzka or barouche. The appointments are of the richest kind—the servants' livery gaudiest of the gaudy—silvery are their buttons, and silver-gilt the horses' harness. Stay, whilst the big door opens, and then mark the owner of the house and britzka. A distinguished foreigner, you say, of forty, or thereabouts. He seems dressed in livery himself; for all the colours of the rainbow are upon him. Gold chains across his breast—how many you cannot count at once—intersect each other curiously; and on every finger sparkles a precious jewel, or a host of jewels. Thick mustaches and a thicker beard adorn the foreign face; but a certain air which it assumes, convinces you without delay that it is the property of an unmitigated blackguard. Reader, you see the ready lkey, whom we have met oftener than once in this short history. Would you know more? Be satisfied to learn, that he exists upon the follies and the vices of our high nobility. He has made good the promises of his childhood and his youth. He rolls in riches, and is—a fashionable money-lender.

Dark were the shadows which fell upon my youth. The indulgent

reader has not failed to note them—with pain it may be—and yet, I trust, not without improvement. Yes, sad and gloomy has been the picture, and light has gleamed but feebly there. It has been otherwise since I carried, for my comfort and support, the memory of my beloved Ellen into the serious employment of my later years. With the catastrophe of her decease, commenced another era of my existence—the era of self-denial, patience, sobriety, and resignation. Her example dropped with silent power into my soul, and wrought its preservation. Struck to the earth by the immediate blow, and rising slowly from it, I did not mourn her loss as men are wont to grieve at the departure of all they hold most dear. Think when I would of her, in the solemn watches of the night, in the turmoil of the bustling day—a saint beatified, a spirit of purity and love—hovered above me, smiling in its triumphant bliss, and whispering—peace. My lamentation was inter-

cepted by my joy. And so throughout have I been irritated by the small annoyances of the world, her radiant countenance—as it looked sweetly even upon death—has risen to shame and silence my complaint. Repining at my humble lot, her words—that estimated well the value, the nothingness of life compared with life eternal—have spoken the effectual reproof. As we advance in years, the old familiar faces gradually retreat and fade at length entirely. Forty long years have passed, and on this bright spring morning the gentle Ellen steals upon the lawn, unaltered by the lapse of time. Her slender arm is twined in mine, and her eye fills with innocent delight. Not an hour of age is added to her face, although the century was not yet born when last I gazed upon its meek and simple loveliness. She vanishes. Is it her voice that through the window flows, borne on the bosom of the vernal wind? Angel of Light, I wait thy bidding to rejoin thee!

COMMERCIAL POLICY.

SPAIN.

THE extraordinary breadth and boldness of the fiscal measures propounded and carried out at once in the past year with vigour and promptitude no less extraordinary, wisely calculated of themselves, as they may be, perhaps, and so far experience is assumed to have confirmed, to exercise a salutary bearing upon the physical condition of the people, and to reanimate the drooping energies of the country, can, however, receive the full, the just development of all the large and beneficial consequences promised, only as commercial intercourse is extended, as new marts are opened, and as hostile tariffs are mitigated or abated, by which former markets have been comparatively closed against the products of British industry. The fiscal changes already operated, may be said to have laid the foundation, and prepared the way, for this extension and revival of our foreign commercial relations; but it remains alone for our commercial policy to raise the superstructure and consummate the work, if the foundations be of such solidity as we are assured on high authority they are. In the promotion of national prosper-

ity, colonization may prove a gradually efficient auxiliary; but as a remedy for present ills, its action must evidently be too slow and restricted; and even though it should be impelled to a geometrical ratio of progression, still would the prospect of effectual relief be discernible only through a vista of years. Meanwhile, time presses, and the patient might perish if condemned alone to the homœopathic process of infinitesimal doses of relief.

The statesman who entered upon the Government with his scheme of policy, reflected and silently matured as a whole, (as we may take for granted,) with principles determined, and his course chalked out in a right line, was not, assuredly, tardy, whilst engaged with the work of fiscal revision, in proceeding practically to the enlargement of the basis of the commercial system of the empire. An advantageous treaty of commerce with the young but rising republic of Monte Video, rewarded his first exertions, and is there to attest also the zealous co-operation of his able and accomplished colleague, Lord Aberdeen. This treaty is not important only in reference to the greater facilities and increase

of trade, conceded with the provinces on the right bank of the river Plate, and of the Uruguay and Parana, but inasmuch also as, in the possible failure of the negotiations for the renewal of the commercial treaty with Brazil, now approaching its term, it cannot fail to secure easy access for British wares in the territory of Rio Grande, lying on the borders of the republic of the Uruguay, and far the most extensive, though not the most populous, of Brazilian provinces; and this in despite of the Government of Brazil, which does not, and cannot, possess the means for repressing its intercourse with Monte Video, even though its possession and authority were as absolute and acknowledged in Rio Grande as they are decidedly the reverse. The next, and the more difficult, achievement of Conservative diplomacy resulted in the ratification of a supplementary commercial convention with Russia. We say difficult, because the iron-bound exclusiveness and isolation of the commercial, as well as of the political, system of St Petersburg, is sufficiently notorious; and it must have required no small exercise of sagacity and address to overcome the known disinclination of that Cabinet to any relaxation of the restrictive policy which, as the Autocrat lately observed to a distinguished personage, "had been handed down to him from his ancestors, and was found to work well for the interests of his empire." The peculiar merits of this treaty are as little understood, however, as they have been unjustly depreciated in some quarters, and the obstacles to the accomplishment overlooked. It will be sufficient to state, on the present occasion, that notice had been given by the Russian Government, of the resolution to subject British shipping, importing produce other than of British, or British colonial origin, to the payment of differential or discriminating duties on entrance into Russian ports. The result of such a measure would have been to put an entire stop to that branch of the carrying trade, which consisted in supplying the Russian market with the produce of other European countries, and of Brazil, Cuba, and elsewhere, direct in British bottoms. To avert this determination, representations were not spared, and at length negotiations were consented to. But for some time they

were but an unpromising appearance, were more than once suspended, if not broken off, and little, if any, disposition was exhibited on the part of the Russian Government to listen to terms of compromise. After upwards of twelvemonths' delay, hesitation, and diplomacy, the arrangement was finally completed, which was laid before Parliament at the commencement of the session. It may be accepted as conclusive evidence of the tact and skill of the British negotiators, that, in return for waiving the alterations before alluded to, and leaving British shipping entitled to the same privileges as before, it was agreed that the produce of Russian Poland, shipped from Prussian ports in Russian vessels, should be admissible into the ports of Great Britain on the same conditions of duty as if coming direct and loaded from Russian ports. As the greater part of Russian Poland lies inland, and communicates with the sea only through the Prussian ports, it was no more than just and reasonable that Russian Polish produce so brought to the coast—to Dantzic, for example—should be admissible here in Russian bottoms on the same footing as if from a Russian port. To this country it could be a matter of slight import whether such portion of the produce so shipped in Prussian ports as was carried in foreign, and not in British bottoms, came in Russian vessels or in those of Prussia, as before. To Russia, however, the boon was clearly of considerable interest, and valued accordingly. In the mean time, British shipping retains its former position, in respect of the carriage of foreign produce; and, however hostile Russian tariffs may be to British manufactured products—as hostile to the last degree they are, as against the manufactured wares of all other States—it is undeniable that our commercial marine enjoys a large proportion of the carrying trade with Russia—almost a monopoly, in fact, of the carrying trade between the two countries direct. Of 1147 foreign ships which sailed with cargoes during the year 1842 from the port of Cronstadt, 515 were British, with destination direct to the ports of the United Kingdom, whilst only forty-one foreign or Russian vessels were loaded and left during that year for British ports. Of 525 British vessels, of the aggregate burden of nearly 118,000 tons, which an-

chored in the roadstead of Cronstadt in that year, 472 were direct from the United Kingdom, and fifty-three from various other countries, such as the two Sicilies, Spain, Cuba, South America, &c. The number of British vessels which entered the port of St Petersburg, as Cronstadt in fact is, was more considerable still in 1840 and 1841—having been in the first year, 662, of the aggregate burden of 146,682 tons; in the latter, of 645 ships and 146,415 tons. Of the total average number of vessels by which the foreign trade of that empire is carried on, and load and leave the ports of Russia yearly, which, in round numbers, may be taken at about 6000, of an aggregate tonnage of 1,000,000—ships sailing on ballast not comprehended—the average number of ships under the Russian flag, comprised in the estimate, does not much, if any, exceed 1000, of the aggregate burden of 150 or 160,000 tons. This digression, though it has led us further astray from our main object than we had contemplated, will not be without its uses, if it serve to correct some exaggerated notions which prevail about the comparative valuelessness of our commerce with Russia, because of its assumed entire one-sidedness—losing sight altogether of its vast consequence to the shipping interest; and of the freightage, which is as much an article of commerce and profit as cottons and woollens; oblivious, moreover, of the great political question involved in the maintenance and aggrandisement of that shipping interest, which must be taken to account by the statesman and the patriot as redressing to no inconsiderable extent the adverse action of unfriendly tariffs. It is only after careful ponderance of these and other combined considerations, that the value of any trading relations with Russia can be clearly understood, and that the importance of the supplementary treaty of navigation recently carried through, with success proportioned to the remarkable ability and perseverance displayed, can be duly appreciated. It is, undoubtedly, the special economical event of the day, upon which the commercial, and scarcely less the political, diplomacy of the Government may be most justly complimented for its mastery of prejudices and impediments, which, under the circumstances, and in view of the

peculiar system to be combated, appeared almost insurmountable. Common honesty and candour must compel this acknowledgment, even from men so desperate in their antipathies to the political system of Russia, as Mr Urquhart or Mr Cargill—antipathies, by the way, with which we shall not hesitate to express a certain measure of participation.

We shall not dwell upon those other negotiations, now and for some time past in active progress with France, with Brazil, with Naples, with Austria, and with Portugal, by which Sir Robert Peel is so zealously labouring to fill up the broad outlines of his economical policy—a policy which represents the restoration of peace to the nation, progress to industry, and plenty to the cottage; but which also otherwise is not without its dangers. Amidst the whirlwind of passions, the storm of hatred and envy, conjured by the evil genius of his predecessors in office, and most notably by the malignant star which lately ruled over the foreign destinies of England, the task has necessarily been, yet is, and will be, Herculean; but the force of Hercules is there also, as may be hoped, to wrestle with and overthrow the hydra—the Æolus to recall and enrage the tempestuous elements of strife. A host in himself, hosts also the premier has with him in his cabinet; for such singly are the illustrious Wellington, the Aberdeen, the Stanley, the Graham, the Ripon, and, though last, though youngest, scarcely least, the Gladstone.

Great as is our admiration, deeply impressed as we are with a sense of the extraordinary qualifications, of the varied acquirements, of the conscientious convictions, and the singleness and rightmindedness of purpose of the right honourable the vice-president of the Board of Trade, we must yet presume to hesitate before we give an implicit adherence upon all the points in the confession of economical faith expressed and implied in an article attributed to him, and not without cause, which ushered into public notice the first number of a new quarterly periodical, "*The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review*," in January last, and was generally accepted as a programme of ministerial faith and action. Our points of dissonance are, however, few; but, as involving questions of princi-

ple, whilst we are generally at one on matters of detail, we hold them to be of some importance. This, however, is not the occasion proper for urging them, when engaged on a special theme. But on a question of fact, which has a bearing upon the subject in hand, we may be allowed to express our decided dissent from the *dictum* somewhat arbitrarily launched, in the article referred to, in the following terms:—"We shall urge that foreign countries neither have combined, nor ought to combine, nor can combine, against the commerce of Great Britain; and we *shall treat as a calumny the imputation that they are disposed to enter into such a combination.*" The italics, it must be observed, are ours.

We have at this moment evidence lying on our table sufficiently explanatory and decisive to our minds that such a spirit of combination is abroad against British commercial interests. We might indeed appeal to events of historical publicity, which would seem confirmatory of a tacitly understood combination, from the simultaneity of action apparent. We have, for example, France reducing the duties on Belgian iron, coal, linen, yarn, and cloths, whilst she raises those on similar British products; the German Customs' League imposing higher and prohibitory duties on British fabrics of mixed materials, such as wool, cotton, silk, &c.; puny Portugal interdicting woollens by exorbitant rates of impost, and scarcely tolerating the admission of cotton manufactures; the United States, with sweeping action, passing a whole tariff of prohibitory imposts; and, in several of these instances, this war of restrictions against British industry commenced, or immediately followed upon, those remarkable changes and reductions in the tariff of this country which signalized the very opening of Sir Robert Peel's administration. Conceding, however, this seeming concert of action to be merely fortuitous, what will the vice-president of the Board of Trade say to the long-laboured, but still unconsummated customs' union between France and Belgium? Was that in the nature of a combination against British commercial interests, or was it the reverse? It is no cabinet secret—it has been publicly proclaimed, both by the French and Belgian Governments and press, that the

indispensable basis, the *sine qua non* of that union, must be, not a calculated amalgamation of, not a compromise between the differing and inconsistent tariffs of Belgium and France, but the adoption, the imposition, of the tariff of France for both countries in all its integrity, saving in some exceptional cases of very slight importance, in deference to municipal dues and *octrois* in Belgium. When, after previous parley and cajoleries at Brussels, commissioners were at length procured to be appointed by the French ministry, and proceeded to meet and discuss the conditions of the long-cherished project of the union, with the officials deputed on the part of France to assist in the conference, it is well known that the final cause of rupture was the dogged persistence of the French members of the joint commission in urging the tariff of France, in all its nakedness of prohibition, deformity, and fiscal rigour, as the one sole and exclusive *régime* for the union debated, without modification or mitigation. On this ground alone the Belgian deputies withdrew from their mission. How this result, this check, temporary only as it may prove, chagrined the Government, if not the people, and the mining and manufacturing interests of France, may be understood by the simple citation of a few short but pithy sentences from the *Journal des Débats*, certainly the most influential, as it is the most ably conducted, of Parisian journals:—"Le 'ZOLLVEREIN,'" observes the *Débats*, "*a prodigieusement rehaussé la Prusse; l'union douanière avec la Belgique aurait, à un degré moindre cependant, le même résultat pour nous. . . . Nous sommes, donc, les partisans de cette union, ses partisans prononcés, à deux conditions: la première, c'est qu'il ne faille pas payer ces beaux résultats par le bouleversement de l'industrie nationale; la seconde, c'est que la Belgique en accepte sincèrement ses charges en même temps qu'elle en recueillera les profits, et qu'en conséquence elle se prête à tout ce qui sera nécessaire pour mettre NOTRE INDUSTRIE A L'ABRI DE L'INVASION DES PRODUITS ETRANGERS, et pour que les intérêts de notre Trésor soient à couvert.*" This is plain speaking; the Government journal of France worthily disdains to practise mystery or attempt deception, for its mission is to contend for the interests, one-sided, exclusive, and egoistical, as they may

be, and establish the supremacy of France—*quand même*; at whatever resulting prejudice to Belgium—at whatever total exclusion of Great Britain from commercial intercourse with, and commercial transit through Belgium, must inevitably flow from a customs' union, the absolute preliminary condition of which is to be, that Belgium "shall be ready to do every thing necessary to place our commerce beyond the reach of invasion by foreign products." Mr Gladstone may rest assured that the achievement of this Franco-Belgian customs' union will still be pursued with all the indomitable perseverance, the exhaustless and ingenious devices, the little-scrupulous resources, for which the policy of the Tuileries in times present does not belie the transmitted traditions of the past. And it will be achieved, to the signal detriment of British interests, both commercial and political, unless all the energies and watchfulness of the distinguished statesmen who preside at the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade be not unceasingly on the alert.

Other and unmistakeable signs of the spirit of commercial combination, or confederation, abroad, and more or less explicitly avowed and directed against this country, are, and have been for some time past, only too patent, day by day, in most of those continental journals, the journals of confederated Germany, of France, with some of those of Spain and of Portugal, which exercise the largest measure of influence upon, and represent with most authority the voice of, public opinion. Nor are such demonstrations confined to journalism. *Collaborateurs*, in serial or monthly publications, are found as earnest auxiliaries in the same cause—as *reducteurs* and *reductores*; pamphleteers, like light irregulars, lead the skirmish in front, whilst the main battle is brought up with the heavy artillery of *tome* and works voluminous. Of these, as of *brochures*, *fillets*, and journals, we have various specimens now on our library table. All manner of customs, or commercial unions, between states are projected, proposed, and discussed, but from each and all of these proposed unions Great Britain is studiously isolated and excluded. We have the "Austrian union" planned out and advocated, comprising, with

the hereditary states of that empire, Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, as well as those provinces of ancient Greece, which, like Macedonia, remain subject to Turkey, with, perhaps, the modern kingdom of Greece. We have the "Italian union," to be composed of Sardinia, Lombardy, Lucca, Parma, and Modena, Tuscany, the two Sicilies, and the Papal States. There is the "Peninsular union" of Spain and Portugal. Then we have one "French union" sketched out, modestly projected for France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Savoy only. And we have another of more ambitious aspirations, which should unite Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain under the commercial standard of France. One of the works treating of projects of this kind was, we believe, crowned with a prize by some learned institution in France.

From this slight sketch of what is passing abroad—and we cannot afford the space at present for more ample development—the right honourable Vice-President of the Board of Trade will perhaps see cause to revise the opinion too positively enounced, that "foreign countries neither have combined, nor ought to combine, nor can combine, against the commerce of Great Britain;" and that it is a "calumny" to conceive that they are "disposed to enter into such a combination."

With these preliminary remarks, we now proceed to the consideration of the commercial relations between Spain and Great Britain, and of the policy in the interest of both countries, but transcendently in that of Spain, by which those relations, now reposing on the narrowest basis, at least on the one side, on that of Spain herself, may be beneficially improved and enlarged. It may be safely asserted, that there are no two nations in the old world—nay more, no two nations in either, or both, the old world and the new—more desirably situated and circumstanced for an intimate union of industrial interests, for so direct and perfect an interchange of their respective products. The interchange would, indeed, under a wise combination of reciprocal dealing, resolve itself purely almost into the primitive system of barter; for the wants of Spain are such as can be best, sometimes only, supplied from

England, whilst Spain is rich in products which ensure a large, sometimes an exclusive, command of British consumption. Spain is eminently agricultural, pastoral, and mining; Great Britain more eminently ascendant still in the arts and science of manufacture and commerce. With a diversity of soil and climate, in which almost spontaneously flourish the chief productions of the tropical as of the temperate zone; with mineral riches which may compete with, nay, which greatly surpass in their variety, and might, if well cultivated, in their value, those of the Americas which she has lost; with a territory vast and virgin in proportion to the population; with a sea-board extensively ranging along two of the great highways of nations—the Atlantic and the Mediterranean—and abundantly endowed with noble and capacious harbours; there is no conceivable limit to the boundless production and creation of exchangeable wealth, of which, with her immense natural resources, still so inadequately explored, Spain is susceptible, that can be imagined, save from that deficient supply of labour as compared with the territorial expanse which would gradually come to be redressed as industry was promoted, the field of employment extended, and labour remunerated. With an estimated area of 182,758 square miles, the population of Spain does not exceed, probably, thirteen millions and a half of souls, whilst Great Britain and Ireland, with an area of 115,702 square miles, support a population of double the number. Production, however, squares still less with territorial extent than does population; for the stimulus to capital and industry is wanting when the facilities of exchanges are checked by fiscal prohibitions and restrictions. Agricultural produce, the growth of the vine and the olive, is not unfrequently known to run to waste, to be abandoned, as not worth the toil of gathering and preparation, because markets are closed and consumption checked in countries from which exchangeable commodities are prohibited. The extent of these prohibitions and restrictions, almost unparalleled even by the arbitrary tariff of Russia, may be estimated in part by the following extract from a pamphlet, published last year by Mr James Henderson,

formerly consul-general to the Republic of New Granada, entitled "A Review of the Commercial Code and Tariffs of Spain;" a writer, by the way, guilty of much exaggeration of fact and opinion when not quoting from, or supported by, official documents.

"The 'Aranceles,' or Tariffs, are four in number; 1st, of foreign importations; 2d, of importations from America; 3d, from Asia; and, 4th, of exportations from Spain.

"The Tariff of foreign importations contains 1326 articles alphabetically arranged:—

800 to pay a duty of 15 per cent in Spanish vessels,

230	"	"	20	"
80	"	"	25	"
55	"	"	10	"
26	"	"	30	"
3	"	"	36	"
2	"	"	24	"
2	"	"	45	"

about 50 from 1 to 8 per cent, and the rest free of duty.

"The preceding articles imported in foreign vessels are subject to an increased duty, at the following rates:—

1150 articles at the rate of $\frac{1}{8}$ more,
80 " " $\frac{1}{4}$ more,
10 " " $\frac{1}{2}$ more.

"There is, besides, a duty of 'consumo,' principally at the rate of $\frac{1}{8}$ of the respective duties, and in some very few cases at the rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$.

"Thus the duty of 15 per cent levied, if the importation is by a Spanish vessel, will be increased by the 'consumo' to 20 per cent. And the duty of 20 per cent on the same articles, in foreign vessels, will be augmented to 27 per cent.

"The duty of 20 per cent will be about 27 in Spanish vessels, and in foreign vessels, on the same articles, 36 per cent. The duty of 25 per cent, will in the whole be 33 per cent by Spanish, and by foreign vessels 44 per cent.

"The duty on articles, amounting to seventy-three, imported from America, vary from 1 to 15 per cent, with double the duty if in foreign vessels.

"The articles of importation from Asia are—sixty-nine from the Philippines at 1 to 5 per cent duty, and thirty-six from China at 5 to 25 per cent duty, and can only be imported in Spanish ships.

"The articles of export are fourteen, with duties at 1 to 80 per cent, with one-third increase if by foreign vessels.

"There are eighty-six articles of importation prohibited, amongst which are wrought iron, tobacco, spirits, quicksilver, ready-made clothing, corn, salt, hats, soap,

wax, wools, leather, vessels under 400 tons, &c. &c. &c.

"There are eleven articles of exportation prohibited, amongst which are hides, skins, and timber for naval purposes."

Such a tariff contrasts strangely with that of this country, in which 10 per cent is the basis of duty adopted for importations of foreign manufactures, and 5 per cent for foreign raw products.

Can we wonder that, with such a tariff, legitimate imports are of so small account, and that the smuggler intervenes to redress the enormously disproportionate balance, and administer to the wants of the community? Can we wonder that the powers of native production should be so bound down, and territorial revenue so comparatively diminutive, when exchanges are so hampered by fiscal and protective rapacity? Canga Arguelles, the first Spanish financier and statistician of his day, calculated the territorial revenue of Spain at 8,572,220,592 reals, say, in sterling, L.85,722,200; whilst he asserts, with better cultivation, population the same, the soil is capable of returning ten times the value. As a considerable proportion of the revenue of Spain is derived from the taxation of land, the prejudice resulting to the treasury is alone a subject of most important consideration. For the proprietary, and, in the national point of view, as affecting the well-being of the masses, it is of far deeper import still. And what is the financial condition of Spain, that her vast resources should be apparently so idle, sported with, or cramped? Take the estimates, the budget, presented by the minister *De ca Hacienda*, for the past year of 1842:—

Revenue 1842,	879,193,400 reals
Id. expenditure,	1,541,639,800 id.

Deficit on the	
year,	662,446,400

Thus, with a revenue of L.8,791,934, an expenditure of L.15,416,398, and a deficit of L.6,624,460, the debt of Spain, foreign and domestic, is almost an unfathomable mystery as to its real amount. Even at this present moment, it cannot be said to be determined; for that amount varies with every successive minister who ventures to approach the question. Multifarious have been the attempts to arrive at a clear liquidation—that is, classi-

fication and ascertainment of claims; but hitherto with no better success than to find the sum swelling under the labour, notwithstanding national and church properties confiscated, appropriated, and exchanged away against *títulos* of debt by millions. It is variously estimated at from 120 to 200 millions sterling, but say 150 millions, under the different heads of debt active, passive, and deferred; debt bearing interest, debt without interest, and debt exchangeable in part—that is, payable in certain fixed proportions, for the purchase of national and church properties. For a partial approximation to relative quantities, we must refer the reader, for want of better authority, to Fenn's "*Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds*"—a work containing much valuable information, although not altogether drawn from the best sources.

In the revenues of Spain, the customs enter for about 70,000,000 of reals, say L.700,000 only, including duties on exports as well as imports. Now, assuming the contraband imports to amount only to the value of L.6,000,000, a moderate estimate, seeing that some writers, Mr Henderson among the number, rashly calculate the contraband imports alone at eight, and even as high as ten, millions sterling, it should follow that, at an average rate of duty of twenty per cent, the customs should yield additionally L.1,200,000, or nearly double the amount now received under that head. As, through the cessation of the civil war, a considerable portion of the war expenditure will be, and is being reduced, the additional L.1,200,000 gained, by an equitable adjustment of the tariff, on imports alone, perhaps we should be justified in saying one million and a half, or not far short of two millions sterling, import and export duties combined, would go far to remedy the desperation of Spanish financial embarrassments—the perfect solution and clearance of which, however, must be, under the most favourable circumstances, an affair of many years. It is not readily or speedily that the prodigalities of Toreno, or the unscrupulous, but more patriotic financial impostures of Mendizabal, can be retrieved, and the national faith redeemed. The case is, to appearance, one past relief; but, with honest and incorruptible ministers of finance like

Ramon Calatrava, hope still lingers in the long perspective. With an enlightened commercial policy on the one hand, with the retrenchment of a war expenditure on the other, the balance between receipts and expenditure may come to be struck, an excess of revenue perhaps created; whilst the sales of national domains against *titulos* of debt, if managed with integrity, should make way towards its gradual diminution.

As there is much misapprehension, and many exaggerations, afloat respecting the special participation of Great Britain in the contraband trade of Spain, its extraordinary amount, and the interest assumed therefrom which would result exclusively from, and therefore induces the urgency for, an equitable reform of the tariff of Spain, we shall briefly take occasion to show the real extent of the British share in that illicit trade, so far as under the principal heads charged; and having exhibited that part of the case in its true, or approximately true, light, we shall also prove that it is, as it should be, the primary interest of this country to regain its due proportion in the regular trade with Spain, and which can only be regained by legitimate intercourse, founded on a reciprocal, and therefore identical, combination of interests. In this strife of facts we shall have to contend against Señor Marliani, and others of the best and most steadfast advocates of a more enlightened policy, of sympathies entirely and patriotically favourable towards a policy which shall cement and interweave indissolubly the material interests and prosperity of Spain and Great Britain—of two realms which possess each those products and peculiar advantages in which the other is wanting, and therefore stand seized of the special elements required for the successful progress of each other. Our contest will, however, be one of friendly character, our differences will be of facts, but not of principles. But we hold it to be of importance to re-establish facts, as far as possible, in all their correctness; or rather, to reclaim them from the domain of vague conjecture and speculation in which they have been involved and lost sight of. The task will not be without its difficulties; for the position and precise data are wanting on which to found, with even a reasonable approximation to mathematical accuracy, a comprehensive

estimate, to resolve into shape the various and complex elements of Spanish industry and commerce, legitimate and contraband. Statistical science—for which Spain achieved an honourable renown in the last century, and may cite with pride her Varela, Musquiz, Gabarrus, Ulloa, Joyellanos, &c., was little cultivated or encouraged in that decay of the Spanish monarchy which commenced with the reign of the idiotic Carlos IV., and his venal minister Godoy, and in the wars and revolutions which followed the accession, and ended not with the death of Fernando his son, the late monarch—was almost lost sight of; though Canga Arguelles, lately deceased only, might compete with the most erudite economist, here or elsewhere, of his day. Therefore it is, that few are the statistical documents or returns existing in Spain which throw any clear light upon the progress of industry, or the extent and details of her foreign commerce. Latterly, indeed, the Government has manifested a commendable solicitude to repair this unfortunate defect of administrative detail, and has commenced with the periodical collection and verification of returns and information from the various ports, which may serve as the basis—and indispensable for that end they must be—on which to reform the errors of the present, or raise the superstructure of a new, fiscal and commercial system. Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties we are thus exposed to from the lack or incompleteness of official data on the side of Spain, we hope to present a body of useful information illustrative of her commerce, industry, and policy; in especial, we hope to dispel certain grave misconceptions, to redress signal exaggeration about the extent of the contraband trade, rankly as it flourishes, carried on along the coasts, and more largely still, perhaps, by the land frontiers of that country, at least so far as British participation. Various have been the attempts to establish correct conclusions, to arrive at some fixed notions of the precise quantities of that illicit traffic; but hitherto the results generally have been far from successful, except in one instance. In a series of articles on the commerce of Spain, published under the head of “Money Market and City Intelligence,” in the months of December and January last, the *Morning He-*

rald was the first to observe and to apply the data in existence by which such an enquiry could be carried out, and which we purpose here to follow out on a larger scale, and with materials probably more abundant and of more recent date.

The whole subject of Spanish commerce is one of peculiar interest, and, through the more rigorous regulations recently adopted against smuggling, is at this moment exciting marked attention in France, which, it will be found with some surprise, is far the largest smuggler of prohibited commodities into Spain, although the smallest consumer of Spanish products in return. It is in no trifling degree owing to the jealous and exclusive views which unhappily prevail with our nearest neighbour across the Channel, that the prohibitory tariff, scarcely more adverse to commercial intercourse than that of France after all, which robs the revenue of Spain, whilst it covers the country with hosts of smugglers, has not sooner been revised and reformed. France is not willing to enter into a confederacy of interests with Spain herself, nor to permit other nations, on any fair equality of conditions, and with the abandonment of those unjust pretensions to special privileges in her own behalf, which, still tenaciously clinging to Bourbonic traditions of by-gone times, would affect to annihilate the Pyrenees, and regard Spain as a dependent possession, reserved for the exclusive profit and the commercial and political aggrandisement of France. That these exaggerated pretensions are still entertained as an article of national faith, from the sovereign on his throne to the meanest of his subjects, we have before us, at this moment of writing, conclusive evidence in the report of M. Chégaray, read in the Chamber of Deputies on the 11th of April last, (*vide Moniteur* of the 12th,) drawn up by a commission, to whom was referred the consideration of the actual commercial relations of France with Spain—provoked by various petitions of the merchants of Bayonne, and other places, complaining of the prejudice resulting to their commerce and shipping from certain alterations in the Spanish customs' laws, decreed by the Regent in 1841. We may have occasion hereafter to make further reference to this report.

The population of Spain may be rated in round numbers at thirteen

millions and a half, whilst that of the United Kingdom may be taken at about double the number. With a wise policy, therefore, the interchange should be of an active and most extensive nature betwixt two countries, reckoning together more than forty millions of inhabitants, one of which, with a superficial breadth of territory out of all proportion with a comparatively thinly-scattered community, abounding with raw products and natural riches of almost spontaneous growth; whilst the other, as densely peopled, on the contrary, in comparison with its territorial limits, is stored with all the elements, and surpasses in all the arts and productions of manufacturing industry. Unlike France, Great Britain does not rival Spain in wines, oils, fruits, and other indigenous products of southern skies, and therefore is the more free to act upon the equitable principle of fair exchange in values for values. Great Britain has a market among twenty-seven millions of an active and intelligent people, abounding in wealth and advanced in the tastes of luxurious living, to offer against one presenting little more than half the range of possible customers. She has more; she has the markets of the millions of her West Indies and Americas—of the tens of millions of British India, amongst whom a desire for the various fruits and delicious wines of Spain might gradually become diffused for a thousand of varieties of wines which, through the pressure of restrictive duties, are little if at all known to European consumption beyond the boundaries of Spain herself. With such vast fields of commercial intercourse open on the one side and the other, with the bands of mutual material interests combining so happily to bind two nations together which can have no political causes of distrust and estrangement, it is really marvellous that the direct relations should be of so small account, and so hampered by jealous adherence to the strict letter of an absurd legislation, as in consequence to be diverted from their natural course into other and objectionable channels—as the waters of the river artificially dammed up will overflow its banks, and, regaining their level, speed on by other pathways to the ocean. We shall briefly exemplify the force of these truths by the citation of official figures representing the actual state of the trade

between Spain and the United Kingdom antecedent to and concluding with the year 1840, which is the last year for which in detail the returns have yet issued from the Board of Trade. That term, however, would otherwise be preferentially selected, because affording facilities for comparison with similar but partial returns only of foreign commerce made up in Spain to the same period, little known in this country, and with the French customhouse returns of the trade of France with Spain. It must

Total declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to Spain and the Balearic Isles in—

1840, amounted to	L.404,252
1835,	405,065
1831,	597,848

From the first to the last year of the decennial term, the regular trade, therefore, had declined to the extent of above L.193,000, or at the rate of about 33 per cent. But as for three of the intermediate years 1837, 1838, and 1839, the exports are returned at L.286,636, L.243,839, and L.262,231, exclusive of fluctuations downwards in previous years, it will be more satisfactory to take the averages for five years each, of the term. Thus from—

1831 to 1835, both inclusive, the average was	L.442,916
1836 to 1840,	320,007

	1831.	1835.	1840.
Cinnamon,	284,201	123,590	144,291 lbs.
Cloves,	15,831	9,470	23,504 . . .
India Cottons,	38,969	3,267	10,067 pieces.
India Bandannas,	17,386	11,864	16,049 . . .
Indigo,	16,641	5,231	8,623 lbs.
Pepper,	227,305	69,365	194,254 . . .

To which may be added—

Tobacco,	64,851	2,252,356	1,729,552 . . .
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The tobacco, being of United States' growth, may, to a considerable extent, be bonded here for re-exportation on foreign account merely. The foregoing, though the heaviest, are not the whole of the foreign and colonial products re-exported for Spain, but they constitute the great bulk of value. Taking those of the last year, their

Cinnamon,	144,290 lbs.	at 5s. 6d.	L.39,679
Indigo,	8,620	— at 6s.	2,586
Pepper,	194,250	— at 4d.	3,232
Tobacco,	1,729,550	— at 4d.	28,825
Indian Bandannas,	16,049 pieces	at 25s.	20,061

It may, we conceive, be assumed from these citations of some few of the larger values exported to Spain under the head of "Foreign and Colonial Merchandise," that the total amount of such values, inclusive of all the com-

be premised that the tables of the Board of Trade in respect of import trade, as well as of foreign and colonial re-exports, state quantities only, but not values; nor do they present any criteria by which values approximately might be determined.

Where, therefore, such values are attempted to be arrived at, it will be understood that the calculations are our own, and pretend no more—for no more could be achieved—than a rough estimate of probable approximation.

The average decline, in the latter term, was therefore above 27½ per cent.

Of the Foreign and Colonial merchandise re-exported within the same period it is difficult to say what proportion was for British account, and, as such, should therefore be classed under the head of trade with Spain. It may be assumed, however, that the following were the products of British colonial possessions, whose exports to Spain are thus stated in quantities:—

value may be thus approximatively estimated in round numbers, as calculated upon what may be assumed a fair average of the rates of the prices current in the market, as they appear quoted in the *London Mercantile Journal* of the 4th of April. It is only necessary to take the more weighty articles.

modities non-enumerated here, would not exceed L.150,000, which, added to the L.404,252 already stated as the "declared values" of "British and Irish produce" also exported, would give a total export for 1840 of L.554,250.

We come now to the imports from Spain and the Balearic Isles, direct also into the United Kingdom, as stated in the Board of Trade tables in quantities; selecting the chief articles only, however:—

	1831.	1835.	1840.
Barilla,	61,921	64,175	36,585 cwt.
Lemons and Oranges,	28,266	30,548	30,171 packages.
Madder,	1,569	3,418	6,174 cwt.
Olive Oil,	1,243,686	1,793	1,305,384 galls.
Quicksilver,	269,558	1,438,869	2,157,823 lbs.
Raisins,	105,066	104,334	166,505 cwt.
Brandy,	69,319	15,880	223,268 galls.
Wines,	2,537,968	2,641,547	3,945,161 galls.
Wool,	3,474,823	1,602,752	1,266,905 lbs.

Applying the same plan of calculation upon an average of the prices ruling in the London market, we arrive at the following approximate results:—

Barilla, 36,585 cwt. at 10s. per cwt.	L. 18,292
Lemons and oranges, 30,170 packages, at 30s. per packet,	45,255
Madder, 6174 cwt. at 30s. per cwt.	9,261
Olive oil, 1,305,384 gallons, at L. 45 per 252 gallons,	233,100
Quicksilver, 2,157,823 lbs., at 4s. per lb.,	431,564
Raisins, 166,505 cwt., at 40s. per cwt.,	333,000
Brandy, 223,268 gallons, at 2s. 6d. per gallon,	27,900
Wines, 3,945,160, gallons, at L. 20 per butt,	730,580
Wool, 1,266,900 lbs., at 2s. per lb.,	126,690

L. 1,965,642

The value of the other articles of import from Spain, which need not be enumerated here, amongst which corn, skins, pig-lead, bark for tanning, &c., would certainly swell this amount more by

200,000

Total direct imports from Spain, L. 2,165,642

On several of the foregoing commodities the average rates of price on which they are calculated may be esteemed as moderate, such as wines, brandies, raisins, &c.; and several are exclusive of duty charge, as where the averages are estimated at the prices in bond. In other commodities the average rates are inclusive of duty. Wines, brandies, quicksilver, barilla, are exclusive of duty, for example; the others, duty paid, but in some instances duties scarcely more than nominal. On the other hand, it must be taken into the account, for the purpose of a fair comparison, that these average estimates of the prices of imported merchandise do include and are enhanced by the

expense of freights and the profits of the importer, and therefore all the difference must be in excess of the cost price at which shipped, and by which estimated in Spain. The "declared values" of British exports to Spain embrace but a small proportion, perhaps, of these shipping charges, and are altogether irrespective of duties levied on arrival in Spanish ports. As not only a fair, but probably an outside allowance, let us, therefore, redress the balance by striking off 20 per cent from the total estimated values of imports from Spain to cover shipping charges, profits, and port-dues, whether included in prices or not. The account will then stand thus:—

Estimated imports from Spain in round numbers,	L. 2,165,000
Deduct 20 per cent,	433,000

Value of imports as shipped,	L. 1,732,000
Deduct declared value of British exports to Spain,	554,000

Excess of Spanish imports direct on equalized estimates of values,	L. 1,178,000
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The acceptance is so common, it has been so long received as a truism unquestionable as unquestioned, as well in Spain as in Great Britain, of

British commerce being one-sided, and carrying a large yearly balance against the Peninsular state, that these figures of relative and approximate

quantities can hardly fail to excite a degree of astonishment and of doubt also. It will be, as it ought to be, observed at once, that the trade with Spain direct represents one part of the question only; that the indirect trade through Gibraltar, and elsewhere, might, in its results, reverse the picture. The objection is reasonable, and we proceed to enquire how far it is calculated to affect the statement.

The total "declared value" of the exports of British and Irish produce, and manufactures to Gibraltar, for the year 1840, is stated at £1,111,176

Of which, as more or less destined for Spain, licitly or illicitly, cotton manufactures, . . . 635,821
 Linens, &c., &c., . . . 224,061
 Woollens, . . . 97,092

It may be asserted as a fact, for, although not on official authority, yet we have it from respectable parties who have been resident on, and well conversant with the commerce of that rock, that, of the cotton goods thus imported into Gibraltar, the exports to Ceuta and the opposite coast of Africa amount, on the average, to L.70,000 per annum. Of linens and woollens a considerable proportion find their way there also, and to Italian ports. Of British and colonial merchandise exported to Gibraltar in the same year, the following may be considered to be mainly, or to some extent, designed for introduction into Spain:—

Cinnamon 77,352 lbs., say value, . . . L.21,000

Indigo 26,000 lbs., say . . . 7,800

Tobacco 610,000 lbs., say . . . 10,166

Some cotton piece-goods from India, and silk goods, such as bandannas, &c., pepper, cloves, &c., &c., were also exported there; say, inclusive of the quantities enumerated above, to the total value of L.100,000 of commodities, of which a considerable proportion was destined for Spain. Assuming the whole of the cotton goods to be for introduction into Spain, minus the quantity dispatched to the African coast, we have in round numbers the value of . . . L.565,800

Say of linens one-third, . . . 74,660

Of woollens, ib., . . . 32,360

Of cinnamon, India goods, and other articles, in value L.90,000, minus

tobacco, one-half, . . . 45,000

L.717,820

Brought over, L.717,820
 Tobacco, . the whole, 10,166

Total indirect exports 727,986
 To which add direct 554,000

L.1,281,986

Again, however, various products of Spain are also imported into the United Kingdom *via* Gibraltar, such as—

Bark for tanning or dyeing, 5,724 tons, say value, . . . L.51,500
 Wool, 292,730 lbs. ib., . . . 29,270

It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that to the extent of L.100,000 of Spanish products, consisting, besides the foregoing, of wines, skins, pig-lead, &c., &c., is brought here through Gibraltar, which, added to the amount of the imports from Spain direct, will sum up the account thus:—

Imports from Spain
 direct, . . . L.1,732,000
Via Gibraltar, . . . 100,000

Total, L.1,832,000

Exports to Spain
 direct, . . . L.554,000
Via Gibraltar, 727,900

L.1,281,900

Excess in favour of Spain, } L.550,100
 and against England, }

—A sum nearly equal to the amount of the exports to Spain direct. As we remarked before, these figures and valuations, which are sufficiently approximative of accuracy for any useful purpose, will take public men and economists, both here and in Spain, by surprise. Amongst other of the more distinguished men of the Peninsula, Señor Marliani, enlightened statesman, and well studied in the facts of detail and the philosophy of commercial legislation as he undoubtedly is, does not appear to have exactly suspected the existence of evidence leading to such results.

From the incompleteness of the Spanish returns of foreign trade, it is unfortunately not possible to test the complete accuracy of those given here by collation. The returns before us, and they are the only ones yet undertaken in Spain, and in order, embrace in detail nine only of the principal ports:—

For Cadiz, Malaga, Carthagena, St Sebastian, Bilbao, Santander, Gijon, Corunna, and the Balearic

Isles, the total imports and exports united are stated to have amounted, in 1840, to about L.6,147,280
 Employing 5782 vessels
 of the aggregate tonnage of 584,287
 Of the foreign trade of other ports and provinces no returns are made out. All known of the important seaport of Barcelona was, that its foreign trade in the same year occupied 1,645 vessels of 173,790 tonnage. The special aggregate exports from the nine ports cited to the United Kingdom—the separate commodities composing which, as of imports, are given with exactness of detail—are stated for 1840 in value at L.1,476,000

To which add, of raisins alone, from Valencia, about 184,000 cwts, (other exports not given,) value 185,000
 Exports from Almeria, 13,000

L.1,674,000

Although these are the principal ports of Spain, yet they are not the only ports open to foreign trade, although, comparatively, the proportion of foreign traffic shared by the others would be much less considerable. It is remarkable, under the circumstances, how closely these Spanish returns of exports to Great Britain approach to our own valuations of the total imports from Spain direct, as calculated from market prices upon the quantities alone rendered in the tables of the Board of Trade.

Our valuation of the direct imports from Spain being L.1,732,000
 The Spanish valuation, 1,674,000

The public writers and statesmen of Spain have long held, and still maintain the opinion, that the illicit introduction into that country of British manufactures whose legal import is prohibited, or greatly restricted by heavy duties, is carried on upon a much more extensive scale than what is, or can be, the case. In respect of cotton goods, the fact is particularly insisted upon. It may be confidently asserted, for it is susceptible of proof, that much exaggeration is abroad on the subject. We shall bring some evidence upon the point. There can be no question that, so far as British agency is directly concerned, or British interest involved, in the contraband introduction of cottons, or other

manufactures, or tobacco, it is almost exclusively represented by the trade with Gibraltar. We are satisfied, moreover, that the Spanish consumption of cotton goods is overrated, as well as the amount of the clandestine traffic. Señor Marliani, an authority generally worthy of great respect, errs on this head with many others of his countrymen. In a late work, entitled *De la Influencia del Sistema prohibitiva en la Agricultura, Comercio, y rentas Publicas*, he comes to the following calculation:—

Imported direct to Spain,	L.34,687
To Gibraltar,	608,581
To Portugal, £731,573, of which three-fourths find their way to Spain,	540,000

Total, L.1,183,268

Again, Great Britain imports annually into Italy to the amount of £2,005,785 in cotton goods, £500,000 worth of which, it is not too much to assume, go into Spain through the ports of Leghorn and Genoa. Adding together, then, these several items of cotton goods introduced from France and England into Spain by contraband, we arrive at the following startling result:—

FRANCE.

Cotton goods imported into Spain, according to the Government returns, L.1,331,608

ENGLAND.

Cotton goods through Spanish ports,	34,637
Through Gibraltar,	608,581
Through Portugal,	540,000
Through Leghorn, Genoa, &c. &c.	500,000

Total, L.3,014,826

An extravagant writer, of the name of Pebrer, carried the estimate up to £5,850,000. Señor Inclan, more moderate, still valued the import and consumption at £2,720,000. A "Cadiz merchant," with another anonymous writer of practical authority, calculated the amount, with more sagacity, at £2,000,000 and £2,110,000 respectively. Señor Marliani is, moreover, of opinion—considering the weight of tobacco, from six to eight millions of pounds, assumed to be imported into Gibraltar for illicit entrance into Spain, on the authority of Mr Porter, but the words and work not expressly quoted; the tobacco, dressed skins, corn, flour,

&c. from France, with the illegal import of cottons—that the whole contraband trade carried on in Spain cannot amount to less than the enormous mass of one thousand millions of reals, or say *ten millions* sterling a-year. Conceding to the full the millions of pounds of tobacco here registered as smuggled from Gibraltar, of which, notwithstanding, we cannot stumble upon the official trace for half the quantity, we must, after due reflection, withhold our assent wholly to this very wide, if not wild, assumption of our Spanish friend. We are inclined, on no slight grounds, to come to the conclusion, that the amount of contraband trade really carried on is

1840. Cotton manufactures,	L. 17,567,310
Yarns,	7,101,308

And for 1840 here are the exports to the countries specified:—

		Declared Value.
1840. Cottons to Portugal,	yards 37,002,209	L. 681,787
Hosiery, lace, small wares,	—	20,403
Yarn,	lbs. 175,545	2,796
Id. Cottons to Spain,	yards 355,040	7,987
Hosiery, &c.	—	2,819
Yarn,	lbs. —	345
Id. Cottons to Gibraltar,	yards 27,609,354	610,456
Hosiery, &c.	—	21,996
Yarn,	lbs. —	3,369
Id. Cottons to Italy and Italian Islands,	yds. 58,866,278	1,119,135
Hosiery, &c.	—	41,197
Yarn,	lbs. 11,490,034	510,040
Total,		L. 3,022,430

The discrepancies between some of the figures in these returns and those cited by Señor Marliani, arise probably from their respective reference to different years; they are, however, unimportant. We have already shown, that, deducting the re-exports of cottons to Ceuta and the coast of Africa opposite to Gibraltar, the value of those destined for Spain, by way of the Rock, in 1840, could not exceed

L. 565,800

We shall assume that <i>one-fourth</i> only of the cottons exported to Portugal find their way fraudulently into Spain—say	176,290
Say re-exports of cottons from Genoa to Gibraltar, assumed to be for Spain, as per official return of that port for 1839,	31,400
Cotton goods direct to Spain from the United Kingdom,	11,150

Total value of British cottons which could find their way into Spain, direct and indirect, in 1840, L. 784,640

Instead of the amount exaggerated of Señor Marliani, L. 1,683,268
Or the large excess in estimation, of 898,628

We have the official returns of the whole imports of cotton manufactures, with the exports, of the Sardinian States for 1840, now lying before us. The imports were to the value of only L. 443,360
Of which from the United Kingdom, 242,680
Exported, or re-exported, 458,680
The whole of which to Tuscany, the

Two Sicilies, the Roman States, Parma and Placentia, the Isle of Sardinia, and Austria. It will be observed that there had been a great falling off in the trade with the Sardinian States in 1840, as compared with 1838 and 1839; and here, for greater convenience, we make free to extract the following remarks and returns from our esteemed contemporary of the

Morning Herald, with some slight corrections of our own, when appropriately correcting certain misrepresentations of Mr Henderson, similar to those of Señor Marliani, respecting the assumed clandestine ingress of British cotton goods into Spain from the Italian states:—

“Now the official customhouse returns of most of the Italian states are lying before us—the returns of the Governments themselves—but unfortunately none of them come down later than 1839, so that it is impossible, however desirable, to carry out fully the comparison for 1840. Not that it is of any signification for more than uniformity, because, on referring to years antecedent to 1839, the relation between imports of cottons and re-exports, with the places from which imported and to which re-exports took place, is not sensibly disturbed. The returns for the whole of Sardinia are not possessed later than 1838, but those for Genoa, its chief port, are for 1839, and nearly the whole imports into Sardinia, as well as exports, are effected at Genoa. Thus of the total imports of cotton goods into Sardinia in 1838, to the value of about L.843,000, the amount into Genoa alone was L.823,000. That year was one of excessive imports, and 1839 one of equal depression, but this can only bear upon the facts of the case so far as proportionate quantities.

In 1839, total imports of cottons into Genoa—value L.494,000

Of which from England . . . 313,680

Total re-exports . . . 475,000

Of which to Tus-

cany . . . L.131,760

Naples and Sicily . . . 110,800

Austria . . . 61,080

Parma and Pla-

centia . . . 40,840

Sardinia Island . . . 28,320

Switzerland . . . 22,240

Roman States . . . 14,880

GIBRALTAR . . . 31,440

The total value of cottons introduced into the Roman states is stated for 1839 at L.108,640, of which the whole imported from France, Sardinia, and Tuscany—

1839. Total imports of cotton and hempen manufactures classed together into Tuscany (Leghorn) . . . L.440,000

Of woollens . . . 117,200

“The total imports of woollen, cotton, and hempen goods together, in

the same year, were to the amount of L.155,000.

“Of the imports and exports of Naples, unfortunately, no accounts are possessed; but the imports of cottons into the island of Sicily for 1839 were only to the extent of L.26,000, of which to the value of L.8,000 only from England. In 1838 the total imports of cottons were for L.170,720, but no re-exportation from the island. The whole of the inconsiderable exports of cottons from Malta are made to Turkey, Greece, the Barbary States, Egypt, and the Ionian Isles, according to the returns of 1839.”

From these facts and figures, derived from official documents, of the existence of which it is probable Señor Marliani was not aware, it will be observed at once how extremely light and fallacious are the grounds on which he jumps to conclusions. What more preposterous than the vague assumption founded on data little better than guess-work, that *one-fourth* of the whole exports of British cottons to Italy and the Italian islands, say L.500,000 out of L.2,000,000, go to Spain, when, in point of fact, not one-tenth of the amount does, or can find its way there—or could, under any conceivable circumstances short of an absolute famine crop of fabrics in France and England. Neither prices nor commercial profits could support the extra charges of a longer voyage out, landing charges, transshipment and return voyage to the coasts of Spain. It has been shown that in the year 1840, not the shipment of a single yard of cottons took place from Genoa, the only port admitting of the probability of such an operation.

Not less preposterous is the allegation, that three-fourths of the whole exports of British cottons to Portugal are destined for, and introduced into Spain by contraband. Assuming that Spain, with thirteen and a half millions of people, consumes, in the whole, cotton goods to the value of L.2,200,000

Why should not Portugal, with more than three and a half millions of inhabitants, that is more than one-fourth the population of Spain, consume also more than one-fourth the value of cot-

ten goods, or say only 550,000?

Brazil, a *ci-devant* colony of Portugal, and with a Portuguese population, as may be said, of 5,400,000, consumed British cotton fabrics to the value, in 1840, of . . . L.1,525,000

So, also, why should not Italy and the Italian islands, with twenty-two millions of people, be able to consume as much cotton values as Spain with 13½ millions; or say only the whole amount really exported there from this country of . . . 2,005,000?

It is necessary for the interests of truth, for the interests also of both countries, that the popular mind, the mind of the public men of Spain also, should be disabused in respect of two important errors. The first is, that an enormous balance of trade against Spain, that is, of British exports, licit and illicit too, compared with imports from Spain—results annually in favour of this country, from the present state of our commercial exchanges with her. The second is, the greatly exaggerated notion of the transcendent amount of the illicit trade carried on with Spain in British commodities, cottons more especially. In correction of the latter misconception, we have shown that the amount of British cotton introduced by contraband cannot exceed, *not equal*, . . . L.780,640

Instead, as asserted by Señor Marliani, of . . . 1,683,268

And, in correction of the first error relative to the balance of trade, we have established the fact by calculations of approximate fidelity—for exactitude is out of the question and unattainable with the materials to be worked up—that an excess of values, that is, of exports, results to Spain upon such balance as against imports, licit and illicit, to the extent per annum of . . . 550,000

It is therefore Great Britain, and not Spain, which is entitled to demand that this adverse balance be redressed, and which would stand justified in retaliating the restrictions and prohi-

bitions on Spanish products, with which, so unjustly, Spain now visits those of Great Britain. Far from us be the advocacy of a policy so harsh—we will add, so unwise; but at least let our disinterested friendship and moderation be appreciated, and provoke, in reason meet, their appropriate consideration.

The more formidable, because far more extensive and facile abuses, arising out of the unparalleled contraband traffic of which Spain is, and long has been, the theatre, and the attempted repression of which requires the constant employment of entire armies of regular troops, are elsewhere to be found in action and guarded against; they concern a neighbour nearer than Great Britain. According to an official report made to his Government by Don Mateo Duron, the active and intelligent consul for Spain at Bordeaux, and the materials for which were extracted from the customhouse returns of France, the trade betwixt France and Spain is thus stated, but necessarily abridged:—

Francs.

1840.—Total exports from	
France into Spain,	104,679,141
1840.—Total imports into	
France from Spain,	42,684,761

Deficit against Spain,	61,994,380
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France, therefore, exported nearly two and a half times as much as she imported from Spain; a result greatly the reverse of that established in the trade of Spain with Great Britain. In these exports from France, cotton manufactures figure for a total of . . . 34,251,068 fr.

Or, in sterling, . . . L.1,427,000

Of which smuggled in by the land or Pyrenean frontier, . . . 32,537,992 fr.

By sea, only . . . 1,713,076 ...

Linen yarns, entered for 15,534,391 ...

Silks, for . . . 8,953,423 ...

Woollens, for . . . 8,919,760 ...

Among these imports from France, various other prohibited articles are enumerated besides cottons. As here exhibited, the illicit introduction of cotton goods from France into Spain is almost double in amount that of British cottons. The fact may be accounted for from the closer proximity of France, the superior facilities and economy of land transit, the establishment of stores of goods in Bayonne, Bordeaux, &c., from which the Spanish dealers may be supplied in

any quantity and assortment to order, however small; whilst from Great Britain heavy cargoes only can be dispatched, and from Gibraltar quantities in bulk could alone repay the greater risk of the smuggler by sea.

Señor Durou adds the following brief reflections upon this *exposé* of the French contraband trade. "Let the manufactures of Catalonia be protected; but there is no need to make all Spain tributary to one province, when it cannot satisfy the necessities of the others, neither in the quantity, the quality, nor the cost of its fabrics. What would result from a protecting duty? Why, that contraband trade would be stopped, and the premiums paid by the assurance companies established in Bayonne, Oleron, and Perpignan, would enter into the Exchequer of the State."

The active measures decreed by the Spanish Government in July and October 1841, supported by cordons of troops at the foot of the Pyrenees, have, indeed, very materially inter-

1839	represented the aggregate	sum of	83,000,000 francs,
1840	"	"	104,000,000 francs,
1841	"	"	101,000,000 francs,

proceeds to say, that the general returns for 1842 were not yet (April 11) made up, but that "*M. le directeur-général des douanes nous a déclaré que la diminution avait été énorme.*" But although the general returns could not be given, those specially referring

1840	amounted in value to	15,800,000 francs,
1841	also	15,800,000 francs,
1842	had fallen to	5,700,000 francs.

A fall, really tremendous, of nearly two-thirds.

M. Chégaray, unfortunately, can find no other grievance to complain of but the too strict enforcement of the Spanish custom laws, by which French and Spanish contrabandists are harassed and damaged—can suggest no other remedy than the renewal of the "family compact" of the Bourbons—no hopes for the revival of smuggling prosperity from the perpetuation of the French reciprocity system of trade all on one side, but in the restoration of the commercial privileges so long enjoyed exclusively by French subjects and shipping, but now broken or breaking down under the hammering blows of Espartero—nor discover any prospect of relief until the Spanish customhouse lines are transferred to their old quarters on the other side of the Ebro, and the *fueros*

fered with and checked the progress of this contraband trade. In consequence of ancient compact, the Basque, that is frontier, provinces of Spain, enjoyed, among other exclusive privileges, that of being exempt from Government customhouses, or customs' regulations. For this privilege, a certain inconsiderable subsidy was periodically voted for the service of the State. Regent Espartero resolutely suspended first, and then abrogated, this branch of the *fueros*. He carried the line of the customhouses from the Ebro, where they were comparatively useless and scarcely possible to guard, to the very foot and passes of the Pyrenees. The advantageous effect of these vigorous proceedings was not long to wait for, and it may be found developed in the Report to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, before referred to; in which M. Chégaray, the *rapporteur* on the part of the complaining petitioners of Bayonne, Bordeaux, &c., after stating that the general exports of France to Spain in

to the single customhouse of Bayonne had been obtained, and they amply confirmed the assertion of the enormous diminution. The export of cottons, woollens, silks, and linens, from that port to Spain, which in

ancient treaty, he claims to be under the guarantee of France, re-established in all their pristine plenitude.

It is surely time for the intelligence, if not the good sense, of France to do justice by these day-dreams. The tutelage of Spain has escaped from the Bourbons of Paris, and the ward of full majority will not be allowed, cannot be, if willing, to return or remain under the trammels of an interested guardian, with family pretensions to the property in default of heirs direct. France, above all countries, has the least right to remonstrate against the reign of prohibitions and restrictions, being herself the classic land of both. Let her commence rather the work of reform at home, and render tardy justice to Spain, which she has drained so long, and redress to Great Britain, against whose more friendly commercial code

rential preferences of duties in favour of the same commodities produced in other countries, which consume less of what she abounds in, and have less the means of consumption. Beyond all, let her cordially join this country in urging upon the Spanish Government, known to be nowise averse to the urgency of a wise revision and an enlightened modification of the obsolete principles of an absurd and impracticable policy both fiscal and commercial—a policy which beggars the treasury, whilst utterly failing to protect native industry, and demoralizes at the same time that it impoverishes the people. We are not of the number of those who would abandon the assertion of a principle *quoad* another country, the wisdom and expediency of which we have advocated, and are still prepared to advocate, in its regulated application to our own, from the sordid motive of benefiting British manufactures to the ruin of those of Spain. Rather, we say to the government of Spain, let a fair protection be the rule, restrictions the exceptions, prohibition the obsolete outcast, of your fiscal and commercial policy. We import into this country, the chief and most valuable products of Spain, those which compose the elements and a very considerable proportion of her

wealth and industry, are either untaxed, or taxed little more than nominally. We may still afford, with proper encouragement and return in kind, to abate duties on such Spanish products as are taxed chiefly because coming into competition with those of our own colonial possessions, and on those highly taxed as luxuries, for revenue; and this we can do, and are prepared to do, although Spain is so enormously indebted to us already on the balance of commercial exchanges.

This revision of her fiscal system, and reconstruction, on fair and reciprocal conditions, of her commercial code, are questions of far deeper import—and they are of vital import—to Spain than to this empire. Look at the following statement of her gigantic debt, upon which, beyond some three or four hundred thousand pounds annually, for the present, on the capitalized *coupons* of over-due interest accruing on the conversion and consolidation operation of 1834, the Toreno abomination, not one *suelto* of interest is now paying, has been paid for years, or can be paid for years to come; and then only as industry furnishes the means by extended trade, and more abundant custom-house revenues, resulting from an improved tariff.

Statement of the Spanish Debt at commencement of 1842:—

Internal—Liquidated, that is verified,		L.50,130,565	Without interest.
Not liquidated		9,364,228	with 5 per cent in paper.
Not consolidated,		2,609,832	
Bearing 5 per cent,		15,242,593	Interest, L.762,128
Do. 3 do.		5,842,632	— 233,705
		L.83,189,850	L.995,833
External Loan of 1834, and the conversion of old debt,		L.33,985,939	5 per cent, L.1,699,296
Balance of inscription to the public treasury of France,		2,782,681	— 160,000
Inscriptions in payment of English claims,		600,000	— 30,000
Ditto for American claims,		120,000	— 6,000
		L.37,488,620	L.1,895,296
Capitalized <i>coupons</i> , treasury bonds, &c., amount not stated, but some millions more,			3 per cent,
Deferred,		5,944,584	
Ditto,		4,444,040	Calculated at 100 reals
Passive,		10,542,582	per L. sterling.
		20,931,206	

Grand total, exclusive of capitalization, L.141,669,676

The latest account of Spanish finance, that for 1842 before referred to, exhibits an almost equally hopeless prospect of annual deficit, as between revenue and expenditure; 1st, the actual receipts of revenue being stated at 879,193,475 reals
The expenditure, 1,541,639,879

Deficit, 662,446,404
That is, with a revenue sterling of L.8,791,934
A deficiency besides uncovered, of 6,624,464

Assuming the amount of the contraband traffic in Spain at six millions sterling per annum, instead of the ten millions estimated, we think most erroneously, by Señor Marliani, the result of an average duty on the amount of 25 per cent, would produce to the treasury L.1,500,000 per annum; and more in proportion as the traffic, when legitimated, should naturally extend, as the trade would be sure to extend, between two countries like Great Britain and Spain, alone capable of exchanging millions with each other for every million now operated. The L.1,500,000 thus gained would almost suffice to meet the annual interest on the L.34,000,000 loan conversion of 1834, still singularly classed in stock exchange parlance as "active stock." As for the remaining mass of domestic and foreign debt, there can be no hope for its gradual extinction but by the sale of national domains, in payment for which the titles of debt of all classes may be, as some now are, receivable in payment. As upwards of two thousand millions of reals of debt are said to be thus already extinguished, and the national domains yet remaining for disposal are valued at nearly the same sum, say L.20,000,000, it is clear that the final extinction of the debt is a hopeless

prospect, although a very large reduction might be accomplished by that enhanced value of these domains which can only flow from increase of population and the rapid progression of industrial prosperity.

All Spain, excepting the confining provinces in the side of France, and especially the provinces where are the great commercial ports, such as Cadiz, Malaga,* Corunna, &c., have laid before the Cortes and Government the most energetic memorials and remonstrances against the prohibition system of tariffs in force, and ask why they, who, in favour of their own industry and product, never asked for prohibitions, are to be sacrificed to Catalonia and Biscay? The Spanish Government and the most distinguished public men are well known to be favourable, to be anxiously meditating, an enlightened change of system, and negotiations are progressing prosperously, or would progress, but for France. When will France learn to imitate the generous policy which announced to her on the conclusion of peace with China—We have stipulated no conditions for ourselves from which we desire to exclude you or other nations?

We could have desired, for the pleasure and profit of the public, to extend our notice of, and extracts from, the excellent work of Señor Marliani, so often referred to, but our limits forbid. To show, however, the state and progress of the cotton manufacture in Catalonia, how little it gains by prohibitions; and how much it is prejudiced by the contraband trade, we beg attention to the following extract:—

"Since the year 1769, when the cotton manufacture commenced in Catalonia, the trade enjoyed a complete monopoly, not only in Spain, but also in her colonies.

* See *Exposicion de que dirige á las Cortes et Ayuntamiento Constitucional de Malaga*, from which the following are extracts:—"El ayuntamiento no puede menos de indicar, que entre los infinitos renglones fabriles acimatados ya en Espana, las sedas de Valencia, los panos de muchas provincias, los hilados de Galicia, las blondas de Cataluna, las bayetas de Antequera, los hierros de Vizcaya y los elaborados por maquinaria en las ferrerías á un lado y otro de esta ciudad, han adelantado, prosperan y compiten con los efectos extranjeros mas acreditados. ¿Y han solicitado acaso una prohibicion? Nó jamas: un derecho protector, sí; á su sombra se criaron, con la competencia se formaron y llegaron á su robustez. * * * Inglaterra figura en la exportacion por el mayor valor sin admitir comparacion alguna. Su gobierno piensa en reducir muy considerablemente todos los renglones de su arancel; pero se ha expresado con reserva para negar ó conceder, si lo estima conveniente, esta reduccion á las naciones que no correspondan á los beneficios que les ofrece; ninguno puede esperar que le favorezcan sin compensacion."

To this protection were added the fostering and united efforts of private individuals. In 1780, a society for the encouragement of the cotton manufacture was established in Barcelona. Well, what has been the result? Let us take the unerring test of figures for our guide. Let us take the medium importation of raw cotton from 1834 to 1840 inclusive, (although the latter year presents an inadmissible augmentation,) and we shall have an average amount of 9,909,261 lbs. of raw cotton. This quantity is little more than half that imported by the English in the year 1784. The sixteen millions of pounds imported that year by the English are less than the third part imported by the same nation in 1790, which amounted in all to thirty-one millions; it is only the sixth part of that imported in 1800, when it rose to 56,010,732 lbs.; it is less than the seventh part of the British importations in 1810, which amounted to seventy-two millions of pounds; it is less than the fifteenth part of the cotton imported into the same country in 1820, when the sum amounted to 150,672,655 pounds; it is the twenty-sixth part of the British importation in 1830, which was that year 263,961,452 lbs.; and lastly, the present annual importation into Catalonia is about the sixty-sixth part of that into Great Britain for the year 1840, when the latter amounted to 592,965,504 lbs. of raw cotton. Though the comparative difference of progress is not so great with France, still it shows the slow progress of the Catalonian manufactures in a striking degree. The quantity now imported of raw cotton into Spain is about the half of that imported into France from 1803 to 1807; a fourth part compared with French importations of that material from 1807 to 1820; seventh-and-a-half with respect to those of 1830; and a twenty-seventh part of the quantity introduced into France in 1840."

And we conclude with the following example, one among several which Señor Marliani gives, of the daring and open manner in which the operations of the *contrabandistas* are conducted, and of the scandalous participation of authorities and people—incontestable evidences of a wide-spread depravation of moral sentiments.

"Don Juan Prim, inspector of preventive service, gave information to the Government and revenue board in Madrid, on the 22d of November 1841, that having attempted to make a seizure of contraband goods in the town of Estepona, in the province of Malaga, where he was aware a large quantity of smuggled goods existed, he entered the town with a force

of carabineers and troops of the line. On entering, he ordered the suspected depôt of goods to be surrounded, and gave notice to the second alcalde of the town to attend to assist him in the search. In some time the second alcalde presented himself, and at the instance of M. Prim dispersed some groups of the inhabitants who had assumed a hostile attitude. In a few minutes after, and just as some shots were fired, the first alcalde of the town appeared, and stated that the whole population was in a state of complete excitement, and that he could not answer for the consequences; whereupon he resigned his authority. While this was passing, about 200 men, well armed, took up a position upon a neighbouring eminence, and assumed a hostile attitude. At the same time a carabineer, severely wounded from the discharge of a blunderbuss, was brought up, so that there was nothing left for M. Prim but to withdraw his force immediately out of the town, leaving the smugglers and their goods to themselves, since neither the alcaldes nor national guards of the town, though demanded in the name of the law, the regent, and the nation, would aid M. Prim's force against them!"

All that consummate statesmanship can do, will be done, doubtless, by the present Government of Great Britain, to carry out and complete the economical system on which they have so courageously thrown themselves *en avant*, by the negotiation and completion of commercial treaties on every side, and by the consequent mitigation or extinction of hostile tariffs. Without this indispensable complement of their own tariff reform, and low prices consequent, he must be a bold man who can reflect upon the consequences without dismay. Those consequences can benefit no one class, and must involve in ruin every class in the country, excepting the manufacturing mammons of the Anticorn-law league, who, Saturn-like, devour their own kindred, and salute every fall of prices as an apology for grinding down wages and raising profits. It may be well, too, for sanguine young statesmen like Mr Gladstone to turn to the DEBT, and cast about how interest is to be forthcoming with falling prices, falling rents, falling profits, (the exception above apart,) excise in a rapid state of decay, and customs' revenue a blank!

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MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART I.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

WHY I give the world a sketch of my career through it, is not among the discoveries which I intend to make. I have been a public man; let those who know public life imagine what interest may be felt in reviewing the scenes and struggles of which such a life is full. May there not be a pleasure in conceiving once again the shapes and circumstances of things, as one sitting by his fireside sees castles and cottages, men, women, and children in the embers, and shapes them the better for the silence and the solitude round him? Let the reader take what reason he will. I have seen the world, and fought my way through it; have stumbled, like greater men, have risen, like lesser; have been flung into the most rapid current of the most hurried, wild, and vivid time that the world has ever seen—I have *lived* through the last fifty years. In all the vigour of my life, I have mingled in some of the greatest transactions, and been mingled with some of the greatest men, of my time. Like one who has tumbled down Niagara, and survived the fall, though I have reached still water, the roar of the cataract is yet in my ears; and I can even survey it with a fuller gaze, and stronger

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sense of its vastness and power, than when I was rolling down its precipice.

I have been soldier, adventurer, traveller, statesman. I have been lover, husband, father—poor and opulent; obscure and conspicuous. There are few sensations of our nature, or circumstances of our life, which I have not undergone. Alternately suffering to the verge of ruin, and enjoying like an epicurean deity: I have been steeped in poverty to the lips; I have been surcharged with wealth. I have sacrificed, and fearfully, to the love of power; I have been disgusted with its possession. I figured in the great Babel until I loved even its confusion of tongues; I grew weary of it, until I hated the voice of man.

Every man is born for a special purpose, and with a special passion. The multitude, possessing both, exhibit neither; they are flung, or choose to be flung, into the pond, where they float only to perish, like blind puppies. But there are others who stem the great tide, and are only the stronger for the struggle. From my first sense, the passion to be known and felt, nay, at the expense of being feared, was my impulse. It has been

the impulse of all men who have ever impressed the world. With great talents it is all-commanding: the thunderbolt in the hands of Jove. Even with inferior faculties, and I make no pretence of mine, it singularly excites, urges, and animates. When the prophet saw the leopard winged, he saw a miracle; I claim for my powers only those of the muscle and sinew.

Ambition was the original passion of my nature. It rose before me, as the sun ascends before the Indian, until its fire drives him to the shade. I, too, have been scorched, have shrunk, and now I regret my shrinking. But time deals alike with all. I can now amuse myself only by images of the past; and, in the darkness and solitude of years, I take their Magic Lantern, and replace life by the strange, wild, and high-coloured extravagances, the ghosts and genii of the phantasmagoria of ambition.

I was the seventh son of one of the oldest families of England. If I had been the seventh son of the seventh son, I should, by all the laws of juggling, have been a conjurer; but I was a generation too early for fame. My father was an earl, and as proud of his titles as if he had won them at Crecy or Poitiers, and not in the campaigns of Westminster, consummated on the backstairs of Whitehall. He had served his country, as he termed it, in a long succession of Parliaments; and served her still more, as his country neighbours termed it, by accepting a peerage, which opened the county to any other representative among the sons of men. He was a strong-built, stern-countenanced, and haughty-tongued personage—by some thought a man of sense; by others a fool, with all his depth, arising from his darkness. My own experience convinced me, that no man made more of a secret, or thought less of a job. From my boyhood I own I feared more than honoured him; and as for love, if I had been more susceptible, mine would have flown round the globe before it could have fixed on that iron visage. The little love that I could afford for any human being, was for another and a different order of existence. Boys have a natural fondness for the mother; and mine was gentle, timid, and fond. She always parted with me, on my going

to school, as if she had lost a limb, and when I returned, received me as if she had found a pinion in its place. She perhaps spoiled me by indulgence, as much as my lord and father spoiled me by severity; but indulgence is the pleasanter of the two, and I followed the course of nature, and gave her whatever heart I have. I still remember her. She was remarkably indebted to nature, at least for externals. She had fine eyes—large, dark, and sentimental; her dress, which would now be preposterous, seemed to me, then, the perfection of all taste, and was in the highest fashion of her time. Her beauty worked miracles; for now and then I have observed even my father's eye fixed on her, with something of the admiration which we might conceive in an Esquimaux for a fixed star, or in an Italian highwayman for some Parian statue which he had stumbled on in his thickets. But the admiration was soon absorbed in the job in hand, and he turned away—to scribble to the Minister. Of the younger portion of the family I shall say but little. Children are happiest in the nursery, and there I leave them. I had two sisters, sweet little creatures, one with black eyes and the other with blue. This is enough for their description. My four brothers were four rough, bold, well-looking animals, all intended for ambassadors, admirals, generals, and secretaries of state—for my father had too long tasted of the honey of official life to think that there was any other food for a gentleman in the world. He had been suckled for too many years at those breasts, which, like the bosom of the great Egyptian goddess, pour the stream of life through whole generations of hangers-on, to believe that any other fount of existence was to be named but the civil list. I am strongly inclined to surmise that he would have preferred a pencil, purloined from the Treasury, to all the cedars of Lebanon.

It may be presumed that I was destined for public life—in other words, to live on the public; and, to prepare me for the performance of a part, alternately menial and master—supple as the slave, and superb as the minister—I was sent to Eton. At this great school of the aristocracy, would-be and real—barons and dukes *in esse*, and the herald's office alone, or bed-

lam, knows what *in posse*, I remained for the customary number of years, If whoever does me the honour to read these pages, hates the history of schooldays as much as I do their memory, he will easily pardon my passing by the topic altogether. If the first purpose of all great public institutions is to stand still; the great schools of England, fifty years ago, were righteous adherents to their contract; they never moved. The world might whirl round them as it would; there remained the grey milestones, only measuring the speed with which every thing on the road passed them. This, they say, has largely and fortunately changed in later years. But the change must proceed; the venerable cripples must throw by their crutches, and try the effect of flesh and blood. Flogging and fagging, are the education for a footman; they disgrace the common sense, and offend the feelings of a manly people. The pugilist must be expelled, and the puppy must follow him. The detestable grossness of classical impurity, must be no longer the price at which Latin "quantities" are to be learned. The last lesson of the "prodigal son," must not be the first learned by the son of the gentleman of England—to be fed on the "husks" fit only for the swine.

On my delighted release from this supreme laboratory of statesmen, I found the state of things considerably altered at Mortimer Castle. I had left it a stately but rather melancholy-looking household; I found the mansion glittering in all the novelty of French furniture, gilding, and *or-molu*—crowded with fashion, and all its menial tribe, from the groom in the stables to the gentleman's gentleman, who slipped along the chambers in soft silence, and seemed an embodying of Etiquette, all in new equipments of all kinds—the avenue trimmed, until it resembled a theatrical wood; and the grounds, once sober and silent enough for a Jacques to escape from the sight of human kind, and hold dialogues with the deer; now levelled, opened, shorn, and shaved, with the precision of a retired citizen's elysium.

The heads of the family were equally changed; my mother, unhappily, for the worse. Her fine eyes beamed with joy as she threw herself upon my neck, and murmured some of those

mingled blessings and raptures which have a language of their own. But when the first flush was past, I perceived that the cheek was thin, the eye was hollow and heavy, and the tremulous motion of her slight hand, as it lay in mine, alarmed me; in all my ignorance of the frailty of the human frame. But the grand change was in the Earl. My father, whom I had left rather degenerating into the shape which three courses and a bottle of claret a-day inflict on country gentlemen "who live at home at ease," was now braced and laced, costumed in the newest fashion, and overflowing with exuberant volatility. He breathed of Bond Street. He welcomed me with an ardour which astonished, more than delighted, me; Talked fragments of French, congratulated me on my "*air distingué*," advised me to put myself "*en grande tenue*;" and, after enchanting me in all kinds of strange ways, concluded by making an attempt to kiss me on both cheeks, like a true Frenchman. My Eton recollections enabled me to resist the paternal embrace; until the wonder was simplified, by the discovery that the family had but just returned from a continental residence of a couple of years—a matter of which no letter or word had given me the knowledge at my school. My next discovery was, that an old uncle had died, and left us money enough to carry the county; and the last and crowning one was, that my eldest brother had just been returned for the North Riding.

This was such an accumulation of good-luck as might have thrown any elderly gentleman off the balance of his gravity. It was like Philip's three plates at the Greek horse-races, crowned by the birth of Alexander. If my lordly father had danced the "*Minuette de la Cour*" over the marble tessellation of his own hall, I should now not have been surprised. But, from my first sense, or insensibility, I had felt no great delight in matters which were to make my own condition neither better nor worse; and after a remarkably brief period, the showy *déjeûnés* and dinners which commemorated the triumphs of the heir-apparent of our house, grew tiresome to me beyond all count, and I openly petitioned to be sent to college, or to the world's end.

My petition was listened to with a mixture of contempt for my want of taste, and astonishment at my presumption. But before the reply had time to burst out from lips, at no time too retentive, I was told, that at the end of one week more I should be suffered to take my way; that week being devoted to a round of especial entertainments in honour of my brother's election; the whole to be wound up by that most preposterous of all delights, an amateur play.

To keep a house in commotion, to produce mysterious conversations, conferences without number, and confidences without end; and to swell maidens' hearts and milliners' bills, let me recommend an amateur play in the country. The very mention of it awoke every soul in the Castle; caps and complexions were matched, and costumes criticised, from morning till night, among the ladies. The "acting drama" was turned over leaf by leaf by the gentlemen. The sound of many a heavy tread of many a heavy student, was heard in the chambers; the gardens were haunted by "the characters" getting their parts; and the poet's burlesque of those who "rave, recite, and madden round the land," was realized to the life in the histrionic labours of the votaries of Thalia and Melpomene, who ranged the groves of Mortimer Castle.

Then we had all the charming difficulty of fixing on the play. The dullest and dreariest of our country Rosciuses were uniformly for comedy; but the fair sex have a leaning to the tragic muse. We had one or two, who would have had no objection to be piquant in Lady Teazle, or petulant in Lady Townley; but we had half a dozen Desdemonas and Ophelias. The soul of an O'Neil was in every one of our party conscious of a pair of good eyes, a tolerable shape, and the captivation which, in some way or other, most women in existence contrive to discover in their own share of the gifts of nature. At length the votes carried it for Romeo and Juliet. The eventful night came; the *élite* of the county poured in, the theatre was crowded; all was expectancy before the curtain; all was terror, nervousness, and awkwardness behind. The orchestra performed its flourish, and the curtain rose.

To do the heads of the household

justice, they had done their duty as managers. The theatre, though but a temporary building, projecting from the ball-room into one of the gardens, was worthy of the very handsome apartment which formed its vestibule. The skill of a famous London architect had been exerted on this fairy erection, and Verona itself had, perhaps, in its palmiest days, seldom exhibited a display of more luxuriant elegance. The audience, too, so totally different from the mingled, ill-dressed, and irregular assemblage that fills a city theatre; blooming girls and showy matrons, range above range, feathered and flowered, glittering with all the family jewels, and all animated by the novelty of the scene before them, formed an exhibition which, for the night, inspired me with the idea, that (strolling excepted) the stage might not be a bad resource for a man of talents, after all.

But the play was—must I confess it? though I myself figured as the Romeo—utterly deplorable. The men forgot their parts, and their casual attempts to recover them made terrible havoc of the harmony of Shakespeare. The ladies lost their voices, and carried on their loves, their sorrows, and even their scoldings, in a whisper. Our play perfectly deserved the criticism of the old gentleman, who, after a similar performance, being asked which of the personages he liked best, candidly replied, "the prompter, for of him he had heard the most and seen the least."

However, every thing has an end; and we had carried Juliet to the tomb of all the Capulets, the chant was done, and the mourners were gathered in the green-room. I was standing, book in hand, preparing for the last agonies of a love very imperfectly committed to memory, when I heard a slight confusion in the court-yard, and shortly after the rattle of a post-chaise. The sound subsided, and I was summoned to my post at the entrance to the place where the lovely Juliet lay entranced. The pasteboard gate gave way to knocks enforced with an energy which called down rapturous applause; and in all the tortures of a broken heart, rewarded by a profusion of handkerchiefs applied to bright eyes, and a strong scent of hartshorn round the house, I summoned my fair bride to my arms.

There was no reply. I again invoked her; still silent. Her trance was evidently of the deepest order. I rose from the ground, where I had been "taking the measure of my unmade grave," and approaching the bier, ventured to drop a despairing hand upon her pillow. To my utter surprise, it was vacant. If I had been another Shakspeare, the situation was a fine one for a display of original genius. But I was paralyzed. A sense of the general embarrassment was my first impression, and I was absolutely struck dumb. But this was soon shaken off. My next was a sense of the particular burlesque of my situation; I burst out into laughter, in which the whole house joined; and throwing down my mattock, rushed off the stage. My theatrical dream was broken up for ever.

But weightier matters now absorbed the universal interest. The disappearance of the heroine from the stage was speedily accounted for by her flight in the carriage whose wheels had disturbed my study. But where fled, why, and with whom? We now found other defalcations in our numbers; the Chevalier Paul Charlatanski, a gallant Polish exile, who contrived to pass a very pleasant time on the merit of his misfortunes, a man of enormous mustaches and calamities, was also missing. His valet, his valise, every atom that ever appertained to him, had vanished; the clearance was complete. The confusion now thickened. I never saw the master of the mansion in such a rage before. Pistols and post-chaises were in instant requisition. He vowed that the honour of his house was involved in the transaction, and that nothing should tempt him to slumber until he had brought the fugitive fair one to the arms of her noble family; my Juliet being the ward of a duke, and being also entitled to about twenty thousand pounds a-year on her coming of age.

As for the unlucky, or rather the lucky, Chevalier, nothing human ever received a hotter shower of surmise and sarcasm. That he was "an impostor, a swindler, a spy," was the Earl's conviction, declared in the most public manner. The whole body of matrons looked round on their blooming innocents, as if they had been snatch-

ed from the jaws of a legion of wolves, and thanked their own prudence which had not trusted those men of mustaches within their hall doors. The blooming innocents responded in filial gratitude, and, with whatever sincerity, thanked their stars for their fortunate escape.

Still, the Earl's indignation was of so *ultra* a quality; his revenge was so fiery, and his tongue so fluent; that I began to suspect he had other motives than the insulted laws of hospitality. I reached this discovery, too, in time. The declining health of his partner had made him speculate on the chances of survivorship. He certainly was no longer young, and he had never been an Adonis. Yet his glass did not altogether throw him into the rank of the impracticable. A coronet was a well-known charm, which had often compensated for every other; in short, he had quietly theorized himself into the future husband of the ducal ward; and felt on this occasion as an Earl should, plundered, before his face, of a clear twenty thousand a-year.

But he was not to suffer alone. On further enquiry, it was ascertained that the chevalier's valet had not gone with him. This fellow, a Frenchman, had taken wing in another direction, and carried off his turtle-dove, too; not one of the full-blown roses of the servant's-hall, but a rosebud, the daughter of one of the bulkiest squires of the Riding; a man of countless beeves and blunders; one of our Yorkshire Nimrods, "a mighty hunter," until club dinners and home-brewed ale tied him to his arm-chair, and gout made him a man of peace and flannels, the best thriven weed in the swamps of Yorkshire. The young lady had been intended for my eldest brother, as a convenient medium of connexion between two estates, palpably made for matrimony. Thus we received two mortal blows in one evening; never was family pilfered more ignominiously; never was amateur play more peevishly catastrophized.

It must be owned, to the credit of "private theatricals," that the play had no slight share in the plot. The easy intercourse produced by rehearsals, the getting of tender speeches by heart, the pretty personalities and allusions growing out of those speeches,

the ramblings through shades and rose-twined parterres, the raptures and romance, all tend prodigiously to take off the alarm, or instruct the inexperience, of the female heart. I know no more certain cure for the rigidity that is supposed to be a barrier. At all events, the Chevalier and his valet, probably both footmen, alike had profited of their opportunity. Our play had cost us two elopements; two shots between wind and water, which threatened to send the ship down; two breakings of that heart which men carry in their purse. I laughed, and the world laughed also. But I was then thoughtless, and the world is malicious. My father and the member, though they had "never told their love," felt the blow "like a worm in the bud," and from that night I date the family decline.

Of course, the two whiskered vagabonds could not be suffered to carry off their laurels without an attempt to diminish them, and my father and brother were too much in earnest in their objects to lose time. In half an hour, four post-horses to each britchska whirled them off;—my father, to take the northern road, some hints of Gretna having transpired in the slipshod secrecy of the servants' hall—my brother, to pursue on the Dover road, conjecturing, with more sagacity than I had given him credit for, that as the fox runs round to his earth, the Frenchman always speeds for Paris.

The company soon dispersed, after having stayed long enough to glean all that they could of the family misfortune, and fix appointments for every day in the week to meet each other, and make the most of the whole transaction. But still a tolerable number of the steadier hands remained, who, to show their sympathy with us, resolved not to separate until they received tidings of his lordship's success. I was voted to the head of the table, more claret was ordered, the wreck of the general supper was cleared for one of a snugger kind; and we drew our chairs together. Toast followed toast, and all became communicative. Family histories, not excepting our own, were now discussed, with a confidence new to my boyish conjectures. Charlatanski's career abroad and at home seemed to be as well known as if he had been pilloried in

the county town; the infinite absurdity of the noble duke who suffered him to make his way under his roof, and the palpable *penchant* of his ward, next underwent discussion; until the ignorance of my noble father on the subject, gave, with me, the death-blow to his penetration. The prettinesses which had won the primrose heart of my brother's intended spouse, I found were equally notorious; the Earl's project was as plain as if he had pronounced it *viva voce*; and before we parted for the night, which did not occur until the sun was blazing through the curtains of our banqueting room, I had made up my mind, once for all, that neither character nor cunning can be concealed in this world; that the craftiest impostor is but a clumsier kind of clown; and that the most dexterous disguise is but a waste of time.

I must hasten to the *dénouement*. Our excellent friends indulged us with their company, and bored us with their society for a mortal week. But, as Sterne says of the sentimental traveller, scenes of sentiment are always exhibiting themselves to an appetite eager for knowing what the world is doing; the knowledge was contributed with a copiousness which left nothing to learn, and but little to desire. Our guests were of that class which usually fills the houses of noblemen, in the annihilation of life in town; clubmen, to whom St James's Street was the terraqueous globe; guardsmen, on leave of absence for the shooting season, and saturated with London; several older exhibitors in the fashionable circles, who as naturally followed where young guardsmen and wealthy squires were to be found, as flies wing to the honey on which they live; and two or three of the most opulent and dullest baronets who ever played whist and billiards, for the advantage of losing guinea points to gentlemen more accomplished in the science of chances.

At length, on the sixth day, when I really began to feel anxious, an express announced that his lordship had arrived at a village, about fifty miles off, on his way home, wounded, and in great danger. I instantly broke up the convivial party, and set out to see him. To the imagination of a boy, as I was then, nothing could be more startling than the aspect of

the habitation which now held the haughty Earl of Mortimer. After passing through a variety of dungeon-like rooms, for the house had once been a workhouse, or something of the kind, I was ushered into the chamber where the patient lay. The village doctor, and one or two of the wise people of the neighbourhood, who thought it their duty to visit a stranger, that stranger being a man of rank, were standing by; and the long faces of those persons, seconded by the professional shake of the doctor's head, told me, that they at least had no hope. It was not so with the sufferer himself, for he talked as largely and loftily of what he was to do within the next ten years, as if he was to survive the century. He still breathed rage and retribution against the Chevalier, and actually seemed to regard the lady's choice as

a particular infraction of personal claims. He had pursued the fugitives day and night, until the pursuit threw him into a kind of fever. While under this paroxysm he had met the enamoured pair, but it was on their way from that forge on the Border where so many heavy chains have been manufactured. Useless as challenging was now, he challenged the husband. The parties met, and my father received a bullet in his body, while he had the satisfaction of lodging one in his antagonist's knee-pan. The Chevalier was doomed to waltz no more. But his bullet was fatal.

As I looked round the wretched chamber in which this bold, arrogant, and busy spirit was evidently about to breathe its last, Pope's lines on the most splendid *roué* of his day involuntarily and painfully shot across my recollection:—

“ In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The walls of plaster, and the floor of dung;
The George and Garter dangling from the bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies; alas, how changed from him
The glass of fashion!”

I say no more of those scenes; a few days, only enough to collect the branches of the family round the bed, terminated every thing. Grief, they say, cannot exist where there is no love, but I was not inclined, just then, to draw subtle distinctions. I was grieved; and paid the last duties, without blame to myself, or, I hope, irreverence in the sight of others. The funeral was stately; and all was over.

Matters now took a new shape at the castle. My brother returned, to find himself its possessor. His journey had been equally unproductive with my unfortunate father's. By dint of bribing the postilions, he had even overpassed the fugitives on the Dover road. But, as he stopped to dine in Canterbury, where he had prepared a posse of constables for their reception, he had, unluckily, been accosted by an old London acquaintance, who had accidentally fixed his quarters there for a day or two, “seeking whom he might devour.” The dinner was followed by a carouse, the carouse by a “quiet game,” or games, which lasted till the next day; and when my brother rose, with the glow of a superb sunset giving him the first intimation that he was among the living, he made

the discovery that he was stripped of the last shilling of five hundred pounds, and that the Frenchman and his prize had quietly changed horses at the same hotel half a dozen hours before.

The young forget quickly, but they feel keenly. The event which I had just witnessed threw a shade over me, which, in the want of any vigorous occupation, began to affect my health. I abjured the sports of the field, for which, indeed, I had never felt much liking. I rambled through the woods in a kind of dreamy idleness of mind, which took but little note of any thing, time included. As mendicants sell tapes and matches to escape the imputation of mendicancy, I carried a pencil and portfolio, and seemed to be sketching venerable oaks and patches of the picturesque, while my mind was wandering from Line to Pole. But in this earth no one can be singular with impunity. The gentlemen were “convinced” that my meditations were heavy with unpaid college bills; and the ladies, from high to low, from “Tilburina, mad in white satin,” to her “confidant, mad in white linen,” were all of opinion that some one among their peer-

less selves had destroyed the "five wits of young Mr Marston." I could have fallen on them with a two-handed sword; but as the massacre of the sex was not then in my power, I had only to escape.

There were higher matters to move me. Clouds were gathering on the world; the times were fitful; the air was thick with rumours from abroad; the sleep of the Continent was breaking up, and Europe lay in the anxious and strange expectancy in which some great city might see the signs of a coming earthquake, without the power of ascertaining at what moment, or from what quarter, its foundations were to be flung up in sight of the sun.—We were then in the first stage of the French Revolution!

I resolved to linger and be libelled no more; and being ushered, by appointment, into the library—for the new master was already all etiquette—I promptly stated my wishes, and demanded my portion, to try my fortune in the world.

Our conference, if it had but little of the graces of diplomacy, had much more than its usual decision. It was abrupt and unhesitating. My demand had evidently taken his "lordship" by surprise. He started from the magisterial chair, in which he was yet to awe so many successions of rustic functionaries, and with a flushed cheek asked "Whether I was lunatic, or supposed him to be so?"

"Neither the one nor the other," was my answer. "But, to waste life here is out of the question. I demand the means of entering a profession."

"Are you aware, sir, that our interest is lost since the last change of ministers? that my estate is loaded with encumbrances? that every profession is overstocked? and what can you do in the crowd?"

"What others have done—what I should do in a crowd in the streets—push some aside, get before others; if made way for, be civil; if resisted, trample; it has been the history of thousands, why not mine?"

The doctrine was as new to this son of indulgence, as if I had propounded the philosopher's stone. But his courage was exhausted by a controversy perhaps longer than he had ever ventured on before. He walked to the glass, adjusted his raven ringlets, and having refreshed his spirits

with the contemplation, enquired, with a smile which made the nearest possible approach to a sneer, whether I had any thing more to say?

I had more, and of the kind that least suited his feelings. I demanded "my property."

The effect of those two words was electrical. The apathy of the exquisite was at an end, and in a voice of the most indignant displeasure, he rapidly demanded whether I expected money to fall from the moon? whether I was not aware of the expense of keeping up the castle? whether I supposed that my mother's jointure and my sisters' portions could ever be paid without dipping the rent-roll deeper still? and, after various and bitter expostulation, "What right had I to suppose that I was worth the smallest coin of the realm, except by his bounty?"

One query answered them all. "My lord, is it not true that I am entitled to five thousand pounds?"

"Five thousand —?" what word was to fill up the interval I can only guess. But the first lesson which a man learns at the clubs is, to control his temper when its display is not likely to be attended with effect. He saw that I stood his gaze with but few symptoms of giving way, and he changed his tactics with an adroitness that did honour to his training. Approaching me, he held out his hand. "Charles, why should *we* quarrel about trifles? I was really not acquainted with the circumstance to which you allude, but I shall look into it without delay. Pray, can you tell me the when, the where, the how?"

"Your questions may be easily answered. The *when* was at the death of our uncle, the *where* was in his will, and the *how*—in any way your lordship pleases." The truce was now made; he begged of me, "as I valued *his* feelings," to drop the formality of his title, to regard him simply as a brother, and to rely on his wish to forward every object that might gratify my inclination.

Our conference broke up. He galloped to a neighbouring horse-race. I went to take a solitary ramble through the Park.

The hour and the scene were what the poet pronounces "fit to cure all sadness but despair." Noble old trees, the "roof star-proof" over-

head, the cool velvet grass under the feet—glimpses of sunlight striking through the trunks—the freshened air coming in gusts across the lake, like new life, bathing my burning forehead and feverish hands—the whole unrivalled sweetness of the English landscape softened and subdued me. Those effects are so common, that I can claim no credit for their operation on my mind; and, before I had gone far, I was on the point of returning, if not to recant, at least to palliate the harshness of my appeal to fraternal justice.

But, by this time I had reached a rising ground which commanded a large extent of the surrounding country. The evening was one of those magnificent closes of the year, which, like a final scene in a theatre, seems intended to comprehend all the beauties and brilliancies of the past. The western sky was a blaze of all colours, and all pouring over the succession of forest, cultured field, and mountain top, which make the English view, if not the most sublime, the most touching of the earth!

But as I stood on the hill, gazing round to enjoy every shape and shade at leisure, my eye turned on the Castle. It spoiled all my serenity at once. I felt that it was a spot from which I was excluded by nature; that it belonged to others so wholly, that scarcely by any conceivable chance could it ever be mine; and that I could remain within its walls no longer, but with a sense of uselessness and shame.

If I could have taken staff in hand and pack on shoulder, I would have started at that moment on a pilgrimage that might have circled the globe. But the most fiery resolution must submit to circumstances. One night more, at least, I must sleep under the paternal roof, and I was hastening home, brooding over bitter thoughts, when I suddenly rushed against some one whom I nearly overthrew.—“Bless me, Mr Marston, is it you?”—told me that I had run down my old tutor, Mr Vincent, the parson of the parish. He had been returning from visiting some of his flock, and in the exercise of the vocation which he had just been fulfilling, he saw that something went ill with me, and taking my arm, forced me to go home with him, for such comfort as he could give.

Parsons, above all men, are the

better for wives and families; for, without them, they are wonderfully apt to grow saturnine or stupid. Of course there are exceptions. Vincent had a wife not much younger than himself, to whom he always spoke with the courtiership of a *preux chevalier*. A portrait of her in her bridal dress, showed that she had been a pretty brunette in her youth; and her husband still evidently gave her credit for all that she had been. They had, as is generally the fate of the clergy, a superfluity of daughters, four or five I think, creatures as thoughtless and innocent as their own poultry, or their own pet-sheep. But all round their little vicarage was so pure, so quiet, and so neat—there was such an aspect of order and even of elegance, however inexpensive, that its contrast with the glaring and restless tumult of the “great house” was irresistible. I never had so full a practical understanding of the world’s “poms and vanities,” as while looking at the trimmings and trellises of the parson’s dwelling.

I acknowledge myself a worldling, but I suppose that all is not lead or iron within me, from my sense of scenes like this. In my wildest hour, the sight of fields and gardens has been a kind of febrifuge to me—has conveyed a feeling of tranquillity to my mind; as if it drank the silence and the freshness, as the flowers drink the dew. I have often thus experienced a sudden soothing, which checked the hot current of my follies or frenzies, and made me think that there were better things than the baubles of cabinets. But it did not last long.

I mention this evening, because it decided my future life; or at least the boldest, and perhaps the best portion of it. We had an hour or two of the little variations of placid amusement which belong to all personages in romances, but which here were reality; easy conversation on the events of the county; a little political talking with the vicar; a few details of persons and fashions at the castle, to which the ladies listened as Desdemona might have listened to Othello’s history—for the Castle was so seldom visited by them, that it had almost the air of a Castle of Otranto, and they evidently thought that its frowning towers and gilded halls belonged to another race, if not to an-

other region of existence; we had, too, some of the last new songs, (at least half a century old, but which were not the less touching,) and a duet of Geminiani, performed by the two elder proficient on a spinet which might have been among the "chamber music" of the Virgin Queen; all slight matters to speak of, and yet which contributed to the quietude of a mind longing for rest—sights of innocence and sounds of peace, which, like the poet's music—

"Might take the prison'd soul
And wrap it in Elysium."

The moon shining in through panes covered with honeysuckle and fragrance of all kinds, at length warned me that I was intruding on a household primitive in their hours, as in every thing else, and I rose to take my leave. But I could not be altogether parted with yet. It seems that they had found me a most amusing guest; while, to my own conception, I had been singularly spiritless; but the little anecdotes which were trite to me had been novelties to them. Fashion has a charm even for philosophers; and the freaks and follies of the high-toned sons and daughters of fashion—who wore down my gentle mother's frame, drained my showy father's rental, and made even myself loathe the sight of loaded barouches coming to discharge their cargoes of beaux and belles on us for weeks together—were nectar and ambrosia to my sportive and rosy-cheeked audience. The five girls put on their bonnets, and looking like a group of Titania and her nymphs, as they bounded along in the moonlight, escorted us to the boundary of the vicar's territory.

We were about to separate, with all the pretty formalities of village leave-taking; when their father, in the act of shaking hands with me, fixed his eye on mine, and insisted on seeing me home. Whether the thought occurred to him that I had still something on my mind, which was not to be trusted within sight of a brook that formed the boundary to the Castle grounds, I know not, but I complied; the girls were sent homewards, and I heard their gay voices mingling, at a distance, and not unsuitably, with the songs of the nightingale.

I took his arm, and we walked on for a while in silence. At length, slackening his pace, and speaking in

a tone whose earnestness struck me, "Charles," said he, "has any thing peculiarly painful lately happened to you?—if so, speak out. I know your nature to be above disguise; and with whom can you repose your vexations, if such there be, more safely than with your old tutor?"

I was taken unawares; and not having yet formed a distinct conception of my own grievances, promptly denied that I had any.

"It may be so," said my friend; "and yet once or twice this evening I saw your cheek alternately flush and grow pale, with a suddenness that alarmed me for your health. In one of your pleasant stories, while you were acting the narrative with a liveliness evidently unconscious, and giving me and mine a treat which we have not had for a long time, I observed your voice falter, as if some spasm of soul had shot across you; and I unquestionably saw, that rare sight in the eyes of man, a tear."

I denied this instance of weakness stoutly; but the old man's importunities prevailed, and, by degrees, I told him, or rather his good-natured cross-examination moulded for me, a statement of my anxieties at home.

The Vicar, with all his simplicity of manner, was a man of powerful and practical understanding. He had been an eminent scholar at his university, and was in a fair way for all its distinctions, when he thought proper to fall desperately in love. This, of course, demolished his prospects at once. I never heard his subsequent history in detail; but he had left England, and undergone a long period of disheartening and distress. Whether he had not, in those times of desolation, taken service in the Austrian army, and even shared some of its Turkish campaigns, was a question which I heard once or twice started at the Castle; and a slight contraction of the arm, and a rather significant scar which crossed his bold forehead, had been set down to the account of the Osmanli cimeter.

Vincent had never told the story of either, but a rumour reached his college of his having been seen in the Austrian uniform on the Transylvanian frontier, during the campaigns of the Prince of Coburg and Laudohn against the Turks. It was singular enough,

that on this very evening, in arguing against some of my whims touching destinies and omens, he illustrated the facility of imposture on such points by an incident from one of those campaigns.

"A friend of mine," said he, "a captain in the Lichtenstein hussars, happened to be on the outpost service of the army. As the enemy were in great force, and commanded by the Vizier in person, an action was daily expected, and the pickets and videttes were ordered to be peculiarly on the alert. But, on a sudden, every night produced some casualty. They either lost videttes, or their patrol was surprised, or their baggage plundered—in short, they began to be the talk of the army. The regiment had been always one of the most distinguished in the service, and all those misfortunes were wholly unaccountable. At length a stronger picket than usual was ordered for the night—not a man of them was to be found in the morning. As no firing had been heard, the natural conjecture was, that they must all have deserted. As this was a still more disgraceful result than actual defeat, the colonel called his officers together, to give what information they could. The camp, as usual, swarmed with Bohemians, fortune-tellers, and gipsies, a race who carry intelligence on both sides; and whose performances fully accounted for the knowledge which the enemy evidently had of our outposts. The first order was, to clear the quarters of the regiment of those encumbrances, and the next to direct the videttes to fire without challenging. At midnight a shot was heard; all turned out, and on reaching the spot where the alarm had been given, the vidette was found lying on the ground and senseless, though without a wound. On his recovery, he said that he had seen a ghost; but that having fired at it, according to orders, it looked so horribly grim at him, that he fell from his horse and saw no more. The Austrians are brave, but they are remarkably afraid of supernatural visitants, and a ghost would be a much more formidable thing to them than a discharge of grape-shot.

"The captain in question was an Englishman, and as John Bull is supposed, among foreigners, to carry an unusual portion of brains about him,

the colonel took him into his special council in the emergency. Having settled their measures, the captain prepared to take charge of the pickets for the night, making no secret of his dispositions. At dark, the videttes and sentries were posted as usual, and the officer took his post in the old field redoubt, which had been the headquarters of the pickets for the last fortnight.

"All went on quietly until about midnight; the men off duty fast asleep in their cloaks, and the captain reading an English novel. He, too, had grown weary of the night, and was thinking of stretching himself on the floor of his hut, when he saw, and not without some perturbation, a tall spectral figure, in armour, enter the works, stride over the sleeping men without exciting the smallest movement amongst them, and advance towards him. He drew his breath hard, and attempted to call out, but his voice was choked, and he began to think himself under the dominion of nightmare. The figure came nearer still, looking more menacing, and drew its sword. My friend, with an effort which he afterwards acknowledged to be desperate, put his hand to his side to draw his own. What was his alarm when he found that it had vanished? At this moment his poodle, which, against all precautions, had followed him, began barking fiercely, and rushing alternately towards him and a corner of the redoubt. Though his sabre was gone, a brace of English pistols lay on the table beside him, and he fired one of them in the direction. The shot was followed by a groan and the disappearance of the spectre. The men started to their feet, and all rushed out in pursuit. The captain's first step struck upon a dead body, evidently that of the spy who had fallen by his fire. The pursuit was now joined in by the whole regiment, who had been posted in the rear unseen, to take advantage of circumstances. They pushed on, swept all before them, and bore down patrol and picket until they reached the enemy's camp. The question then was, what to do next? whether to make the best of their way back, or try their chance onward? The Englishman's voice was for taking fortune at the flow; and the accidental burning of a tent or two by the fugitives showed him the Turks already in confusion,

The trampling of battalions in the rear told him at the same time that he had powerful help at hand, and he dashed among the lines at once. The hus-sars, determined to retrieve their reputation, did wonders—the enemy were completely surprised. No troops but those in the highest state of discipline are good for any thing when attacked at night. The gallantry of the Turk by day, desertshim in the dark; and a night surprise, if well followed up, is sure to end in a victory. From the random firing and shouting on every side, it was clear that they were totally taken unawares; and the rapid and general advance of the Austrian brigades, showed that Laudohn was in the mind to make a handsome imperial bulletin. Day dawned on a rout as entire as ever was witnessed in a barbarian campaign. The enemy were flying in all directions like a horde of Tartars, and camp, cannon, baggage, standards, every thing was left at the mercy of the pursuers."

"But the captain, the Englishman, what became of him?" I asked, slightly glancing at the countenance of the narrator.

"Oh, very well off indeed! Foreign Governments are showy to the soldier, and Joseph the Second, though an economist in civil matters, was liberal to his successful officers. The captain received a pension; a couple of orders; was made a colonel on the first opportunity; and, besides, had his share of the plunder—no slight addition to his finances, for the military chest had been taken in the baggage of the Seraskier."

"And by this time," said I, with an unenquiring air, "he is doubtless a field-marshal?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied my reverend friend, "for his victory cured him of soldiership. He was wounded in the engagement, and if he had been ever fool enough to think of fame, the solitary hours of his invalidism put an end to the folly. Other and dearer thoughts recurred to his mind. He had now obtained something approaching to a competence, if rightly managed; he asked permission to retire, returned to England, married the woman he loved; and never for a moment regretted that he was listening to larks and linnets instead of trumpets and cannon, and settling the concerns of rustics instead of

manœuvring squadrons and battalions."

"But what was the ghost, after all?"

"Oh, the mere trick of a juggler! a figure projected on the wall by some ingenious contrivance of glasses. The instrument was found on the body of the performer, who turned out to be the colonel's valet—of course in the enemy's pay, and who furnished them with daily intelligence of all our proceedings. As for the loss of the sabre, which actually startled the ghost-seer most, he found it next morning hanging up in the hut, where he himself had placed it, and forgotten that he had done so."

"And the captain, or rather the colonel, brought with him to England, a cimeter-cut on his arm, and another on his forehead?" I asked, fixing my eyes on him. A crimson flush passed over his countenance, he bit his lip and turned away. I feared that I had offended irreparably. But his natural kindness of heart prevailed, he turned to me gently, laughed, and pressing my hand in his, said, "You have my secret. It has escaped me for the first time these thirty years. Keep it like a man of honour."

I have always held that the life of man's mind, where man *has* a mind—which is not always the case—is a thing of fits and starts. I even doubt whether any one who will take the trouble to recollect, will not be able to put his finger on the precise periods at which new views of every thing suddenly opened before him, and he emerged at once, if not into new powers, at least into a new use of them. The frame may grow like a tree; the faculties may grow as imperceptibly as the frame; but the mind acquires that knowledge of life which forms its exercise, its use, and perhaps its essence, by bounds and flights. This moonlight walk with my old and honoured Mentor, was the beginning of my mental adolescence. My manhood was still to come, and with a more severe instructor.

As we were passing slowly through the plantations which encircled the Castle with all the noble and profuse shelter and ornament which our ancestors loved, a distant sound of music came on the wind. I then remembered, for the first time, that my brother

had, on that evening, given a ball to the county, and a sudden sense of the difference of our lots in life, came painfully over me;—the course of secure wealth and English enjoyment, contrasted with the dependence and wandering which must form the existence of myself, and so many thousands of younger brothers.

I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of my companion. His face was upturned to the cloudless sky, and he was murmuring the fine passage in the Merchant of Venice.

“Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There’s not the smallest orb which thou
behold’st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bins :

Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

“Do you know, Charles,” said he, “what changed the whole current of my life? what, in fact, brought me back to England?” and there was a slight pause. “What made me a Christian? It was such a night as this. As you now know the chief part of my story, I need have no further concealment on the subject. I had recovered from my wounds, and was preparing to set out for Vienna, when one night a tempest blew down our tents, and left us to trust to the open air for the hours till morning. Tempests in the south are violent, but they are generally brief, and this gale cleared the sky of every cloud. As I lay on the ground, and gazed on the unusual splendour of the stars, the thought occurred to me, Why should doubts of a future state ever come into the mind of man? Why should he hesitate about its reality? Was it not there, before his eyes? Were not the very regions of future existence already within the reach of one of his senses? Why might they not yet be within the reach of all? Of course I do not give you all the vague thoughts which passed through my mind; but the permanence, power, and astonishing multitude of those bright worlds, impressed themselves on me with a new force. I had known all those matters before, but on this night I felt them. My next thoughts were of the power, the wisdom, and the majesty of the mighty Being by whom all this had been formed, moved, and sustained through thousands of years. I need

not follow the history of my conversion—for a conversion it was. When I looked round me on the sleeping troops, I saw nothing but clods of the valley—gallant beings, but as insensible to their high inheritance as the chargers they rode. My heart moved me towards them; and perhaps, in some instances, I succeeded in giving them my own ideas. But Austria defies, at least, all human change. I was not a fanatic, and I had no wish to strive with impossibilities. I sent in my resignation; abandoned the ‘pride, pomp, and circumstance’ of the most tempting of all human pursuits, and returned to England to be, what you see me now.”

With this man I could have no reserves, and I freely asked his advice on the plunge which I was about to make into that fathomless tide of good and ill, the world. I mentioned the Church as the profession which my mother had suggested, but for which I did not conceive either my temper or my habits suitable.

“You are right, then, in abandoning the idea altogether,” was the answer; “and yet I know no profession more capable of fulfilling all the objects of a vigorous mind. I am not now talking of mitres; they can fall to but few. I speak of the prospects which it opens to all; the power of exerting the largest influence for the highest purposes; the possession of fame without its emptiness, and the indulgence of knowledge without its vanity; energy turned to the most practical and lofty uses of man; and the full feast of an ambition superior to the tinsel of the world, and alike pure in its motives, and immeasurable in its rewards.”

“And, yet,” said I, naming one or two of our clerical slumberers, “the profession seems not to be a very disturbing one.”

“Those men, was the answer, would have been slumberers at the bar, in senates, or in the field. I may be prejudiced in favour of the choice which I made so long since, and which I have never found reason to repent. But I have not the slightest wish to prejudice any one in its favour. There is no profession which more requires a peculiar mind; contentment, with whatever consciousness of being overlooked; patience, with whatever hopelessness of success; labour, for its own

sake; and learning, with few to share, few to admire, and fewer still to understand."

"If my father had lived," said I, "it was his intention to have tried my chance in diplomacy."

"Probably enough; for he had figured in that line himself. I remember him secretary of embassy at Vienna. Perhaps you will scarcely believe, that I, too, have had my experience on the subject? Accident once made me an attaché to our envoy at Naples. The life is an easy one. Idleness was never more perfectly reduced to a system, than among the half dozen functionaries to whom the interests of the British empire were entrusted in the capital of the Lazzaroni. As the Frenchman said of the Academy, 'We had nothing to do, and we did it.'"

"Italy," said I, "is the land of pleasure, and the Lazzaroni are its philosophers, but one cannot sleep like them in the face of day, and all day long. Let what will come, I have no desire to be a weed on the shore."

"No; we had our occupations; for we had the attendance on the court days—a business of as much formality, as if the fate of mankind depended on it. Then we had the attendance on the opera at night; a matter nearly as tiresome. The post from England reached Naples but once a-week, and scarcely once a month conveyed any intelligence that was worth the postage. But, if politics were out of the question, we had negotiation in abundance; for we carried on the whole diplomacy of the opera-house in London, engaged *primo tenores*, and settled the rival claims of *prima donnas*; gave our critical opinions on the merits of dancers worthy of appearing before the British *cognoscenti*; and dispatched poets, ballet-masters, and scene-painters, to our managers, with an activity worthy of the purest patriotism. What think you of the bar?"

"I have no head for its study; and no heart for its employment."

"It leads more rapidly to rank than any other profession under the sun; profit beyond counting, and a peerage. Those are no bad things."

"Both capital, if one could be secure of them. But they take too much time for me. I never was born to sit on the woolsack. No; if I were to follow my own inclination, I should be a soldier."

I have already said that I have been, throughout life, a kind of believer in omens. I have seen such a multitude of things decided by some curious coincidence, some passing occurrence, some of those odd trifles for which it is impossible to account, but which occur at the instant when the mind is wavering on the balance; that I feel no wonder at the old superstitions of guessing our destiny from the shooting of a star, or the flight of birds. While we were rambling onward, discussing the merits and demerits of the profession of arms, we heard the winding of the mail-guard's horn. I sprang the fence, and waited in the road to enquire the last news from the metropolis. It was momentous—the Revolution had effectually broken out. Paris was in an uproar. The king's guards had taken up arms for the people. The Bastile was stormed!

If I had hesitated before, this news decided me; not that I pretend to have even dreamed of the tremendous changes which were to be produced in the world by that convulsion. But it struck me as the beginning of a time, when the lazy quietude of years was about to be broken up, and room made for all who were inclined to exert themselves. Before we had reached the level lawns and trim parterres which showed us the lights of the family festivity, I had settled all the difficulties which might impede the career of less fortunate individuals; time and chance were managed with the adroitness of a projector; and if Bellona had been one of the Nine Muses, my speculations could not have been more poetical. Somewhat to my surprise, they received no check from my venerable tutor; quite the contrary. The singular sympathy with which he listened to my most daring and dashing conceptions, would have betrayed his early history if I had still the knowledge to acquire. His very looks, as he listened to my rodomontades, recurred to me, when I read, many years after, Scott's fine description of his soldier-monk in the Lay of the Last Minstrel:—

"Again on the knight look'd the churchman old,

And again he sigh'd heavily,
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.

And he thought on the days that were long gone by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high."

The news from France produced a sensation throughout England totally indescribable at the present day. Every tongue and every heart was full of it. It offered something for every mind of the million to seize on. Like a waterspout, such as I have seen sweeping over the bosom of the Atlantic, half-descending from the skies, and half-ascending from the deep; every second man whom one met gave it credit for a different origin, some looking at the upper portion and some at the lower; while, in the mean time, the huge phenomenon was blackening, gathering, and rushing onward, threatening to turn all above into darkness and all below into storm. It made the grand subject of parliamentary eloquence, and parliament was never more eloquent; it filled the speeches of the factious, it was hailed by the shouts of the multitude, and it disturbed the fireside with fear and hope, with wishing and wonder. It must be acknowledged that a vast quantity of this excitement was absolute folly; but, at the same time, there was a sincerity in the folly which redeemed it from ridicule. Nothing could be more evident than that this French patriotism was as theatrical, in the countless majority of instances, as the loves and sorrows of its stage. Yet, however the speeches might be got by heart, or the frippery and actors hired, the *drame* was powerfully performed; and all Europe sat by, giving it the tribute of its tears and its terrors. Even we of England, with all our more sober recollections that the heroes were ragamuffins, and the heroism imaginary, gave ourselves up to the illusion. I shall not say that I was wiser than the rest of mankind. I liked excitement, wherever it was to be found. The barriers to distinction were still too firmly closed against the youngest son of an embarrassed family, not to suggest many a wish for whatever chance might burst the gate, or blow up the rampart; and my first effort in political life was a harangue to the rabble of the next borough, conceived in the most Gallic style. Yet this act of

absurdity had the effect of forwarding my views more rapidly than if I had become an aristocratic Demosthenes. My speech was so much applauded by the mob, that they began to put its theories in practice, though with rather more vigour than I had dreamed of. There were riots, and even some attempts at the seizure of arms; and the noble duke, our neighbour, had received a threatening letter, which sent him at full gallop to the Home Secretary. A note, by no means too gentle in its tone, was instantly despatched to my noble brother, enquiring why he did not contrive to keep the minor branches of his family in better order, and threatening him with the withdrawal of the county patronage. My demand of a commission in the Guards was no longer answered by the head of our house with astonishment at the loftiness of my expectations, and statements of the utter emptiness of the family exchequer. The result of his brief correspondence with Downing Street was a letter, notifying that his majesty was pleased to accept my services in the Coldstream.

I was enraptured, and my brother was enraptured, for we had both gained our objects. I had got rid of him and ennui. He had got rid of me, and the displeasure of the grand dispensers of place and pension. No time was lost in forwarding me to make my bow at the Horse Guards; and my noble brother lost as little time in making me put my hand to a paper, in which, for prompt payment, I relinquished one half of my legacy. But what cared I for money? I had obtained a profession in which money was contemptible, the only purse the military chest, and the only prize, like Nelson's, a peerage or Westminster Abbey. The ferment did not cool within the week, and within that period I had taken leave of half the county, been wished laurels and aiguillettes by a hundred or a thousand of the fairest of our country belles; and been wished a thousand miles off by the wise matrons, to whom the sight of a "younger son without house or land" is a nuisance, a kite among their family pigeons.

At that moment, however, all their dovescots were secure. I should not have spent a sigh on the *Venus de Medicis* had she sprung from her pedes-

tal to enchant me. The world was open before me; and trite and trifling objects were no more to occupy my time. I felt like one who, after wandering all day through the depths of an American forest, suddenly reaches its border, and sees before him the boundless prairie, with its boundlessness still more striking, from the absence of any distinct object on which the eye could rest. What were horses, dogs, and country dinners, to the world of London and of life which now came in full, and, I will own it, extravagant vision before me? The ideas which I conceived of men and things, of my own fortunes, and the fortunate exercise of my own powers, were of an order which, in my calmer days, have often made me smile; yet what is the whole early life of man but a predisposition to fever? and I was then throbbing on the fiery verge of the disease.

I shall say but little of my first sensations on reaching London. My eyes and ears were in full activity. But the impression upon all who enter this mightiest of capitals for the first time, is nearly the same. Its perpetual multitude, its incessant movement, its variety of occupations, sights and sounds, the echo of the whole vast and sleepless machinery of national existence, have been a thousand times the subject of description, and always of wonder. Yet, I must acknowledge, that its first sight repelled me. I had lived in field and forest, my society had been among my fellows in rank; I had lived in magnificent halls, and been surrounded by bowing attendants; and now, with my mind full of the calm magnificence of English noble life, I felt myself flung into the midst of a numberless, miscellaneous, noisy rabble, all rushing on regardless of every thing but themselves, pouring through endless lines of dingy houses; and I nothing, an atom in the confusion, a grain of dust on the great chariot wheel of society, a lonely and obscure struggler in the mighty current of human life, which rolled along the sullen channels of the most cheerless, however it might be the largest, of capitals.

For the first week, I was absolutely unable to collect my thoughts. All that I learned was, to make my way through the principal thorough-

fares, and know the names of her chief buildings. In later days, I took a more practical view of matters, and regarded them only as places in which the business of the hour was to be done. But in my first view, something of the romance and revival of my forest walks clung to me. I remember that, when I first saw the Horse Guards, to which, of course, one of my earliest visits was paid, I found no slight difficulty in thinking of it as only a remarkably clownish mass of brick and stone, crowded with clerks. To me it was the very palace of war; the spot from which the thunderbolts of England were launched; the centre and the stronghold of that irresistible influence with which England sways and moulds mankind. The India House was another of my reveries. I could not think of it as but a huge pile in a vulgar outlet of the city, as a place of porters and messengers loitering in gloomy corridors, of busy clerks for ever scribbling in nooks unvisited by the sun, or even of portly directors, congregating in halls encrusted with the cobwebs of centuries. To my eyes it was invested with the mystery and dignity of Orientalism. I thought of the powers by which rajahs were raised and overthrown, of the mandates which spread war and restored peace over regions wide as Europe, and a thousand times more brilliant. I had rambling visions of armies of elephants, superb cavalry, and chieftains covered with gold and diamonds. As I traversed the dusky halls, I thought of the will which pronounced the fate of kingdoms, the fallen glories of Aurengzebe, the broken sceptre of the Mahratta, and the crushed tiara of Mysore. Round me was the moving power of an empire, the noblest that the East has ever seen, and which, in the act of assuming additional greatness, by a contradiction to all the laws of extended conquest, was hourly assuming additional stability.

And yet, and yet, are not those the true views, after all? Are the effects to be forgotten in the instruments, or is it not the result which forms the character of the whole? Are we to think of the dagger which strikes the master of a throne, as only the steel in the hand of an assassin, or as the summoner to civil war and the subversion of thrones? Is the pen which pours

political frenzy through the hearts of living millions, or sheds the splendours of poetry over millions still to come, to be valued only as the feather of a bird? Or is the press itself to be remembered only as a dexterous combination of springs and screws; or to be bowed down to as the steward of all the hidden treasures of mind—as the breaker of intellectual chains, the avenger of injured rights, the moral Hercules that goes forth turning the wilderness to fertility, and smiting the monsters of the world?

But among the wonders of the time, there was one which struck me with prodigious force, which has remained on my recollection to this hour, and which still survives with undiminished vividness. It was the acting of Siddons.

The stage is now almost undone. The absurd liberalism of the day has given every corner of London a theatre, and has degraded the character of the stage in all. By scattering the ability which still exists, it has stripped the great theatres of the very means of representing dramatic excellence; while, by adopting popular contrivances to obtain temporary success, they have driven away dramatic genius in contempt or in despair. Our stage is now condemned to be fed like a felon from the dungeons, and, like the felon, to feel a stigma in every morsel which it puts between its lips. It must stoop to French frivolity, or German extravagance, and be glad to exist upon either. Yet, why should not higher names come to its aid? Why should not the State relieve the difficulties of a great institution, which might be made to repay its assistance a thousand-fold? Is there nothing that could be withdrawn from the waste of our civil lists, or the pomp of public establishments, to reunite, to purify, and even to exalt the stage? The people *will* have theatres. Good or evil, noble or degraded, the stage will be demanded by the people. Is it a thing indifferent to our rulers, to supply them with this powerful and universal excitement in its highest degree of moral influence, or in its lowest degree of impurity; to bring before them, with all the attractions of the drama, the memory of heroes and sages, patriots and martyrs, or

leave them to rake for the indulgence of eye and ear in the very kennels of crime?

“They order those things better in France.”

Unquestionably. The care of Government there protects the national taste, and prevents the theatres from looking for subsistence to the history of the highway. The vices which now haunt theatres are no more necessary to their nature, than to the senate or the palace. Why should not the State interpose to prevent the sale of poison on the stage, as in the streets? Why should it not offer prizes and honours for great tragedies and comedies, as soon as it would for a voyage to the Arctic or Antarctic? But is dramatic genius dead in England? What, in England! where nothing dies—where every faculty of the heart and understanding is in the most perpetual activity—where the noblest impulses are perpetually pushing forward to the noblest ends—where human nature moves in all its vigour, from hour to hour, without disguise—where the whole anatomy of the moral frame is visible, and all its weakness, and all its wonders, are the daily spectacle of all mankind!

In giving these opinions of the powers of the stage, need I guard them by saying, that I contemplate a higher spirit than the drama even of Shakspeare has ever displayed—one which, to the vigour of his characters, and the splendours of his poetry, should add a moral of which his time was scarcely conscious? My idea would approach more nearly the objects of the great Greek dramas, in which the first sympathies of the people were appealed to by the most powerful recollections of historic virtue; their national victories over the Persian, the lofty conceptions of their Olympus, the glories of their national power, and the prospects of their imperishable renown. I contemplate nothing of the weakness, locality, or license, of our old drama. I think only of a rich and lofty combination of characters above the level of our time, thoughts belonging to that elevation, feelings more generous, vivid, and majestic, and exploits uniting the soaring spirit of old romance with the

sustained strength of modern energy ; Greece in her brightest days of intellectual lustre, Rome in her most heroic days of patriotism, and England in those days which are yet to come, and which shall fill up her inheritance of glory.

Siddons was then witching the world—witching, in its more solemn sense ; for though her smile was exquisite, she might have sat for the picture of a Sybil or a Pythoness. The stage had never seen her equal, and will probably never see another so completely formed to command all its influences. Yet her beauty, her acting, even her movement, were characteristic, and their character was noble melancholy. I never saw so mournful a countenance combined with so much beauty. Her voice, though grand, was melancholy—her step, though superb, was melancholy ; her very smile was melancholy ; and yet there was so much of living intellect in her expression, such vast variety of passion in her look and gesture ; she so deeply awoke the feelings, or so awfully impressed the mind ; thus it was impossible to escape the spell, while she moved upon the stage.

In this language there is not the slightest exaggeration. I have seen a whole audience burst into tears at a single tone of her voice. Her natural conception was so fine, that the merest commonplace often received a living spirit from her lips. I have seen a single glance from her powerful eye hush an audience—I have seen her acting sometimes even startle and bewilder the actors beside her. There is perhaps a genius for every art, and hers was the genius of the stage—a faculty of instant communication between the speaker and the hearer, some unaccountable sympathy, the power to create which belongs to but one in millions, and which, where it exists, lifts its possessor to the height of the Art at once, and constitutes perfection.

It may be presumed that I saw this extraordinary being whenever it was possible. But her *chef-d'œuvre*, in my eyes, was the “ wife of Macbeth.” The character seemed made for her, by something of that instinct which in olden times combined the poet and the prophet in one. It had the ar-

dour and boldness mingled with the solemnity and mystery that belonged to the character of her beauty.

Her entrance was hurried, as if she had but just glanced over the letter, and had been eager to escape from the crowd of attendants to reperuse it alone. She then read on, in a strong calm voice, until she came to the passage which proved the preternatural character of the prediction. “ They have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt with desire to question them further, they made themselves into air and—*vanished*.” As she was about to pronounce the last word, she paused, drew a short breath, her whole frame was disturbed, she threw her fine eyes upwards, and exclaimed “ *Vanished!*” with a wild force, which showed that the whole spirit of the temptation had shrunk into her soul. The “ Hail, king that shall be!” was the winding-up of the spell. It was pronounced with the grandeur of one already by anticipation a Queen.

Her solitary summons to her distant lord followed, like an invocation—

“ Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden
round.”

The murder scene was the next triumph : her acting was that of a triumphant fiend. I must follow these recollections no further ; but the most admirable piece of dumb show that perhaps ever was conceived, was her “ Banquet scene.” That scene, from the terrible business on the stage—the entrance of Banquo’s ghost, the horrors of Macbeth, stricken in the moment of his royal exultation, and the astonishment and alarm of the courtiers—is one of the most thrilling and tumultuous. Yet Siddons, sitting at the extremity of the royal hall, not having a syllable to utter, and simply occupied with courtesies to her guests, made her silence so expressive, that she more than divided the interest with the powerful action going on in front. And when at last, indignant at Macbeth’s terrors, stung by conscience, and alarmed at the result of an up-breaking of the banquet with such rumours in their lips, she rushed towards her unhappy husband, and burst

out with the words, still though but whispered, yet intensely poured into his passive ear—

“Are you a man?”

This is the very painting of your fear!

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan!—

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool!”

In those accents all else was forgotten.

But her sleep-walking scene! When shall we see its “second or its similar?” Nothing so solemn, nothing so awful, was ever seen upon the stage. Yet it had one fault—it was too awful. She more resembled a majestic shade rising from the tomb than a living woman, however disturbed by wild fear and lofty passion. It is a remarkable instance of the genius of Shakspeare, that he here found the means of giving a human interest to a being whom he had almost exalted to the “bad eminence” of a magnificent fiend. In this famous soliloquy, the thoughts which once filled and fired her have totally vanished. Ambition has died; remorse lives in its place. The diadem has disappeared; she thinks only of the blood that stains her for ever. She is the queen no more, but an exhausted and unhappy woman, worn down by the stings of conscience, and with her frame dying by the disease of her soul.

But Siddons wanted the agitation, the drooping, the timidity. She looked a living statue. She spoke with the solemn tone of a voice from a shrine. She stood more the sepulchral avenger of regicide than the sufferer from its convictions. Her grand voice, her fixed and marble countenance, and her silent step, gave the impression of a supernatural being, the genius of an ancient oracle—a tremendous Nemesis.

I have seen all the great tragedians of my day, but I have never seen an equal to the sublime of this extraordinary actress. I have seen beauty, youth, touching sensibility, and powerful conception; but I never saw so complete an union of them all—and that union was the sublime. Shakspeare must have had some such form before his mind's eye, while he was creating the wife of Macbeth. Some magnificent and regal countenance,

some movement of native majesty, some imaginary Siddons. He could not have gone beyond the true. She was a living Melpomene.

The business of the War-Office was not transacted in those days with the dispatch subsequently introduced by the honest Duke of York. After a delay of weeks I found myself still ungazetted, grew sad, angry, impatient; and after some consideration on the various modes of getting rid of *ennui*, which were to be found in enlisting in the service of that Great Company which extended its wings from Bombay to Bengal, as Sheridan said, impudently enough, like the vulture covering his prey; or in taking the chance of fortune, in the shape of cabin-boy on board one of the thousand ships that were daily floating down the Thames, making their way to the extremities of the earth; or in finishing my feverish speculations in a cold bath at the bottom of the Thames itself; I did what I felt a severer exertion than any of them—I wrote a full and true statement of my vexations to my lordly brother.

His answer was lordly enough. He had been “so much occupied with the numberless duties devolving upon him as landlord, magistrate, lord-lieutenant, and fifty other things, that he absolutely had not been able to find a moment to think of me;” and what was rather more perplexing to my immediate sensibilities, “he had not been able to send me a shilling. However, he did all that he could, and gave me a note to a particular friend,” Mr Elisha Mordecai of Moorfields.

There is nothing which quickens a man's movements like a depletion of the purse; and instead of lounging at my hotel until the morning paper brought me the scandals and pleasantries of the day before fresh for my breakfast-table, I threw myself out of bed at an hour which I should not have ventured to mention to any man with whom I walked arm-in-arm during the day, and made my way in a hackney coach, to avoid the possibility of being recognised, to the dwelling of my new patron, or rather my guide and guardian angel.

I make no attempt to describe the navigation through which I reached him; it was winding, dark, and dirty beyond all description, and gave the

idea of the passages of a dungeon rather than any thing else that I could name. And in a hovel worthy to finish such a voyage of discovery, I discovered Mr Elisha Mordecai, the man of untold opulence. For a while, on being ushered into the office, where he sat pen in hand, I was utterly unable to ascertain any thing of him beyond a gaunt thin figure, who sat crouching behind a pile of papers, and beneath a small window covered with the dirt of ages. He gave me the impression in his dungeon of one of those toads which are found from time to time in blocks of coal, and have lain there unbreathing and unmoving since the deluge. However, he was a man of business, and so was I for the moment. I handed him my brother's note; and like a ray of sunshine on the torpid snake, it put him into immediate motion. He now took off his spectacles, as if to indulge himself with a view of me by the naked eye; and after a scrutinizing look, which, in another place and person, I should probably have resented as impertinent, but which here seemed part of his profession, he rose from his seat and ushered me into another apartment. This room was probably his place of reception for criminals of a more exalted order; for it was lined with foreign prints, had one or two tolerable Dutch pictures, and a bookcase. Out of his bookcase he took down a folio, examined it, compared the writing of my credentials with the signatures of a book which, as Cromwell's son said of his trunk, contained the lives and fortunes, or at least that on which depended the lives and fortunes, of half the noble *roués* of England, their "promises to pay," bonds, mortgages, and post-obits, and then performed the operation on myself. My L.2500 in prospect was mulcted of a fifth for the trouble of realizing it; of another fifth for prompt payment, and of another for expediting the affair of my commission. "Another such victory would have ruined me."

However, I bore the torture well. In truth, I had so little regard for any object but the grand one of wearing a sword and epaulette, that if Mordecai had demanded the whole sum in fifths, I should have scarcely winced. But my philosophy stood me in good part, for it won a grim smile from the

torturer, and even a little of his confidence.

"This," said he, running his finger down a list which looked endless, "I call my peerage book." Turning to another of equal dimensions, "there lies my House of Commons. Not quite as many words wasted in it as in the Honourable House, but rather to the purpose."

Mordecai grew facetious; the feeling that he had made a handsome morning's work of it put him into spirits, and he let me into some of the secrets of high life, with the air of a looker-on who sees the whole game, and intends to pocket the stakes of the fools on both sides. "Money, Mr Marston," said my hook-nosed and keen-eyed enlightener, "is the true business of man. It is philosophy, science, and patriotism in one; or, at least, without it the whole three are of but little service. Your philosopher dies in a garret, your man of science hawks telescopes, and your patriot starves in the streets, or gets himself hanged in honour of the 'Rights of Man.' I have known all these things, for I was born a German, and bred among the illustrissimi of a German university. But I determined not to live a beggar, or at least not to die one. I left Gottingen behind on a May morning, and trudged, fought, and begged, 'borrowed' my way to London. What I am now, you see."

Probably, the glance which I involuntarily gave round the room, did not exhibit much admiration.

"Ha," said he with a half smile, which, on his gigantic and sullen features, looked like a smile on one of the sculptures of a mausoleum, "you are young—you judge by appearances. Let me give you one piece of advice: If the Italian said, 'distrust words, they are fit only to disguise thoughts,' take a Londoner's warning, and distrust your eyes—they are only fit to pretend to see." He paused a moment, and turned over some memorandums. "I find," said he, "by these papers, that I shall have occasion to leave town in the beginning of next week. You shall then see how I live. If I am to be found in this den, it is not for want of a liking for light and air. I am a German. I have seen plains and mountains in my time. If I had been a fool, there I

should have remained a bear-shooter; if I were a fool here, I should act like others of the breed, and be a fox-hunter. But I had other game in view, and now I could sell half the estates in England, call half the 'Honourable House' to my levee, brush down an old loan, buy up a new one, and shake the credit of every thing but the Bank of England."

This was bold speaking, and at another time I should have laughed at it; but the times were bold, the language of the streets was bold, the country was bold, and I, too, was bold. There was something singular in the man; even the hovel round him had a look which added to his influence. I listened to the Jew as one might listen to a revealer of those secrets which find an echo in every bosom, when they are once discovered, and on which still deeper secrets seem to depend. My acquiescence, not the less effective for its being expressed more in looks than words, warmed even the stern spirit of the Israelite towards me, and he actually went the length of ordering some refreshments to be put on the table. We eat and drank together; a new source of cordiality. Our conversation continued long. I shall have more to say of him, and must now proceed to other things; but it ended in my acceptance of his invitation to his villa at Brighton, which he termed a "a small thing, simply for a week's change of air," and where he promised to give me some curious explanations of his theory—that money was the master of all things, men, manners, and opinions.

On one of the finest mornings of autumn, I was on the box of the Royal Sussex Stage.

I had full leisure to admire the country, for our progress occupied nearly the whole day. We now laugh at our slow-moving forefathers, but is not the time coming when our thirty miles an hour will be laughed at as much as their five? when our passage from Calais to Dover will be made by the turn of a winch, and Paris will be within the penny-post delivery? when the balloon will carry our letters and ourselves; until that still more rapid period, when we shall ride on cannon-shot, and make but a stage from London to Pekin?

On the roof of the coach I found a

strong-featured and closely wrapped-up man, who, by degrees, performed the part of my cicerone. His knowledge of the localities was perfect; "every bush and bosky dell," every creek and winding, as the shore came in sight, was so familiar to him, that I should have set him down at once for a smuggler, but for a superiority of tone in his language, and still more from the evident deference to him by the coachman, in those days a leading authority with all the passengers. His occupation is now nearly o'er. Fire and water have swept him away. His broad back, his broad grin, and his broad buttons, are now but recollections.

My new acquaintance exhibited as perfect a knowledge of the country residents as of its map, and nothing could be more unhesitating than his opinions of them all, from the prince and hisset, as he termed them, to Mordecai himself. Of my Jew friend, he said, with a laugh, "There is not a better friend to the King's Bench in all England. If you have any thing to lose, he will strip you on the spot. If you have nothing, you may escape, unless he can make something by having you hanged." I begged of him to spare my new friend. "Why," said he, "he is one of my oldest friends, and one of the cleverest fellows alive. I speak tenderly of him, from admiration of his talents. I have a liking for the perfection of a rogue. He is a superb fellow. You will find his 'Hermitage,' as he calls it, a pond of gold fish. But all this you will soon learn for yourself." The coach now stopped on a rising ground, which showed the little fishing village beneath us, basking in the glow of sunset. My cicerone got down, and bade me farewell. On enquiring his name from my fellow-travellers, a group of Sussex farmers, I found a general disinclination to touch on the subject. Even the coachman, the established source of information on all topics, exhibited no wish to discuss the stranger; his official loquacity was almost dumb. "He merely believed that he was something in the navy, or in the army, or in something or other; but he was often in those parts, and generally travelled to London by the Royal Sussex Stage."

No country in Europe has changed its appearance more than the greater

part of England during the last fifty years. Sussex was then as wild as the wildest heath of Yorkshire. The population, too, looked as wild as the landscape. This was once the very land of the bold smuggler; the haunt of the dashing defier of the custom-house officer, who in those days generally knew his antagonist too well to interfere with his days or nights, the run between every port of the west of France and the coasts of the Channel, being, in fact, as familiar to both as the lounge in Bond Street to the beau of the day.

We passed groups of men, who, when they had not the sailor's dress, had the sailor's look; some trudging along the road-side, evidently not in idleness; others mounted on the short rough horse of the country, and all knowing and known by our coachman.

On our passing one group, leaning with their backs against one of the low walls which seemed the only enclosure of this rugged region, I, half-laughingly, hinted to one of my neighbours, a giant of a rough-headed farmer, that "perhaps a meeting with such a party, at a late hour, might be inconvenient; especially if the traveller had a full purse." The fellow turned on me a countenance of ridicule. "What?" said he, "do you take them for robbers? Heaven bless you, my lad, they could buy the stage, horses, passengers, and all. I'll warrant you, they will have news from over there," and he pointed towards France, "before it gets into the newspapers, long enough. They are the richest fellows in the county."

"Are they smugglers?" I asked, with sufficient want of tact.

"Why, no," was the answer, with a leer. "We have nothing of that breed among us; we are all honest men. But what if a man has an acquaintance abroad, and gets a commission to sell a cargo of tea or brandy, or perhaps a present from a friend—what shall hinder him from going to bring it? I'm sure, not I."

It was evidently not the "etiquette" on the roof of the Royal Sussex to

think much on the subject, and before my curiosity could reach the length of actual imprudence, the coachman pulled up, and informed me that I had reached the nearest turn to "the Hermitage." My valise was lowered down, a peasant was found to carry it, and I plunged into the depth of a lane as primitive as if it had been a path in Siberia.

It was brief, however, and in a few minutes I was within sight of the villa. Here I at once discovered that Mordecai was a man of taste; perhaps the very roughness of the Sussex jungle, through which I had just come, had been suffered to remain for the sake of contrast. A small lodge, covered with late blooming roses, let me into a narrow avenue of all kinds of odorous shrubs; the evening sun was still strong enough to show me glimpses of the grounds on either side, and they had all the dressed smoothness of a parterre. The scene was so different from all that I had been wearied of during the day, that I felt it with double enjoyment; and the utter solitude and silence, after the rough voices of my companions in the journey, were so soothing, that I involuntarily paused before I approached the house, to refresh not more my senses than my mind. As I stood leaning against a tree, and baring my hot brain and bosom to the breeze, that rose with delicious coolness, I heard music. It was a sweet voice, accompanied at intervals by some skilful touches of a harp; and, from the solemnity of the measure, I supposed it to be a hymn. Who was the minstrel? Mordecai had never mentioned to me either wife or daughter. Well, at all events, the song was sweet. The minstrel was a woman, and the Jew's household promised me more amusement than I could have expected from the man of Moorfields. The song ceased, the spell was broken, and I moved on, fully convinced that I had entered on a scene where I might expect at least novelty; and the expectation was then enough to have led me to the cannon's mouth or the antipodes.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

THIS old poem, which commemorates the festivities with which ancient Rome hailed the returning brightness of spring, may, perhaps, awaken in our readers some melancholy reflections on the bygone delights of the same season in our own country. To the Romans, it would seem, this period of the year never ceased to bring rejoicing holidays. There is good reason to suppose that this poem was written in the declining times of the empire; if so, it seems that, amidst the public misfortunes that followed one another during that age, the people were not woe-worn and distressed; that they were able to forget, in social pleasures, the gradual decay of their ancient glory. Rome "smiled in death." England is still great and powerful, but she is no longer Merry England.

Most people have heard of the Floralia, and have learned to deduce the frolics of Maid Marian and her comrades from the Roman observances on that festive occasion. But few are aware of the close similarity which this poem shows to have existed between the customs of the Romans and those of our fathers. In the denunciations of the latter by the acrid Puritans of the 17th century, we might almost imagine that the tirade was expressly levelled against the vigils described in the *Pervigilium Veneris*. If the poem had ever fallen into the hands of those worthies, it would have afforded them an additional handle for invective against the foul ethnic superstitions which the May-games were denounced as representing. Hear Master Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, published in 1585:—

"Against May, Whitsonday, or other time, all the yung men and maides, old men and wives, run gadding over night to the woods, groves, hils, and moutains, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall; and no meruaile, for there is a great Lord present amongst them as superintendent and Lord of their sports, namely, Sathan prince of hel. But the chieftest jewel they bring from thence is their May-pole, (say rather their stinking poole,) which they bring home with great veneration."

Who does not remember Lysander's appointment with Hermia?

—"in that wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee."

These passages point us to the time when man and nature met to rejoice together on May-day: to the time before the days of the workhouse and factory; when the length and breadth of the land rung to the jollity and glee of the holiday-rejoicing nation, and the gay sounds careered on fresh breezes even where now the dense atmosphere of Manchester or Ashton glooms over the dens of torture in which withered and debauched children are forced to their labour, and the foul haunts under the shelter of which desperate men hatch plots of rapine and slaughter.

The poem shows that the Romans, like the English of those days, celebrated the season by betaking themselves to the woods throughout the night, where they kept a vigil in honour of Venus, to whose guardianship the month of April was assigned, as being the universal generating and producing power, and more especially to be adored as such by the Romans, from having been, through her son Æneas, the author of their race. The poem seems to have been composed with a view to its being sung by a choir of maidens in their nocturnal rambles beneath the soft light of an Italian moon. The delicious balm of that voluptuous climate breathes through every line of it, and vividly presents to the reader's imagination the scene of the festivity; but whether we can claim these celebrations for our own May-day, is a doubtful point; for Wernsdorf, who has included the *Pervigilium Veneris* in his edition of *Poetæ Latini Minores*, vol. iii., maintains that it is to be referred to the Veneralia, or feast of Venus, on the 1st of April. The Kalendar of Constantius marks the 3d day of April

as Natalis Quirini. If, then, the morrow spoken of in the poem is to be taken to mean this birthday of Romulus, we must suppose the vigil of three nights to have begun on the night of the last day of March. But perhaps our readers will agree with us, that there are quite as good grounds for attributing this vigil to the Floralia, which commenced on the 27th of April, and ended on the first of May. For although the rites of the Floralia were in honour of Flora, yet we may easily conceive the principle by which the worship of Venus, the spirit of beauty, and love, and production, would come to be intermingled with the homage paid to the flower-goddess. And then the three nights would denote the nights of the Floralia already past, if we suppose the hymn to have been sung on the night before the 1st of May. This seems more natural, as coinciding with the known length of the festival, than Wernsdorf's hypothesis, which makes the vigil commence before the month of Venus had opened. As regards the time of year, too, May is far more suited than April, even in Italy, for outwatching the Bear on woodland lawns.

The question regarding the author of the Pervigilium Veneris is still a *lis sub judice*. Aldus, Erasmus, and Meursius, attributed it to Catullus; but subsequent editors have, with much more probability, contended that its age is considerably later. We may notice a scholastic and philosophical spirit about it, which is ill-suited to the Bard of Verona. Lipsius claimed it for the Augustan age, in consequence of the mention of Cæsar which is introduced. But we think we may safely assume, that the observance of this vigil grew into custom after the time of Ovid, otherwise it is difficult to account for the total absence of all allusion, in his *Fasti*, to a subject so perfectly adapted to his verse. But we will not enter any further into a discussion which Salmasius and Scaliger could not settle, but shall at once present our readers with the following translation of the Pervigilium Veneris:—

He that never loved before,
Let him love to-morrow!
He that hath loved o'er and o'er,
Let him love to-morrow!

Spring, young Spring, with song and mirth,

Spring is on the new-born earth.
Spring is here, the time of love—
The merry birds pair in the grove,
And the green trees hang their tresses,
Loosen'd by the rain's caresses.
To-morrow sees the dawn of May,
When Venus will her sceptre sway,
Glorious, in her justice-hall:
There where woodland shadows fall,
On bowers of myrtle intertwined,
Many a band of love she'll bind.

He that never, &c.

To-morrow is the day when first
From the foam-world of Ocean burst,
Like one of his own waves, the bright
Dione, queen of love and light,
Amid the sea-gods' azure train,
'Mid the strange horses of the main.

He that never, &c.

She it is that lends the Hours
Their crimson glow, their jewel-flowers:

At her command the buds are seen,
Where the west-wind's breath hath been,

To swell within their dwellings green.
She abroad those dewdrops flings,
Dew that night's cool softness brings;

How the bright tears hang declining,
And glisten with a tremulous shining,

Almost of weight to drop away,
And yet too light to leave the spray.
Hence the tender plants are bold
Their blushing petals to unfold:

'Tis that dew, which through the air
Falls from heaven when night is fair,
That unbinds the moist green vest
From the floweret's maiden breast.
'Tis Venus' will, when morning glows,
'Twill be the bridal of each rose.
Then the bride-flower shall reveal,
What her veil doth now conceal,
The blush divinest, which of yore
She caught from Venus' trickling gore,
With Love's kisses mix'd, I trow,
With blaze of fire, and rubies' glow,
And with many a crimson ray
Stolen from the birth of day.

He that never, &c.

All the nymphs the Queen of Love
Summons to the myrtle-grove;
And see ye, how her wanton boy
Comes with them to share our joy?
Yet, if Love be arm'd, they say,
Love can scarce keep holiday:
Love without his bow is straying!
Come, ye nymphs, Love goes a May-ing.

His torch, his shafts, are laid aside—
From them no harm shall you betide.
Yet, I rede ye, nymphs, beware,
For your foe is passing fair;

Love is mighty, ye'll confess,
Mighty e'en in nakedness;
And most panoplied for fight
When his charms are bared to sight.
He that never, &c.

Dian, a petition we,
By Venus sent, prefer to thee:
Virgin envoys, it is meet,
Should the Virgin-huntress greet:
Quit the grove, nor it profane
With the blood of quarry slain.
She would ask thee, might she dare
Hope a maiden's thought to share—
She would bid thee join us now,
Might cold maids our sport allow.
Now three nights thou may'st have
seen,

Wandering through thine alleys green,
Troops of joyous friends, with flowers
Crown'd, amidst their myrtle bowers.
Ceres and Bacchus us attend,
And great Apollo is our friend;
All night we must our Vigil keep—
Night, by song redeem'd from sleep.
Let Venus in the woods bear sway,
Dian, quit the grove, we pray.

He that never, &c.

Of Hybla's flowers, so Venus will'd,
Venus's judgment-seat we build.
She is judge supreme; the Graces,
As assessors, take their places.
Hybla, render all thy store
All the season sheds thee o'er,
Till a hill of bloom be found
Wide as Enna's flowery ground.
Attendant nymphs shall here be seen,
Those who delight in forest green,
Those who on mountain-top abide,
And those whom sparkling fountains
hide.

All these the Queen of joy and sport
Summons to attend her court,
And bids them all of Love beware,
Although the guise of peace he wear.
He that never, &c.

Fresh be your coronals of flowers,
And green your overarching bowers,
To-morrow brings us the return
Of Ether's primal marriage-morn.
In amorous showers of rain he came
T' embrace his bride's mysterious
frame,

To generate the blooming year,
And all the produce Earth does bear.
Venus still through vein and soul
Bids the genial current roll;
Still she guides its secret course
With interpenetrating force,
And breathes through heaven, and
earth, and sea,
A reproductive energy.

He that never, &c.

She old Troy's extinguish'd glory
Revived in Latium's later story,
When, by her auspices, her son
Laurentia's royal damsel won.
She vestal Rhea's spotless charms
Surrender'd to the War-god's arms;
She for Romulus that day
The Sabine daughters bore away;
Thence sprung the Rhamnes' lofty
name,
Thence the old Quirites came;
And thence the stock of high renown,
The blood of Romulus, handed down
Through many an age of glory pass'd,
To blaze in Cæsar's fame at last.
He that never, &c.

All rural nature feels the glow
Of quickening passion through it
flow.

Love, in rural scenes of yore,
They say, his goddess-mother bore;
Received on Earth's sustaining breast,
Th' ambrosial infant sunk to rest;
And him the wild-flowers, o'er his
head

Bending, with sweetest kisses fed.
He that never, &c.

On yellow broom out yonder, see,
The mighty bulls lie peacefully.
Each animal of field or grove
Owns faithfully the bond of love.
The flocks of ewes, beneath the
shade,

Around their gallant rams are laid;
And Venus bids the birds awake
To pour their song through plain and
brake.

Hark! the noisy pools reply
To the swan's hoarse harmony;
And Philomel is vocal now,
Perch'd upon a poplar-bough.
Thou scarce would'st think that dying
fall

Could ought but love's sweet griefs
recall;

Thou scarce would'st gather from her
song

The tale of brother's barbarous wrong.
She sings; but I must silent be:—
When will the spring-tide come for
me?

When, like the swallow, spring's own
bird,
Shall my faint twittering notes be
heard?

Alas! the muse, while silent I
Remain'd, hath gone and pass'd me
by,

Nor Phœbus listens to my cry.
And thus forgotten, I await,
By silence lost, Amyclæ's fate,

CHAPTERS OF TURKISH HISTORY. RISE OF THE KIUPRILI FAMILY—
SIEGE OF CANDIA.

No. IX.

THE restraint which the ferocious energy of Sultan Mourad-Ghazi, during the latter years of his reign, had succeeded in imposing on the turbulence of the Janissaries,* vanished at his death; and for many years subsequently, the domestic annals of the Ottoman capital are filled with the details of the intrigues of women and eunuchs within the palacé, and the sanguinary feuds and excesses of the soldiery without. The Sultan Ibrahim, the only surviving brother and successor of Mourad, was in his twenty-fifth year at the time of his accession; but he had been closely immured in the seraglio from the moment of his birth; and the dulness of his temperament (to which he probably owed his escape from the bowstring, by which the lives of his three brothers had been terminated by order of Mourad) had never been improved by cultivation. Destitute alike of capacity and inclination for the toils of government, he remained constantly immersed in the pleasures of the harem; while his mother, the Sultana-Walidah Kioseme, (surnamed *Mah-peiker*, or the *Moon-face*,) who had been the favourite of the harem under Ahmed I., and was a woman of extraordinary beauty and masculine understanding, kept the administration of the state almost wholly in her own hands. The talents of this princess, aided by the ministers of her selection, for some time prevented the incompetency of the sultan from publicly manifesting itself; but Ibrahim at last shook off the control of his mother, and speedily excited the indignant murmurs of the troops and the people by the publicity with which he abandoned himself to the most degrading sensuality. The sanctity of the harem and of the bath had hitherto been held inviolate by even the most despotic of the Ottoman sovereigns; but this sacred barrier was broken through by the unbridled passions of Ibrahim, who at

length ventured to seize in the public baths the daughter of the mufti, and, after detaining her for some days in the palace, sent her back with ignominy to her father. This unheard-of outrage at once kindled the smouldering discontent into a flame; the Moslem population rose in instant and universal revolt; and a scene ensued almost without parallel in history—the deposition of an absolute sovereign by form of law. The grand-vizir Ahmed, and other panders to the vices of the sultan, were seized and put to death on the place of public execution; while an immense crowd of soldiers, citizens, and janissaries, assembling before the palace of the mufti early on the morning of August 8, 1648, received from him a *fetwa*, or decree, to the effect that the sultan (designated as “ Ibrahim Abdul-Rahman Effendi”) had, by his habitual immorality and disregard of law, forfeited all claim to be considered as a true believer, and was therefore incapable of reigning over the Faithful. The execution of this sentence was entrusted to the Aga of the Janissaries, the Silihdar or grand sword-bearer, and the Kadhi-asker or chief judge of Anatolia, who, repairing to the seraglio, attended by a multitude of military officers and the *ulemah*, proceeded without ceremony to announce to Ibrahim that his rule was at an end. His furious remonstrances were drowned by the rude voice of the Kadhi Abdul-Aziz Effendi,† who boldly reproached him with his vices. “ Thou hast gone astray,” said he, “ from the paths in which thy glorious ancestors walked, and hast trampled under foot both law and religion, and thou art no longer the padishah of the Moslems!” He was at last conducted to the same apartment whence he had been taken to ascend the throne, and where, ten days later, his existence was terminated by the bowstring; while the Sultana-Walidah, (whose

* See “ Chapters of Turkish History,” No. III., November 1840.

† He was afterwards, in 1651, mufti for a few months; but is better known as an historian, (under the appellation of Kara-Tchelibi-Zadah,) and as having been tutor to Ahmed-Kiuprili.

acquiescence in this extraordinary revolution had been previously secured,) led into the *salamlik* (hall of audience) her eldest grandson Mohammed,* an infant scarcely seven years old, who was forthwith seated on the imperial sofa, and received the homage of the dignitaries of the realm.

Sultan Mohammed IV., afterwards surnamed *Avadji*, or the Hunter, who was destined to fill the throne of the Ottoman Empire during one of the most eventful periods of its history, possessed qualifications which, if his education had not been interrupted by his early accession to supreme power, might have entitled him to a high place among the monarchs of his line. Unlike most of the imperial family, he was of a spare sinewy form, and lofty stature; and his features are said by Evliya to have been remarkably handsome, though his forehead was disfigured by a deep scar which he had received in his infancy, by being thrown by his father, in an access of brutal passion, into a cistern in the gardens of the seraglio; and a contemporary Venetian chronicler says that his dark complexion and vivid restless eye gave him rather the aspect of a *Zigano*, or gipsy, than an Osmanli. In the first years of his reign, his grandmother, the Walidah Kiosem, acted as regent; but the rule of a woman and a child was little able to curb the turbulent soldiery of the capital; and the old feuds between the spahis and janissaries, which had been dormant since the death of Abaza, broke out afresh with redoubled violence. The war in Crete, which had been commenced under Ibrahim, languished for want of troops and supplies; while the rival military factions fought, sword in hand, in front of the imperial palace, and filled Constantinople with pillage and massacre. The janissaries, who were supported by Kiosem, for some time maintained the ascendancy; but this ambitious princess was at length cut off by an intrigue, in the interior of the harem,

fomented by the mother of Mohammed, who suspected her of a design to prolong her own sway by the removal of the sultan, in favour of a still younger son of Ibrahim. Seized in the midst of the night of September 3, 1651, by the eunuchs whom her rival had gained, Kiosem was strangled (according to a report preserved by Evliya) with the braids of her own long hair; and the sultan was exhibited at daybreak by the grand-vizir Siawush-Pasha to the people, who thronged round the palace on the rumour of this domestic tragedy, to assure them of the personal safety of their youthful sovereign.

The supreme power was now lodged in the hands of the young Sultana Walidah, and her confidant the Kisklar-Aga; but their inexperience was little qualified to encounter the task which had wellnigh baffled the energies of Kiosem; and the expedient of frequently changing the grand-vizir, in obedience to the requisition of which ever party was for the time in the ascendant, prevented the measures of government from acquiring even a shadow of consistence or stability. Twelve vizirs, within eight years from the deposition of Ibrahim, had successively held the reins of power for short periods; and not less than six had been raised to, and deposed from, that precarious dignity, within the last ten months, while the audacity of the troops, and the helplessness of the executive, had reached an unparalleled climax. In a memorable insurrection, arising from the depreciation of the coinage, which marked the spring of 1656, the revolvers, not contented with their usual license of plunder and bloodshed, forced their way into the palace, and exacted from the young sultan the surrender of two of his favourite domestics, who were instantly slaughtered before his eyes; while various obnoxious public functionaries were dragged to the At-meidan, and summarily hanged on the branches of a large plane-tree;† and for several

* His name, according to Evliya, was originally Yusuf, but was changed to Mohammed on the entreaty of the ladies of the seraglio, who said that Yusuf was the name of a slave.

† The Turkish historian, Naima, fancifully compares this plane to the fabulous tree in the islands of Wak-Wak, the fruit of which consisted of human heads, as is fully detailed in the romance of Hatem Tai, besides various passages of the Thousand and One Nights. Under this same plane, by a singular instance of retribution, the heads of the janissaries massacred in the At-meidan in 1826, were piled by order of Sultan Mahmood.

weeks this proscription was continued, till the cry of "Take him to the plane-tree!" became a watchword of as well-known and fearful import, as that of "A la lanterne!" in later times. In this emergency, when the fabric of government seemed on the verge of dissolution, an ancient Anatolian pasha, Mohammed-Kiuprili, who had lately repaired to the capital, was named by her confidential advisers to the Sultana-Walidah as a man whose eminent discernment and sagacity, not less than his fearless intrepidity, rendered him especially fitted for the task of stilling the troubled waters. In opposition to these views it was contended, that the poverty of the proposed premier would prevent his securing the adherence of the troops by the largesses which they had been accustomed to receive, and the project was apparently abandoned; but the incapacity and unpopularity of the grand-vizir, Mohammed-Pasha, (surnamed *Egri*, or the Crooked,) soon made it obvious that a fresh change alone could prevent another convulsion. On the 15th September 1656, therefore, in a fortunate* hour for the distracted empire, Kiuprili was summoned to the presence of the sultan, who had now, nominally at least, assumed the direction of affairs, and received from his hands the seals of office.

Such were the circumstances of the elevation of this most celebrated of Ottoman ministers, whose name stands pre-eminent, not only from his own abilities and good fortune, but as the founder of the only family which ever continued to enjoy, during several generations, the highest honours of the empire. He was the son of an Arnaut† soldier, who had settled in Anatolia, on receiving a *timar* or fief in the district of Amasia, near the town of Kiupri, ('the bridge:') from which (since distinguished from other places of the same name as *Vizir-Kiupri*) his descendants derived the surname under which they are ge-

nerally mentioned in history. He commenced his career as a page in the imperial seraglio; which he left for a post in the household of Khosroo, afterwards grand-vizir, who was then aga of janissaries. Passing through various gradations of rank, he held several governments in Syria, and was raised to the grade of pasha of three tails: till, at an advanced age, he obtained permission to exchange these honours for the post of *sandjak* of his native district, to which he accordingly withdrew. But his retirement was disturbed, in 1648, by the insurrection of Varvar-Ali, pasha of Siwas, who, rather than surrender a beautiful daughter, the affianced bride of his neighbour Ipshir, pasha of Tokat, to the panders of the imperial harem, had raised the standard of revolt, and had been joined by the pasha of Erzroom, Gourdji-Mohammed, (to whose suite the annalist Evliya was then attached,) and by many of the Turkman clans of Anatolia. The Sultana-Walidah herself, who was then at variance with her degenerate son, secretly encouraged the insurgents, who endeavoured to gain over Kiuprili to their party; but as they failed in all their efforts to shake his loyalty, Varvar suddenly marched against him, routed the troops which he had collected, and made him prisoner, with two beglerbegs whom he had summoned to his aid. "I saw these three pashas" (says Evliya, who had come to the rebel camp on a mission from Gourdji-Mohammed) "stripped of their robes and turbans, and fastened by chains round their necks to stakes in front of the tent of Varvar-Ali, while the seghbans, and even the *surrîdjîs*" (irregular horse) "brandished their sabres before their faces, threatening them with instant death. Thus we see the changes of fortune, that those who were the drivers become in their turn the driven," (like cattle.)

Evliya, who seems to feel a malicious pleasure in relating this mishap of

* The Turkish annalists do not fail to remark, that Kiuprili crossed the imperial threshold at the moment when the call to noon prayers was resounding from the minarets—an evident token of the Divine protection extended to him!

† In a narrative by a writer named Chassipol, (Paris, 1676,) professing to be the biography of the two first Kiuprili vizirs, Mohammed is said to have been the son of a French emigrant, and this romance has been copied by most European authors. But the testimony of Evliya, Kara-Tchelibi, and all contemporary Turkish writers, is decisive on the point of his Albanian origin.

the future grand-vizir, confesses to having himself received a horse and a slave out of his spoils; but even before his departure from the camp, the rebellion was crushed, and Kiuprili released, by the base treachery of Ipshir-Pasha,* for whose sake alone Varvar-Ali had taken up arms. Won by the emissaries of the Porte, by the promise of the rich pashalic of Aleppo, he suddenly assailed the troops of his father-in-law, and seizing his person, cut off his head, and sent it with those of his principal followers to Constantinople—an act of perfidious ingratitude, which, even among the frequent breaches of faith staining the Ottoman annals, has earned for its perpetrator the sobriquet of *Khain*, or the traitor, *par excellence*. After this unlucky adventure, we hear no more of Kiuprili in his Anatolian sandjak, till, in the spring of 1656, we find him accompanying Egri-Mohammed on his way to the Porte to assume the vizirat: from which, in less than four months, he was removed to make way for his quondam *protégé*, in whose elevation he had thus been an involuntary instrument.

Mohammed Kiuprili was at this period nearly eighty years of age, and so wholly illiterate that he could neither read nor write; yet such was the general estimation of his wisdom and abilities, that the young sultan, on entrusting to him the ensigns of office, voluntarily pledged himself to leave entirely at his discretion the regulation of the foreign and domestic relations of the empire, as well as the disposal of all offices of state—thus virtually delegating to him the functions of sovereignty. The measures of Kiuprili soon showed that these extraordinary powers would not be suffered to remain dormant. The impatience of the troops at the strict discipline which he enforced, ere long announced the approach of a fresh tumult; and the ringleaders, in the confidence of long-continued impunity, openly boasted that “the plane-tree would soon bear another crop”—when on the night of Jan. 5, 1657, the grand-

vizir, accompanied by the aga of the janissaries, and fortified by a *fetwa* from the mufti, legalizing whatever he might do, made the round of the barracks with his guards, and seized several hundreds of all ranks in the various corps, whose bodies, found floating the next day in the Bosphorus, revealed their fate to their dismayed accomplices. The Greek patriarch, on suspicion of having endeavoured to engage the Vaivode of Wallachia in a plot for a general rising of the Christians, was summoned to the Porte, and forthwith bowstrung in the presence of Kiuprili; and in the course of a few weeks, not fewer than 4000 of those who had been implicated in the previous disorders perished under the hands of the executioner: “for as in medicine,” remarks a Turkish historian, “it is necessary to employ remedies which are analogous to the disease, so by bloodshed alone could the state be purified from these lawless shedders of blood!”

These terrible severities broke the spirit of insubordination in the capital; and the irregularity of their pay, which had been one of the chief grievances of the janissaries, was remedied by the good order which Kiuprili had from the first introduced in the finances. “He proportioned the expenditure of the empire,” says Evliya, “to its revenues, which he also greatly enlarged, so that he gained the name of *Sahib-Kharj*,” (master of finance.) The Venetians, who had availed themselves of the anarchy reigning at Constantinople to occupy Tenedos and Lemnos, so as to blockade the Dardanelles, were dislodged by the activity of the vizir, who directed the sieges in person, bestowing honours and rewards on the soldiers most distinguished for their bravery: and though the Turkish fleet was defeated (July 17, 1657) at the entrance of the straits, the Venetians sustained an irreparable loss in their valiant admiral Mocenigo, who was blown up with his ship by a well-aimed shot from one of the batteries on shore. But though the janissaries were thus

* Ipshir Mustapha Pasha was originally a Circassian slave, and said to have been a tribesman and near relation of the famous Abaza. During the revolutions which distracted the minority of Mohammed, he became grand-vizir for a few months, (Oct. 1654—May 1655,) but was cut off by an unanimous insurrection of the spahis and janissaries, who forgot their feuds for the sake of vengeance on the common enemy.

reduced to order and obedience, the flame of disaffection was still smouldering among the spahis of Asia Minor, and broke out, in the course of the ensuing year, into a formidable and widely-organized rebellion. Not fewer than forty pashas and sandjaks followed the banner of the insurgent leader Abaza-Hassan, pasha of Aleppo, who advanced towards the Bosphorus at the head of 70,000 men, assuming the state of a monarch, and demanding the heads of Kiuprili and his principal adherents as the price of his submission. Morteza-Pasha, governor of Diarbekr, who attempted to oppose him in the field, was routed with the loss of nearly his whole army; and though the emissaries who attempted to seduce the troops in Constantinople from their allegiance were detected and put to death by the vigilance of Kiuprili, the revolt spread throughout Anatolia and Syria, and the sultan was preparing to take the field in person, when treachery succeeded in accomplishing what force had failed to effect. It has been an uniform maxim of the Ottoman domestic policy, which singularly contrasts with their scrupulous observance of the treaties entered into with foreign powers, that no faith is to be kept with *fermanlis*, or traitors to the Padi-shah; and in the assured belief, confirmed by hostages and solemn oaths, that the sultan was willing to accede to his demands, Abaza-Hassan suffered himself to be drawn from his head-quarters at Aintab, with thirty of his officers, to a conference with Morteza at Aleppo: but, in the midst of the banquet which followed this interview, Abaza and his comrades found themselves in the grasp of the executioners—while their followers, dispersed through the town, were slaughtered without mercy on the signal of a gun fired from the castle; and the army, panic-stricken at the fate of its leaders, quickly melted away. But no sooner was the semblance of tranquillity restored, than the Kaimakam Ismail Pasha, an unscrupulous agent of the merciless decrees of the vizir, was sent into Asia under the new title of Moufetish, or inquisitor; and an unsparing proscription almost utterly exterminated all the remaining partizans of Abaza-Hassan, without distinction of rank; while the suppression of numerous *timars* or

fiefs, and the removal of the occupants of others from their ancient abodes to remote districts, so effectually loosened the bands which had hitherto united the spahis, like the janissaries, into a compact fraternity, that this once powerful body was divided and broken; and they no longer occupy, as a separate faction, their former conspicuous place in the troubled scene of Ottoman history.

The termination of this great revolt freed Kiuprili from the apprehension of military sedition, and left him in the enjoyment of more absolute and undivided authority than had ever been possessed by any of his predecessors in office. The sultan, from whose mind the impression of the bloody scenes witnessed in his youth had never been effaced, rarely visited Constantinople; devoting himself to the pleasures of the chase in the forests and hills of Roumelia, and repairing only at intervals to the ancient palace of his ancestors at Adrianople, whither his harem and household had been transferred from the capital. The uncontrolled administration of the state was left in the hands of the vizir, but his implacable severity towards all who failed in implicit devotion to his will, continued unabated. "He was unacquainted" (says his contemporary, Rycaut) "with mercy, and never pardoned any who were either guilty of a fault, or suspected for it;" and neither rank nor services afforded protection to those who had incurred his jealousy or resentment. Among the numerous victims of his suspicious cruelty, the fate of Delhi-Hussein-Pasha was long remembered in Constantinople. Originally a *battadji* or lictor in the seraglio, he had attracted the notice of Sultan Mourad-Ghazi by his strength and address in bending a bow sent as a challenge by the Shah of Persia, and which had baffled the efforts of all the *pelhwans* or champions of the Ottoman court. His first advancement to the post of equerry was only a prelude to the attainment of higher honours, and he became successively governor of Buda and of Egypt, capitan-pasha and serasker in Candia. His exploits in the latter capacity had endeared him to the troops, while his noble figure and frank bearing made him equally the idol of the citizens; but his unbounded popularity led Kiuprili to foresee a

future rival in this favourite hero, and the fate of Delhi-Hussein was sealed. In an interview with the vizir, he was graciously received, and invested with a robe of honour; but as he quitted the Porte he was arrested and carried to the Seven Towers, where, two days after, (in spite of the intercession of the Sultana-Walidah, and the refusal of the mufti to ratify the unjust doom,) he was bowstrung in his cell, as the murmurs of the troops prevented the vizir from risking a public execution.

But though thus inexorable to all whose popularity or pretensions might interfere with his own supremacy, and haughty even beyond all former precedent in his intercourse with the representatives of the Christian powers,* Kiuprili deserved, by the merits of his domestic administration, the high place which has been assigned to him by the unanimous voice of the Ottoman historians. The exact regularity which he enforced both in the payment and disbursement of the revenue, relieved the people from the irregular imposts to which they had been subject, in order to make up the deficiencies arising from the interception, by the pashas, of the tributes of distant provinces, and the peculation which had long reigned unchecked at the seat of government—while the sums thus rendered disposable were laid out chiefly in improving the internal communications, and strengthening the defences, of the empire. The Dardanelles, hitherto guarded only by Mohammed II.'s two castles of Europe and Asia, was made almost impregnable by the construction of the formidable line of sea defences still existing, the necessity for which had been demonstrated by the recent attack of the Venetians; and fortified posts were established along the line of the Dnieper and Dniester, to keep in check the predatory Cossacks between these rivers, who were at this time engaged in a furious civil contest with the

king of Poland, the ally of the Porte. The Hungarian fortresses were also repaired, and vast warlike preparations made along the Danube, as the peace which for fifty years had subsisted with the empire appeared on the verge of inevitable rupture. The succession to the principality of Transylvania, the suzerainté of which had long been a point of dispute between the Porte and Austria, was now contested between Kemény and Michael Abaffi—the latter being the nominee of the sultan, while Kemény was supported by the emperor, to whom the late Prince Racoczy had transferred his allegiance a short time before his death in battle against the Turks, in 1660. The Imperialists and Turks had more than once encountered each other as auxiliaries of the rival candidates, and Kiuprili was on the point of repairing in person to the scene of action, when he died at Adrianople of dropsy, (Oct. 31, 1661,) in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was buried in a splendid mausoleum, which he had erected for himself, near the Taubazar (poultry market) at Constantinople—the vault of which, during his life, he had daily filled with corn, which was then distributed to the poor to purchase their prayers! "Thus," says a Turkish annalist, "died Kiuprili-Mohammed, who was most zealous and active in the cause of the faith! Enjoying absolute power, and being anxious to purify the Ottoman empire, he slew in Anatolia 400,000 † rebels, including seventeen vizirs or pashas of three tails, forty-one of two tails, seventy sandjak-beys, three mallahs, and a Moghrabin sheikh. May God be merciful to him!"

The genius of the Ottoman institutions is so directly opposed to any thing like the perpetuation of offices in a family, which might tend to endanger the despotism of the throne by the creation of an hereditary aristocracy, that even in the inferior ranks,

* De la Haye, the French ambassador, was imprisoned in 1658, and his son bastinadoed in the presence of Kiuprili, for being unable or unwilling to give a key to some letters in cipher from the Venetians; and some years later, the envoy of the Czar, Alexis Mikhailowitz, was driven, with blows and violence, from the presence of the sultan, who was irritated by the incompetency of the interpreter to translate the Czar's letter! This latter outrage, however, was not till after the death of the elder Kiuprili.

† This monstrous exaggeration is reduced by Rycaut to the more credible, but still enormous number of 36,000 victims during the five years of his ministry.

an instance had hitherto scarcely been known of a son succeeding his father. The immediate appointment, therefore, of Fazil-Ahmed, the eldest son of the deceased minister, to the vizirat, was so complete a departure from all established usages, as at once demonstrated to the expectant courtiers that the influence of the crafty old vizir had survived him, and that "the star of the house of Kiuprili" (in the words of a Turkish writer) "had only set in the west to rise again with fresh splendour in the east." Ahmed-Kiuprili was now thirty-two years of age, and joined to an intellect not less naturally vigorous than that of his father, those advantages of education in which the latter had been deficient. At an early age he had been placed under the historian, Abdul-Aziz Effendi, as a student of divinity and law, in the *medressah* or college attached to the mosque of Sultan Mohammed the Conqueror, and had attained, in due course, the rank of *muderris* or fellow therein; but the elevation of his father to the vizirat transferred him from the cloister to the camp, and he held the governments successively of Erzroom and Damascus—in the latter of which he distinguished himself by his moderation and firmness in reducing to order the refractory chiefs of the Druses, of the two great rival houses of Shahab and Maan-Oghlu. Recalled, at length, to Constantinople to assume the office of kaimakam, he had scarcely entered on his new duties when he was summoned to Adrianople, to attend the deathbed of his father, and to succeed him in the uncontrolled administration of the empire.

The numerous executions which marked the accession of the new vizir, (in accordance, as was believed, with the dying injunctions of his father,) struck with terror the functionaries of government, who anticipated a continuance of the iron rule under which they had so long trembled; but the disposition of Ahmed-Kiuprili was not naturally sanguinary, and few measures of unnecessary severity charac-

terized his subsequent sway. The war in Hungary, meanwhile, had assumed a serious aspect; for though Kemény had perished in battle, the Imperialists still continued to oppose the claims of Abaffi to the crown of Transylvania; and their armies, guided by the valour and experience of Montecuculi, a general formed in the Thirty Years' War, were making rapid progress in the reduction of the principality. War was now openly declared between the two empires; and Kiuprili, assuming the command in person, opened the campaign of 1663, in Hungary, with 100,000 men—a force before which Montecuculi had no alternative but to retreat, as the rapidity with which the Turks had taken the field, had completely outstripped the dilatory preparations of the Aulic Council.* The exploits of the Ottomans, however, were confined to the capture of Ujvar, or Neuhausel, after a siege maintained on both sides with such extraordinary vigour, as to have given rise to a Hungarian proverb—"As fixed as a Turk before Neuhausel,"—after which both armies withdrew into winter-quarters. The campaign of 1664 opened also to the advantage of the Ottomans; but in attempting the passage of the Raab, (Aug. 1,) at the fords near St Gothard, the sudden swelling of the stream cut off the communication between one division of their army and the other; and being attacked at this juncture by Montecuculi, they sustained the most signal overthrow which the Osmanlis had ever yet received from a Christian power—17,000 of their best troops were slain or drowned, and the vizir, hastily drawing off the remains of his forces, sent proposals of peace to the Austrian headquarters. Yet such was the indefinite awe with which the prowess and resources of the Ottomans were at that time regarded, that the Imperialists made no further use of their victory than to conclude a truce for twenty years, the conditions of which, in effect, ceded all the points for which the war had been undertaken. Abaffi was recog-

* "The Turk," says Montecuculi, "who is always armed, never finds time bald, but can always seize him by the forelock: the number of his victories, and the extent of territory which he has taken from the Christians, and which they have never been able to recover, sufficiently proves this, and shows the rashness and folly of those who pretend to make light of his power."

nised as Prince of Transylvania, and as a tributary of the Porte—the two important fortresses of Great-Waradin and Neuhausel, which the Turks had taken during the war, were left in their hands, and a breathing-time was thus afforded to the two empires for the mortal struggle which was to be decided, nineteen years later, under the walls of Vienna.

Notwithstanding the ill success of his arms, the vizir was received by the sultan, on his return with the army in the ensuing spring to Adrianople, with such extraordinary distinction, that those who had hoped to profit by his expected fall, could explain such continued favour only by the supposition that sorcery had been practised on the mind of the monarch by the mother of the all-powerful minister. Solicitous to retrieve his military reputation in the eyes of the soldiery, Kiuprili now determined to assume in person the conduct of the long-continued war in Crete, and to bring the struggle to a close by the capture of Candia, the siege of which had already reached near twice the duration of that of Troy. To supply the deficiencies of the Turkish marine, which had been almost ruined by the repeated naval victories of the Venetians, an overture was made to the English ambassador, Lord Winchelsea, for permission to hire the services of a number of British vessels; but this strange request being evaded, the expedition was postponed for a year, while every nerve was strained in the building and equipment of galleys; and at length, in the autumn of 1666, the fleet set sail from Monembasia in the Morea, under the command of the Capitan-pasha Mustafa, surnamed *Kaplan*, or the Tiger, the brother-in-law of Kiuprili, and anchored off Canea in the beginning of November. But before we proceed to narrate the closing scenes of the Cretan war, we must retrace our steps, to give some account of its origin and progress.

The dominions of the Venetian Signory in the Levant, which had at one time comprehended, besides the scattered isles of the Cyclades, the three subject *kingdoms* (as they were proudly called) of Candia,* Cyprus, and the Morea, were confined, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to the first-named island—the last relics of the Morea having been wrested from the republic by the arms of Soliman the Magnificent in 1540, and Cyprus having been subdued by the lieutenants of his son Selim, a few months before the destruction of the Turkish fleet at the battle of Lepanto in 1571.† The sovereignty of Candia had been acquired by purchase from the Marquis of Montferrat, to whom it was assigned on the partition of the Greek empire, after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1204, by the Latins of the fourth crusade: but the four centuries and a half of Venetian rule present little more than an unvarying succession of revolts, oppression, and bloodshed. In pursuance of their usual system of colonial administration, which strangely contrasted with their domestic policy, they had introduced into the island a sort of modified feudal system, in order to rivet their ascendancy over this remote possession, by the interposition of a class of resident proprietors, whose interest it would be to maintain the dominion of the parent state: but the *cavaliers*, as the Venetian tenants of Cretan fiefs were termed, proved at times even more refractory than the candidates themselves, and made the island for many years a source of endless difficulties to the Signory. In 1363, complaining of their exclusion from the high dignities of the republic, the *cavaliers* openly threw off their allegiance, elected a doge from among themselves, and raised the banner of St Titus of Retime in opposition to the standard of St Mark. As they were supported both by the native Candiotes and the Greeks of Constantinople, it was not

* The name of Candia, which is the Italianized form of Kandax, (now Megalokastro,) is unknown at the present day to the Greek inhabitants of the island, which they call by its classic name of *Kerira*.—See PASHLEY'S *Travels in Crete*, i. chap. 11.

† A notable retort is on record from the vizir to the Venetian envoy, who, on repairing to Constantinople after the battle, expressed his astonishment at the progress already made in the equipment of a new fleet. "Know," (said the haughty Osmanli,) "that the loss of a fleet to the Padishah is as the shaving of his beard, which will grow again all the thicker; whereas the loss of Cyprus is to Venice as the amputation of an arm from the body, which will never be reproduced."

till after a harassing warfare of two years that they were reduced, and their fortresses razed, by the Provveditori sent from Venice; a second effort at independence, a few years later, was not more successful. The Greek inhabitants were throughout subjected to a degree of merciless tyranny, in comparison of which the worst severities of Turkish rule must have appeared lenient. The Sphakiote tribes in particular, who were strong both from their arms and martial temperament, and from their habitations among the lofty ridges of the *Aspro-Bouna*, or White Mountains, in the south of the island, acknowledged at all times but an imperfect allegiance to their Venetian lords: and the acts of fiendish barbarity by which their frequent revolts were chastised, can scarcely find a parallel even in the worst horrors of the French Revolution. Unborn infants torn from the womb in pursuance of a judicial sentence solemnly pronounced—the head of the father exacted as the ransom for the life of the son—such were the methods by which the Provveditori of the Most Serene and Christian Republic enforced its authority, and which are related, not only without reprehension, but with manifest complacency and approval, by the chroniclers of the state.*

Though the coasts had often been ravaged in former wars by the Turkish fleet, particularly under Barbarossa in 1538, no attempt appears ever to have been made to effect the conquest of the island by the reduction of the fortified cities of the coast, in which the main strength of the Venetians lay: and since the treaty of 1573, Venice had remained more than seventy years at peace with the Porte. In 1645, however, a fresh rupture arose from the capture of a richly-laden Turkish vessel by the Maltese crui-

sers,† who were allowed, contrary to the existing conventions between the Porte and the Republic, to sell the horses which were on board their prize in one of the remote havens of Crete, beyond the surveillance of the Venetian authorities. Slight as was the ground of offence, it produced an instantaneous ferment at Constantinople: the janissaries, calling to mind similar omens said to have preceded the conquest of Rhodes and of Cyprus, exclaimed that the land whose soil had once been trodden by Moslem horse hoofs, was the predestined inheritance of the Faithful: and the flame was fanned by the capitan-pasha Yusuf, a Dalmatian renegade, who, independent of the hatred which from early associations he bore Venice, dreaded being sent on a bootless expedition against the impregnable defences of Malta—an enterprise which, since the memorable failure in the last years of Soliman, had never been attempted by the Osmanlis. Preparations for war, meanwhile, were carried on with unexampled activity, though the destination of the armament was kept profoundly secret; till, on April 30, 1545, the most formidable expedition which had ever been equipped in the Turkish ports, set sail from the Bosphorus. Eight thousand janissaries, 14,000 spahis, and upwards of 50,000 *timariots* or feudal militia, were embarked on board the fleet, which consisted of eighty galleys, and more than 300 transports, besides the auxiliary squadrons of the Barbary regencies, which joined the armada, May 7, at the general rendezvous at Scio.

From Scio the united fleet sailed to Navarino—a course purposely adopted to spread the belief that Malta was the point of attack; but no sooner were they again at sea, than the capitan-pasha, summoning the principal offi-

* “Thus were they annihilated, and all men who were faithful and devoted to God and their prince, were solaced and consoled.”—*MS. Chronicle by the notary Trivon, quoted by PASHLEY*, chap. 33. These atrocities were perpetrated in the early part of the 16th century.

† Among the captives was the ex-nurse of the heir-apparent, afterwards Mohammed IV., with her son, who was mistaken for a prince of the Imperial family; and being carried to Malta, was brought up there as a monk under the name of Padre Ottomanno! During the siege of Candia he was brought to the beleaguered fortress, in the hope that the presence of this supposed Turkish prince of the blood would shake the allegiance of the janissaries—but this notable scheme, as might have been foreseen, was wholly without success.

cers on board his galley, read the *khatt-sheeref* of the sultan, announcing that he had taken up arms for the conquest of Candia. War had, in the mean time, been formally declared against the Republic at Constantinople, and the Venetian envoy, Soranzo, imprisoned in the Seven Towers: but he had previously contrived to communicate to the Signory his suspicions of the impending storm; and supplies and reinforcements had been hastily dispatched from Venice to Andrea Cornaro, the *inquisitore*, or governor of Crete, in the event of its bursting in that quarter. Little serious apprehension seems, however, to have been entertained; and great was the consternation of the Candiot population, when, on the morning of June 24, the vast armament of the Ottomans was seen rounding Cape Spada, and disembarking the troops near Canea, on the same spot where, according to tradition, the standards of Islam had first been displayed, 820 years before, by the Saracens of Spain.

The strong ramparts of Canea opposed but an ineffectual resistance to the numbers and resolution of the Ottomans, who pressed the siege with all the ardour arising from the confidence of success; and after fifty days of open trenches, and the failure of two assaults, the second fortress of the island capitulated, August 17. The churches and the cathedral of St Nicholas were converted into mosques; and Delhi-Hussein (whose subsequent tragical fate has been already commemorated) was sent out to take the government of this new conquest. The brave Yusuf, returning to Constantinople at the end of the year, was at first received with the highest honours by Ibrahim, but soon after put to death in one of his fits of senseless cruelty; but the Ottomans in Crete, under the gallant leadership of Delhi-Hussein, who now became *serdar* or commander-in-chief, overran and occupied the inland districts almost without opposition from the Greek inhabitants, in whose eyes any alternative was preferable to the bloody tyranny under which they had so long

groaned: * while the Venetian garrisons, shut up in the fortified towns along the northern shore, depended for supplies on the Christian fleet, which the Turks did not venture to bring to action. The campaign of 1646 was marked by the capture of the important city of Retimo, which surrendered Nov. 15, after a murderous siege of thirty-nine days, in which both the governor Cornaro and the provveditor Molino were slain: but though the Turks received reinforcements to the amount of 30,000 men, including 10,000 janissaries, in the course of the following year, it was not till May 1648 that the trenches were at length opened before Candia, the capital of the island, and the only fortress of importance still in the hands of the Venetians.

The leaguer of Candia was pushed during several months by the Turks, animated by the courage and example of their general, with the same fanatic zeal which they had displayed before Canea and Retimo; but the besieged, whose tenure of Crete depended on this last stronghold, held out with equal pertinacity: and their efforts were aided by the presence of a large body of Maltese auxiliaries, as well as by the succours which the naval superiority of the Venetians enabled them continually to introduce by sea. In one sortie, a detachment of the garrison penetrated even to the tent of the *serdar*, who owed his safety to his personal prowess; while the outworks of the town were ruined by the constant explosion of mines, and the Ottoman standards were planted on the bastion of Martinengo, and on several of the redoubts which covered the interior defences. But in spite of their repeated assaults, the besiegers failed to make any impression on the body of the place; and the *serdar* was compelled to withdraw his diminished army into winter-quarters. The anarchy at Constantinople which followed the deposition of Ibrahim, combined with the blockade of the Dardanelles by the Venetians, prevented any reinforcements from reaching the seat of war—yet the siege was renewed in

* Many of them adopted the faith of the invaders—and Tournefort, who visited Crete in 1700, says that “the greater part of the Turks on the island were either renegades, or sons of renegades.” The Candiot Turks of the present day are particularly held to combine the vices of the nation from which they descend with those of their adopted countrymen.

the ensuing summer, and carried on with such vigour, that the garrison, weakened by the loss of half its numbers, including the valiant governor, Colloredo, was reduced to the last extremity; when the arrival of the Maltese squadron, under Balbiani, balked the Turks of their expected prize; and the janissaries, breaking out into furious mutiny, compelled Delhi-Hussein once more to abandon the hopeless enterprise. All the remainder of the island, however, had now peaceably submitted to the Ottoman rule, and had been organized into sandjaks and districts; so that the garrison of Candia were rather the occupants of a solitary post in a hostile country, than defenders of the soil against the invasion; and the Turkish commanders, ill supplied from Constantinople, during the troubled minority of Mohammed, with siege equipage and munitions of war, contented themselves with blockading the town by the erection of redoubts, and guarding the open country with their cavalry. While the war thus languished in Crete, the events of the maritime contest continued to justify the proverbial saying of the Turks, that "Allah had given the land to the true believers, but the sea to the infidels!" Not only was the blockade of the Dardanelles so strictly kept up, that it was only in winter, when the Venetian fleet was unable to remain on its station, that the Turks could convey reinforcements to their brethren who were waging the *holy war* in Crete; but repeated and disastrous defeats were sustained by the Ottoman navy, whenever it attempted to dispute the sovereignty of the sea with the Lion of St Mark. In July 1651, a formidable armament with supplies and troops for Crete was almost entirely destroyed off Naxos by Mocenigo: and on July 6, 1656, the same commander inflicted on the Turkish fleet, off the mouth of the Straits, the most decisive overthrow which it had sustained since the fatal day of Lepanto. Seventy sail of ships and galleys were sunk or taken; the Capitan-pasha escaped into the Bosphorus with only fourteen vessels; and the inhabitants of Constantinople, in the first access of consternation,

expected the apparition of the Christian ensigns in the Golden Horn; but the victors contented themselves with the occupation of Tenedos and Lemnos, which they held till dislodged in the following year by Kiuprili.

The serdar, Delhi-Hussein, who had for eleven years gallantly upheld the renown of the Ottoman arms in Crete, withstanding with equal firmness the efforts of the enemy, and the mutinous spirit of his own soldiers, had been recalled early in 1656 to assume the vizirat; a fleeting glimpse of honour, which, though cancelled even before he reached Constantinople in favour of the Kaimakam Mustapha, subsequently (as already related) cost him his life from the jealousy of Mohammed Kiuprili. His successors possessed neither his energy nor his military skill; and the Venetians, taking courage from the change of commanders, sallied from Candia, and even ventured, though without success, to attempt the recovery of Canea. Negotiations for peace, meanwhile, had been kept on foot almost from the first; but as the Ottoman pride absolutely refused to listen to any propositions which did not include the total and unconditional surrender of Candia, no pacification could be effected; and the war continued to linger till Ahmed-Kiuprili, secured on the side of Hungary by the peace with Austria, collected all the forces of the empire, to crush this last fragment of Venetian dominion in the Levant.

The advanced season of the year when the vizir disembarked in Candia, and the disorganized state of the forces which he found there, prevented the immediate commencement of offensive operations; but in the course of the winter, the arrival of the contingents of Egypt and Africa, as well as of a squadron with fresh troops from Constantinople, raised his army to between 40,000 and 50,000 effective men; and on the 20th of May 1667, the trenches were once more opened in form on the western side of the city, while 300 pieces of cannon, thundering from the Ottoman lines, covered the approaches of the pioneers.* Of the seven† great bastions which formed the principal defences

* The use of parallels is usually said to have been introduced at this time by Kiuprili; but they were certainly employed before Neuhausel, four years earlier.

† These were, the Sabionera, covered by the detached fort of St Demetrius, the Vetturi, Jesus, Martinengo, Bethlehem, Panigra, and St Andrew.

on the land side, those of Panigra, Bethlehem, and Martinengo, were the chief points of attack; the vizir himself taking post opposite the first, while the Beglerbeg of Anatolia and the Pasha of Egypt were stationed against the Bethlehem and the Martinengo. The assault, as on former occasions, was conducted chiefly by the slow process of sap and mine; but the superior skill of the Christian engineers, enabled them frequently to explore and countermine the works of the enemy; and the mining parties were thus surprised and blown into the air, while murderous combats took place under ground, from the accidental rencounters of the soldiers employed in these subterranean galleries. The garrison, which had at first numbered about 12,000, under the command of the Marchese di Villa, a Piedmontese officer of approved skill and courage, received, at the end of June, a reinforcement of 1000 veteran troops, brought by the Venetian Captain-General Morosini, who arrived with the fleet at the Isle of Standia, off the entrance of the port; and a concourse of volunteers, from all parts of Europe, hastened to share in the defence of this last bulwark of Christendom in the Grecian seas; while the Maltese, Papal, and Neapolitan galleys cruised in the offing, to intercept the supplies brought by sea to the Ottoman camp. The Turks, meanwhile, with their usual stubborn perseverance, continued to push their sap under the ravelin of Mocenigo, and the Panigra bastion which it covered; and though their progress was retarded, and their works often ruined, by the sallies of the defenders, the foundations were at length shaken, and the ramparts rent and shattered, by the explosion of innumerable mines; and the janissaries, fired with fanatic zeal, and stimulated by promises of reward, rushed again and

again to the attack under the eye of the vizir. "Many and various," says Rycaut, in his quaint narrative, "were the valiant assaults and sallies, the traverses extraordinary, the rencounters bloody, the resistance vigorous, not known or recorded in any siege before;" and the struggle continued with unabated fury on both sides, till the approach of winter; while, after each unsuccessful assault, the Venetians, emulating the ferocity of their enemies, displayed the heads of the slain and prisoners (for no quarter was given or taken) in barbarous triumph from the wall. At length, after a desperate conflict on November 16, the janissaries effected a lodgement in the Mocenigo bastion and the Panigra; and the Ottoman banners, for the first time, were displayed from the summit of the works. But this valiant forlorn hope, in the moment of triumph, was hurled into the air by the explosion of a previously-prepared mine; and Kiuprili, dismayed at this last failure, drew off his troops into their lines, where they lay inactive, till the inundation of the camp by the winter rains compelled them to withdraw to a greater distance.

Great was the rejoicing throughout Europe at the tidings that the pride of the Ottoman battle had once more been driven back discomfited, for the best and bravest of nearly every nation in Christendom were now to be found in the ranks of the defenders: * and great, on the other hand, was the perplexity of the divan, and the chagrin of the Turkish population, at the apparently endless duration of an enterprise, a speedy and glorious termination of which had been expected from the presence of the vizir. The sultan even dispatched a confidential agent to the seat of war, to examine personally into the state of affairs; and finding from his report that the army was reduced, by the sword and the

* The majority of these volunteers were supplied by the fiery noblesse of France, among whom the crusading spirit of their ancestors seems to have been revived at this period. At the battle of St Gothard, a considerable body of French auxiliaries was present, under the Duc de la Feuillade, (whose name was travestied by the Turks into *Fouladi, man of steel*;) and his subsequent expedition to Candia, as well as the more formidable armament under Noailles, seem to have received the direct sanction of Louis XIV. Yet the old treaties between France and the Porte were still in force; so that it was not without some reason that Kiuprili replied, a few years later, to the Marquis de Nointel's professions of amity on the part of France, "I know that the French are our friends, but I always happen to find them in the ranks of our enemies!"

ravages of disease, to half its original effective strength, he issued peremptory firmans to the pashas of the empire to hasten the equipment of their contingents; and even announced his intention of repairing in person to Crete, to share the perils and glories of the *holy war*. Kiuprili, meanwhile, was indefatigable in his exertions to reorganize his army, and restore his artillery to efficiency, even casting new guns to fit the Venetian bullets, 30,000 of which are said to have been picked up in the Turkish lines during the preceding campaign! A strict blockade was kept up on the city, while the Venetian cruisers, and the Papal galleys under Rospigliosi, the nephew of Pope Clement IX., were equally vigilant in preventing supplies from reaching the besiegers by sea; and various maritime encounters took place, generally to the advantage of the flag of St Mark. The unworthy jealousy* entertained by Morosini of Di Villa, led, however, early in the spring of 1668, to the withdrawal of that gallant soldier from his command, in which he was succeeded by the Marquis Montbrun St André, a French volunteer, inferior neither in valour nor diligence to his predecessor.

It was not till the beginning of June that the vizir recommenced active operations against Candia; but the plan of attack was now changed. In order to command the narrow entrance of the harbour,† and so cut off the constant reinforcements which reached the besieged by sea, the principal batteries were directed against the bastion of Sabionera, (called by the Turks the *Kizil-Tabiyah*, or Red Fort,) at the seaward extremity of the works on one side, and against that of St Andrew on the other; but the events of the siege during this year present nothing to distinguish them from the endless succession of mines, sorties, assaults, and countermines, which had marked the campaign of last year. The Venetian commanders at length, seeing the Turks preparing to pass the winter in their trenches, and sensible that (con-

centrated as the forces of the two contending powers were now for the attack and defence of a single fortress) they must eventually be overwhelmed by the ponderous strength of the Ottoman empire, once more made overtures for peace, offering an annual tribute for Candia, and the cession of the rest of the island to the Porte; but the vizir sternly rejected the proffered compromise; and his reply to the envoy, Molino—"The Sultan is not a merchant, nor does he need money—he has but one word, and that is—Candia,"—showed that the long dispute could only be decided by the sword. Elated by the hope of speedy triumph, the Turks now ran their approaches so close to the bastion of St Andrew, which was held by the Maltese knights and militia, that the muzzles of the muskets almost touched each other; and the vizir wrote to the Sultan, that they had only three yards more of ground to win, when, at this critical moment, the spirits of the besieged were revived by the arrival, early in December, of the Duc de la Feuillade and the Count de St Pol, with a gallant band of 600 volunteers, many of them of the best families of France. But the boiling valour of these fiery youths was equally difficult to restrain or direct; and, after losing two-thirds of their number in desperate, but irregular, sallies against the Turkish lines, the survivors of this piece of knight-errantry re-embarked for Christendom in January, leaving the heads of their fallen comrades ranged on pikes before the tent of Kiuprili. A stancher reinforcement was received in the spring of 1669, by the arrival of 3000 Lunenburghers, whose commander, Count Waldeck, fell a few days after, in repulsing an assault on the breach of St Andrew, as did also the former governor, Di Villa, whose thirst for glory had brought him back, as general of the Papal auxiliaries, to the scene of peril.

These repeated reinforcements, joined to the knowledge that the Pope was exerting himself to unite all the princes

* Villa is said to have produced before the senate of Venice a letter from Morosini to the vizir, offering to betray him into the hands of the Turks.

† The harbour of Candia (now almost choked up) was at all times so small, and with so little depth of water, as to afford shelter only to galleys, the station of the larger vessels being at the isle of Standia, at some leagues' distance.

of Christendom in a league for the relief of their hardly-beset brethren, still encouraged the heroic defenders of Candia, though the Turks had by this time carried their mines at several points within the bastions and exterior defences, and compelled the garrison to shelter themselves behind an inner rampart, constructed during the winter in anticipation of this extremity:—"So that, in effect," says Rycant, "this most impregnable fort of the world was forced and taken by the spade and shovel, and by a crew of unarmed labourers, who understood nothing more than the plough and harrow." The promised succours, however, were now at hand. On the 22d of June, a French fleet appeared off the port, having on board 7000 of the flower of the French troops and nobility, who were commanded by the Dukes de Noailles and Beaufort, and comprised in their ranks several princes of the sovereign houses of Lorraine and Bouillon, the Marshals Colbert and De la Motte-Fenelon, the Count of St Pol, and many other names of the noblest and bravest in France, who had crowded to embark as volunteers in this new and glorious crusade. These gallant auxiliaries landed amidst the acclamations of the Venetians; and, on the night of the 27th, a general sortie was made, in order to raise the siege by driving the Turks from their trenches. The janissaries were driven from their works by the impetuous onset of the assailants; but, in the tumult of the fight, a large powder-magazine, between the Sabionera and Fort St Demetrius, which had been occupied by the French, was accidentally blown up. The Duke de Beaufort, and many others, perished in the explosion, or were buried under the ruins; and the survivors, panic-stricken at the catastrophe, were driven within the walls with terrible slaughter by the Turks, who rallied and returned to the charge. The usual hideous trophies of Ottoman triumph—the heads of the slain, were laid at the feet of the vizir; but the body of the Duc de Beaufort, though anxiously sought for at the

prayer of his comrades, who offered, through a flag of truce, to redeem it at its weight in gold, could never be discovered.

This dreadful blow not only threw a fatal gloom over the ardour of the French, but gave rise to an altercation between Morosini and De Noailles, each of whom threw on the other the blame of the failure; till, after a month thus unprofitably spent, the French commander re-embarked his troops, and sailed for Toulon, August 31, leaving the town to its fate. The Maltese and Papal galleys departed in his company;—"for thus did these accursed swine of Nazarenes" (says the Turkish historiographer, Rashid) "withdraw from the doom of hell, which awaited them at the hands of the Faithful." The condition of the remaining defenders, thus deserted by their allies, and separated from the Turks only by breastworks hastily thrown up in the interior of the town, was now utterly hopeless, as not more than 3600 men remained fit for duty, while the loss in slain and disabled averaged more than a hundred a-day. In these desperate circumstances, a council of war was summoned by Morosini, to consider whether it might not even yet be practicable to avoid the ignominy of a surrender, by evacuating the town, and escaping, with the inhabitants, by sea. Their deliberations were hastened by a furious assault from the Turks, who were impatient to seize their prey; and, though the enemy were repulsed for the time by the remains of the Lunenburghers, two officers were eventually dispatched to the vizir's headquarters, to announce the submission of the garrison, and arrange the terms of capitulation. They were courteously received by Kiuprili, who appointed an officer of his own household, with Panayoti,* the dragoman of the Porte, to confer with them; and the articles were settled without much difficulty. Peace was concluded between the Porte and the Republic. Candia and the whole of Crete was ceded to the Sultan, with the exception of the harbours of Grabusa, Su-

* The appointment of the Greek Panayoti marks an important change in the system of Ottoman diplomacy; as previously the Porte had disdained to employ the *rayahs* in places of trust, depending wholly, in their intercourse with foreign ambassadors, on the interpreters attached to the suite of the latter.

da, and Spinalonga, which the Venetians were allowed to retain for purposes of commerce; the garrison and inhabitants of Candia were to embark with their arms, baggage, and a certain proportion of artillery, and the Ottomans were not to enter the town till the embarkation was completed. These conditions were scrupulously observed by the victors; till the 27th of September, the evacuation being effected, the standard of the cross was at length lowered from the walls; and the vizir, standing on the breach of the St Andrew's bastion, (thence called by the Turks the *Fort of Surrender*,) in the midst of a crowd of pashas and generals, received the keys of the city in a silver basin. A body of Turkish troops immediately entered by the breaches, and mounted guard on the principal posts; but it was not till the 4th of October that the vizir made his triumphant entry at the head of his army, (now reduced to about 15,000 regular troops, and 11,000 pioneers and irregulars,) and proceeded, bearing in his hand the sacred standard of the Prophet, to the cathedral, which was purified from the dead bodies interred within its walls, and re-consecrated as a mosque. All the other churches underwent the same transformation, with the exception of two which Panayoti purchased for the use of the Greeks; for so completely was the town deserted, that there remained only, in the words of an anonymous eyewitness, "two Greeks, three Jews, and eight other strangers, whom the vizir would also have suffered to depart; but they chose rather to change their religion than their quarters."

Thus ended this famous siege, the longest, and one of the most memorable, recorded in history. During its continuance, the Venetians and their

allies lost 30,000 men, and the Turks more than 100,000; fifty-six assaults were made on the town above ground, and the same number through the mines; and nearly an equal number of sorties was made by the garrison. 460 mines were sprung by the Turks, and no less than 1172 by the Venetians; and the quantity of missiles hurled into the town exceeded all calculation. The fortifications were, however, speedily repaired by the care of Kiuprili, who remained in the island nine months after the surrender, employed in the final organization of this new province, which was divided into the three pashaliks of Canea, Retimo, and Candia—the last being the residence of the beglerbeg, or supreme pasha. The arrangements being at length completed, he quitted Candia for Constantinople, whither the captain-pasha had preceded him with the fleet; and, on the 3d of July 1670, he replaced in the hands of the Sultan, in his hunting-camp near Rodosto, the *sandjak-sheeref*, which had been committed to his charge for the war against the infidels. "In this manner," says Rycaut, writing not in a spirit of prophecy, three years only before the battle of Vienna, "expired the action of the year, fortunate in its success to the Turks; for though they gained but thirty acres of land, with expense inestimable of blood and treasure, yet the glory and fame which attended it, being the consummation of twenty-five years' war, and the theatre where the whole world were spectators, was of greater value to the Turks than any other consideration, and may with time prove a place of advantage to the further increase of their western empire, unless God Almighty, by his mercy and providence, give a stop to the progress of this grand oppressor."

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A MAÎTRE-D'ARMES.

THE excitement produced in St Petersburg on the occasion of a rash conspiracy which had broken out on the inauguration of the Emperor Nicholas, had ample time to die away before the sentence pronounced upon the conspirators became known. Six months elapsed, months of terrible suspense and anxiety to the friends of the unfortunate prisoners. At length, on the 14th of July, the decision of the high court of justice appeared in the *St Petersburg Gazette*. Six-and-thirty of the accused were condemned to death, the others to the mines and to exile. My friend and patron, Count Alexis W——, was included in the former list; but an act of clemency on the part of the Emperor tempered the severity of justice, and only five of the condemned were left for execution, while the remaining thirty-one had their sentence commuted to banishment. My friend's name was, God be thanked! among the latter.

On reading this announcement, I rushed into the street, and ran, without once stopping, until I reached the house of his beloved Louise. Of her, for the present, it will be sufficient to say, that she was a young, lovely, and intelligent Frenchwoman, whose sister I had known in Paris, and to whose patronage, from her position as a first-rate *modiste* in St Petersburg, I was much indebted. Between this truly amiable woman and the Count had for some years existed an attachment, not hallowed, indeed, by the church, but so long and deeply-rooted in the hearts of both, and so dignified by their mutual constancy and worth, as to have won the sympathies even of the Count's mother and sisters. To return, however, to Louise, whom I found with a copy of the *Gazette* in her hand, and bathed in tears, but they were tears of joy—

"He is saved!" cried she, on seeing me enter; "thank God and the Emperor!"

The first moment of joy over, Louise's thoughts turned to the mother and sisters of her lover. She calculated that the *Gazette* would only leave St Petersburg by the post of

that night, and that by sending off an express immediately the news might reach Moscow twelve hours sooner. She asked me if I knew a trusty messenger, who could start without delay to bear the glad tidings to the Count's family. I had a Russian servant, an intelligent active fellow, and I offered his services, which she accepted with delight. The only difficulty was the passport, and through the kindness of the ex-chief of police, Monsieur de Gorgoli, it was procured in half an hour. At the expiration of that time the courier set off, with a thousand rubles in his pocket for travelling expenses.

He arrived at Moscow fourteen hours before the post; fourteen hours of mortal anxiety saved to the Count's mother and sisters.

The letter he brought back, was one of those that seem written with a feather plucked from an angel's wing. The old Countess called Louise her daughter, and the young girls named her their sister. They entreated that, when the day was known on which the prisoners were to set off for their banishment, a courier might be despatched to Moscow with the news. I accordingly told my servant to hold himself in readiness to start, to his no small satisfaction; for the Count's mother had given him a thousand rubles for his first trip, and he trusted the second might be equally well rewarded.

There had not been an execution in St Petersburg for sixty years, and the curiosity and excitement caused by the anticipation of this one, were proportionably great. The day was not fixed beforehand, and the inhabitants of the capital got up each morning, expecting to hear that the bloody tragedy had been enacted. I had requested a young Frenchman attached to Marshal Marmont's special mission, and who was on that account likely to have early information, to let me know when it was to take place; and on the evening of the 23d of July, he sent me word that the marshal and his suite had been invited to repair by four o'clock the following morning to the hotel of the French embassy,

the windows of which commanded the place of execution.

I hastened to communicate this intelligence to Louise. All her fears returned. Was it certain that Alexis was pardoned? Might not the commutation of punishment announced in the *Gazette* be a ruse to conceal the truth from the people? These, and a thousand other doubts, arose in her mind; but I at last succeeded in tranquillizing her, and returned home to take some repose till the hour of the execution. Before doing so, however, my servant was sent off to Moscow, to inform the Countess W—— that the following day her son would leave St Petersburg for his place of exile.

At half-past three, I left my house and hastened in the direction of the citadel. A grey tinge in the east announced the approach of day, and a thin white fog hung like a veil over the Neva. As I passed the corner of the French embassy, Marmont and his suite entered the house, and a minute afterwards they appeared upon the balcony.

A few persons were standing upon the quay, not in expectation, or because they were informed of what was going to take place, but because the bridge of the Trinity was occupied by troops, and they were thereby prevented from proceeding whither their affairs called them. They seemed uneasy, and uncertain whether it might not be dangerous to remain there.

Some minutes before four, a large fire was lighted on the platform of the fortress. My attention being drawn to that point, I perceived, by the now increasing daylight, a wooden scaffolding, on which were erected five black and ominous-looking gibbets.

Four o'clock struck, and the prisoners whose punishment had been commuted to banishment appeared upon the platform, and ranged themselves round the scaffold. They were all in full uniform, wearing their epaulettes, and the stars and ribands of their different orders. Their swords were carried by soldiers. I tried to distinguish the Count, but the distance, and still imperfect light, rendered the attempt fruitless.

The five who were to suffer death now ascended the scaffold, dressed in coarse linen frocks, and with a sort of white hood over their heads. They

doubtless arrived from separate dungeons, for, as they met, they were allowed to embrace one another. Immediately afterwards, a man went up to them and said something, which was followed by a cheer from the soldiers and others attending the execution. It was afterwards reported, I know not with what truth, that this man was sent to offer them their lives if they chose to beg them; but that they replied to the offer by cries of *Russia and Liberty!*—cries that were rendered inaudible by the hurras of the guards and attendants.

The executioners stepped forward, passed the halters round the necks of the condemned, and pulled the hoods over their eyes. A neighbouring clock struck the first quarter after four, and simultaneously with the sound, a trap-door gave way under the feet of the culprits. There was a great cry and much confusion, and a number of soldiers jumped upon the scaffold.

Two of the ropes had snapped, and the unhappy men round whose necks they had been fastened, had fallen through the scaffolding to the platform; one of them had broken his thigh, and the other his arm. Ladders were brought, and the sufferers carried up to the scaffold and laid upon their backs, for they were unable to stand. In a few minutes new halters were ready, and with the help of the executioners, the victims managed to drag themselves under the gibbets. Their last words were, *Russia and Liberty!* This time the ropes did their duty.

It was said, that when the Emperor was afterwards informed of this incident, he was much vexed at its not having been immediately reported to him; but nobody had dared take upon himself the responsibility of suspending the execution.

It was now the turn of the exiles. Their sentence was read, declaring them to have forfeited every thing, rank, possessions, orders, family, all that bound them to the world, and the executioners then tore off their epaulettes and decorations, which they threw into the fire. Then taking the prisoners' swords from the soldiers, who held them, they seized them by the hilt and point, and broke them over their owners' heads, exclaiming, as each snapped in two, "This is the sword of a traitor!" This ceremony

over, they were stripped of their uniforms, which were replaced by coarse grey smock-frocks, and they were then led back to prison. The evening of the same day they set out for Siberia.

I returned to Louise, whom I found on her knees, praying and weeping. She looked at me as I entered the room as though afraid to interrogate me; but I relieved her anxiety by informing her that all had passed as announced in the *Gazette*. She raised her eyes to heaven with an expression of pious gratitude.

After a pause, "How far is it from here to Tobolsk?" she enquired.

"About eight hundred leagues."

"It is not so far as I thought," was her observation. I looked at her for a moment in silence. I began to suspect her intentions.

"Why do you ask the question?" enquired I.

"Can you not guess?"

"But, Louise, it is impossible, at least at this moment."

"Do not be uneasy, my friend. I know my duty to my child, and my affection for its father shall not make me forget it. I will wait."

It was not without a motive that the Count's mother and sisters had been anxious to obtain the earliest possible intelligence of his departure from St Petersburg. The road from that capital to Tobolsk ran through Irosław, a town about sixty leagues from Moscow, and they entertained hopes of being able to see their son and brother as he passed. Their passports were ready, and arrangements made; and as soon as they received from my servant the news of the departure of the prisoners, they got into a *kabiltha*, and without saying a word to any body of their intentions, set out for Irosław.

Travelling is rapid in Russia; in less than twenty-four hours they reached their destination, and learned with delight that the prisoners had not yet passed. As their stay at Irosław might have excited suspicion, they left that town, and took up their quarters in a small village on the road, at a solitary cottage, near which the carriages containing the exiles were to change horses. In all such cases in Russia, the persons in charge of criminals are forbidden to stop or to

change horses in towns, or even in villages.

After waiting two days, a servant whom the Countess had stationed upon the road to watch for the convoy, hastened to her with the news that the first division of the prisoners had just arrived in five carriages, and that the corporal in charge had sent men to fetch horses from the village. The ladies got into their carriage, and set off at full gallop for the cottage at which the convoy had halted. They stopped upon the high-road opposite the hut, and gazed eagerly through the half-open door of its only room. It was crowded with prisoners; but Alexis was not amongst them.

In a quarter of an hour horses were brought; the prisoners re-entered the carriage, which immediately set off.

Half an hour later the second division of the convoy arrived; but the Count was not with it. The third, fourth, and fifth passed, each being obliged to wait longer than the preceding one for horses, those at the post-house and in the immediate neighbourhood having all been taken.

It was some time after nightfall when the sixth and last division was heard approaching. The poor women clasped their trembling hands together. The much wished-for moment had arrived, yet their greatest difficulty was to come. It was more than uncertain whether they would be permitted to embrace their son and brother.

The convoy stopped, Alexis got out of the third carriage. In spite of the darkness and of his ignoble garb, the Countess and her daughters recognized him. One of the latter was about to call out his name; but her mother placed her hand on her mouth in time to prevent the imprudence, and the Count entered the cottage.

The corporal commanding the escort began enquiring about horses, and on learning that they were scarce, he sent off his soldiers with orders to seize all they could find in the name of the Emperor. The men departed, and he remained alone with the prisoners. There was no danger of an attempt at escape. In the heart of the Czar's immense dominions, whither could a fugitive betake himself

without a certainty of being overtaken, or of dying from hunger before he reached the frontier?

Corporal Ivan remained then walking up and down in front of the cottage, alternately whistling and flogging his leathern overalls with his riding whip, and occasionally stopping to gaze at the Countess's travelling carriage, which was standing without horses in the road. Presently the door of the vehicle opened, three ladies alighted and advanced towards the corporal. Two of them remained a little behind, the third approached him with clasped hands.

"My friend," said the Countess, "my son is amongst the prisoners you are escorting; let me see him but for a moment, and name your own reward."

"It is impossible, madam," replied the corporal respectfully. "My orders are strict to allow no one to communicate with the prisoners, and the knout is the least I may expect if I transgress them."

"But who will know that you have transgressed them?" cried the Countess, her voice trembling with eagerness and suspense. Her daughters stepped forward, and joined their hands, as in supplication to the soldier.

"It is quite impossible, madam," repeated the man.

"My mother!" cried Alexis, pushing open the cottage door. He had heard her voice, and in an instant was clasped in her arms.

The corporal made a movement as though to seize his prisoner; but at the same moment the two young girls fell at his feet, and embracing his knees, pointed to the touching spectacle before them.

Corporal Ivan was a good fellow in the main. He uttered something between a sigh and a growl, and the sisters saw that their prayer was granted.

"Mamma," said one of them in a low tone, "he will allow us to embrace our brother." The Countess extricated herself from her son's arms, and held out a heavy purse to the corporal.

"You risk a punishment for our sakes, my friend, and it is fair you should be recompensed for it."

Ivan looked hard at the purse for a moment, then shaking his head and

putting his hands behind his back, "No, your ladyship," said he, "I am committing a breach of duty, but it is not for gold. Here is the best excuse I can give my judges, and if they don't accept it, God will;" and he pointed to the two weeping girls. The Countess seized the soldier's rough hand and pressed it to her lips.

"The horses cannot be here yet;" continued Ivan, "get into your carriage and pull down the blinds. By that means nobody will see you, and I may perhaps avoid making acquaintance with the knout."

"Thank you, corporal," said Alexis; "but at least take this purse."

"Take it yourself, lieutenant," said Ivan in a low voice, from habit giving the Count a title to which he had no longer a right. "You will find the use of it at the end of your journey."

"But on arriving they will search me."

"You can give it to me before the search, and I will return it to you. But I hear the gallop of a horse; quick into the carriage!" The corporal pushed Alexis into the carriage; the ladies followed, and he shut the door upon them.

An hour elapsed, an hour of mingled joy and sorrow. At the expiration of that time, the door opened, and Ivan appeared. "You must separate," said he, "the horses are arriving."

"A few moments longer!" cried the ladies, with tearful voices.

"Not a second, or I am ruined. Go on to the next relay; it is dark, no one will see you, and I sha'n't be punished more for twice than once."

"Oh! you will not be punished at all," cried the ladies; "surely God will reward you."

"Hum," said the corporal doubtfully, and half pulling his prisoner out of the carriage.

At the next relay, things went equally well. A third interview was rendered impossible by the approach of day. The sad word *farewell* was pronounced, and the weeping women took the road to Moscow, having previously arranged a plan of correspondence, and carrying with them a few affectionate lines that Alexis had scrawled in pencil for Louise.

The Countess had ordered my servant to wait at Moscow till she returned, and on her arrival there

immediately dispatched him to St Petersburg. He brought Louise the Count's note, and a letter from his mother, inviting her to go to Moscow, for that she was impatient to embrace her as her daughter.

Louise kissed her lover's note. She shook her head on reading the Countess's letter, and smiled one of those sad smiles that were peculiar to her. "I shall not go to Moscow," said she, "my place is elsewhere."

As I had suspected, Louise had resolved to join Count W—— at Tobolsk; but she could not set out till after her confinement, which was to take place in a couple of months. Meantime she busied herself with preparations. By turning every thing she possessed into money, she got together a sum of thirty thousand rubles. At her request, I applied to my kind friend, Monsieur de Gorgoli, to obtain from the Emperor permission for her to rejoin her lover. Her intentions had got wind in St Petersburg, and every body spoke with admiration of the devoted attachment of the young Frenchwoman. Many thought, however, that her courage would fail her when the moment of departure arrived; but I knew her better, and felt assured of the contrary.

At the commencement of September, she became the mother of a boy. I wished her to write to the mother of Alexis, to announce this event; but she refused. The Countess heard of it, however, and wrote to Louise, to say that she was expecting her with her child.

Her recovery was slow, the various emotions she had undergone during her pregnancy having weakened her health. She would have left St Petersburg long before she was strong enough to do so; but the permission to join Count W—— was to come through me, and I refused to apply for it till her medical attendant gave her leave to travel.

One morning the door of my apartment opened, and Louise entered, her face radiant with joy. "He will escape!" cried she.

"Who?"

"He—Alexis."

"How! Escape? It is impossible."

"Read that," she said, and handed me a letter in the Count's hand-writing. It was as follows:—"Dearest

Louise—Place all confidence in the bearer of this letter. He is more than my friend—he is my saviour.

"I fell ill upon the road, and was obliged to stop at Perm. The physicians declared I was not able to continue my journey, and it was decided I should pass the winter in the prison of that town. As good fortune would have it, the jailer's brother is an old servant of my family, and willing to aid my escape. He and his brother fly with me; but I must have means of indemnifying them for what they give up on my account, and for the risk they run. Give the bearer all the money and jewels you possess. As soon as I am in safety I will write to you to come and join me. Adieu. W——."

"Well," said I, after reading the letter twice over, "what have you done?"

"Can you ask the question?"

"What!" cried I. "You have given . . . ?"

"Every ruble I had," interrupted she.

"And if this letter were not from the Count? If it were a forgery?"

She changed colour, and snatched the paper from my hand.

"Oh, no!" said she. "I know his hand-writing. I cannot be mistaken." But, on reading the letter again, I observed that she grew still paler.

"I do not think," I observed, "that Alexis would have addressed such a demand to you."

"And why not? Who loves him better than I do?"

"Understand me rightly. For an act of friendship or devotion he would have applied to *you*, but for money to his mother. I tell you again, either I do not know Count W——'s character, or this letter is not written by him."

"But what will become of me? I have given every thing I possessed."

"How did the Count usually sign his letters?"

"Alexis always."

"You see this one is signed W——. It is evidently a forgery, and we must immediately inform the police."

"And if we are mistaken? If it is not a forgery, by doing so I shall prevent his escape. Oh, no! Better lose the money. I can manage without. All that I am anxious to know is, whether he is at Perm."

It occurred to me, that I might easily ascertain this latter point through a lieutenant of gendarmerie to whom I gave lessons; and begging Louise to wait my return, I hastened to his quarters. I told him I had particular reasons for wishing to know whether my friend W—— had reached Tobolsk, and asked him if it were possible to ascertain. He immediately sent an orderly for the non-commissioned officer who had commanded the Count's division. Ten minutes afterwards, Corporal Ivan entered the room; and, although I was not then aware of the service he had rendered the Countess and her daughters, I was immediately prepossessed in his favour, by his frank open countenance and soldierly bearing.

"You commanded the sixth division of the prisoners lately sent to Siberia?" enquired I.

"I did so, your excellency."

"Count W—— was in your division?"

The corporal hesitated, and did not seem much to like the question.

"Fear nothing," said I, "you are speaking to a friend, who would sacrifice his own life for him. Tell me the truth, I beseech you. Was Count W—— ill on the road?"

"Not the least."

"Did he stop at Perm?"

"Not even to change horses. I left him at Koslowo, a pretty little village on the Irtych, twenty leagues from Tobolsk."

"You are sure of what you say?"

"Quite sure. I had a receipt from the authorities, which I delivered over to his excellency the grand-master of police."

I now hastened to Monsieur de Gorgoli, and related all that had passed. When I had finished—

"Is this young girl decided to go penniless, as she now is, to join her lover in Siberia?"

"Quite decided, your excellency; and I am persuaded nothing will alter her resolution."

"Then go, and tell her from me, that she shall have the permission."

I hurried back to Louise, and informed her of the result of my two interviews. She appeared indifferent to the loss of her little fortune, but overjoyed to learn that she would be allowed to join her lover. Her only

anxiety now was to obtain the requisite permission as soon as possible.

Before leaving her, I placed at her disposal what money I had, which, unfortunately, was only two or three thousand rubles; for I had, a short time previously, remitted to France all that I had laid by during my residence at St Petersburg.

The same evening I was at Louise's house, when one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp was announced. He brought her a letter of audience for the following day. Monsieur de Gorgoli had kept his word.

Early the following morning I called upon Louise, to accompany her to the palace. I found her waiting for me, dressed in deep mourning, and without a single ornament; but her pale, melancholy style of beauty, was rather improved than impaired by the simplicity and sombre colour of her attire.

At the palace gate we separated, and I awaited her return in the carriage. On presenting her letter of audience, an officer on duty conducted her to the Emperor's private cabinet, and desiring her to wait there, left the room. She remained alone for about ten minutes, during which time, she afterwards told me, she was more than once near fainting away. At last a step was heard in the adjoining apartment; a door opened, and the Emperor appeared. On seeing him, she, by a spontaneous movement, fell upon her knees, and, unable to find words, clasped her hands together in mute supplication.

"Rise!" said the Emperor kindly, advancing towards her. "I have been already spoken to on the subject of your application. You wish for permission to join an exile?"

"Yes, sire, if such a favour may be granted."

"You are neither his sister nor his wife, I believe?"

"I am his—friend, sire," replied poor Louise, a tinge of pink overspreading her pale cheek. "He must sadly need a friend."

"You know that he is banished for life to a country where there are scarcely four months of spring, and the rest of the year is one dreary winter?"

"I know it, sire."

"Do you know, also, that he has neither rank, fortune, nor title to

share with you—that he is poorer than the poorest mendicant in St Petersburg?”

“Yes, sire.”

“You have doubtless some fortune, some resources of your own?”

“Alas, sire, I have nothing! Yesterday I had thirty thousand rubles, produced by the sale of all I possessed, but even that little fortune was stolen from me.”

“I know it. By a forged letter. It was more than a theft, it was a sacrilege; and, should its perpetrator be detected, he shall be punished as though he had broken open the poor-box in a church. But there are means of repairing your loss?”

“How, sire?”

“Inform his family of the circumstance. They are rich, and will assist you.”

“I thank your Majesty; but I desire no assistance save that of God.”

“But without funds how can you travel? Have you no friends who would help you?”

“Pardon me, sire, but I am too proud to borrow what I could never repay. By selling what little property I have left, I shall raise two or three hundred rubles.”

“Scarcely sufficient for a quarter of the journey. Do you know the distance from here to Tobolsk, my poor girl?”

“Yes, sire—about eight hundred French leagues.”

“And how will you get over the five or six hundred leagues you will still have to travel when your last ruble is spent?”

“There are towns on the road, sire. When I reach a town I will work till I have enough to continue my journey to the next.”

“That may do as far as Perm,” replied the Emperor; “but after that you have the Ural mountains, and you are at the end of Europe. After that nothing but a few scattered villages; no inns upon the road; large rivers without bridges or ferries, and which must be traversed by dangerous fords, whence men and horses are frequently swept away.”

“Sire, when I reach the rivers they will be frozen; for I am told that in those regions the winter begins earlier than at St Petersburg.”

“What!” cried the Emperor, astonished, “do you think of setting out

now—of performing such a journey in winter?”

“It is during the winter that his solitude must be most intolerable.”

“It is impossible. You must be mad to think of it.”

“Impossible if your Majesty so wills it. No one can disobey your Majesty.”

“I shall not prevent it; but surely your own reason, and the immense difficulties of such an undertaking, will.”

“Sire! I will set out to-morrow.”

“But if you perish on the road?”

“If I perish, sire, he will have lost nothing, for I am neither his mother, his daughter, nor sister, but only his mistress—that is, a woman to whom society gives no rights, and who must consider herself fortunate if the world looks upon her with no harsher feeling than indifference. But if I am able to join him, I shall be *every thing* to him—mother, sister, family, and friends. We shall be two to suffer instead of one, and that fearful exile will lose half its terrors. You see, sire, I *must* rejoin him, and that as soon as possible.”

“You are right,” said the Emperor, looking fixedly at her, “and I no longer oppose your departure.”

He rang; an aide-de-camp appeared.

“Is Corporal Ivan in attendance?”

“He waits your Majesty’s orders.”

“Let him come in.”

The aide-de-camp bowed, and disappeared. Two minutes afterwards the door reopened, and Corporal Ivan stepped into the room, then halted, upright and motionless, one hand on the seam of his overalls, the other to the front of his schako.

“Draw near,” said the Emperor, in a stern voice.

The corporal made four paces to the front, and relapsed into his former position.

“Nearer!”

Four more paces, and Ivan was close to the Emperor’s writing-table.

“You are Corporal Ivan?”

“Yes, sire.”

“You commanded the escort of the sixth division?”

“Yes, sire.”

“You had orders to allow the prisoners to communicate with no one?”

This time the corporal’s tongue seemed embarrassed by something, and his affirmative was uttered in a

less steady tone than the preceding ones.

"Count Alexis W—— was one of the prisoners in your division, and in spite of your orders you allowed him to have two interviews with his mother and sisters. You knew the punishment you exposed yourself to by so doing?"

Ivan grew very pale, and was forced to support himself against the table.

"Pardon, sire!" gasped he.

Louise seemed about to speak, but a motion of the Emperor's hand warned her to remain quiet. After a moment's silence—

"You are pardoned," said the Emperor.

The soldier drew a deep breath. Louise uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Where did you leave Count W——?"

"At Koslowo, your Majesty."

"You will set off again, and escort this lady thither."

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Louise, who began to understand the Emperor's feigned severity,

"You will obey her in all respects, consistently with her safety, for which you answer to me with your head; and if, on your return, you bring me a letter from her, saying that she is satisfied with your conduct, you shall be made sergeant."

"Thanks, father," said Ivan, forgetting for a moment his military stiffness, and falling upon his knees. The Emperor gave him his hand to kiss, as he was in the habit of doing to the lowest of his subjects. Louise was going to throw herself at his feet and kiss his other hand, but the Emperor stopped her.

"You are indeed a true and admirable woman," said he. "I have done all I can for you. May God bless and protect you!"

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Louise, "how can I show my gratitude!"

"When you pray for your child," said the Emperor, "pray also for mine." And waving his hand kindly to her, he left the room.

When Louise returned home she found a small packet that had been sent from the Empress during her absence. It contained thirty thousand rubles.

It had been arranged that I should accompany Louise as far as Moscow, a city that I was desirous of visiting,

and thence she would pursue her journey under Ivan's escort. The day after her interview with the Emperor, we started in a carriage that Ivan brought, and the combined strength and elegance of which surprised me, until I observed on a corner of the pannel the mark of the imperial stables. It was an excellent travelling berline, lined throughout with fur. Ivan was provided with an order, by virtue of which post-horses would be furnished us the whole of the journey, at the Emperor's expense. Louise got into the carriage with her child in her arms; I seated myself beside her, Ivan jumped on the box, and in a few minutes we were rattling along the Moscow road.

Louise was received with open arms by the Countess W—— and her daughters. The nature of her connexion with Alexis was lost sight of and forgotten in the devotion and disinterestedness of her attachment. A room was prepared for her in the Countess's house; and, however anxious the Count's mother and sisters were that he should have society and consolation in his exile, they nevertheless entreated her to pass the winter at Moscow, rather than run the risk of so long a journey during the bad season that was approaching. But Louise was inflexible. Two days were all she would consent to remain. She was forced, however, to leave her child in charge of its grandmother, for it would have been madness to have done otherwise.

I had been offered an apartment in the Countess's house, but preferred taking up my quarters at an hotel, in order to have liberty to spend my time in visiting whatever was remarkable at Moscow. On the evening of the second day I went to call upon the Countess. The ladies were making another effort to persuade Louise to defer her perilous journey till a more favourable season. But no arguments, no entreaties, could move her: she was determined to set off the following morning. I was invited to breakfast, and to witness her departure.

I had been for some days turning over in my mind a project that I now resolved to put in execution. I got up early the next morning and bought a fur coat and cap, thick furred boots, a carbine, and a brace of pistols, all

of which I gave to Ivan, and desired him to place them in the carriage. I then hastened to the Countess W——'s.

Breakfast over, the carriage drove up to the door. Louise was alternately clasped in the arms of the Countess and her daughters. My turn came, and she held out her hand. I made a motion to assist her into the carriage. "Well," said she, astonished, "don't you bid me farewell?"

"Why should I?"

"I am going to set off."

"So am I."

"You!"

"Certainly. You recollect the Persian fable—the pebble that was not the rose, but had caught some of its fragrance by living near it."

"Well?"

"Well, I have caught some of your devotedness, and I shall go with you to Tobolsk. I will deliver you safe and sound to the Count, and then come back again."

Louise looked me earnestly in the face. "I have no right," said she, "to prevent your doing a good action—come."

The Countess and her daughters were in tears. "My child! my child!" cried Louise, who had remained firm up to this moment, but burst into a passion of weeping as she clasped her infant for the last time in her arms.

"Adieu! Adieu!" The whip cracked; the wheels rattled over the pavement. We were off to Siberia. On we went, day and night. Pokrow, Vladimir, Nijni-Novogorod, Casan. "*Pascare! Pascare!*" Quicker! Quicker! was Ivan's cry to each new postilion. The snow had not yet begun to fall, and he was anxious, if possible, to cross the Ural mountains before it set in. The immense plains between Moscow and Perm were traversed with tremendous rapidity. On reaching the latter place, Louise was so much exhausted that I told Ivan we must halt one night. He hesitated a moment, then looking at the sky, which was dark and lowering, "It will be as well," said he; "we must soon have snow, and it is better it should fall before than during our journey." The next morning his prediction was verified. There were two feet of snow in the streets of Perm.

Ivan now wished to remain till the cold increased, so that the snow might

become hard, and the rivers frozen. But all his arguments could only induce Louise to wait two days. On the third morning we set off, leaving our carriage, and packed into a sort of small vehicle without springs, called a *télégue*.

On reaching the foot of the Ural mountains, the cold had so much increased that it became advisable to substitute a sledge for our wheels. We stopped at a miserable village, composed of a score of hovels, in order to effect this exchange, and entered a wretched hut, which did duty both as posting-house and as the only inn in the place. Eight or nine men, carriers by trade, were crowded round a large fire, lighted in the centre of the room, and the smoke of which found a vent through a hole in the roof. They paid no attention to our entrance; but when I had taken off my cloak, my uniform at once obtained for us the best place at the hearth. The landlord of this wretched hostelry met my enquiries about supper with a stare of astonishment, and offered me a huge loaf of hard black bread as the whole contents of his larder. Ivan, however, presently appeared, having managed to forage out a couple of fowls, which, in an inconceivably short space of time, were plucked, and one of them simmering in an iron pot over the fire, while the other hung suspended by a string in front of the blaze. Supper over, we wrapped ourselves in our furs, and lay down upon the floor, beds in such a place being of course out of the question.

Before daybreak, I awoke, and found Ivan and the carriers already afoot, and in consultation as to the practicability of continuing our journey. The question was at last decided in favour of the march; the waggoners hastened to harness their horses, and I went to inspect our carriage, which the village blacksmith had taken off its wheels and mounted upon a sledge. Ivan meantime was foraging for provisions, and shortly returned with a ham, some tolerable bread, and half a dozen bottles of a sort of reddish brandy, made, I believe, out of the bark of the birch-tree.

At length all was ready, and off we set, our sledge going first, followed by the carriers' waggons. Our new companions, according to a custom

existing among them, had chosen one of their number as a chief, whose experience and judgment were to direct the movements of the party, and whose orders were to be obeyed in all things. Their choice had fallen on a man named George, whose age I should have guessed to be fifty, but who, I learned with astonishment, was upwards of seventy years old. He was a powerful and muscular man, with black piercing eyes, overhung by thick shaggy eyebrows, which, as well as his long beard, were of an iron grey. His dress consisted of a woollen shirt and trousers, a fur cap, and a sheepskin with the wool turned inside. To the leathern belt round his waist were suspended two or three horse-shoes, a metal fork and spoon, a long-bladed knife, a small hatchet, and a sort of wallet, in which he carried pipe, tobacco, flint, steel, nails, money, and a variety of other things useful or necessary in his mode of life. The garb and equipment of the other carriers were, with some small differences, the same.

The first day's journey passed without incident. Our march was slow and even dangerous, all trace of the road being obliterated, and we were obliged to feel our way, as it were, by sending men forward with long pikes to sound the depth of snow before us. At nightfall, however, we found ourselves in safety on a sort of platform surmounted by a few pine-trees. Here we established our bivouac. Branches were cut, and a sort of hut built; and, with the aid of enormous fires, the night passed in greater comfort than might have been expected on a mountain-side, and with snow many feet deep around us.

At daybreak we were again in movement. Our difficulties increased as we ascended the mountain: the snow lay in prodigious masses, and more than once we were delayed by having to rescue one or other of our advanced guard from some hole or ravine into which he had fallen. No serious accident, however, occurred, and we had at length the satisfaction of finding ourselves descending. We had passed the highest point of the road.

We had been going downhill for some three hours, the way zig-zaging among rocks and precipices, when suddenly we were startled by a loud

cracking, followed by a noise that resembled a clap of thunder repeated by many echoes. At the same moment a sort of whirlwind swept by us, and the air was darkened by a cloud of snow-dust. "An avalanche!" cried George, stopping his waggon. Every body halted. In another instant the noise ceased, the air became clear, and the avalanche continued its downward course, breaking, as it passed, a couple of gigantic pines that grew upon a rock, some five hundred feet below us. The carriers gave a hurra of joy at their escape, nor was it without reason. Had we been only half a verst further on our road, our journey had been at an end.

The avalanche had not passed, however, without doing us some harm, for, on reaching the part of the road over which it had swept, we found it blocked up by a wall of snow thirty feet thick and of great height. There were several hours' work for all of us to clear it away; but unfortunately it was already nightfall, and we were obliged to make up our minds to remain where we were till morning.

No wood was to be had either for hut or fire. The want of the latter was most unfortunate; for independently of the cold rendering it very necessary, it was our chief protection against the wolves. Doing the best we could under such unfavourable circumstances, we drew up the carts in the form of a half circle, of which the two extremities rested against the wall of snow in our rear, and within the sort of fortification thus formed we placed the horses and our sledge. Our arrangements were scarcely completed when it became perfectly dark.

In the absence of fire Louise's supper and mine consisted of dry bread. The carriers, however, made a hearty meal on the flesh of a bear they had killed that morning, and which they seemed to consider as good raw as cooked.

I was regretting the want of any description of light in case of an attack from the wolves, when Louise suddenly recollected that Ivan had put the lanterns belonging to the travelling carriage into our *têlègue* when we changed horses. On searching I found them under the seat, each furnished with a thick wax taper.

This was, indeed, a treasure. We could not hope to scare away the

wolves by the light of our two candles ; but it would enable us to see them coming, and to give them a proper reception. We tied the lanterns to the top of two poles fixed firmly in the snow, and saw with pleasure that they cast their clear pale light nearly fifty yards around our encampment.

We were ten men in all. Two stood sentry on the carts, while the remainder set to work to pierce through the obstacle left by the avalanche. The snow had already become slightly frozen, so that they were able to cut a passage through it. I joined the working party as being a warmer occupation than standing sentry. For three or four hours we toiled incessantly, and the birch-tree brandy, with which I had provided myself, and which we had carefully economized, was now found most useful in giving strength and courage to the labourers.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when a long howl was heard, which sounded so close and startling that with one accord we suspended our work. At the same moment old George, who was on sentry, called to us. We ran to the waggons and jumped upon them. A dozen enormous wolves were prowling about the outside edge of the bright circle thrown by our lanterns. Fear of the light kept them off; but each moment they were growing bolder, and it was easy to see that they would not be long without attacking us.

I looked to the priming of my carbine and pistols. Ivan was similarly armed; but the carriers had only their pikes, hatchets, and knives. With these weapons, however, they boldly awaited the attack.

Half an hour passed in this state of suspense, the wolves occasionally advancing a pace or two into the circle of light, but always retreating again. At length one of them approached so near that I asked George if it would not be advisable to reward his temerity with a bullet.

"Yes," was the answer, "if you are certain of hitting him."

"Why must I be certain?"

"Because if you kill him his companions will amuse themselves with eating him; to be sure," added he to himself, "if once they taste blood they will be mad for more."

"The mark is so good," said I, "I can hardly miss him."

"Fire, then, in God's name!" returned George; "all this must have an end one way or the other."

Before the words were out of his mouth I fired, and the wolf writhed in agony on the snow. In an instant half a dozen wolves darted forward, and, seizing their comrade, carried him off into the darkness.

The howlings now increased, and it was evident more wolves were arriving. At length there was a moment's silence.

"Do you hear the horses," said George, "how they neigh and paw? It is a signal for us to be prepared."

"I thought the wolves were gone," replied I; "they have left off howling."

"No, they have finished their repast, and are preparing for an attack. Here they come."

And that moment eight or ten wolves, that in the imperfect flickering light looked as big as jackasses, rushed forward, and instead of endeavouring to pass under the waggons, bounded boldly upon them. By some chance, however, none of them attacked the waggon on which I was posted.

The cart on my right, defended by George, was escaladed by three wolves, one of which was immediately disabled by a thrust of the vigorous old man's pike. A ball from my carbine settled another, and seeing George's hatchet raised over the head of the third I knew he wanted no further aid, and looked to see what was going on to my left. Two wolves had attacked the waggon which was defended by one of George's sons, who received the first of his foes with a lance thrust. But apparently no vital part was touched, and the wolf had broken the pike with his teeth; so that for a moment the man opposed to him had nothing but the pole wherewith to defend himself. The second wolf was scrambling along the cart, and on the point of attacking him, when I sprang from one waggon to another, and fired one of my pistols into the animal's ear. He fell dead beside his companion, who was rolling in the snow, and making violent efforts to tear the broken lance from his wound.

Meantime Ivan was hard at work, and I heard a carbine or two pistol shots, which told me that our adversaries were as warmly received on the

left as on the right of the line. An instant later four wolves again crossed the circle of light, but this time in full retreat; and at the same moment, to our no small astonishment, three others, that we had thought dead or mortally wounded, raised themselves up and followed their companions, leaving large tracks of blood behind them. Three carcasses remained upon the field of battle.

"Load again, and quickly," cried George. "I know their ways; they will be back directly." And the old man pointed with his finger into the darkness. I listened, and heard distant howlings replying to the nearer ones. What we had as yet had was a mere skirmish. The general engagement was to come.

"Look behind you!" cried a voice. I turned and saw two fiery eyes gleaming on the top of the snow wall in our rear. Before I could draw a trigger the wolf gave a leap, and falling upon one of the horses struck his fangs into its throat. Three men left their wag-gons.

"There is but one wolf," cried George, "and one man is enough. Let the others remain at their posts."

Two of the men resumed their places. The third crept upon his hands and knees among the horses who, in their terror, were kicking and plunging violently, and throwing themselves against the carts by which they were surrounded. The next instant I saw the gleam of a knife blade, and the wolf let go the horse, which reared up on its hind-legs, the blood streaming from its throat. A dark mass was rolling and struggling on the ground. It was the man and the wolf.

At the end of a few seconds the man stood up. "David," said he to one of his comrades, "come and help me to carry away this carrion. The horses won't be quiet while it lies here."

They dragged the wolf towards George's waggon, and then raising it up from the ground, the old man took it by the hind-legs, as though it had been a hare, and threw it outside the line of carts.

"Well, Nicholas," said George to the successful combatant, "don't you take your place again."

"No," replied the other; "I have enough as it is."

"Are you wounded?" cried Louise, opening the door of the *télégue*.

"I believe I have killed my last wolf," answered the poor fellow in a faint voice.

I gave George my carbine, and hastened to the wounded man. A part of his jaw was torn away, and the blood flowed abundantly from a large wound in his neck. I for a moment feared that the carotid artery was opened, and scarcely knowing whether I did right or wrong, I seized a handful of snow and applied it to the wound. The sufferer uttered a cry and fainted away.

"O God!" cried Louise, "have mercy upon him!"

"To your posts," shouted George in a stentorian voice; "the wolves are upon us."

I left the wounded man in Louise's care, and jumped upon the cart.

I can give no details of the combat that followed. I had too much occupation myself to attend to what my companions were doing. We were attacked by at least twenty wolves at once. After discharging my two pistols, I armed myself with an axe that George gave me. The fight lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, and certainly the scene was one of the most terrible it is possible to imagine. At length, and just as I was splitting the skull of a wolf that hung on to one of the wheels of my waggon, a shout of victory resounded along our line, and again our enemies fled, but this time it was for good.

Three of our men were wounded, besides Nicholas, who was still alive, but in a desperate state. We were obliged to shoot the horse that had been torn by the wolf.

By daybreak, a passage was opened through the wall of snow, and we resumed our journey. The evening of the same day we reached a small village, where we found an inn, that, under any other circumstances, would have been pronounced abominable, but which appeared a palace after three such days as we had passed. The following morning we parted from our friends the carriers, leaving George five hundred rubles to divide among them.

All now went well. Thanks to the imperial order with which we were provided, the best horses were always for us, and, when necessary, escorts of

ten or twelve men galloped on either side of our sledge. The country was flat and the pace good, and exactly a week after leaving the Ural mountains we entered Tobolsk.

We were dreadfully fatigued, but yet Louise would only remain long enough to take a bath; and at two in the morning we set out for the little town of Koslowo, which had been selected as the abode of twenty of the exiles, among whom was Alexis. On arriving, we hastened to the officer commanding there, and showing him the Emperor's order, which produced its usual effect, enquired after the Count. He was well, was the answer, and still at Koslowo.

It had been agreed between Louise and myself that I should go and see him first, and inform him of her arrival. I asked the governor for a pass, which he gave me without hesitation, and a Cossack conducted me to a part of the town composed of some twenty houses enclosed within high palisades, and guarded by sentries. We stopped before a door, and my guide knocked. "Come in!" said a voice which I recognized as that of Alexis.

When I opened the door, he was lying on his bed, dressed, and with a book on the floor near him. I stopped upon the threshold. He stared at me without speaking, and seemed hardly to believe his eyes.

"Well," said I, "have you forgotten me?"

At the sound of my voice, he sprang from his bed and threw his arms round me. But the next instant he started back. "Good heavens!" exclaimed he, "you are exiled, and I am probably the cause."

"No, indeed," I replied, "I come here as an amateur." He smiled bitterly.

"As an amateur! Into the heart of Siberia! Explain your meaning. But first—Louise—what of her?"

"I have just now left her."

"Just now? A month ago, you mean?"

"Five minutes ago."

"Good God! what do you mean?" cried Alexis, growing very pale.

"That Louise has accompanied me, and is now here."

"Oh woman! woman! Thy heart is ever the same," murmured Alexis, while tear after tear rolled down his cheek. He was then silent for a time,

but his lips moved, and I doubt not in thanksgiving to God for such happiness.

"Where is she?" he at length exclaimed.

"At the governor's house."

He rushed towards the door. "I am mad," said he, pausing, "I forget that I cannot leave my cage without permission. My dearest friend, bring her here, I beseech you! Or stay, this man will go." He spoke in Russian to the Cossack, who went out.

In a few minutes, and before I could answer a tithe of the numerous questions Alexis asked me, the man returned, but alone.

"Well?" said the Count, changing countenance.

"The governor says you must be aware that the prisoners are not allowed to receive visits from women."

The Count struck his forehead with his clenched hand, and fell back upon a chair. His features were almost convulsed by the violence of his emotions. At last he turned to the Cossack.

"Beg the sergeant to come here." The soldier left the room.

"Can any thing be more horrible?" cried Alexis. "She has come nine hundred leagues to see me; she is not a hundred yards from me, and we are forbidden to meet!"

"There must surely be some blunder," said I; "an order misunderstood, or something of the kind."

Alexis shook his head doubtfully. There was a wild look of despair in his large dark eyes that alarmed me. At this moment, the sergeant who had charge of the prisoners entered.

"Sir," cried the Count with vehemence, "the woman I love has left St Petersburg to join me, and after a thousand dangers and hardships has arrived here. I am now told that I shall not be allowed to see her. It is doubtless a mistake?"

"No, sir," replied the sergeant coolly. "You know very well that the prisoners are not permitted to see women."

"But Prince Troubetskoy has that permission. Is it because he is a prince?"

"No, sir, it is because the princess is his wife."

"And if Louise were my wife, should I be allowed to see her?"

"Undoubtedly, sir!"

"Ha!" ejaculated the Count, as

though a weight were removed from off his heart. "I should like to speak with the priest," said he to the sergeant, after a moment's pause.

"He shall be sent for immediately," was the reply.

"And now my friend," said Alexis, turning to me, and taking my hands in his, "you have been Louise's guardian and defender, will you for once act as her father?"

The following morning at ten o'clock, Louise, accompanied by the governor and myself, and Alexis by Prince Troubetskoy and the other exiles, entered the little church of Koslowa by two different doors. Their first meeting was at the altar, and the first word

they exchanged was the *yes* that united them for ever.

The Emperor by a private letter to the governor, of which Ivan was the bearer, had ordered that the Count should only be allowed to see Louise as his wife. It has been seen how willingly my friend obeyed, I should rather say anticipated, the Emperor's commands. And rich was his reward for thus promptly acknowledging the just claims of this devoted and very admirable woman. She was one of "nature's own nobility"—refined and graceful, intelligent and high-minded—and would have graced higher rank than that to which she was raised by the gratitude of Count Alexis W—.

AMMALÁT BEK.

A TRUE TALE OF THE CAUCASUS. FROM THE RUSSIAN OF MARLÍNSKI.

CHAPTER X.

"WILL you hold your tongue, little serpent?" said an old Tartar woman to her grandson, who, having awakened before daylight, was crying for want of something better to do. "Be quiet, or I will kick you into the street."

This old woman was Ammalát's nurse: the hut in which she lived stood close to the tents of the Begs, and had been given to her by her foster-son, Ammalát. It was composed of two clean whitewashed rooms, the floor of both was strewed with coarse mats, (ghasil;) in niches close to each other, for the room was without windows, stood boxes bound with iron, and on them were arranged a feather-bed, blankets, and all the utensils. On the cornices, at half the height of the wall, were ranged porcelain cups for pillau, having tin covers in the form of helmets, and little plates hanging side by side on wires: the holes with which they were pierced showing that they served not for use, but for ornament. The face of the old woman was covered with wrinkles, and expressed a sort of malicious sorrow: the usual consequence of the lonely pleasureless life of a Mussulman woman. As a worthy representative of persons of her age and country, she never for a moment ceased scolding her grandson

from under her blanket, and to grumble to herself. "Kess," (be quiet,) she cried at length, yet more angrily, "or I will give you to the ghaóuls, (devils!) Do you hear how they are scratching at the roof, and knocking at the door for you?"

It was a stormy night; a thick rain pattering on the flat roof which served as a ceiling, and the roaring of the wind in the chimney, answered to her hoarse voice. The boy became quiet, and straining his eyes, hearkened in a fright. It really seemed as if some one was knocking at the door. The old woman became frightened in her turn: her inseparable companion, a dirty dog, lifted up his head from sleep, and began to bark in a most pitiful voice. But meanwhile the knocking at the door became louder, and an unknown voice cried sternly from without, "Atch kapini, akhirin akhirici!" (open the door for the end of ends.) The old woman turned pale. "Allah bismallah!" she exclaimed, now addressing heaven, then threatening the dog, and then quieting the crying child. "Sh, accursed beast! Hold your tongue, I say, kharamzáda, (good-for-nothing son of shame!) Who is there? What honest man will enter, when it is neither day nor dawn, into the house of a poor old woman? If

you are Shaitán, go to neighbour Kitchkina. It has been long time to show her the road to hell! If you are a tchaóuth, (tax-gatherer,) who, to say the truth, is rather worse than Shaitán, then go about your business. My son-in-law is not at home; he serves as nóuker at Ammalát Bek's; and the Bek has long ago freed me from taxes; and as for treating idle travellers, don't expect from me even an egg, much less a duck. Is it in vain, then, that I suckled Ammalát?"

"Will you open, you devil's distaff?" impatiently exclaimed the voice, "or I will not leave you a plank of this door for your coffin."

The feeble doors shook on their hinges.

"Enter, pray enter," said the old woman, undoing the iron hasp with a trembling hand. The door flew open, and there entered a man of a middling stature, and of a handsome but melancholy countenance. He was clad in the Circassian dress: the water trickled down his bourka and bashlík.*

Without any apologies, he threw it on the feather-bed, and began to untie the lopasti of his bashlík which half covered his face—Fatma, having in the mean time lighted a candle, stood before him with fear and trembling. The long-whiskered dog, with his tail between his legs, pressed himself into a corner, and the child, in a fright, climbed into the fire-place—which, used only for ornaments, was never heated.

"Well, Fatma, you are grown proud," said the unknown; "you do not recognize old friends."

Fatma gazed at the new-comer's features, and her heart grew light within her. She recognized Sultan Akhmet Khan, who had ridden in one night from Kiafir Kounik to Bouínáki.

"May the sand fill my eyes that did not recognize their old master!" she replied, respectfully crossing her arms on her breast. "To say truth, they are blinded by tears, for her country—for Avár! Forgive an old woman, Khan!"

"What old age is yours, Fatma? I remember you a little girl, when I myself could hardly reach the young crows from their nests."

"A strange land makes every one old, Khan. In my native mountains I should still have been fresh as an apple, and here am I like a snowball fallen from the hill into the valley. Pray come hither, Khan; here it is more comfortable. What shall I entertain my precious guest with? Is there nothing the Khan's soul can wish for?"

"The Khan's soul wishes that you should entertain him with your goodwill."

"I am at your will; speak, command!"

"Listen to me, Fatma! I have no time to waste in words. This is why I am come here: render me a service with your tongue, and you shall have wherewithal to comfort your old teeth. I will make you a present of ten sheep; I will dress you in silk from top to toe."

"Ten sheep and a gown!—a silk gown! O gracious Aga! O kind Khan! I have not seen such a lord here since the accursed Tartars carried me away, and made me marry a hateful . . . I am ready to do every thing, Khan, that you wish. Cut my ears off even, if you will!"

"What would be the good of that? They must be kept sharp. This is the business. Ammalát will come to you to-day with the Colonel. The Shamkhál of Tárki will arrive also. This Colonel has attached your young Bek to him by witchcraft; and having taught him to eat swine's flesh, wants to make a Christian of him: from which Mahomet preserve him!"

The old woman spat around her, and lifted her eyes to heaven.

"To save Ammalát, we must make him quarrel with the Colonel. For this purpose you must go to him, throw yourself at his feet, and fall a-weeping as if at a funeral. As to tears, you will have no need to go and borrow them of your neighbours. Swear like a shopkeeper of Derbénd; remember that each oath of yours will bring you a dozen sheep; and at last tell him that you have heard a conversation between the Colonel and the Shamkhál: that the Shamkhál complained of his sending back his daughter: that he hates him out of fear that he should take possession of the crown

* Bashlík—a bonnet worn in bad weather,

of his Shamkhalát: that he implored the Colonel to allow him to kill him in an ambuscade, or to poison him in his food; but that the other consented only to send him to Siberia, beyond the end of the world. In one word, invent and describe every thing cleverly. You were formerly famous for your tales. Do not eat dirt now. And, above all, insist that the Colonel, who is going on a furlough, will take him with him to Georgieffsk, to separate him from his kinsmen and faithful nóokers; and from thence will dispatch him in chains to the devil."

Sultan Akhmet added to this all the particulars necessary to give the story the most probable form; and once or twice instructed the old woman how to introduce them more skilfully. "Well, recollect every thing accurately, Fatma," said he, putting on his bórka; "forget not, likewise, with whom you have to do."

"Vallah, billah! let me have ashes instead of salt; may a beggar's tchóurek close my eyes; may" . . .

"Do not feed the Shaitáns with your oaths; but serve me with your words. I know that Ammalát trusts you completely; and if, for his good, you will arrange this—he will come

over to me, and bring you with him. You shall live, singing, under my wing. But I repeat, if, by chance or on purpose, you betray me, or injure me by your gossiping, I will make of your old flesh a kibab for the Shaitáns!"

"Be easy, Khan! They have nothing to do either for me or with me. I will keep the secret like the grave, and I will put my *sarótkha** on Ammalát."

"Well, be it so, old woman. Here is a golden seal for your lips. Take pains!"

"*Bathóusta, ghez-óusta!*"† exclaimed the old woman, seizing the ducat with greediness, and kissing the Khan's hand for his present. The Sultan Akhmet Khan looked contemptuously at the base creature, whilst he quitted the sákla.

"Reptile!" he grumbled to himself, "for a sheep, for a piece of cloth of gold, thou wouldst be ready to sell thy daughter's body, thy son's soul, and thy foster-son's happiness!"

He did not reflect upon what name he deserved himself, entangling his friend in deceit, and hiring such vile creatures for low slander and for villainous intentions.

Fragment of a Letter from Colonel Verkhóffsky to his Betrothed.

Camp near the Village of Kiafir Koumík,
August.

. Ammalát loves, and how he loves! Never, not even in the hottest fire of my youth, did my love rise to such a frenzy. I burned, like a censer lighted by a sunbeam; he flames, like a ship set on fire by lightning on the stormy sea. With you, my Maria, I have read more than once Shakspeare's Othello; and only the frantic Othello can give an idea of the tropical passion of Ammalát. He loves to speak long and often of his Seltanetta, and I love to hear his volcanic eloquence. At times it is a turbid cataract thrown out by a profound abyss—at times a fiery fountain of the naphtha of Bakou. What stars his eyes scatter at that moment—what light plays on his cheeks—how handsome he is! There is nothing ideal in

him; but then the earthly is grand, is captivating. I myself, carried away and deeply moved, receive on my breast the youth fainting from rapture: he breathes long, with slow sighs, and then casting down his eyes, lowering his head as if ashamed to look at the light—not only on me—presses my hand, and walks away with an uncertain step; and after that one cannot extract a word from him for the rest of the day.

Since the time of his return from Khounzákh, he is become still more melancholy than before; particularly the last few days. He hides the grandest, the noblest feeling which brings man near to divinity, as carefully as if it were a shameful weakness or a dreadful crime. He imploringly asked me to let him go once more to Khounzákh, to sigh at the

* Give him her feelings—a Tartar phrase.

† Willingly, if you please? Literally, "on my head, on my eyes."

feet of his fair one; and I refused him—refused him for his own good. I wrote long ago about my favourite to Alexéi Petróvitch, and he desired me to bring him with me to the waters, where he will be himself. He wishes to give him some message to Sultan Akhmet Khan, which will bring undoubted advantage to him and to Ammalât. Oh, how happy I shall be in his happiness! To me, to me, he will owe the bliss of his life—not only empty life. I will force him on his knees before you, and will make him say—“Adore her as a deity!” If my heart were not filled with love to Maria, thou wouldst not take possession of Seltanetta. Yesterday I received an express from the commander-in-chief—a noble-minded man! He gives wings to happy news. All is arranged; my darling, I go to meet you at the waters. I shall only lead the regiment to Derbënd—and then to the saddle! I shall know neither fatigue by day nor drowsiness by night, till I repose myself in your embrace. Oh, who will give me wings to fly to you! Who will give me strength to bear my—*our*—bliss! . . . I, in delicious agitation, pressed my bosom, that my heart might not burst forth. For a long time I could not sleep: imagination painted our meeting in a thousand forms, and in the intervals appeared the most trivial but delightful cares, about wedding trifles, dresses, presents. You will be clad in my favourite colour, green. . . . Is it not true, my soul? My fancies kept me from sleeping, like a strong perfume of roses; but the sweeter, the more brilliant was my sleep. I saw you by the light of dawn, and every time different, every time more lovely than before. My dreams were twined together like a wreath of flowers; but no! there was no connexion between them. They were wonderful phantoms, falling like colours from the kaleidoscope, and as impossible to retain. Notwithstanding all this, I awoke sorrowful this morning; my awakening took from my childish soul its favourite toy. . . . I went into Ammalât's tent; he was still asleep. His face was pale and angry—let him be angry with me! I taste beforehand the gratitude of the ardent youth. I, like fate, am preparing his happiness in secret. . . .

To-day I bid adieu to these moun-

tains for long—I hope for ever. I am very glad to quit Asia, the cradle of mankind, in which the understanding has remained till now in its swaddling-clothes. Astonishing is the immobility of Asiatic life, in the course of so many centuries. Against Asia all attempts of improvement and civilization have broken like waves; it seems not to belong to time, but to place. The Indian Brahmin, the Chinese Mandarin, the Persian Bek, the mountain Ouzdén, are unchanged—the same as they were two thousand years ago. A sad truth! They represent, in themselves, a monotonous though varied, a lively though soulless nature. The sword and the lash of the conqueror have left on them, as on the water, no trace. Books, and the examples of missionaries, have produced on them no influence. Sometimes, however, they have made an exchange of vices; but never have they learned the thoughts or the virtues of others. I quit the land of fruit to transport myself to the land of labour—that great inventor of every thing useful, that suggester of every thing great, that awakener of the soul of man, which has fallen asleep here, and sleeps in weakness on the bosom of the seducer—nature.

And truly, how seducing is nature here! Having ridden up the high mountain to the left of Kiafir Koumík, I gazed with delight on the gradually lighted summit of the Caucasus. I looked, and could not look enough at them. What a wondrous beauty decks them as with a crown! Another thin veil, woven of light and shadow, lay on the lower hill, but the distant snows basked in the sky; and the sky, like a caressing mother, bending over them its immeasurable bosom, fed them with the milk of the clouds, carefully enfolding them with its swathe of mist, and refreshing them with its gently-breathing wind. Oh, with what a flight would my soul soar there, where a holy cold has stretched itself like a boundary between the earthly and the heavenly! My heart prays and thirsts to breathe the air of the inhabitants of the sky. I feel a wish to wander over the snows, on which man has never printed the seal of his bloodstained footsteps—which have never been darkened by the eagle's shadow—which the thunder has never reached—which the war-spirits have never

polluted; and on the ever-young summits where time, the continuation of eternity, has left no trace.

Time! A strange thought has come into my head. How many fractional names has the weak sense of man invented for the description of an infinitely small particle of time out of the infinitely large circle of eternity! Years, months, days, hours, minutes! God has nothing of all this: he has not even evening nor morrow. With him all this has united itself into one eternal *now*! . . . Shall we ever behold this ocean in which we have hitherto been drowning? But I ask, to what end will all this serve man? Can it be for the satisfaction of an idle curiosity? No! the knowledge of truth, *i.e.* the All-knowing Goodness, does the soul of the reflecting man thirst after. It wishes to draw a full cup from the fountain of light which falls on it from time to time in a fine dew!

And I shall imbibe it. The secret fear of death melts like snow before the beam of such a hope. I shall draw from it. My real love for my fellow-creatures is a security for it. The leaden ways of error will fall asunder before a few tears of repentance, and I shall lay down my heart as an expiating sacrifice before the judgment-seat which will have no terrors for me!

It is wonderful, my beloved—hardly do I look at the mountains, the sea, the sky, . . . but a solemn but inexpressibly sweet feeling o'er-burthens and expands my heart. Thoughts of you mingle with it; and, as in dreams, your form flits before me. Is this a foretaste of earthly bliss, which I have only known by name, or a foreboding of . . . etern . . . ? O dearest, best, angelic soul, one look of yours and I am cured of dreaming! How happy am I that I can now say with assurance—*au revoir*!

CHAPTER XI.

The poison of calumny burnt into the soul of Ammalát. By the instructions of the Khan, his nurse Fatma related, with every appearance of disinterested affection, the story which had been arranged beforehand, on the same evening that he came with Verkhóffsky to Bouináki, where they were met by the Shamkhál in obedience to the Colonel's request. The envenomed shaft struck deep; now doubt would have been welcomed by Ammalát, but conviction, it seemed, cast over all his former ties of friendship and blood, a bright but funereal light. In a frenzy of passion, he burned to drown his revenge in the blood of both; but respect for the rites of hospitality quenched his thirst for vengeance. He deferred his intention for a time—but could he forget it? Every moment of delay fell, like a drop of melted copper, on his heart. Memory, conviction, jealousy, love, tore his heart by turns; and this state of feeling was to him so new, so strange, so dreadful, that he fell into a species of delirium, the more dreadful that he was obliged to conceal his internal sensations from his former friend. Thus passed twenty-four hours; the detachment pitched their tents near the village Bougdén, the

gate of which, built in a ravine, and which is closed at the will of the inhabitants of Bougdén, serves as a passage to Akóush. The following was written by Ammalát, to divert the agony of his soul while preparing itself for the commission of a black crime.

MIDNIGHT.

. Why, O Sultan Akhmet! have you cast lightning into my breast? A brother's friendship, a brother's treachery, and a brother's murder! What dreadful extremes! And between them there is but a step, but a twinkling of the eye. I cannot sleep, I can think of nothing else. I am chained to this thought, like a criminal to his stake. A bloody sea swells, surges, and roars around me, and above gleams, instead of stars, the lightning-flash. My soul is like a naked peak, where only birds of prey and evil spirits assemble, to share their plunder, or to prepare misfortune. Verkhóffsky, Verkhóffsky! what have I done to you? Why would you tear from heaven the star of my liberty? Is it because I loved you so tenderly? And why do you approach me stealthily and thief-like? why do you slander—why do you betray me, by hypocrisy? You should say plain-

ly, "I wish your life," and I would give it freely, without a murmur; would have laid it down a sacrifice like the son of Ibrahim, (Abraham!) I would have forgiven you, if you had but attempted my life; but to sell my freedom, to steal my Seltanetta from me, by burying me alive! Villain—and you still live!

But sometimes like a dove, whose wings have been scorched in the smoke of a fire, appears thy form to me, Seltanetta. How is it, then, that I am no longer gay when I dream of you, as of old?

They would part us, my love—they would give you to another, to marry me on the grave-stone. But I will go to you—I will go to you over a bloody carpet—I will fulfil a bloody promise, in order to possess you. Invite not only your maiden friends to your marriage feast—invite also the vultures and the ravens; they shall all be regaled abundantly. I will pay a rich dower. On the pillow of my bride I will lay a heart which once I reckoned more precious than the throne-cushion* of the Persian Padishah. Wonderful destiny! . . . Innocent girl! . . . You will be the cause of an unheard-of deed. Kindest of beings, for you friends will tear each other like ferocious beasts—for you and through you—and is it really for you alone—with ferocity—with ferocity only! Verkhófsky said, that to kill an enemy by stealth, is base and cowardly. But if I cannot do it otherwise? But can he be believed? Hypocrite! He wished to entangle me beforehand; not my hands alone, but even my conscience. It was in vain.

. . . . I have loaded my rifle. What a fine round barrel—what admirable ornaments! The rifle I received from my father—my father got it from my grandfather. I have heard of many celebrated shots made with it—and not one, not one was fired by stealth. . . . Always in battle—always before the whole army, it sent death; but wrong, but treachery, but you, Seltanetta! My hand will not tremble to level a shot at him, whose name it is afraid even to write. One loading, one fire, and all is over!

One loading! how light, but how heavy will be each grain of powder in the scales of Allah! How far—how immeasurably will this load bear a man's soul? Accursed thou, the inventor of the grey dust, which delivers a hero into the hand of the vilest craven, which kills from afar the foe, who, with a glance, could have disarmed the hand raised against him! So, this shot will tear asunder all my former ties, but it will clear a road to new ones. In the cool Caucasus—on the bosom of Seltanetta, will my faded heart be refreshed. Like a swallow will I build myself a nest in a stranger land—like a swallow, the spring shall be my country. I will cast from me old sorrows, as the bird sheds its feathers. . . . But the reproaches of conscience, can they fade? The meanest Lézghin, when he sees in battle the man with whom he has shared bread and salt, turns aside his horse, and fires his gun in the air. It is true he deceives me; but have I been the less happy? Oh, if with these tears I could weep away my grief—drown with them the thirst for vengeance—buy with them Seltanetta! Why comes on the dawn of day so slowly? Let it come! I will look, without blushing, at the sun—without turning pale, into the eyes of Verkhófsky. My heart is like iron—it is locked against mercy; treachery calls for treachery I am resolved Quick, quick!

Thus incoherently, thus wildly wrote Ammalât, in order to cheat time and to divert his soul. Thus he tried to cheat himself, rousing himself to revenge, whilst the real cause of his bloody intentions, viz. the desire of possessing Seltanetta, broke through in every word.

In order to embolden himself for his crime, he drank deeply of wine, and maddened, threw himself, with his gun, into the Colonel's tent; but perceiving sentinels at the door, he changed his intention. The natural feeling of self-preservation did not abandon him, even in his madness. Ammalât put off till the morning the consummation of the murder; but he could neither sleep nor distract his thoughts and re-entering his

* This cushion is embroidered with jewels, and is invaluable.

tent, he seized Saphir Ali by the throat, who was lying fast asleep, and shaking him roughly: "Get up, sleepy rascal!" he cried to him, "it is already dawn."

Saphir Ali raised his head in a discontented mood, and yawning, answered: "I see only the dawn of wine on your cheek—good-night, Ammalát!"

"Up, I tell you! The dead must quit their graves to meet the new-comer whom I have promised to send to keep them company!"

"Why, brother, am I dead? . . . Even the *forty Imaums** may get up from the burial-ground of Derbénd—but I will sleep."

"But you love to drink, Giaour, and you must drink with me."

"That is quite another affair. Pour fuller, *Allah verdi!*† I am always ready to drink and to make love."

"And to kill an enemy! . . . Come, some more! A health to the devil!—who changes friends into mortal enemies."

"So be it! Here goes, then, to the devil's health! The poor fellow wants health. We will drive him into a consumption out of spite, because he cannot make us quarrel!"

"True, true, he is always ready for mischief. If he had seen Verkhóffsky and me, he would have thrown down his cards. But you, too, will not, I hope, part from me?"

"Ammalát, I have not only quaffed wine from the same bottle with thee, but I have drained milk from the same breast. I am thine, even if you take it into your head to build yourself, like a vulture, a nest on the rock

of Khounzákh. . . . However, my advice would be"——

"No advice, Saphir Ali—no remonstrances. . . . It is now too late!"

"They would be drowned like flies in wine. But it is now time to sleep."

"Sleep, say you! Sleep, to me! No, I have bidden farewell to sleep. It is time for me to awaken. Have you examined the gun, Saphir Ali—is the flint good? Has not the powder on the shelf become damp with blood?"

"What is the matter with you, Ammalát? What leaden secret weighs upon your heart? Your face is terrible—your speech is yet more frightful."

"And my deeds shall be yet more dreadful. Is it not true, Saphir Ali, my Seltanetta—is she not beautiful? Observe! *my* Seltanetta. Is it possible that these are the wedding songs, Saphir Ali? Yes, yes, yes! I understand. 'Tis the jackals demanding their prey. Spirits and wild beasts, be patient awhile—I will content you! Ho, wine—more wine! more blood! . . . I tell you!"

Ammalát fell on his bed in a drunken insensibility. Foam oozed out of his mouth: convulsive movements shook his whole body. He uttered unintelligible words, mingled with groans. Saphir Ali carefully undressed him, laid him in the bed, enveloped him in the coverings, and sat up the rest of the night watching over his foster-brother, in vain seeking in his head the explanation of the, to him, enigmatical speech and conduct of Ammalát.

CHAPTER XII.

In the morning, before the departure of the detachment, the captain on duty came to Colonel Verkhóffsky to present his report, and to receive the orders for the day. After the customary exchange of words, he said, with an alarmed countenance: "Colonel, I have to communicate a most important thing: our yesterday's signal-man, a soldier of my company,

Hamitóff, heard the conversation of Ammalát Bek with his nurse in Bouináki. He is a Tartar of Kazán, and understands pretty well the dialect of this country. As far as he could hear and understand, the nurse assured the Bek that you, with the Shamkhál, are preparing to send him off to the galleys. Ammalát flew into a passion; said, that he knew all this from

* The Mussulmans believe, that in the northern burial-ground of Derbénd, are buried the forty first true believers, who were martyred by the idolaters.

† God gave.—Much good may it do you.

the Khan, and swore to kill you with his own hand. Not trusting his ears, however, the soldier determined to tell you nothing, but to watch all his steps. Yesterday evening, he says, Ammalát spoke with a horseman arrived from afar. On taking leave, he said: 'Tell the Khan, that tomorrow, by sunrise, all will be over. Let him be ready: I shall soon see him.'

"And is this all, Captain?" demanded Verkhófsky.

"I have nothing else to say; but I am much alarmed. I have passed my life among the Tartars, Colonel, and I am convinced that it is madness to trust the best of them. A born brother is not safe, while resting in the arms of a brother."

"This is envy, Captain. Cain has left it as an eternal heirloom to all men, and particularly to the neighbours of Ararat. Besides, there is no difference between Ammalát and myself. I have done nothing for him but good. I intend nothing but kindness. Be easy, Captain: I believe the zeal of the signal-man, but I distrust his knowledge of the Tartar language. Some similarity of words has led him into error, and when once suspicion was awakened in his mind, every thing seemed an additional proof. Really, I am not so important a person that Khans and Beks should lay plots for my life. I know Ammalát well. He is passionate, but he has a good heart, and could not conceal a bad intention two hours together."

"Take care you be not mistaken, Colonel. Ammalát is, after all, an Asiatic; and that name is always a proof. Here words hide thoughts—the face, the soul. Look at one of them—he seems innocence itself; have any thing to do with him, he is an abyss of meanness, treachery and ferocity."

"You have a full right to think so, my dear Captain, from experience: Sultan Akhmet Khan gave you a memorable proof in Ammalát's house, at Bouináki. But for me, I have no reason to suspect any mischief in Ammalát; and besides, what would he gain by murdering me? On me depends all his hope, all his happiness. He is wild, perhaps, but not a madman. Besides, you see the sun is high; and I am alive and well, I am

grateful, Captain, for the interest you have taken in me; but I entreat you, do not suspect Ammalát: and, knowing how much I prize an old friendship, be assured that I shall as highly value a new one. Order them to beat the march."

The captain departed, gloomily shaking his head. The drums rattled, and the detachment, in marching order, moved on from its night-quarters. The morning was fresh and bright; the road lay through the green ramparts of the mountains of the Caucasus, crowned here and there with forests and underwood. The detachment, like a stream of steel, flowed now down the hills, and now crept up the declivities. The mist still rested on the valleys, and Verkhófsky, riding to the elevated points, looked round frequently to feast his eyes with the ever-changing landscape. Descending the mountain, the detachment seemed to be swallowed up in the steaming river, like the army of Pharaoh, and anon, with a dull sound, the bayonets glittered again from the misty waves. Then appeared heads, shoulders; the men seemed to grow up, and then leaping up the rocks, were lost anew in the fog.

Ammalát, pale and stern, rode next to the sharpshooters. It appeared that he wished to deafen his conscience in the noise of the drums. The colonel called him to his side, and said kindly: "You must be scolded, Ammalát; you have begun to follow too closely the precepts of Hafiz: recollect that wine is a good servant but a bad master: but a headache and the bile expressed in your face, will surely do you more good than a lecture. You have passed a stormy night, Ammalát."

"A stormy, a torturing night, Colonel! God grant that such a night be the last! I dreamed dreadful things."

"Aha, my friend! You see what it is to transgress Mahomet's commandments. The conscience of the true believer torments you like a shadow."

"It is well for him whose conscience quarrels only with wine."

"That depends on what sort of conscience it is. And fortunately it is as much subject to prejudice as reason itself. Every country, every nation, has its own conscience; and the voice of immortal, unchangeable truth

is silent before a would-be truth. Thus it is, thus it ever was. What yesterday we counted a mortal sin, to-morrow we adore. What on this bank is just and meritorious, on the other side of a brook leads to the halter."

"I think, however, that treachery was never, and in no place, considered a virtue."

"I will not say even that. We live at a time when success alone determines whether the means employed were good or bad; where the most conscientious persons have invented for themselves a very convenient rule—that the end sanctifies the means."

Ammalát, lost in his reflections, repeated these words, because he approved of them. The poison of selfishness began anew to work within him; and the words of Verkhófsky, which he looked on as treacherous, poured like oil on flame. "Hypocrite!" said he to himself; "your hour is at hand!"

And meanwhile Verkhófsky, like a victim suspecting nothing, rode side by side with his executioner. At about eight versts from Kieként the Caspian Sea discovered itself to them from a hill; and the thoughts of Verkhófsky soared above it like a swan. "Mirror of eternity!" said he, sinking into a reverie, "why does not your aspect gladden me to-day? As of old, the sun plays on you; and your bosom breathes, as sublimely as of old, eternal life; but that life is not of this world. You seem to me to-day a mournful waste; not a boat, not a sail, not a sign of man's existence. All is desolate!"

"Yes, Ammalát," he added; "I am tired of your ever-angry, lonely sea—of your country peopled with diseases, and with men who are worse than all maladies in the world. I am weary of the war itself, of invisible enemies, of the service shared with unfriendly comrades. It is not enough that they impeded me in my proceedings—they spoiled what I ordered to be done—they found fault with what I intended, and misrepresented what I had effected. I have served my sovereign with truth and fidelity, my country and this region with disinterestedness; I have renounced, a voluntary exile, all the conveniences of life, all the charms of society; have condemned my in-

tellect to torpidity, being deprived of books; have buried my heart in solitude; have abandoned my beloved; and what is my reward? When will that moment arrive, when I throw myself into the arms of my bride; when I, wearied with service, shall repose myself under my native cottage-roof, on the green shore of the Dniéper; when a peaceful villager, and a tender father, surrounded by my relations and my good peasants, I shall fear only the hail of heaven for my harvests; fight only with wild-beasts? My heart yearns for that hour. My leave of absence is in my pocket, my dismissal is promised me. . . . Oh, that I could fly to my bride! . . . And in five days I shall for certain be in Geórgieffsk. Yet it seems as if the sands of Libya, a sea of ice—as if the eternity of the grave itself, separated us!"

Verkhófsky was silent. Tears ran down his cheeks; his horse, feeling the slackened rein, quickened his pace—and thus the pair alone, advanced to some distance from the detachment. . . . It seemed as if destiny itself surrendered the colonel into the hands of the assassin.

But pity penetrated the heart of Ammalát, maddened as he was, and burning with wine—like a sunbeam falling in a robber's cave. He beheld the sorrow, the tears of the man whom he had so long considered as his friend, and hesitated. "No!" he thought, "to such a degree as that it is impossible to dissimulate. . . ."

At this moment Verkhófsky started from his reverie, lifted up his head, and spoke to Ammalát. "Prepare yourself: you are to go with me!"

Unlucky words! Every thing good, every thing noble, which had arisen anew in Ammalát's breast, was crushed in a moment by them. The thought of treachery—of exile—rushed like a torrent through his whole being. "With you!" he replied, with a malicious smile—"with you, and into Russia?—undoubtedly: if you go yourself!" and in a passion of rage he urged his horse into a gallop, in order to have time to prepare his arms; suddenly turned back to meet him; flew by him, and began to ride rapidly in a circle around him. At each stride of his horse, the flame of rage burned more fiercely within him: it seemed as if the wind, as it whistled

past him, kept whispering "Kill, kill! he is your enemy. Remember Seltanetta!" He brought his rifle forward from his shoulder, cocked it, and encouraging himself with a cry, he galloped with blood-thirsty decision to his doomed victim. Verkhóffsky, meanwhile, not cherishing the least suspicion, looked quietly at Ammalát as he galloped round, thinking that he was preparing, after the Asiatic manner, for the djigíttering (equestrian exercises.)

"Fire at your mark, Ammalát Bek!" he exclaimed to the murderer, who was rushing towards him.

"What mark can be better than the breast of a foe?" answered Ammalát Bek, riding up, and at ten paces' distance pulling the trigger! . . . the gun went off: and slowly, without a groan, the colonel sank out of his saddle. His affrighted horse, with expanded nostrils and streaming mane, smelt at his rider, in whose hands the reins that had so lately guided him began to stiffen: and the steed of Ammalát stopped abruptly before the corpse, setting his legs straight before him. Ammalát leaped from his horse, and, resting his arms on his yet smoking gun, looked for several moments steadfastly in the face of the murdered man; as if endeavouring to prove to himself that he feared not that fixed gaze, those fast-dimming eyes—that fast-freezing blood. It would be difficult to understand—'twere impossible to express the thoughts which rolled like a whirlwind through his breast. Saphír Ali rode up at full gallop; and fell on his knees by the colonel—he laid his ear to the dying man's

mouth—he breathed not—he felt his heart—it beat not! "He is dead!" cried Saphír Ali in a tone of despair. "Dead! quite dead!"

"So much the better . . . My happiness is complete! . . ." exclaimed Ammalát, as if awakening from a dream.

"Happiness for you—for you, fratricide! If you meet happiness, the world will take to adoring Shaitán instead of Allah."

"Saphír Ali, remember that you are not my judge!" said Ammalát fiercely, as he put his foot into the stirrup: "follow me!"

"May remorse alone accompany you, like your shadow! From this hour I am not your companion."

Pierced to the very bottom of his heart by this reproach from a man to whom he had been from infancy bound by the closest ties, Ammalát uttered not a word, but pointing to his astounded nóukers in the ravine, and perceiving the pursuit begun, dashed into the mountains like an arrow.

The alarm soon spread through the advanced guard of the detachment: the officers, who were in front, and the Don Kazáks, flew to the shot, but they came too late. They could neither prevent the crime nor seize the flying assassin. In five minutes the bloody corpse of the treacherously murdered colonel was surrounded by a crowd of officers and soldiers. Doubt, pity, indignation were written on all their faces. The grenadiers, leaning on their bayonets, shed tears, and sobbed aloud: unflattering drops poured above the brave and much-loved chief.

CHAPTER XIII.

For three days and nights did Ammalát wander about the mountains of Daghestán. As a Mussulman, even in the villages subject to the Russian dominion, he was safe from all pursuit among people for whom robbery and murder are virtues. But could he escape from the consciousness of his own crime? Neither his heart nor his reason could find an excuse for his bloody deed; and the image of Verkhóffsky falling from his horse, presented itself unceasingly before his eyes, though closed. This recollec-

tion infuriated him yet more, yet more tortured him. The Asiatic, once turned aside from the right road, travels rapidly over the career of villany. The Khan's command, not to appear before him but with the head of Verkhóffsky, rang in his ears. Without daring to communicate such an intention to his nóukers, and still less relying on their bravery, he resolved upon travelling to Derbénd alone. A darksome and gloomy night had already expanded its ebon wings over the mountains of Caucasus which

skirt the sea, when Ammalát passed the ravine which lay behind the fortress of Narín-Káli, which served as a citadel to Derbénd. He mounted to the ruined turret, which once formed the limit to the Caucasian war that had extended through the mountains, and tied his horse at the foot of that hill from which Yermóloff had thundered on Derbénd when but a lieutenant of artillery. Knowing where the Russian officers were buried, he came out upon the upper burial-ground. But how to find the new-made grave of Verkhófsky in the darkness of the night? Not a star glimmered in the sky: the clouds lay stretched on the hills, the mountain-wind, like a night-bird, lashed the forest with its wing: an involuntary shudder crept over Ammalát, in the midst of the region of the dead, whose repose he dared to interrupt. He listens: the sea murmurs hoarsely against the rocks, tumbling back from them into the deep with a sullen sound. The prolonged "slóushai" of the sentinels floated round the walls of the town, and when it was silent there rose the yell of the jackals; and at last all again was still—every sound mingling and losing itself in the rushing of the wind. How often had he not sat awake on such nights with Verkhófsky—and where is he now! And who plunged him into the grave! And the murderer was now come to behead the corpse of his former friend—to do sacrilege to his remains—like a grave-robbet to plunder the tomb—to dispute with the jackal his prey!

"Human feeling!" cried Ammalát, as he wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, "why visitest thou a heart which has torn itself from humanity? Away, away! Is it for me to fear to take off the head of a dead man, whom I have robbed of life! For him 'twill be no loss—to me a treasure. Dust is insensible!"

Ammalát struck a light with a trembling hand, blew up into a flame some dry bourián, (a dry grass of South Russia,) and went with it to search for the new-made grave. The loosened earth, and a large cross, pointed out the last habitation of the colonel. He tore up the cross, and began to dig up the mound with it; he broke through the arch of brick-work, which had not yet become har-

dened, and finally tore the lead from the coffin. The bourián, flaring up, threw an uncertain bloody-bluish tinge on all around. Leaning over the dead, the murderer, paler than the corpse itself, gazed unmovingly on his work; he forgot why he had come—he turned away his head from the reek of rottenness—his gorge rose within him when he saw the bloody-headed worms that crawled from under the clothes. Interrupted in their loathsome work, they, scared by the light, crept into a mass, and hid themselves beneath each other. At length, steeling himself to the deed, he brandished his dagger, and each time his erring hand missed its aim. Nor revenge, nor ambition, nor love—in a word, not one of those passions which had urged him to the frenzied crime, now encouraged him to the nameless horror. Turning away his head, in a sort of insensibility he began to hew at the neck of Verkhófsky—at the fifth blow the head parted from the trunk. Shuddering with disgust, he threw it into a bag which he had prepared, and hastened from the grave. Hitherto he had remained master of himself; but when, with his dreadful treasure, he was scrambling up, when the stones crumbling noisily under his feet, and he, covered with sand, fell backwards on Verkhófsky's corpse, then presence of mind left the sacrilegious. It seemed as if a flame had seized him, and spirits of hell, dancing and grinning, had surrounded him. With a heavy groan he tore himself away, crawled half senseless out of the suffocating grave, and hurried off, dreading to look back. Leaping on his horse, he urged it on, over rocks and ravines, and each bush that caught his dress seemed to him the hand of a corpse; the cracking of every branch, the shriek of every jackal, sounded like the cry of his twice-murdered friend.

Wherever Ammalát passed, he encountered armed bands of Akoush-línétzes and Avarétzes, Tchetchen-étzes just arrived, and robbers of the Tartar villages subject to Russia. They were all hurrying to the trysting-place near the border-limits; while the Beks, Ouzdéns, and petty princes, were assembling at Khounzákh, for a council with Akhmet Khan, under the leading, and by the invitation of whom,

they were preparing to fall upon Tárki. The present was the most favourable moment for their purpose: there was abundance of corn in the ambárs, (magazines,) hay in the stacks, and the Russians, having taken hostages, had established themselves in full security in winter-quarters. The news of Verkhóffsky's murder had flown over all the hills, and powerfully encouraged the mountaineers. Merrily they poured together from all sides; every where were heard their songs of future battles and plunder; and he for whom they were going to fight rode through them like a runaway and a culprit, hiding from the light of the sun, and not daring to look any one in the face. Every thing that happened, every thing that he saw, now seemed like a suffocating dream—he dared not doubt, he dared not believe it. On the evening of the third day he reached Khounzákh.

Trembling with impatience, he leaped from his horse, worn out with fatigue, and took from his saddle-straps the fatal bag. The front chambers were filled with warriors; cavaliers in armour were walking up and down, or lay on the carpets along the walls, conversing in whispers; but their eyebrows were knit and cast down—their stern faces proved that bad news had reached Khounzákh. Nókurs ran hurriedly backwards and forwards, and none questioned, none accompanied Ammalát, none paid any attention to him. At the door of the Khán's bed-chamber sate Zóurkhai-Khan-Djingká, the natural son of Sultan Akhmet, weeping bitterly. "What means this?" uneasily demanded Ammalát. "You, from whom even in childhood tears could not be drawn—you weep?"

Zóurkhai silently pointed to the door, and Ammalát, perplexed, crossed the threshold. A heart-rending spectacle was presented before the new-comer's eyes. In the middle of the room, on a bed, lay the Khan, disfigured by a fierce illness; death invisible, but inevitable, hovered over him, and his fading glance met it with dread. His breast heaved high, and then sank heavily; his breath rattled in his throat; the veins of his hands swelled, and then shrank again. In him was taking place the last struggle of life with annihilation; the mainspring of existence had already

burst, but the wheels still moved with an uneven motion, catching and entangling in each other. The spark of memory hardly glimmered in him, but fitfully flashed like falling stars through the darkness of night, which thickened over his soul, and reflected themselves in his dying face. His wife and daughter were sobbing on their knees by his bed-side; his eldest son, Nóutsal, in silent despair leaned at his feet, resting his head on his clenched fists. Several women and nókurs wept silently at a distance.

All this, however, neither astounded Ammalát nor recalled him to himself, occupied as he was with one idea: he approached the Khan with a firm step, and said to him aloud—"Hail, Khan! I have brought you a present which will restore a dead man to life. Prepare the bridal. Here is my purchase-money for Seltanetta; here is the head of Verkhóffsky!" With these words he threw it at the Khan's feet.

The well-known voice aroused Sultan Akhmet from his last sleep: he raised his head with difficulty to look at the present, and a shudder ran like a wave over his body when he beheld the lifeless head. "May he eat his own heart who treats a dying man with such dreadful food!" he murmured, scarce intelligibly. "I must make my peace with my enemies, and not—Ah, I burn, I burn! Give me water, water! Why have you made me drink scalding naphtha? Ammalát, I curse you!" This effort exhausted the last drops of life in the Khan; he fell a senseless corpse on the pillow. The Khansha had looked with horror on the bloody and untimely present of Ammalát; but when she saw that this had hastened her husband's death, all her grief broke out in a torrent of anger. "Messenger of hell!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, "rejoice; these are your exploits; but for you, my husband would never have thought of raising Avár against the Russians, and would have now been sitting in health and quiet at home; but for you, visiting the Ouzdens, he fell from a rock and was disabled; and you, blood-drinker!—instead of consoling the sick with mild words, instead of making his peace with Allah by prayers and alms—bring, as if to a cannibal, a dead man's head; and whose head? Thy

benefactor's, thy protector's, thy friend's!"

"Such was the Khan's will," in his turn replied Ammalát.

"Do not slander the dead; defile not his memory with superfluous blood!" screamed the Khansha: "not content with having treacherously murdered a man, you come with his head to woo my daughter at the deathbed of her father, and you hoped to receive a recompense from man, when you deserved the vengeance of God. Godless, soulless being! No! by the graves of my ancestors, by the swords of my sons, I swear you shall never be my son-in-law, my acquaintance, my guest! Away from my house, traitor! I have sons, and you may murder while embracing them. I have a daughter, whom you may bewitch and poison with your serpent looks. Go, wander in the ravines of the mountains; teach the tigers to tear each other; and dispute with the wolves for carcasses. Go, and know that my door opens not to a fratricide!"

Ammalát stood like one struck by lightning: all that his conscience had indistinctly whispered to him had been spoken out to him at once, and so unexpectedly, so cruelly. He knew not where to turn his eyes: there lay the head of Verkhófsky with its accusing blood—there was the threatening face of the Khan, printed with the seal of a death of torture—there he met the stern glance of the Khansha. . . . The tearful eyes of Seltanetta alone appeared like stars of joy through a rainy cloud. To her he resolved to approach, saying timidly, "Seltanetta, for you have I committed that for which I lose you. Destiny wills it: be it so! One thing tell me—is it possible that you, too, have ceased to love me—that you, too, hate me?"

The well-remembered voice of the beloved pierced her heart: Seltanetta raised her eyes glistening with tears—eyes full of woe; but on seeing Ammalát's dreadful face, spotted with blood, she covered them again with her hand. She pointed with her finger at her father's corpse, at the head of Verkhófsky, and said, with firmness, "Farewell, Ammalát! I pity thee; but I cannot be thine!" With these words she fell senseless on her father's body.

All his native pride, all his blood, rushed to Ammalát's heart; his soul fired with fury. "Is it thus I am received?" casting a scornful glance at both the women; "is it thus that promises are fulfilled here? I am glad that my eyes are opened. I was too simple when I prized the light love of a fickle girl—too patient when I hearkened to the ravings of an old woman. I see, that with Sultan Akhmet Khan have died the honour and hospitality of his house!"

He left the room with a haughty step. He proudly gazed in the face of the Ouzdens, grasping the hilt of his dagger as if challenging them to combat. All, however, made way for him, but seemingly rather to avoid him than from respect. No one saluted him, either by word or sign. He went forth into the court-yard, called his *nóukers* together, silently mounted into the saddle, and slowly rode through the empty streets of Khounzákh.

From the road he looked back for the last time upon the Khan's-house, which was blackening in the darkness, while the grated door shone with lights. His heart was full of blood; his offended pride fixed in its iron talons, while the useless crime, and the love henceforth despised and hopeless, poured venom on the wounds. Grief, anger, and remorse mingled in the glance which he threw on the harem where he first saw, and where he lost, all earthly joy. "And you, and you, Seltanetta!" he could utter no more. A mountain of lead lay on his breast; his conscience already felt that dreadful hand which was stretched forth against it. The past terrified him; the future made him tremble. Where will he rest that head on which a price is set? What earth will give repose to the bones of a traitor? Nor love, nor friendship, nor happiness, will ever again be his care; but a life of misery, a wanderer's bread. . . . Ammalát wished to weep, his eyes burned . . . and, like the rich man tormented in the fire, his heart prayed for one drop, one tear, to quench his intolerable thirst. . . . He tried to weep, and could not. Providence has denied this consolation to the guilty.

And where did the murderer of Verkhófsky hide himself? Whither

did he drag his wretched existence? No one knew. In Daghestán it was reported that he wandered among the Tehetchenétzes and Koi-Sou-Boulínétzes, having lost his beauty, his health, and even his bravery. But who could say this with certainty?

Little by little the rumours about Ammalát died away, though his villainous treachery is still fresh in the memory of Russians and Mussulmans who dwell in Daghestán. Even now his name is never pronounced without a reproach.

CHAPTER XIV.

Anápa, that manufactory of arms for the robbers of the mountains, that bazar where are sold the tears, the blood, the sweat of Christian slaves, that torch of rebellion to the Caucasus—Anápa, I say, was, in 1808, invested by the Russian armies, on the sea and on the mountain side. The gun-boats, the bomb-vessels, and all the ships that could approach the shore, were thundering against the fortifications. The land army had passed the river which falls into the Black Sea, under the northern wall of Anápa, and was posted in swampy ground around the whole city. Then they constructed wooden trenches, hewing down, for that purpose, the surrounding forest. Every night new works arose nearer and nearer to the walls of the town. The interior of the houses flamed from the effects of the shells; the outer walls fell under the cannon-balls. But the Turkish garrison, reinforced by the mountaineers, fought desperately, made fierce sorties, and replied to all proposals for surrender by the shots of their artillery. Meanwhile the besiegers were incessantly harassed by the Kabardinétz skirmishers, and the foot-archers of Abazékhs, Shamsókhs, Natoukháitzes, and other wild mountaineers of the shores of the Black Sea, assembled, like the jackals, in hope of plunder and blood. Against them it was necessary to erect redans; and this double work, performed under the fire of cannon from the fortress and from the forest, on irregular and boggy ground, delayed long the capture of the town.

At length, on the eve of the taking of Anápa, the Russians opened a breaching-battery in a ravine on the south-east side of the town: its effect was tremendous. At the fifth volley the battlements and parapets were overthrown, the guns laid bare and beaten down. The balls, striking against the stone facing, flashed like

lightning; and then, in a black cloud of dust, flew up fragments of shattered stone. The wall crumbled and fell to pieces; but the fortress, by the thickness of its walls, resisted long the shattering force of the iron; and the precipitous steepness of the ruins offered no opportunity for storming. For the heated guns, and for the weary artillerymen, worn out by incessant firing, repose was absolutely necessary. By degrees the firing from the batteries by land and sea began to slacken; thick clouds of smoke, floating from the shore, expanded over the waves, sometimes concealing, sometimes discovering, the flotilla. From time to time a ball of smoke flew up from the guns of the fortress, and after the rolling of the cannon-thunder, far echoing among the hills, a ball would whistle by at random. And now all was silent—all was still both in the interior of Anápa and in the trenches. Not one turban was seen between the battlements, not one carabineer's bayonet in the intrenchment. Only the Turkish banners on the towers, and the Russian ensign on board the ships, waved proudly in the air, now undimmed by a single stream of smoke—only the harmonious voices of the muezzins resounded from afar, calling the Mussulmans to their mid-day prayer. At this moment, from the breach opposite the battery on the plain, descended, or rather rolled down, supported by ropes, a horseman on a white horse, who immediately leaped over the half-filled ditch, dashed to the left between the batteries, flew over the intrenchments, over the soldiers dozing behind them, who neither expected nor guessed any thing like this, and, followed by their hasty shouts, plunged into the woods. None of the cavalry had time to glance at, much less to pursue him: all remained thunderstruck with astonishment and vexation; and soon

forgot all about the brave cavalier, in the alarm of the renewed firing from the fortress, which was recommenced in order to give the bold messenger time to escape to the mountains. Towards evening the breaching battery, which had thundered almost incessantly, had accomplished its work of demolition. The prostrate wall formed a kind of bridge for the besiegers, who, with the impatience of bravery, prepared for the assault; when suddenly an unexpected attack of the Tcherkèss, who had driven in the Russian scouts and outposts, compelled the besiegers to direct the fire of the redans against the furious mountaineers. A thundering Allah-il-Allah, from the walls of Anápa, greeted their encounter: the volleys of cannon and musketry arose with redoubled violence from the walls; but the Russian grape tore asunder and arrested the crowds of horsemen and infantry of the Tcherkèss, as they were preparing to throw themselves upon the batteries with their sabres; and they, with furious cries of "Giaour, giaour!" turned back, leaving behind them the dead and wounded. In a moment the whole field was strewn with their corpses and their disabled, who, staggering to their feet, fell back, struck by the balls and grape-shot; whilst the cannon-shot shattered the wood, and the grenades, bursting, completed the destruction. But from the beginning of the action, till the moment when not one of the enemy remained in sight, the Russians saw before them a well-built Tcherkèss on a white horse, who rode, at a slow pace, up and down before their redans. All recognized in him the same horseman who had leaped over the trenches at mid-day, probably in order to induce the Tcherkèss to fall upon the Russians from the rear, at the moment when the now unsuccessful sortie was to be made from the gate. Crashing and thundering danced the grape-shot around him. His horse strained at the bridle; but he, looking calmly at the batteries, rode along them as if they were raining flowers upon him. The artillerymen ground their teeth with vexation at the unpunished daring of the cavalier: shot after shot tore up the earth, but he remained unhurt as if enchanted. "Give him a cannon-ball!" shouted a young officer of artillery, but lately released

from the military college, who was above all enraged at their want of success: "I would load the gun with my head, so glad would I be to kill that bragger: it is not worth while to waste grape upon one man—grape—look out! a cannon-ball will reach the guilty!" So saying, he screwed up the quoin and levelled the gun, looking through the sight; and having exactly calculated the moment when the horseman would ride through the line of aim, he stepped aside and ordered the fatal fire.

For some moments the smoke enveloped the battery in darkness: when it floated away the frightened horse was dragging the blood-stained corpse of his rider, with the foot entangled in the stirrup. "Hit—killed!" was shouted from all the trenches; and the young artillery officer, taking off his cap, piously crossed himself, and with a joyous face jumped down from the battery to seize the prey which he had earned. He soon succeeded in catching by the reins the horse of the slain Tcherkèss, for he was dragging the body sideways on the ground. The unfortunate man had his arm torn off close to the shoulder; but he still breathed, groaned, and struggled. Pity touched the good-natured youth: he called some soldiers, and ordered them to carry the wounded man carefully into the trench, sent for the surgeon, and had the operation performed before his eyes. At night, when all was quiet, the artilleryman sat by the side of his dying prisoner, and watched him with interest by the dim light of the lantern. The serpent-marks of sorrow, graven on his cheek by tears, the wrinkles on his forehead, dug, not by years but passions, and bloody scratches, disfigured his handsome face; and in it was painted something more torturing than pain, more terrible than death. The artilleryman could not restrain an involuntary shudder. The prisoner sighed heavily, and having, with difficulty, raised his hand to his forehead, opened his heavy eyelids, muttering to himself in unintelligible sounds, unconnected words. . . . "Blood," he cried, examining his hand "always blood! why have they put *his* bloody shirt upon me? Already, without that, I swim in blood. . . . Why do I not drown in it? . . . How cold the blood is to-day! . . . Once it

used to scald me, and this is no better! In the world it is stifling, in the grave so cold. . . . 'Tis dreadful to be a corpse. Fool that I am, I sought death. O, let me live but for one little day—one little hour, to live!

“What? Why have I hidden another in the grave, *whisperest thou?* Learn thyself what it is to die! . . .” A convulsive paroxysm interrupted his ravings, an unspeakably dreadful groan burst from the sufferer, and he fell into a painful lethargy, in which the soul lives only to suffer.

The artilleryman, touched to the very bottom of his heart, raised the head of the miserable being, sprinkled his face with cold water, and rubbed his temples with spirits of wine, in order to bring him to himself. Slowly he opened his eyes, shook his head several times, as if to shake the mist from his eyelashes, and steadfastly directed his gaze on the face of the artilleryman, which was faintly lighted up by the feeble gleam of the candle. Suddenly, with a piercing cry, he lifted himself on his bed, as if by some superhuman force: his hair stood upright, his whole body shook with a fevered trembling, his hand seemed endeavouring to push something from him, an ineffable horror was expressed on his countenance. . . . “Your name!” he cried at length, addressing the artilleryman. “Who art thou, stranger from the grave?”

“I am Verkhóffsky?” . . . answered the young artilleryman. This was a shot that went straight to the heart of the prisoner. The ligature on the principal artery gave way from

a rush of blood, which poured through the bandages. Yet a few struggles, yet the throat-rattle, and the leaden hand of death choked the wounded man's last sigh, imprinted on his brow the seal of the last grief; gathering whole years of repentance into one rapid moment, in which the soul, tearing itself from the body, fears equally the tortures of life and of nothingness, feels at once all the gnawing of the past and all the agony of the future. Terrible was it to look on the convulsed face of the dead. “He surely must have been a great sinner,” said Verkhóffsky, in a low voice to the general's interpreter, who stood near him, and he shuddered involuntarily.

“A great villain,” rejoined the interpreter: “it appears to me he was a Russian deserter. I never met with a mountaineer who spoke Russian so correctly as this prisoner. Let me look at his arms. We may, perhaps, find some marks on them.” With these words he unsheathed, with a look of curiosity, the dagger which had been taken from the dead man, and bringing it to the lantern, deciphered and translated the following inscription:—

“Be slow to offend—swift to revenge!”

“Quite a robber's rule,” said Verkhóffsky; “my poor brother Evstafii! you fell a victim to such a fanatic principle as this!”

The eyes of the good youth filled with tears. . . . “Is there not something else?” he asked.

“This is apparently the slain man's name,” replied the interpreter.

“It is: Ammalat Bek!”

MR BAILEY'S REPLY TO AN ARTICLE IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

WE have just been favoured with a pamphlet from Mr Bailey, entitled "A Letter to a Philosopher, in Reply to some Recent Attempts to Vindicate Berkeley's Theory of Vision, and in further Elucidation of its Unsoundness." Our article on Mr Bailey's review of Berkeley's theory, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* of June 1842, was one of these attempts. Had the author merely attacked or controverted our animadversions on his book, we should probably have left the question to its fate, and not have reverted to a subject, the discussion of which, even in the first instance, may have been deemed out of place in a journal not expressly philosophical. There is, in general, little to be gained by protracting such controversies. But, as Mr Bailey accuses us, in the present instance, of having misrepresented his views, we must be allowed to exculpate ourselves from the charge of having dealt, even with unintentional unfairness, towards one whose opinions, however much we may dissent from them, are certainly entitled to high respect and a candid examination, as the convictions of an able and zealous enquirer after truth.

In our strictures on Mr Bailey's work, we remarked, that he had represented Berkeley as holding that the eye is not directly and originally cognizant of the outness of objects in relation to each other, or of what we would call their reciprocal outness; in other words, we stated, that, according to Mr Bailey, Berkeley must be regarded as denying to the eye the original intuition of space, either in length, breadth, or solid depth. It was, however, only in reference to one of his arguments, and to one particular division of his subject, that we laid this representation to his charge. Throughout the other parts of his discussion, we by no means intended to say that such was the view he took of the Berkeleyian theory. Nor are we aware of having made any statement to that effect. If we did, we now take the opportunity of remarking, that we restrict our allegation, as we believe we formerly restricted it,

to the single argument and distinction just mentioned, and hereafter to be explained.

In his reply, Mr Bailey disavows the impeachment *in toto*. He declares that he never imputed to Berkeley the doctrine, that the eye is not directly percipient of space in the two dimensions of length and breadth. "The perception of this kind of distance," says he, "never formed the subject of controversy with any one That we see extension in two dimensions is admitted by all." (*Letter*, p. 10.) If it can be shown that the doctrine which is here stated to be admitted by all philosophers, is yet expressly controverted by the two metaphysicians whom Mr Bailey appears to have studied most assiduously, it is, at any rate, possible that he may have overlooked, in his own writings, the expression of an opinion which has escaped his penetration in theirs. To convince himself, then, how much he is mistaken in supposing that the visual intuition of longitudinal and lateral extension is admitted by all philosophers, he has but to turn to the works of Dr Brown and the elder Mill. In arguing that we have no immediate perception of visible figure, Dr Brown not only virtually, but expressly, asserts that the sight has no perception of extension in any of its dimensions. Not to multiply quotations, the following will, no doubt, be received as sufficient:—"They (*i. e.* philosophers) have—I think without sufficient reason—universally supposed that the superficial extension of *length and breadth* becomes known to us by sight originally."* Dr Brown then proceeds to argue, with what success we are not at present considering, that our knowledge of extension and figure is derived from another source than the sense of sight.

Mr James Mill, an author whom Mr Bailey frequently quotes with approbation, and in confirmation of his own views, is equally explicit. He maintains, in the plainest terms, that the eye has no intuition of space, or of the reciprocal outness of visible objects. "Philosophy," says he, "has

* Brown's Lectures, Lecture xxviii.

ascertained that we derive nothing from the eye whatever but sensations of colour—that the idea of extension [he means in its three dimensions] is derived from sensations not in the eye, but in the muscular part of our frame.”* Thus, contrary to what Mr Bailey affirms, these two philosophers limit the office of vision to the perception of mere colour or difference of colour, denying to the eye the original perception of extension in any dimension whatever. In their estimation, the intuition of space is no more involved in our perception of different colours than it is involved in our perception of different smells or different sounds. Dr Brown's doctrine, in which Mr Mill seems to concur, is, that the perception of superficial extension no more results from a certain expanse of the optic nerve being affected by a variety of colours than it results from a certain expanse of the olfactory nerve being affected by a variety of odours.† So much for Mr Bailey's assertion, that *all* philosophers admit the perception of extension in two dimensions.

But, of course, our main business is with the expression of his own opinion. In rebutting our charge, he maintains that “the visibility of angular distance (that is of extension laterally) is assumed, by implication, as part of Berkeley's doctrine, in *almost* every chapter of my book.”—(*Letter*, p. 13.) That word *almost* is a provident saving clause; for we undertake to show that

not only is the very reverse assumed, by implication, as part of Berkeley's doctrine, in the *single* chapter to which we confined our remarks, but that, in another part of his work, it is expressly avowed as the only alternative by which, in the author's opinion, Berkeley's consistency can be preserved.

At the outset of his enquiry, Mr Bailey divides his discussion into two branches: first, Whether objects are originally seen to be external, or at *any* distance at all from the sight; and, secondly, Supposing it admitted that they are seen to be external, or at *some* distance from the sight, whether they are all seen in the same plane, or equally near. It was to the former of these questions that we exclusively confined our remarks;‡ and it was in reference to it, and to an important argument evolved by Mr Bailey in the course of its discussion, that we charged him with fathering on Berkeley the doctrine which he now disavows as his interpretation of the bishop's opinion. He further disputes the relevancy of the question about our perception of lateral extension, and maintains that distance in a direction from the percipient, or what we should call protensive distance, is the only matter in dispute; and that it is a misconception of the scope of Berkeley's essay to imagine otherwise. The relevancy of the question shall be disposed of afterwards. In the mean time, the question at issue is, Can the allegation which we have laid to Mr

* Mill's Analysis, vol. i. p. 73.

† This reasoning of Dr Brown's is founded upon an assumed analogy between the structure of the optic nerve, and the structure of the olfactory nerves and other sensitive nerves, and is completely disproved by the physiological observations of Treviranus, who has shown that no such analogy exists: that the ends of the nervous fibres in the retina being elevated into distinct separate *papillæ*, enable us to perceive the extension, and discriminate the position of visible bodies, while the nerves of the other senses being less delicately defined, are not fitted to furnish us with any such perception, or to aid us in making any such discrimination. See *Müller's Physiology*, translated by W. Baly, M.D., vol. ii. pp. 1073, 1074. Although the application of Treviranus's discovery to the refutation of Dr Brown's reasoning is our own, we may remark, in justice to an eminent philosopher, that it was Sir William Hamilton who first directed our attention to the *fact* as established by that great physiologist.

‡ Mr Bailey seems disposed to carp at us for having confined our remarks to this first question, and for not having given a more complete review of his book. But the reason why we cut short our critique is obvious; for if it be proved, as we believe it can, that objects are originally seen at *no distance whatever* from the sight, it becomes quite superfluous to enquire what appearance they would present if originally seen at *some* distance from the sight. The way in which we disposed of the first question, however imperfect our treatment of it may have been, necessarily prevented us from entering upon the second; and our review, with all its deficiencies, was thus a complete review of his book, though not a review of his complete book.

Bailey's charge be proved to be the fact, or not?

In discussing the first of the two questions, it was quite possible for Mr Bailey to have represented Berkeley as holding, that visible objects, though not seen to be external to the sight, were yet seen to be out of each other, or laterally extended within the organism or the mind. But Mr Bailey makes no such representation of the theory, and the whole argument which pervades the chapter in which the first question is discussed, is founded on the negation of any such extension. All visible extension, he tells us, must, in his opinion, be either plane or solid. Now he will scarcely maintain that he regarded Berkeley as holding that we perceive solid extension within the organism of the eye. Neither does he admit that, according to Berkeley, and in reference to this first question, plane extension is perceived within the organism of the eye. For when he proceeds to the discussion of the *second* of the two questions, he remarks that "we must, at this stage of the argument, consider the theory under examination, as representing that we see all things *originally in the same plane*,"* obviously implying that he had not *as yet* considered the theory as representing that we see things originally in the same plane: in other words, plainly admitting that, in his treatment of the first question, he had not regarded the theory as representing that we see things originally under the category of extension at all.

But if any more direct evidence on this point were wanted, it is to be found in the section of his work which treats of "the perception of figure." In the chapter in which he discusses the first of the two questions, he constantly speaks of Berkeley's theory as representing that "our visual sensations, or what we ultimately term visible objects, are originally mere internal feelings." The expression *mere internal feelings*, however, is ambiguous; for, as we have said, it might still imply that Mr Bailey viewed the theory as representing that there was an extension, or reciprocal outness of objects within the retina. But this doubt is entirely removed by a passage in the section alluded to, which proves that,

in Mr Bailey's estimation, these mere internal feelings not only involve no such extension, but that there would be an inconsistency in supposing they did. In this section he brings forward Berkeley's assertion, "that neither solid nor plane figures are immediate objects of sight." He then quotes a passage in which the bishop begs the reader not to stickle too much "about this or that phrase, or manner of expression, but candidly to collect his meaning from the whole sum and tenour of his discourse." And then Mr Bailey goes on to say, "endeavouring, in the spirit here recommended, to collect the author's meaning when he affirms that the figures we see are neither plane nor solid, it appears to me to be a *part or consequence* of his doctrine already examined, which asserts that visible objects are only internal feelings."† We can now be at no loss to understand what Mr Bailey means, and conceives Berkeley to mean, by the expression "mere internal feelings." He evidently means feelings in which no kind of extension whatever is involved: for, in the next page, he informs us that all visual extension, or extended figure, "*must* be apprehended as either plane or solid, and that it is impossible even to conceive it otherwise." Consequently, if the figures we see are, as Berkeley says, apprehended neither as plane nor as solid, Mr Bailey, entertaining the notions he does on the subject of extension, *must* regard him as holding that they cannot be apprehended as extended at all—and accordingly such is the express representation he gives of the theory in the passage just quoted, where he says that "the doctrine of Berkeley, which affirms that the figures we see are neither plane nor solid, (that is, are extended in *no* direction, according to Mr Bailey's ideas of extension,) appears to him to be a *part* of the doctrine which asserts that visible objects are only internal feelings." Now if that be not teaching, in the plainest terms, that, according to Berkeley, no species of extension is implied in the internal feelings of vision, we know not what language means, and any one thought may be identical with its very opposite.

Here we might let the subject drop,

* Review of Berkeley's Theory, p 35.

† Ibid. p. 136.

having, as we conceive, said quite enough to prove the truth of our allegation that, in reference to the first question discussed, in which our original visual sensations are represented by Berkeley to be mere internal feelings, Mr Bailey understood and stated those feelings to signify sensations in which no perception of extension whatever was involved. However, as Mr Bailey further remarks that, "although Berkeley's doctrine about visible figures being neither plane nor solid, is thus consistent with his assertion that they are internal feelings, it is in itself contradictory,"* we shall contribute a few remarks to show that while, on the one hand, the negation of extension is not required to vindicate the consistency of Berkeley's assertion, that visible objects are internal feelings, neither, on the other hand, is there any contradiction in Berkeley's holding that objects are not seen either as planes or as solids, and are yet apprehended as extended. Mr Bailey alleges that we are "far more successful in involving ourselves in subtle speculations of our own, than in faithfully guiding our readers through the theories of other philosophers." Perhaps in the present case we shall be able to thread a labyrinth where our reviewer has lost his clue, and, in spite of the apparent contradiction by which Mr Bailey has been gravelled, we shall, perhaps, be more successful than he in "collecting Berkeley's meaning from the whole sum and tenour of his discourse."

First, with regard to the contradiction charged upon the bishop. When we open our eyes, what do we behold? We behold points—*minima visibilia*—out of one another. Do we see these points to be in the same plane? Certainly not. If they are in the same plane we learn this from a very different experience from that of sight. Again, do we see these points to be *not* in the same plane? Certainly not. If the points are not in the same plane we learn this, too, from a very different experience than that of sight. All that we see is that the points are out of one another; and this simply implies the perception of extension, without implying the perception either of plane or of solid extension.

Thus by the observation of a very obvious fact, which, however, Mr Bailey has overlooked, is Berkeley's assertion, that visible objects are apprehended as extended, and yet not apprehended either as planes or solids, relieved from every appearance of contradiction.

It must, however, be admitted that Mr Bailey has much to justify him in his opinion that extension must be apprehended either as plane or as solid. None of Berkeley's followers, we believe, have ever dreamt of conceiving it otherwise, and finding in their master's work the negation of solid extension specially insisted on, they leapt to the conclusion that the bishop admitted the original perception of plane extension. But Berkeley makes no such admission. He places the perception of plane extension on precisely the same footing with that of solid extension. "We see planes," says he, "in the same way that we see solids."† And the wisdom of the averment is obvious; for the affirmation of plane extension involves the negation of solid extension, but this negation involves the conception (visually derived) of solid extension; but the admission of that conception, so derived, would be fatal to the Berkeleian theory. Therefore its author wisely avoids the danger by holding, that in vision we have merely the perception of what the Germans would call the *Auseinanderseyn*, that is, the *asunderness*, of things—a perception which implies no judgment as to whether the things are discerned in plane or in protensive space.

With regard to the supposition that, in order to preserve Berkeley's consistency, it was necessary for him to teach that our visual sensations, (colours namely,) being internal feelings, could involve the perception neither of plane nor of solid extension, that is to say, of no extension at all, according to Mr Bailey's ideas, we shall merely remark, that there appears to us to be no inconsistency in holding, as Berkeley does, that these colours, though originally internal to the sight, are nevertheless perceived as extended among themselves.

We shall now say a few words on the *relevancy* of the question, for Mr Bailey denies that this question, con-

* Review of Berkeley's Theory, p. 137.

† Essay, § 158.

cerning the reciprocal outness of visible objects, ought to form any element in the controversy. We shall show, however, that one of his most important arguments depends entirely on the view that may be taken of this question; and that while the argument alluded to would be utterly fatal to Berkeley's theory, if the perception of reciprocal outness were denied, it is perfectly harmless if the perception in question be admitted.

Mr Bailey's fundamental and reiterated objection to Berkeley's theory is, that it requires us to hold that conceptions or past impressions, derived from one sense, (the touch,) are not merely recalled when another sense (the sight) executes its functions, but are themselves absolutely converted into the present intuitions of that other sense. In his own words, (*Review*, p. 69,) the theory is said to require "a transmutation of the conceptions derived from touch into the perceptions of sight." "According to Berkeley, (says he, *Review*, p. 22,) an internal feeling (*i. e.* a visual sensation) and an external sensation (*i. e.* a tactual sensation) having been experienced at the same time: the internal feeling, when it afterwards occurs, not only suggests the idea, but, by doing so, suggests the idea, or, if I may use the figure, infuses the perception of its own externality. Berkeley thus attributes to suggestion an effect contrary to its nature, which, as in the case of language, is simply to revive in our conception what has been previously perceived by the sense."

Now, this objection would be altogether insurmountable if it were true, or if it were a part of Berkeley's doctrine, that the sight has no original intuition of space, or of the reciprocal outness of its objects—in other words, of colours out of colours; for it being admitted that the sight has ultimately such a perception, it would be incumbent on the Berkeleian to show how conceptions derived from another sense, or how perceptions belonging to another sense, could be converted into that perception. We agree with Mr Bailey, in thinking that no process of association could effect this conversion; that if we did not originally see colours to be out of each other, and the points of the same colour to be out of each other, we could never so see them; and that his argument, when

thus based on the negation of all original visual extension, and on the supposition that the touch is the sole organ of every species of externality, would remain invulnerable.

But, with the admission of the visual intuition of space, the objection vanishes, and the argument is shorn of all its strength. This admission relieves the theory from the necessity of maintaining, that conceptions derived from touch are transmuted into the perceptions of sight. It attributes to the sight all that ever truly belongs to it, namely, the perception of colours out of one another; it provides the visual intuitions with an externality of their own—and the theory never demands that they should acquire any other; and it leaves to these visual intuitions the office of merely suggesting to the mind tactual impressions, with which they have been invariably associated in place. We say, *in place*; and it will be found that there is no contradiction in our saying so, when we shall have shown that it is the touch, and not the sight, which establishes a protensive interval between the organ and the sensations of vision.

Visible extension, then, or the perception of colours external to colours, being admitted, Mr Bailey's argument, if he still adheres to it, must be presented to us in this form. He must maintain that the theory requires that the objects of touch should not only be suggested by the visual objects with which they have been associated, but that they should actually be *seen*. And then he must maintain that no power of association can enable us to see an object which can only be touched—a position which, certainly, no one will controvert. The simple answer to all which, is, that we never do see tangible objects—that the theory never requires we should, and that no power of association is necessary to account for a phenomenon which never takes place.

We cannot help thinking, that not a little of the misconception on this subject which prevails in the writings of Mr Bailey, and, we may add, of many other philosophers, originates in the supposition that we identify vision with the eye in the mere act of seeing, and in their taking it for granted that sight of itself informs us that we possess such an organ as the eye. Of course, if we suppose that we know instinct-

ively, or intuitively, from the mere act of seeing, that the eye is the organ of vision, that it forms a part of the body we behold, and is located in the head, it requires no conjurer to prove that we *must* have an instinctive, or intuitive, knowledge of visible things as larger than that organ, and, consequently, as external to it. In this case, no process of association is necessary to account for our knowledge of the distance of objects. That knowledge must be directly given in the very function and exercise of vision, as every one will admit, without going to the expense of an octavo volume to have it proved.

But we hold that no truth in mental philosophy is more incontestable than this, that the sight originally, and of itself, furnishes us with no knowledge of the eye, as we *now* know that organ to exist. It does not inform us that we have an eye at all. And here we may hazard an observation, which, simple as it is, appears to us to be new, and not unimportant in aiding us to unravel the mysteries of sensation; which observation is, that, in no case whatever, does any sense inform us of the existence of its appropriate organ, or of the relation which subsists between that organ and its objects, but that the interposition of some other sense* is invariably required to give us this information. This truth, which we believe holds good with regard to all the senses, is most strikingly exemplified in the case of vision, as we shall now endeavour to illustrate.

Let us begin by supposing that man is a mere "power of seeing." Under this supposition, we must hold that the periphery of vision is one and the same with the periphery of visible space; and the two peripheries being identical, of course whatever objects lie within the sphere of the one must lie within the sphere of the other also. Perhaps, strictly speaking, it is wrong to say that these objects are apprehended as internal to the sight; for the conception of internality implies

the conception of externality, and neither of these conceptions can, as yet, be realized. But it is obvious what the expression *internal* means; and it is unobjectionable, when understood to signify that the Seeing Power, the Seeing Act, and the Seen Things, co-exist in a synthesis in which there is no interval or discrimination. For, suppose that we know instinctively that the seen things occupy a locality separate from the sight. But that implies that we instinctively know that the sight occupies a locality separate from them. But such a supposition is a falling back upon the notion just reprobated, that the mere act of seeing can indicate its own organ, or can localise the visual phenomena in the eye—a position which, we presume, no philosopher will be hardy enough to maintain, when called upon to do so, broadly and unequivocally. The conclusion, therefore, is irresistible, that, in mere vision, the sight and its objects cling together in a union or synthesis, which no function of that sense, and no knowledge imparted to us by it, (and, according to the supposition, we have, as yet, no other knowledge,) can enable us to discriminate or dissolve. Where the seeing is, there is the thing seen, and where the thing seen is, there is the seeing of it.

But man is not a mere seeing animal. He has other senses besides: He has, for example, the sense of touch, and one of the most important offices which this sense performs, is to break up the identity or cohesion which subsists between sight and its objects. And how? We answer, by teaching us to associate *vision in general*, or the abstract condition regulating our visual impressions, with the presence of the small tangible body we call the eye, and *vision in particular*, or the individual sensations of vision, (*i. e.* colours,) with the presence of immeasurably larger bodies revealed to us by touch, and tangibly external to the tangible eye. Sight, as we have said, does not inform us that its sensations are situated in the

* It would not be difficult to show, that as, on the one hand, *distance* is not involved in the original intuitions of sight, so, on the other hand, *proximity* is not involved in the original intuitions of touch; but that, while it is the touch which establishes an interval between the organ and the objects of sight, it is the sight which establishes *no* interval between the organ and the objects of touch. Sight thus pays back every fraction of the debt it has incurred to its brother sense. This is an interesting subject, but we can only glance at it here.

eye: it does not inform us that we have an eye at all. Neither does touch inform us that our visual sensations are located in the eye. It does not lead us to associate with the eye any of the visual phenomena or operations *in the first instance*. If it did, it would (*firstly*) either be impossible for it *afterwards* to induce us to associate them with the presence of tangible bodies distant and different from the eye: or, (*secondly*), such an association would merely give birth to the abstract knowledge or conclusion, that these bodies were in one place, while the sensations suggesting them were felt to be associated with something in another place; colour would not be seen—as it is—incarnated with body: or, (*thirdly*), we should be compelled to postulate for the eye, as many philosophers have done, in our opinion, most unwarrantably, “a faculty of projection”* by which it might dissolve the association between itself and its sensations, throwing off the latter in the form of colours over the surface of things, and reversing the old Epicurean doctrine that perception is kept up by the transit to the sensorium of the ghosts or *simulacra* of things,

Quæ, quasi membranæ, summo de corpore rerum,

Direptæ, volitant ultro citroque per auras.†

It is difficult to say whether the hypothesis of “cast-off films” is more absurd when we make the films come from things to us as spectral effluxes, or go from us to them in the semblance of colours.

But according to the present view no such incomprehensible faculty, no such crude and untenable hypothesis, is required. *Before* the touch has informed us that we have an eye, *before* it has led us to associate any thing visual with the eye, it has *already* taught us to associate in place the sensations of vision (colours) with the presence of tangible objects which are not the eye. Therefore, when the touch discovers the eye, and induces us to associate vision in some way with it, it cannot be the particular sensations of vision called colours

which it leads us to associate with that organ; for these have been already associated with something very different. If it be not colours, then what is it that the touch compels us to associate with the eye? We answer that it is the abstract *condition* of impressions as the general law on which all seeing depends, but as quite distinct from the particular visual sensations apprehended in virtue of the observance of that law.

Nor is it at all difficult to understand how this general condition comes to be associated with the eye, and how the particular visual sensations come to be associated with something distant from the eye: and further, how this association of the condition with one thing, and of the sensations with another thing, (an association established by the touch and not by the sight,) dissolves the primary synthesis of seeing and colours. It is to be observed that there are two stages in the process by which this discernment is brought about—*First*, the stage in which the visual phenomena are associated with things different from the organ of vision, the very existence of which is as yet unknown. Let us suppose, then, the function of sight to be in operation. We behold a visible object—a particular colour. Let the touch now come into play. We feel a tangible object—say a book. Now from the mere fact of the visible and the tangible object being seen and felt together, we could not associate them in place; for it is quite possible that the tangible object may admit of being withdrawn, and yet the visible object remain: and if so, no association of the two in place can be established. But this is a point that can only be determined by experience; and what says that wise instructor? We withdraw the tangible object. The visible object, too, disappears: it leaves its place. We replace the tangible object—the visible object reappears *in statu quo*. There is no occasion to vary the experiment. If we find that the visible object invariably leaves its place when the tangible object leaves its, and that the one invariably comes back when the other returns, we have

* We observe that even Müller speaks of the “faculty of projection” as if he sanctioned and adopted the hypothesis.—See *Physiology*, vol. ii. p. 1167.

† Lucretius.

brought forward quite enough to establish an inevitable association in place between the two. The two places are henceforth regarded, not as two, but as one and the same.

By the aid of the touch, then, we have associated the visual phenomena with things which are *not* the organ of vision; and well it is for us that we have done so betimes, and before we were aware of the eye's existence. Had the eye been indicated to us in the mere act of seeing; had we become apprised of its existence *before* we had associated our visual sensations with the tangible objects constituting the material universe, the probability, nay the certainty, is that we would have associated them with this eye, and that then it would have been as impossible for us to break up the association between colours and the organ, as it now is for us to dissolve the union between colours and material things. In which case we should have remained blind, or as bad as blind; brightness would have been in the eye when it ought to have been in the sun; greenness would have been in the retina when it ought to have been in the grass. A most wise provision of nature it certainly is, by which our visual sensations are disposed of in the right way before we obtain any knowledge of the eye. And most wisely has nature seconded her own scheme by obscuring all the sources from which that knowledge might be derived. The light eyelids—the effortless muscular apparatus performing its ministrations so gently as to be almost unfelt—the tactual sensations so imperceptible when the eye is left to its own motions, so keen when it is invaded by an exploring finger, and so anxious to avoid all contact by which the existence of the organ might be betrayed. All these are so many means adopted by nature to keep back from the infant seer all knowledge of his own eye—a knowledge which, if developed prematurely, would have perverted the functions, if not rendered nugatory the very existence of the organ.

But, *secondly*, we have to consider the stage of the process in which vision is in some way associated with an object which is *not* any of the things with which the visual sensations are connected. It is clear that the process is not completed—that our task, which is to dissolve the primary synthesis of

vision and its phenomena, is but half executed, unless such an object be found. For though we have associated the visual sensations (colours) with something different from themselves, still vision clings to them without a hair's-breadth of interval, and pursues them whithersoever they go. As far, then, as we have yet gone, it cannot be said that our vision is felt or known to be distanced from the fixed stars even by the diameter of a grain of sand. The synthesis of sight and colour is not yet discriminated. How, then, is the interval interposed? We answer, by the discovery of a tangible object in a different place from any of the tangible objects associated with colour; and then by associating, in some way or other, the operations of vision with this object. Such an object is discovered in the eye. Now, as has frequently been said, we cannot associate colours or the visual sensations with this eye; for these have been already disposed of otherwise. What, then, do we associate with it—and how? We find, upon experiment, that our apprehension of the various visual sensations depends on the presence and particular location of this small tangible body. We find that the whole array of visual phenomena disappear when it is tactually covered, that they reappear when it is reopened, and so forth. Thus we come in some way to associate vision with it—not as colour, however, not as visual sensation. We regard the organ and its dispositions merely as a general condition regulating the apprehension of the visual sensations, and no more.

Thus, by attending to the two associations that occur,—the association (in place) of visual sensations with tangible bodies that *are not* the eye; and the association (in place) of vision with a small tangible body that *is* the eye—the eye regarded as the condition on which the apprehension of these sensations depends; by attending to these, we can understand how a protensive interval comes to be recognised between the organ and its objects. By means of the touch, we have associated the sensations of vision with tangible bodies in one place, and the apprehension of these sensations with a tangible body in another place. It is, therefore, impossible for the sight to dissolve these associations, and bring the sensations out of the

one place where they are felt, into the other place where the *condition* of their apprehension resides. The sight is, therefore, compelled to leave the sensations where they are, and the apprehension of them where it is; and to recognize the two as sundered from each other—the sensations as separated from the organ, which they truly are. Thus it is that we would explain the origin of the perception of distance by the eye; believing firmly that the sight would never have discerned this distance without the mediation of the touch.

Rightly to understand the foregoing reasoning—indeed to advance a single step in the true philosophy of sensation—we must divest ourselves of the prejudice instilled into us by a false physiology, that what we call our organism, or, in plain words, our body, is necessarily the *seat* of our sensations. That all our sensations come to be associated in *some way* with this body, and that some of them even come to be associated with it *in place*, is undeniable; but so far is it from being true, that they are all essentially implicated or incorporated with it, and cannot exist at a distance from it, that we have a direct proof to the contrary in our sensations of vision; and until the physiologist can prove (what has never yet been proven) an *à priori* necessity that our sensations must be where our bodies are, and an *à priori* absurdity in the contrary supposition, he must excuse us for resolutely standing by the fact as we find it.

This is a view which admits of much discussion, and we would gladly expatiate upon the subject, did time and space permit; but we must content ourselves with winding up the present observations with the accompanying diagram, which we think explains our view beyond the possibility of a mistake.

A

Ba

âC

Let A be the original synthesis, or indiscrimination of vision and its sensations—of light and colours. Let *â* be the visual sensations locally associated by means of the touch with the tangible bodies C *before* vision is in any way associated with B—before, indeed, we have any knowledge of the existence of B. Then let *a*, the general condition on which the sensations, *after a time*, are found to depend, and in virtue of which they are apprehended, be locally associated

with B—the eye discovered by means of the touch—and we have before us what we cannot help regarding as a complete *rationale* of the whole phenomena and mysteries of vision. Now, the great difference between this view of the subject and the views of it that have been taken by *every* other philosopher, consists in this, that whereas their explanations invariably implicated the visual sensations *â* with B from the very first, thereby rendering it either impossible for them to be afterwards associated with C, or possible only in virtue of some very extravagant hypothesis—our explanation, on the contrary, proceeding on a simple observation of the facts, and never implicating the sensations *â* with B at all, but associating them with C *à primordis*, merely leaving to be associated with B, *a*, a certain general condition that must be complied with, in order that the sensations *â* may be apprehended,—in this way, we say, our explanation contrives to steer clear both of the impossibility and the hypothesis.

We would just add by way of postscript to this article—which, perhaps, ought itself to have been only a postscript—that with regard to Mr Bailey's allegation of our having plagiarised one of his arguments, merely turning the coat of it outside in, we can assure him that he is labouring under a mistake. In our former paper, we remarked that we could not see things to be *out* of the sight, because we could not see the sight itself. Mr Bailey alleges, that this argument is borrowed from him, being a mere reversal of his reasoning, that we cannot see things to be *in* the sight, because we cannot see both the sight and the things. That our argument might very naturally have been suggested by his, we admit. But it was not so. We had either overlooked the passage in his book, or it was clean out of our mind when we were pondering our own speculations. It did not suggest our argument, either nearly or remotely. Had it done so, we should certainly have noticed it, and should probably have handled both Mr Bailey's reasoning and our own to better purpose, in consequence. If, notwithstanding this disclaimer, he still thinks that appearances are against us, we cannot mend his faith, but can merely repeat, that the fact is as we have stated it.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS, BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

IN a review we made last January of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," illustrated by the Etching Club, we concluded our notice with recommending to those able artists the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and expressed a hope that Mr Maclise would lend his powerful aid, having in our recollection some very happy illustrations of his hand in pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition.

What the Etching Club are about, we know not; but the subject has been taken up by Mr Mulready; and we now feel it incumbent upon us to notice this new and illustrated edition of that immortal work. Immortal it must be; manners pass away, modes change, but the fashion of the heart of man is unalterable. The "Vicar of Wakefield" bears the stamp of the age in which it was written. Had it been laid aside by the author, discovered, and now first brought out, without a notice of the author, or of the time of its composition, received it must have been indeed with delight, but not as belonging to the present day. It differs in its literature and its manners. It is at once a most happy work for illustration, and the most difficult. It is universally known. Who has not shed precious and heart-improving tears over it? Taking up the tale now, for the hundredth time, we are become, from somewhat morose, tender as a lamb—propitious condition for a critic! We opened upon the scene where Mr Burchell so cruelly tries poor Sophia, by offering her a husband in Mr Jenkinson; we know the whole transaction perfectly, the bitter joke, the proposal

"impares

Formas atque animas in juga ahenae
Sævo mittere cum joco."

Yet how strangely are we moved! Had the taxman at this moment called for the income-tax, he would have concluded we were paying the last farthing of our principal. What art is this in a writer, that he should by one and the same passage continue to move his readers, though they know the trick! Readers, too, that would have turned the cold shoulder to real tales of greater distress, and met sus-

picion that all was a cheat half way; but the acknowledged fictitious they yield to at once their whole hearts, throwing to the winds their beggarly stint. Never was there a writer that possessed to so great a degree as did Goldsmith this wondrous charm; and in him it is the more delightful in the light and pleasant *allegria* with which he works off the feeling. The volume is full of subjects that so move; and in this respect it is most admirable for illustration, inviting the ablest powers. But the difficulty, wherein does that lie? Look at all illustrations that have hitherto appeared in print, and you cry out to all—Away with the failure! Certain it is that but slender abilities have been hitherto employed; and when we hear of better artists coming to the undertaking, we are hardened against them. And then, how few come fresh to the tale. To those who do, perhaps a new illustration may have a tenfold charm; but to any one past five-and-twenty, it must come "with a difference." It is very difficult to reconcile one to a new Dr Primrose, a new Mrs Primrose. Beauty ever has the power of beauty, and takes us suddenly; we can more readily dismiss the old idea and pitch on the new, so that the Miss Primroses are more reconcilable and transferable creatures, than the Vicar and his wife, or the incomparable Moses and the unyielding Mr Burchell. We cannot pretend to tell how all these characters would have fitted their images given by Mr Mulready, had the work now first come into our hands. As it is, we can only say they are new to us. It requires time to reconcile this. In the meanwhile we must take it for granted, that they actually do represent those in Mr Mulready's vision, and he is a clear-sighted man, and has been accustomed to look into character well. His name as the illustrator, gave promise of success. Well do we remember an early picture by him—entitled, we believe, the Wolf and the Lamb. It represented two schoolboys—the bully, and the more tender fatherless child. The history in that little picture was quite of the manner of Goldsmith. The orphan boy's face we never can forget, nor the whole expression of his

slender form, though it is many years ago that we saw the picture. So that when the name of Mulready appeared as illustrator, we said at once, That will do—down came the book, and here it is before us. The pages have been turned over again and again. We cannot, nevertheless, quite reconcile our ideas to the new Dr and Mrs Primrose; but in attempting to do so, so many real artistical beauties have beamed from the pages, that we determined at once to pour out our hearts to Maga, and turn over page after page once more. The illustrations are thirty-two in number; one to head each chapter, though, and which we think a defect, the subject of the illustration is not always in the chapter at the head of which it is. The first is the choice of a wife—“and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown.” The intended bride is a very beautiful graceful figure, with a most sweet simplicity of countenance. This never could have resembled Mrs Deborah Primrose; the outline is most easy and graceful, even as one of Raffaele’s pure and lovely beings. The youth of the bride and bridegroom, fresh in their hopes of years of happiness, is happily contrasted with the staid age of the respectable tradesman, evidently one of honest trade and industrious habits—the fair dealer, one of the old race before the days of “immense sacrifices” brought goods and men into disrepute. The little group is charming; every line assists another, and make a perfect whole.

“The Dispute between the Vicar and Mr Wilmot.”—“This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony.” Old Wilmot is capital; there is acrimony in his face, and combativeness in his fists—both clenching confidently his own argument, and ready for action; the very drawing back of one leg, and protrusion of the other, is indicative of testy impatience. The vicar is a little too loose and slovenly, both in attitude and attire; the uniting of the figures (artistically speaking) is with Mr Mulready’s usual ability.

“The Rescue of Sophia from Drowning by Mr Burchell.”—“She must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief.” This is altogether a failure, yet it is a good subject; nor has Mr Mulready

been at all happy in the female beauty. The vicar stands upon the bank too apathetic; and the group in the vehicle, crossing the stream above, seem scarcely conscious of the event, though they are within sight of it. Mr Mulready has here, too, neglected his text. Sophia fell from her horse; all the party set out on horseback; there is no carriage mentioned.

“The Vicar at Home, with Neighbour Flamborough and the Piper.”—“These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad.” The happy father, with his children climbing up his chair, and clinging to him, is a beautiful group, and quite worthy of Mr Mulready’s pencil.

“Squire Thornhill.”—“At last a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless, superior air.” The family are sweetly grouped—the story well told—the easy assurance of the squire undeniable. The father holds his two boys, one on his lap, the other between his knees; but is he “the vicar?”

“Mr Burchell and Sophia.”—A most charming illustration. It is the haymaking scene. “I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr Burchell, in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task.” Sophia is a lovely creature, just what she should be. We are not quite sure of Mr Burchell: possibly he may look too young; he was a character, and must have borne about him some little acquired oddity, sturdy, and not undignified. In the illustration he is too prettily genteel; but we do not wish to see any but Sophia—delightful, loving, lovable Sophia. In the background, Moses lies on the ground with his book, and the vicar has rather too suspicious a look; but we can forgive him that, and, for Sophia’s sake, forgive Mr Mulready that he has paid less attention to her admirer—for at present he is no more. But his admiration is better, and more to the purpose than other men’s love.

“Moses defeated in Argument, or rather borne down by the arrogant, ignorant volubility of the Squire.”—“This effectually raised the laugh

against poor Moses." It is well grouped; but the only successful figure is Moses. The squire is not the well-dressed, designing profligate. If the story were not well told by the grouping, we might have taken the squire for an itinerant "lecturer." The squire is so prominent a person in the tale, that we think there should have been a well-studied representation of the accomplished villain and fine gentleman.

No. 8.—Beyond the skill in grouping, Mr Mulready has not attempted any great interest in this illustration. It represents the family, with their friend Burchell, interrupted in their enjoyment by the chaplain, or rather the chaplain's gun; for that only presents its muzzle. "So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia, in the fright, had thrown herself into Mr Burchell's arms for protection." We do not recognize the alarmed and lovely Sophia—here she might be any miss; so that the greatest miss is Mr Mulready's, for he has missed an opportunity of showing the beauty of the sweet sisters in alarm. In this chapter, we have Goldsmith's delightful ballad, "Turn, gentle hermit of the dale." Surely this was worthy an illustration or two; and if Mr Mulready felt himself confined to the heads of chapters, might he not, for once, have made his digression from the tale, as Goldsmith has done, and given us that charming episode?

"The Family Group on Horseback, going to Church."—"And when I got about halfway home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church." "The colt that had been nine years in the family, and Blackberry, his companion," are not the best horse-flesh. Mr Mulready does not draw the horse like Mr Herring; so, having failed in the feet of the colt, he has, though rather awkwardly, hidden Blackberry's behind a convenient stone, which yet makes us fear that the "family pride" will have a fall, and spare the Vicar's reproof. The party on Blackberry is good; and the patient, blind face of the animal is well attempted.

"The Visit to Neighbour Flam-borough's on Michaelmas Eve."—"But previously I should have mentioned the very impolitic behaviour of Mr Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to

the fire; and, at the conclusion of every sentence, would cry out, 'Fudge!'" This is scarcely the subject of the illustration, for Mr Burchell is quite in the background. We should like to have seen his face. Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs is good; Lady Blarney is not the overdressed and overacting peeress. The whole is very nicely grouped. Perhaps we are not so pleased with this illustration, remembering Mac-lise's more finished picture of the subject.

Moses departing for the "Fair." Hopeful and confident are the group, and not least so Moses himself. We fancy we recognize in Moses a similar figure in a sweet picture exhibited last year by Mr Stonhouse, one of the "Etching Club." We are not quite satisfied with the other figures—they all hide their faces, as well they might, for their simplicity in trusting to the "discreet boy" that can "buy and sell to very good advantage"—so off go Moses and the colt that had been nine years in the family. "We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him good-luck! good-luck! till we could see him no longer."

No. 12 exhibits simplicity upon a larger scale, and shows the head of the family, verifying the old proverb, "like father like son"—though it should be here like son like father. The colt was fitly turned over to the son, grave blind Blackberry was a horse for the father's art and wisdom. "By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost alarmed at the approach of every customer." Poor Blackberry! he is quite conscious of his depreciation; he is a wise animal, and can see that "with half an eye." Alas! we fear he has not that half. Blackberry is good—yet will he sell for nothing; how patiently he lets them handle his leg, and a handle it is; we can imagine the creature thinking, "pray, sir, would you like to look at the other poor thing of a leg?" The rascally Fair, in which Mr Mulready has shown, according to his author, that the Vicar ought not to have been, is well given; but we should have liked a full length portrait of Mr Jenkinson pronouncing *Αναρχον αρα και ατελευταιον το παν*.

The reading the letter, the well-known letter of Mr Burchell to "The Ladies." "There seemed, indeed,

something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no further." This, as usual, is well grouped; the Vicar ponders, and cannot tell what to make of it. We should have preferred, as a subject, the Vicar confronting Mr Burchell, and the cool effrontery of the philosopher turning the tables upon the Vicar, "and how came you so basely to presume to break open this letter?" or better still, perhaps, the encounter of art between Mr Burchell and Mrs Deborah Primrose. And why have we not Dick's episode of the dwarf and the giant? Episodes are excellent things, as good for the illustrations as for the book. No. 14, the contrivance of Mrs Primrose to entrap the squire, properly belongs to another chapter. "Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest." The passage is nicely told; there is, however, but one figure to arrest attention, and that is quite right, for it is Olivia's, and a sweet figure it is. Dear Olivia! We have not seen her portrait before, and we shall love her, beyond "to the end of the chapter," to the end of the volume, and the more so, that hers after all was a hard fate. It is the part of the tale which leaves a melancholy impression; Goldsmith has so determined it—and to his judgment we bow implicitly. Had any other author so wretchedly disposed of his heroine, in a work not professedly tragic, we should have been pert as critics usually are. Mrs Primrose is certainly here too young. We cannot keep our eyes off Olivia; and see, the scoundrel has slyly taken her innocent hand, and the other is put up to her neck in such modest doubt of the liberty allowed. Here, as in other instances, the squire is not the well-dressed man of the world, whose gold lace had attracted Dick's attention. We could linger longer over this illustration, but must pass on—honest Burchell has been dismissed, villany has full sway. We must leave poor Olivia to her fate, and turn to the family picture "drawn by a limner;" capital—"limner" well suiting the intended satire—some say a good-natured, sly cut at Sir Joshua. We should certainly

have had Mrs Primrose as Venus, and the two little ones as Cupids; and the Vicar presenting to her his books on the Whistonian controversy, and the squire as Alexander. Whoever wishes to see specimens of this kind may see some ludicrous ones at Hampton court—particularly of Queen Elizabeth, and the three goddesses abashed by her superiority. We thought to leave poor Olivia to her fate—Mr Mulready will not let us give her up so easily, and takes us to the scene of her quitting her home for her betrayer; and this is the subject of—

"Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her;" and there she is, hiding her beautiful face with her hands, and poor good Dick is pulling her back by her dress, that she may not go; but a villain's hand is round her waist, and one foot he has upon the step of the chaise, and the door is open. Poor Dick, you have nothing left you to do but to run home as fast as you can; and there you will find such a scene of innocent enjoyment, how to be marr'd! at the very moment, too, that the good Vicar had been feeling and saying, "I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert." O Dick, Dick! at such a moment as this to run in and tell him to be miserable for ever; for that his cherub, his Olivia, is gone, and gone, as it appears, to infamy, a thousand times more grievous than death. Was there ever so touching a scene?—Mr Mulready feared it. That is a wonderful chapter—the happiness is so domestically heightened, that the homefelt joy may be more instantly crushed. We know we shall not see dear darling Olivia again for a long, long time; and feel we want a pause and a little diversion—so we will go back to Bill the songster for amusement, and take it if we can; and here is for the purpose

Bill's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," alas! taught him, too, by honest Mr Williams; we only hope young, sturdy farmers have strong nerves, and don't break their hearts in love's disappointments. Here is Dick's Elegy; and as we, too, have a Moses at home of a "miscellaneous education," we will put on the Vicar's simplicity, and cheerful familiarity with his own flesh and blood—and thus we address our Moses, "Come, my boy, you are no hand at singing, so turn the Elegy another way: let us have a little Latin, for your music is Hexameter and Pentameter." Our Moses, "That's a hard task, sir, for one that cannot mount to Parnass Hill without his 'Gradus ad Parnassum.'" "Well, then, get your Gradus, and put your foot in that first step of the ladder." Our Moses, waggishly—"I must mind your feet, sir, or they will be but lame verses, and go halting and hobbling—but I suppose you won't be very particular as to Latinity. I have heard you tell how Farmer Williams"—"No," said we, "not Williams, any other farmer you please; poor Williams is not likely to have any children; yet I know what you were going to say." "Farmer any body, then," said our Moses, "when he took his boy to school, left him with the master; and shortly returned to inform him, that, discoursing upon the subject at the 'public,' he had heard that there were two sorts of Latin, and so he brought the master a gammon of bacon, for he wished his son to have the best: now I think, sir, one of these two sorts must be 'dog Latin,' and that must be best fitted for the Elegy in question." Our Moses beats the Vicar's hollow in waggery, so we are proud of him. He takes after his mother. We condescended to be familiar enough to laugh. Now, then, Moses, to *your* task and we to *ours*. And here we are at—

The scene of Mr Arnold and his family breaking in upon his butler personating his master, we are rather inclined to think a failure. There is Mr Mulready's good grouping, but somehow or other it is rather flat for so piquant an incident; "I was struck dumb with the apprehension of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot." We should like to have seen, in illustration, the political butler ordering the Vicar

out of his house, or at least a more decided portrait of Arabella Wilmot. "Beauty is," as Miss Skeggs said of virtue, "worth any price;" and we are sorry to look about, and continue, in her words, "but where is that to be found?" What had Mr Mulready to do, that he would not let us have a sight of Arabella Wilmot. We, therefore, pass on to her lover, the Vicar's eldest son George, delivering his letter of recommendation to the nobleman's footman, with his fee, which brings us to—

"However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment; my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection." The Vicar's son is a fine fellow in the illustration; we are glad to see him, but rather wish Mr Mulready had chosen a better subject. George's adventures were written with a nice satire; for Goldsmith knew what and whom he had to describe. The reasons why he would not do for an usher, are well put. Is it not possible that Mr Dickens took his first hint of Do-the-boys' Hall from reading this passage in Goldsmith? Indeed, there may be a suspicion that Mrs Primrose gave the idea of Mrs Nickleby, though he has made her an original. But to return to the traveller—we should like to have seen an "illustration" of his interview with the principal of the College of Louvain, a passage quite in the spirit of *Le Sage*. "The principal seemed at first to doubt my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposals, he addressed me thus, 'You see, young man,' continued he, 'I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a-year without Greek; and, in short,' continued he, 'as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.'"

The office of Mr Crispe, who fitted becoming situations upon every body. "There I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience." And there is Mr Crispe himself, in the distance indeed, but certainly the principal

figure. The expectants are good enough, but Mr Crispe, with his audacious, confident, deceitful face, is excellent; the fellow rattling the money in both his pockets, with fraud, successful laughing fraud filling out both his cheeks. The audacious wretch! little cares he for the miserable expectants whom he means to ship off to America and slavery. Preferring to see the Vicar's son among "the harmless peasants of Flanders," we turn over the leaves.

Here is a delightful group,—a fine sturdy fellow holding his dog by a handkerchief through his collar, and how naturally the honest brute leans against his master, as claiming a sort of kindred—the expression of the young woman with the child in her arms, is attention and admiration. It is not quite certain that one of the loungers is pleased with that admiration. This is a pleasant scene, and happily illustrated. "I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence." That is a pleasant, happy scene, though the personages are the poorest. Of another character is the next scene, and quite other personages act in it; for we come again to poor Olivia in her distress, grossly, brutally insulted by the wealthy profligate.

The profligate scoundrel in the very lowest baseness of his character.—It is poor Olivia speaks. "Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance." This scene is not fit for picture; it is seemingly nothing but successful villany, and of too gay a cast to be pathetic. The chapter from which it is taken would have furnished a much better one—the meeting between the Vicar and his poor Olivia. We can bear the suffering of a Cordelia, because all in that is great though villany be successful; but there is a littleness in mere profligacy that infects even the victim. We could have wished that Mr Mulready had taken the "Meeting" for his illustration. How exquisitely beautiful is the text! The first impulse of affection is to forget, or instantly palliate the fault. "Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom!" Then how

exquisite her observance of the effect of grief upon the parent's appearance. "Surely you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself." How timely has Goldsmith thrown in this, when we are most willing to catch at a straw of excuse for the lovely sufferer! No, we say, she never contemplated the misery she has inflicted; and then how natural is the instantaneous remembrance of her guilt! The taking it up and laying it down at a moment's call, from affection, is most touchingly beautiful. "Our wisdom, young woman," replied I—"Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name." "I ask pardon, my darling," returned I; "but I was going to observe that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one." Admitting the subject chosen by Mr Mulready, we do not approve of his manner of telling it; we scarcely know which is the principal figure. Nor is Olivia's good. It has nothing of the madness the text speaks of. "My answer to this proposal was almost madness." We are glad to quit the scene, though our next step is into deeper misery; and—

"The return of the Vicar to his home in flames," a pitiable sight; but here is the triumph of love over misery, and the subject is good. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish." The scene is well told, and not the worse for a justifiable theft from Correggio in the fainting figure—it is *the mother* in the *Ecce Homo* in the National Gallery. The falling of the hands at the moment of action, is true to the original and to nature. We rejoice that Mr Mulready did not take the return of Olivia as his subject. We should not like to see Mrs Primrose in that odious light; and though admirable in the tale, she is no favourite already. The parent had called his child, "woman—young woman"—the coldness passed away, and the word was changed for "darling." The word was again to be resumed, and how applied!—to the unforgiving—That even the Vicar's anger, we must rather say indignation, should be virtuous. "Ah, madam!" cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery,

My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late ; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." Not a word of her own forgiving, not a word of endearment ; and we suspect the word madam had, when written, more blame in it than it now retains—and how do the words "my daughter Sophy and I" cut off the forlorn one from the family!—and the plural "persons" avoiding the individuality, the personality of her daughter was another deep cut into the very flesh of the lost one's heart. Now then comes the reproof, and the good man shines in the glory of goodness and greatness, indignation for love's sake. "During this reception the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply ; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress ; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, 'I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all : I have brought you back a poor deluded wanderer : her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us ; let us not therefore increase them by dissensions among each other.' The words to the conclusion of the chapter should be written in letters of gold, were not the better place for them out of sight, upon the hearts of all ; for none of us have too much charity, though some may have an excess of love.

No. 22 is an affecting scene. The Vicar with his wounded arm is on his bed, with his distressed family about him. Olivia has fainted on hearing the news of her betrayer's intended marriage, and the mother is attending her. "My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered." The countenance of the Vicar in this scene is the best among the illustrations—of that good man enduring affliction, that sight worthy the gods to look at, as said the Stoic. But we that have human sympathies, would willingly turn away from such a sight ; and where shall we find refuge ? for sorrow is coming on—sorrow upon sorrow—an accumulation of miseries no Stoic would have borne ; for he, with all his boasted indifference, would have borne them no longer, but ended them and life together, if he might so end them, as he thought. And now, happily, "*our Moses*" comes to our relief, not with extracts from chapters on stoicism, or any other false philosophy, but holding up to us what he is pleased to call his "dogrel." So, between him and Bill the Songster, we will have a duet. But as we have no Bill present, we will take his part ourselves, and, like other acting substitutes, go through the part, reading. "Now we hope," (addressing *our Moses*, "you have not lengthened out your Latin to four lines for the four short English in each stanza. If you have, to the flames with them!")

Our Moses.—

"CARMINA ELEGIACA IN MORTEM CUJUSDAM CANIS ISLINGTONIENSIS."

(*We.*—Not in such a hurry—"An Elegy on the death of a mad dog ;" and what made you put in Islingtoniensis ? Well, I suppose you call that a Ciceronic flourish ! Now, I will read the English—you the Latin.)

We.—Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

Our Moses.—Quotlibet huc, ubicunque hominum, auscultate canenti,
Si breve vos teneam ;—non ego longus ero.

We.—In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

Our Moses.—Quidam Islingtoniensis erat, quem donec adibat
Templa pius, sacra diximus ire via.

We.—A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes ;

The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

Our Moses.—*Suavis amico, inimico, ita mitis, nudum ut amictu,
Quum se vestibat, cotidie indueret.*

We.—And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

Our Moses.—*Et canis oppido eodem erat huic, ubi plurimus, et grex
Et fœx, cum catulis plebs numerosa canum.*

We.—This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Our Moses.—*Grandis amicitia, at Canis, ut sibi gratificetur
Fit rabidus, rabido dente hominemque petit.*

We.—Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

Our Moses.—*Concurrunt cives, O illum Cerberum, et aiunt,
Qualem amens rabido dente momordet herum.*

We.—The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye,
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

Our Moses.—*O sævum vulnus, clamant lachrymosius omnes,
En rabidus canis, et mox moriturus homo.*

We.—But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

Our Moses.—*Mendaces cives monstrat res prodigiosa,
Sanus homo subito fit—moriturque canis.*

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word," said the Vicar, "and an Elegy that may truly be called tragical." So we present our Moses a sovereign for his verse—"A sovereign for a verse, my boy." "I will never," quoth he, "be averse to a sovereign. We have heard of a monarch who gave a crown for a song." A little refreshed, let us turn to the book. Here is

No. 23.—Very well, Mr Mulready, artistically performed; but we fear we shall not relish too many of these distressing subjects. We know, from distress to distress, you will take us into prison. Artists and writers of the present day delight in prison scenes; we are not of that class, but endure it. We would on no account sit down with that rascally-looking fellow that is driving and taking an inventory of the Vicar's stock. It is winter too. "The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value."

No. 24.—Is the attempt at a rescue. The Vicar represses and reproves the

violence of his enraged parishioners. The drawing is good; but it is not a subject we delight to look at; and we begin to fear that further on we shall fare worse. Why did not Mr Mulready give us the interview between the Vicar and his old acquaintance, Mr Jenkinson? Artists of skill like to show it in grouping, and prefer that to giving character. "The consequences might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude."

"The Prison." We have little wish to stay there long, and look at the odious villains that surround the good man "paying his footing." "I was apprised of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was nearly exhausted." The next illustration, too, takes us into equally bad company.

The Vicar's attempt to reform the jail. The mockery, and roguery, and Vicar's perseverance, while a practised hand is picking his pocket—are admirably represented. "I therefore read

them a portion of the service, with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion."

The penitent scene. "My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive." We now began to say, what a happy thing it was that Dr Primrose was sent to jail. Doubtless Goldsmith intended to show how good comes out of evil. There are some good figures in this illustration.

The seizure of poor Sophia—and very good it is—not that we congratulate Mr Mulready on his Sophia here; she is rather a vulgar dowdy figure, the others are very good, and the incident well told. "A post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped. Upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and, forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment." Now, Mr Mulready, in the next edition, you must positively illustrate the rescue by Mr Burchell.

"The Vicar delivering his sermon"—Charmingly grouped are the attentive and subdued audience. Mrs Primrose is surely too young a figure. If we could get over our early impression of the Vicar's countenance, his figure here would probably please. "The prisoners assembled themselves according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel—my son and his mother supported me on either side."

The return of dear Sophia, with her true but singular lover and deliverer—Perhaps the Vicar takes it more coolly than the text justifies. "Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection." There should have been an illustration of the scene where Mr Burchell is discovered to be Sir William Thornhill; and above all, where he proposes Jenkinson to Sophia.

The complete detection of the squire's villainies, and his great disappointment. "And to convince you that I speak nothing but truth, here is the license by which you were mar-

ried together." All here is good but the figure of the Squire. In appearance we are to presume that Squire Thornhill was a gentleman, or Miss Wilmot could not have endured his addresses, nor indeed would Olivia have been deceived by him. In this illustration he has neither the appearance, dress, nor attitude of one in that condition.

The last illustration, or "All's Well that End's Well." It is, however, near ending badly, both as to the incident and the illustration—in the latter all is good, excepting only Arabella Wilmot; perhaps there is a defect in the printing, which gives her an odd look—but altogether she is not a good figure. She should have been elegance personified. Burchell looks the sturdy runner that could overtake the chaise, and rescue manfully his Sophia, to win and wear a favour, though he seems here in little hurry; but that is in character. "But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married.'" We should like to have seen the dinner-party, and the two Miss Flamboroughs ready to die with laughing. "One jest I particularly remember: old Mr Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.'" Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress; at which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing." We should like to have seen their faces by Mr Mulready's hand, because we are sure that the two Miss Flamboroughs were thinking of themselves, in conjunction with Moses and the jest.

We have noticed every illustration.

We hope there will be another edition, and then we may have a few more plates. We have therefore, as we have gone on, ventured to suggest some subjects—but, above all, we would recommend Mr Mulready to supply a few portraits, heads only, such as that of the "Schoolmaster in the Deserted Village," by the Etching Club.

THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK IN THE MONK'S HOOD.

"I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy—
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride."

HAD the "resolution and independence" which dignify the lowly, and strengthen the unhappy, when no visible eye befriends them, been among the rich endowments of Chatterton's wonderful mind—had he possessed and cherished the courage that bears up against obloquy and neglect—had he pursued the rough tenour of his way undaunted, in spite of "solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty," how different must have been the fate of the inspired boy of Bristol! He might be alive yet; he would be ninety years old, graced with honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age. He might have achieved some great epic, or some gorgeous historical dramas,—have finished the Fairy Queen, or given us a Fairy King of his own creation.

Among the lighter honours of social distinction, we can fancy his reception as a London "lion," by the fair and noble in proud places. Still pleasanter is the vision of his less public hours of idleness spent among congenial spirits. We can fancy him, the patriarch of living poets, seated as a guest at the breakfast-table of Samuel Rogers, who is about twelve years his junior, and those fine lads, Lisle Bowles, James Montgomery, and William Wordsworth, and those promising children, Tom Moore and Tom Campbell, and that braw chiel John Wilson—(*palam qui meruit ferat*)—the youngest of the party something, perhaps, but not much, under seventy, except the bard of the Isle of Palms, who is no chicken; and unless the master of the feast have summoned those pretty babes from the Wood, the two Tennysons. But alas for Chatterton! the vision will not hold: he disappears from his chair at the feast, like Banquo—"and, when all's done, you look but on a stool." The ghost of the slayer of himself, after long haunting Strawberry Hill, to rebuke the senile complacency of the chronicler of royal and noble authors, re-

paired, after the death of that prosperous man of wit and fashion, to his native town, to prowl in Redeliff church, and about the graves of his fathers in its churchyard, and the graves which they had successively dug there during a century and a half. His bones were left to moulder among those of other pauper strangers in the burial-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. We attach no credit to the story of the exhumation of his body, and its mysterious reinterment in Redeliff. His fathers were sextons; and he, too, was in some sort a sexton also—but spiritually and transcendantly. He buried his genius in the visionary grave of Rowley, "an old chest in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redeliff church;" and thence, most rare young conjurer, he evoked its spirit in the shape of fragments of law-parchment, quaintly inscribed with spells of verse and armorial hieroglyphics, to puzzle antiquaries and make fools of scholiasts. Puzzle them he did; and they could not forgive a clever stripling, whom hunger had tempted to don an ancient mask, and impose himself on their spectacled eyes as a reverend elder. Rogue!—vagabond! Profligate impostor! The slim, sleek, embroidered juggler of the Castle of Otranto had not a kind word for this ragged orphan of his own craft. He, whose ambition was to shine among writers who have given intellectual grace to their noble lineage—among whom assuredly he does and will shine—but whose acute consciousness of something meretricious in his metal, made him doubt if the public would accept coinage from his mint; and so caused him to wear tentative disguises, whether he elaborated a romance or a keen and playful witticism—and who really did injustice to his own powers,—not from modesty but meanness,—even he, the son of a prime minister and heir to a peerage—a man who was himself always something of a trickster, now mystifying a blind old woman at Paris; now sending open

letters, privately nullified, recommending the bearers to his friend the envoy at Florence; now, with the mechanic aid of village carpenters and bricklayers, rearing a frail edifice bristling with false points, and persuading the world that it was all pure Gothic, perhaps chuckling at his assurance—even this shrewd mummer gravely shook his head at Chatterton, and frowned on him as a cheat! True; they were both cheats; Horace Walpole from apprehensive vanity; Chatterton from proud oblique humility. The Bristol boy knew his worth; but, doubting the equity as well as the sagacity of his judges, he did not venture to produce it as his own. He supposed that an obscure and penniless youth, such as he, could have little chance of attention or fair play in the world if he appeared in his proper character; so he painfully assumed another, of a nature that could not long have been supported even had he been a various linguist deeply versed in etymologies, and especially proficient in our extinct idioms, and their several dates of usage, instead of wanting even Latin enough to understand the easiest parts of Skinner's *Etymology of the English tongue*, one of the books that he consulted and guessed at.

Of all modern suicides this youth was the most interesting; of all literary impostors the least unpardonable, though his ways were, unhappily for himself, of indefensible crookedness. He neither ascribed his fictions to a great name as Ireland did, nor did he, like Macpherson, steal the heart out of national ballads and traditions, to stuff a Bombastes Penseroso of his own making.

Any competent, yet moderately indulgent reader, who should for the first time take up Chatterton's works, and beginning at the beginning, in Tyrwhitt's first edition, for example, peruse no more than sixty or seventy pages, would probably lay down the volume somewhat disappointed not to have found the very extraordinary merit he had expected. The compositions that this partial examination would take in are three—*Eclogues*, *Elinour and Juga*, *Verses to Lydgate*, with *Song to Ella*, *Lydgate's Answer*, and the *Tournament*.

The first *Eclogue* is a conversation between two fugitive shepherds, who bewail the wretched condition to which the barons' wars have reduced them. It contains some pleasing lines.

As the rustics discuss their grievances in a valley under cover of

“ Eve's mantle gray,
The rustling leaves do their white hearts affray.
They regret the pleasures of their forsaken home,
* * * the kingcup decked mees,
The spreading flocks of sheep of lily white,
The tender applings and embodied trees,
The parker's grange, far spreading to the sight,
The gentle kine, the bullocks strong in fight,
The garden whiten'd with the comfrey plant,
The flowers Saint Mary shooting with the light—
* * *
The far-seen groves around the hermit's cell,
The merry fiddle dinning up the dell,
The joyous dancing in the hostry court—
But now,
 high song and every joy farewell,
Farewell the very shade of fair disport.”

In the second *Eclogue*, a good son invokes blessings on his father, who is gone with the crusaders to Palestine. He describes with much animation

the voyage, the landing in Syria, the warring Saracens, King Richard of lion's heart, and anticipates victory and the return to England.

“ Thus Nigel said, when from the azure sea
The swollen sail did dance before his eyne.
Swift as the wish he to the beach did fly,
And found his father stepping from the brine.
Sprites of the blest, the pious Nigel said,
Pour out your pleasance on my father's head!”

The third Eclogue, if divested of certain exuberances—for Chatterton was precocious in every thing, and many of his fancies want the Bowdler pruning-knife—might be seasonably transferred to some of our penny publications for the benefit of Mr Frost's disciples. A poor man and woman, on their way to the parson's hayfield, complain to each other of their hard lot in being obliged to earn their

bread by the sweat of their brows. "Why," asks the woman, "should I be more obligated to work than the fine Dame Agnes? What is she more than me?" The man, unable to solve so knotty a point, says he doesn't see how he himself is not as good as a lord's son, but he will ask Sir Roger the parson, whom he consults accordingly.

"*Man.*—By your priestship now say unto me,
Sir Godfrey the knight, who liveth hard by,
Why should he than me
Be more great
In honour, knighthood, and estate?"

"*Sir Roger.*—If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
Believe the truth, none happier is than thee.
Thou workest well; can that a trouble be?
Sloth more would jade thee than the roughest day.
Could'st thou the secret minds of others see,
Thou would'st full soon see truth in what I say.
But let me hear thy way of life, and then
Hear thou from me the lives of richer men.

"*Man.*—I rise with the sun,
Like him to drive the wain,
And, ere my work is done,
I sing a song or twain.
I follow the plough-tail
With a bottle of ale.
On every saint's day
With the minstrel I'm seen,
All footing away
With the maids on the green.
But oh, I wish to be more great,
In honour, station, and estate!"

"*Sir Roger.*—Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
Whose ample boughs stretch wide around to sight?
When angry tempests do the heavens fill,
It shaketh drear, in dole and much affright:
While the small flower in lowly graces deck'd
Standeth unhurt, untroubled by the storm.
The picture such of life. The man of might
Is tempest-chafed, his woe great as his form;
Thyself, a floweret of small account,
Would harder feel the wind as higher thou didst mount."

Sir Roger's moral is trite enough, yet it seems to have escaped the consideration of our Chartist and Socialists.

Elinour the nut brown, and Juga the fair, are two pining maidens, who, seated on the banks of the Redbourne,

a river near St Alban's, are each bemoaning their lovers, gone to fight in that neighbourhood for the Rose of York. Presently, racked with suspense, they hasten nearer to the scene of action.

"*Like twain of clouds that hold the stormy rain,
They moved gently o'er the dewy meads
To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
There did they find that both their knights were slain.
Distraught they wander'd to swoln Redbourne's side,
Yell'd there their deadly knell, sank in the waves, and died.*"

The verses to Lydgate consist of ten lines of no merit at all, and supposed to be sent to him by Rowley, with the Ode to Ella, which has a movement that recalls Collins, a lyrical artist perhaps unexcelled in our language, and in whose manner Chatter-

ton so obviously and frequently compares, that that fact alone might have settled the Rowley question, though we are not aware that it was ever particularly insisted on in the controversy.

“ Oh Thou, or what remains of Thee,
Ella! the darling of futurity,
Let this my song bold as thy courage be,
As everlasting to posterity—

“ When Dacia's sons, with hair of blood-red hue,
Like kingcups glittering with the morning dew,
Arranged in drear array,
Upon the fatal day,
Spread far and wide on Watchet's shore,
Then didst thou furious stand,
And by thy valiant hand
Besprinkle all the meads with gore.

“ Driven by thy broadsword fell,
Down to the depths of hell,
Thousands of Dacians went.

* * * *

“ Oh Thou, where'er, thy bones at rest,
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood-embued plain—
Or where thou ken'st from far,
The dismal cry of war,
Or see'st some mountain made of corpses slain,

“ Or see'st the war-clad steed
That prances o'er the mead,
And neighs to be among the pointed spears—
Or in black armour stalk around
Embattled Bristol, once thy ground,
Or haunt with lurid glow the castle stairs,

“ Or, fiery, round the Minster glare!
Let Bristol still be made thy care;
Guard it from foeman and consuming fire;
Like Avon's stream embrace it round,
Nor let a sparkle harm the ground,
Till in one flame the total world expire.”

The quatrains entitled Lydgate's answer, are amply complimentary on the foregoing song, but otherwise as prosaic as the lines that introduce it.

* * * *

“ Among the Grecians Homer was
A poet much renown'd;
Among the Latins *Virgilius*
Was best of poets found.

“ The British Merlin often had
The gift of inspiration;
And Afled to the Saxon men
Did sing with animation.

“ In Norman times Turgotus and
Good Chaucer did excel;
Then Stowe, the Bristol Carmelite,
Did bear away the bell.

“ Now Rowley, in these murky days,
Sends out his shining lights,

And Turgotus and Chaucer live
In every line he writes.”

The next is the Tournament, an interlude. Sir Simon de Burton, its hero, is supposed to have been the first founder, in accomplishment of a vow made on the occasion, of a church dedicated to *Our Lady*, in the place where the church of St Mary Redcliff now stands. There is life and force in the details of this tourney; and the songs of the minstrel are good, especially the first, which is a gallant hunting stave in honour of William the Red King, who hunts the stag, the wolf, and “ the lion brought from sultry lands.” The sentiment con-

veyed in the burden of this spirited chorus sounds oddly considerate, as the command issued by William Rufus :—

"Go, rouse the lion from his hidden den,
Let thy darts drink the blood of any thing
but men."

To the paternity of the next in order—the Bristol Tragedy, or Death of Sir Charles Baldwin—Chatterton confessed; and such an admission might have satisfied any one but Dean Milles. The language is modern—the measure flowing without interruption; and, though the orthography affects to be antiquated, there is but one word (*bataunt*) in the whole series of quatrains, ninety-eight in number, that would embarrass any reader in his teens; though a boy that could generate such a poem as that, might well be believed the father of other giants whom he chose to disown. It is a masterpiece in its kind, almost unexceptionable in all its parts. The subject is supposed to have been suggested by the fate of Sir Baldwin Fulford, a zealous Lancastrian, beheaded at Bristol in 1461, the first year of the reign of Edward IV., who, it is believed, was actually present at the execution.

Now comes *Ella*, a tragical interlude, or discoursing tragedy, by Thomas Rowley, prefaced by two letters to Master Canning, and an introduction. In the first letter, among various sarcasms on the age, is one, complaining that

"In holy priest appears the baron's pride."

A proposition, we fear, at least as true in our day as in the fifteenth century. From the same epistle we would recommend to the consideration of the Pontius Pilates of our era, the numerous poets who choose none but awfully perilous themes, and who reenact tremendous mysteries more confidently than if they were all Miltons, the annexed judicious admonition :—

"Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet ;

Let some great story of a man be sung ;
When as a man we God and Jesus treat,
In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong."

And the following piece of advice, from the same letter, would not be ill bestowed on modern shopocracy :—

"Let kings and rulers, when they gain a throne,

Show what their grandsires and great-grandsires bore ;

Let trades' and towns'-folk let such things alone,

Nor fight for sable on a field of ore."

Yet he who could give this sensible counsel did by no means follow it. Chatterton, who really could trace back his ancestors for 150 years as a family of gravediggers, drew out for himself a pedigree which would have astonished Garter king-at-arms, and almost abashed a Welsh or German genealogy. He derived his descent from Sire de Chasteautonne, of the house of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, who made an incursion on the coast of Britain in the ninth century, and was driven away by Alfred the Great! Nine shields, exhibiting the family arms, were carefully prepared by him, and are preserved, with many other and very various inventions by the same hand, in the British Museum; and neat engravings of those Chatterton escutcheons are furnished by Mr Cottle, in his excellent essays on this tortuous genius. He was equally liberal in providing a pedigree for his friend Mr Burgham, a worthy and credulous pewterer in his native town, convincing him, by proofs that were not conclusive at the Herald's College, that he was descended from the De Burghams, who possessed the estate and manor of Brougham in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and so allying the delighted hearer with the forefathers of an illustrious Ex-Chancellor of our day. No less a personage, too, than Fitz-Stephen, son of Stephen Earl of Ammerle in 1095, grandson of Od, Earl of Blois and Lord of Holderness, was the progenitor gravely assigned to Chatterton's relative, Mr Stephens, leather-breeches-maker of Salisbury. Evidence of all sorts was ever ready among the treasures in the Redcliff muniment room, the Blue-Coat boy's "Open Sesame!"

The plot of *Ella* may be told in a few words. *Ella*, a renowned English warrior, the same who is invoked in the fine song already quoted, marries Bertha, of whom his friend and fellow warrior, Celmond, is secretly enamoured. On the wedding-day he is called suddenly away to oppose a Danish force, which he defeats, but

not without receiving wounds severe enough to prevent his immediate return home. Celmond takes advantage of this circumstance, and under pretence of conducting Bertha to her husband, betrays her into a forest that chances to be the covert of Hurra, the Danish general, and others of the discomfited invaders. Her shrieks bring Hurra and his companions to her aid. They kill Celmond, and ge-

nerously resolve to restore Bertha to her lord. He in the mean time, impatient to rejoin his bride, has contrived to get home, where, when he hears of her ill-explained departure, believing her false, he stabs himself. She arrives only in time to see him die.

Celmond, soliloquizing on the charms of Bertha, exclaims,—

“ Ah, Bertha, why did nature frame thee fair ?
Why art thou not as coarse as others are ?
But then thy soul would through thy visage shine ;
Like nut-brown cloud when by the sun made red,
So would thy spirit on thy visage spread.”

At the wedding-feast, so unexpectedly interrupted by news of the Danes, the following pretty stanzas are sung by minstrels representing a young man and woman.

“ *Man.*—Turn thee to thy shepherd swain ;
Bright sun has not drunk the dew
From the flowers of yellow hue ;
Turn thee, Alice, back again.

Woman.—No, deceiver, I will go,
Softly tripping o’er the mees,
Like the silver-footed doe
Seeking shelter in green trees.

Man.—See the moss-grown daisied bank
Peering in the stream below ;
Here we’ll sit in dewy dank,
Turn thee, Alice : do not go.

Woman.—I’ve heard erst my grandam say
That young damsels should not be,
In the balmy month of May,
With young men by the greenwood tree.

Man.—Sit thee, Alice, sit and hark
How the blackbird chants his note,
The goldfinch and the gray-morn lark,
Shrilling from their little throat.

Woman.—I hear them from each greenwood tree
Chanting out so lustily,
Telling lectures unto me,
Mischief is when you are nigh.

Man.—See, along the meads so green
Pièd daisies, kingcups sweet,
All we see ; by none are seen ;
None but sheep set here their feet.

Woman.—Shepherd swain, you tear my sleeve ;
Out upon you ! let me go ;
Keep your distance, by your leave,
Till Sir Priest make one of two.

Man.—By our lady and her bairn,
To-morrow, soon as it is day,
I’ll make thee wife, nor be forsworn,
So may I live or die for aye.

Woman.—What doth hinder but that now
We at once, thus hand in hand,

Unto a divine do go,
And be link'd in wedlock-band?
(Sensible woman!)

Man.—I agree, and thus I plight
Hand and heart and all that's mine.
Good Sir Herbert do us right,
Make us one at Cuthbert's shrine.

Both.—We will in a cottage live,
Happy though of no estate;
Every hour more love shall give;
We in goodness will be great."

The two Danish generals, Hurra and Magnus, warm their blood to the fighting temperature before the battle by quarreling with and abusing each other, like Grecian heroes. They are both bullies, but Hurra is brave and

Magnus a craven. Chatterton's sarcastic humour plays them off admirably. The result of the struggle between the two armies is pithily announced by one of the fugitives:—

"Fly, fly, ye Danes! Magnus the chief is slain;
The Saxons come with Ella at their head:
Fly, fly, *this is the kingdom of the dead.*"

In this drama is the exquisite melody, "O, sing unto my roundelay!" with which every one is familiar, as it is introduced into all our popular selections from the poets.

Here is a cunning description of dawn.

"The morn begins along the east to sheen,
Darkling the light doth on the waters play;
The faint red flame slow creepeth o'er the green,
To chase the murkiness of night away,
Swift flies the hour that will bring out the day.
The soft dew falleth on the greening grass;
The shepherd-maiden, dighting her array,
Scarce sees her visage in the wavy glass."

Such extracts do not, and are not intended to, convey any notion of Chatterton's dramatic power in this play. Mere extracts would not do justice to that, and therefore we confine ourselves to selections of a few out of many passages that can stand independent of plot or action, without

detriment to their effect. The same remark will not apply to the next piece, or rather fragment. Godwin, a Tragedy, by Thomas Rowley. It is short, and the dramatic interest weak. In the following noble chorus, however, we recognise the genius of Chatterton:—

"When Freedom, drest in blood-stained vest,
To every knight her war-song sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory broadsword by her hung,
She paced along the heath,
She heard the voice of death.
"Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain essay'd her bosom to congeal:
She heard inflamed the shrieking voice of Woe,
And cry of owls along the sadden'd vale,
She shook the pointed spear,
On high she raised her shield;
Her foemen all appear,
And fly along the field.
"Power, with his head uplifted to the skies,
His spear a sunbeam and his shield a star,
Like two bright-burning meteors rolls his eyes,
Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.

She sits upon a rock,
 She bends before his spear,
 She rises from the shock,
 Wielding her own in air.

"Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on;
 Keen wit, close muffled, guides it to his crown;
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield are goë,
 He falls, and falling rolleth thousands down."

A short prologue by Master William Canning, informs us that this tragedy of Godwin was designed to vindicate the Kentish earl's memory from prejudices raised against him by monkish writers, who had mistaken his character, and accused him of ungodliness "for that he gifted not the church." There are but three scenes in the play. In the first, Godwin and

Harold confer together on the distressed state of the nation, and the weakness of the king, whose court is overrun with Norman favourites to the exclusion of the English knights, and the great oppression of the people. Harold, young and impetuous, is for instant rebellion; but the father tries to moderate his rage, recommending patience and calm preparation.

Godwin.—What tidings from the king?

Harold.—His Normans know.

Godwin.—What tidings of the people?

Harold.—Still murmuring at their fate, still to the king
 They roll their troubles like a surging sea.

Has England, then, a tongue but not a sting?

Do all complain, yet will none righted be?

Godwin.—Await the time when God will send us aid.

Harold.—Must we, then, drowse away the weary hours?

I'll free my country, or I'll die in fight.

Godwin.—But let us wait until some season fit.

My Kentishmen, thy Somerton's shall rise,

Their prowess warmer for the cloak of wit.

Again the argent horse shall prance in skies."

An allusion, says Chatterton, to the arms of Kent, a horse salient, argent. As to the cloak of wit, it may possibly be preserved in Somersetshire; but the mantle certainly was not tied as an indefeasible heirloom over the broad shoulders of the county of Kent. No ancient Saxons, or even Britons, ever displayed prowess so stolid as those brave wild-wood savages of Boughton Blean, near Canterbury, who recently fell in battle with her Majesty's 45th regiment, opposing sticks to balls and bayonets, under their doughty leader Sir William Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, Knight of Malta, King of Jerusalem, and much more. And there were other blockheads, substantial dunces, of respectable station in East Kent, among this ignorant and ambitious madman's supporters; men who

had been at school to little purpose. Such an insurrection of satyrs, and such a Pan, in the middle of the nineteenth century, within earshot of the bells of Christchurch! But this by the bye.

The next poem is styled English Metamorphosis, by T. Rowley. It consists of eleven stanzas of ten lines each, all fluent and spirited, and some of very superior merit. It is the fable of Sabrina, Milton's "daughter of Locrine," transliquified to the river Severn, while her mother, Elstrida, was changed to the ridge of stones that rises on either side of it, Vincent's rocks at Clifton, and their enemy, the giant, was transformed to the mountain Snowdon. This giant was a very Enceladus.

"He tore a ragged mountain from the ground,
 Hurried up nodding forests to the sky:
 Then with a fury that might earth astound,
 To middle air he let the mountain fly,
 The flying wolves sent forth a yelling cry."

In illustration of Elstrida's beauty,—

"The morning tinge, the rose, the lily flower,
 In ever-running race on her did paint their power."

The most vulgar and outworn simile is refreshed with a grace by the touch of Chatterton.

Of the next poem—An excellent ballad of Charity, by the good priest, Thomas Rowley, 1454—it is clear that the young author thought highly, by a note that he transmitted with it to the printer of the “Town and Country Magazine,” July 4, 1770, the month preceding that of his death. Unlike too many bearers of sounding appellations, it has certainly something more than its title to recommend it.

The octosyllabic lines—twenty only—on Redeliff Church, by T. R., show what nice feeling Chatterton had for the delicacies of that florid architecture :—

“The cunning handiwork so fine,
Had wellnigh dazzled mine eyne.
Quoth I, some artful fairy hand
Uprear'd this chapel in this land.
Full well I know so fine a sight,
Was never raised by mortal wight.”

Of its majesty he speaks in another measure :—

“Stay, curious traveller, and pass not by
Until this festive pile astound thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks, with iron join'd, survey;
And oaks with oaks that interfitted lie;
This mighty pile that keeps the winds at bay,
And doth the lightning and the storm defy,
That shoots aloft into the realms of day,
Shall be the record of the builder's fame for aye.
Thou see'st this mastery of a human hand,
The pride of Bristol, and the western land.
Yet is the builder's virtue much more great;
Greater than can by Rowley's pen be scann'd.
Thou see'st the saints and kings in stony state,
As if with breath and human soul expand.
Well may'st thou be astounded—view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the builder's virtues and his name.
Of this tall spire in every country tell,
And with thy tale the lazy rich men shame;
Show how the glorious Canning did excel;
How he, good man, a friend for kings became,
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and fame.”

The “Battle of Hastings” is the longest of Chatterton's poems, and the reader who arrives at its abrupt termination will probably not grieve that it is left unfinished. The whole contains about 1300 lines in stanzas of ten, describing archery fights and heroic duels that are rather tedious by their similarity, and offensive from the smell of the shambles; and which any quick-witted stripling with the knack of rhyming might perhaps have done as well, and less coarsely, after reading Chapman's or Ogilby's Homer, or the fighting scenes in Spenser, the Border Ballads, &c. But even this composition is not unconscious of

the true afflatus, such as is incommunicable by learning, not to be inhaled by mere imitative powers, and which might be vainly sought for in hundreds of highly elaborated prize poems.

There is nothing more interesting in British history than the subject; and it is one which Chatterton, with all his genius, was much too young to treat in a manner at all approaching to epic completeness. Yet a few specimens might show that he is not deficient in the energy of the Homeric poetry of action. But here is metal more attractive, a young Saxon wife :—

“White as the chalky cliffs of Britain's isle,
Red as the highest-coloured Gallic wine,
Gay as all nature at the morning smile,
Those hues with pleasance on her lips combine;
Her lips more red than summer evening's skies,
Or Phœbus rising in a frosty morn;
Her breast more white than snow in fields that lies,
Or lily lambs that never have been shorn,
Swelling like bubbles in a boiling well,
Or new-burst brooklets gentling whispering in the dell,

"Brown as the filbert dropping from the shell,
Brown as the nappy ale at Hocktide game—
So brown the crooked rings that neatly fell
Over the neck of that all-beauteous dame.
Grey as the morn before the ruddy flame
Of Phœbus' chariot rolling through the sky;
Grey as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame—
So grey appear'd her fealty sparkling eye.
* * *

"Majestic as the grove of oaks that stood
Before the abbey built by Oswald king;
Majestic as Hibernia's holy wood,
Where saints, and souls departed, masses sing—
Such awe from her sweet look far issuing,
At once for reverence and love did call.
Sweet as the voice of thrushes in the spring,
So sweet the words that from her lips did fall.
* * *

"Taper as candles laid at Cuthbert's shrine,
Taper as silver chalices for wine,
So were her arms and shape.—
As skilful miners by the stones above
Can ken what metal is inlaid below,
So Kennewalcha's face, design'd for love,
The lovely image of her soul did show.
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun, her mind,
Did gild her mortal shape and all her charms refined."

The next poem, and the last of the *modern-antiques* that it may be worth while to note, is the story of William Canning, the illustrious founder of Red-cliff Church, and is worthy of the author and his subject.

"Anent a brooklet as I lay reclined,
Listening to hear the water glide along,
Minding how thorough the green meads it twined,
While caves responded to its muttering song,
To distant-rising Avon as it sped,
Where, among hills, the river show'd his head.

Engarlanded with crowns of osier-weeds,
And wreaths of alders of a pleasant scent.
* * *

"Then from the distant stream arose a maid,
Whose gentle tresses moved not to the wind.
Like to the silver moon in frosty night,
The damsel did come on so blithe and bright.
No broider'd mantle of a scarlet hue,
No peaked shoon with plaited riband gear,
No costly paraments of woaden blue;
Nought of a dress but beauty did she wear;
Naked she was, and lookèd sweet of youth,
And all betoken'd that her name was Truth."

The few words then spoken by this angelical lady—who unhappily favoured Chatterton but with "angel visits, short and far between"—throw him into a reverie on the life of William Canning, whose boyhood was more fortunate than the poet's; for it is here reported of Canning, that

"He ate down learning with the wastle-cake."

Chatterton, poor fellow, had neither fine bread to eat, nor fine learning within the possibility of his acquisition. Yet even the worthy Corporation of his native city will, we doubt not, be willing to allow that the Blue-Coat Charity boy might be entitled to the praise he gives Canning in the next couplet: that he—

"As wise as any of the Aldermen,
Had wit enough to make a Mayor at ten."

We have limited these slight notices to the Rowley Poems; and such readers of our extracts as have been repelled from the perusal of those poems, by the formidable array of uncouth diction and strange spelling, may enquire what has become of the hard words. Here are long quotations, and not an obsolete term or unfamiliar metre among them. Chatterton took great pains to encrust his gold with verd-antique; it requires little to remove the green rubbish from the coin. By the aid of little else than his own glossary, "the Gode Preeste Rowleie, Aucthoure," is restored to his true form and pressure, and is all the fairer for the renovation.

We have no space for examination of the "numerous verse," and verses numerous, that Chatterton left undisguised by barbarous phraseology. His modern poems, morally exceptionable as is much of the matter, are affluent of the genius that inspired the old. African Eclogues, Elegies, Political Satires, Amatory Triflings, Lines on the Copernican System, the Consuliad, Lines on Happiness, *Resignation*, The Art of Puffing, and Kew Gardens—to say nothing of his equally remarkable prose writings—attest the versatility of his powers, and the variety of his perception of men and manners. His knowledge of the world appears to have been almost intuitive; for surely no youth of his years ever displayed so much. Bristol, it is true, was, of all great towns in England, one of the most favourable to the development of his peculiar and complicated faculties. His passion for antiquarian lore, and his poetical enthusiasm, found a nursing mother in a city so rich in ancient architecture, heraldic monuments, and historical interest; his caustic humour was amply fed from

the full tide of human life, with all its follies, in that populous mart; and his exquisite sensibility to the beautiful and magnificent in nature, was abundantly ministered to by the surrounding country. We are told that he had been by some odd chance taught his alphabet, and his first lesson in "reading made easy," out of a black-letter Bible! That accident may have had its share in forming his taste for old-fashioned literature. But he was an attorney's clerk! The very name of a lawyer's office seems to suggest a writ of ejectment against all poetical influences in the brain of his indented apprentice. Yet Chatterton's anomalous genius was in all likelihood fostered by that dark, yet subtle atmosphere. His duty of copying precedents must have initiated him in many of the astute wiles and twisted lines of reasoning that lead to what is termed sharp practice, and so may have confirmed and aided his propensities to artifice; while the mere manual operation tutored his fingers to dexterity at quaint penmanship. He had much leisure too; for it is recorded that his master's business seldom occupied him more than two hours a day. He was left to devote the rest of his time unquestioned to all the devices of an inordinate imagination.

After all, it is no unreasonable charity to believe, that what was unworthy and unsound in his character, and probably in his physical temperament, might, under more auspicious circumstances of condition and training, have been kept in check till utterly expelled by the force of his own maturer mind. In weighing his faults against his genius and its better fruits, it should never be forgotten that when he terminated his existence he was only seventeen years and nine months old.

"More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues and horrors not its own."*

May we not even dare to hope, then, though he "perished in his pride," that he is still a living genius, assailed

of that foul stain of self-murder, and a chartered spiritualized melody where want and trouble madden not?

* T. Warton's "Suicide."

IGNACIO GUERRA AND EL SANGRADOR ;

A TALE OF CIVIL WAR.

ON a June evening in the year 1839, four persons were assembled in the balcony of a pleasant little villa, some half-league from the town of Logroño in Navarre. The site of the house in question was a narrow valley, formed by a double range of wood-covered hills, the lower limbs of a mountain chain that bounded the horizon some miles in rear of the villa. The house itself was a long, low building, of which the white stone walls had acquired the mellow tint that time and exposure to the seasons can alone impart. A solid balcony of carved unpainted oak ran completely round the house, its breadth preventing the rays of the sun from entering the rooms on the ground floor, and thereby converting them into a cool and delightful refuge from the heats of summer. The windows of the first and only story opened upon this balcony, which, in its turn, received shelter from a roof of yellow canes, laid side by side, and fastened by innumerable packthreads, in the same way as Indian matting. This sort of awning was supported by light wooden pillars, placed at distances of five or six feet from each other, and corresponding with the more massive columns that sustained the balcony. At the foot of these latter, various creeping plants had taken root. A broad-leaved vine pushed its knotty branches and curled tendrils up to the very roof of the dwelling, and a passion-flower displayed its mystical purple blossoms nearly at as great a height; while the small white stars of the jasmine glittered among its narrow dark-green leaves, and every passing breeze wafted the scent of the honeysuckle and clematis through the open windows, in puffs of overpowering fragrance.

About two hundred yards to the right of the house, rose one of the ranges of hills already mentioned, and on the opposite side the eye glanced over some of those luxuriant corn-fields which form so important a part of the riches of the fertile province of Navarre. The ground in front of the villa was tastefully laid out as a flower garden,

and, midway between two magnificent chestnut trees, a mountain rivulet fell into a large stone basin, and fed a fountain, from which it was spouted twenty feet into the air, greatly to the refreshment of the surrounding pastures.

The party that on the evening in question was enjoying the scent of the flowers and the song of the nightingales, to which the neighbouring trees afforded a shelter, consisted, in the first place, of Don Torribio Olana, a wealthy proprietor of La Rioja, and owner of the country-house that has been described. He had been long used to pass the hot months of each year at this pleasant retreat; and it was no small calamity to him when the civil war that broke out on the death of Ferdinand, rendered it scarcely safe, in Navarre at least, to live out of musket-shot of a garrison. Sometimes, however, and in spite of the advice of his friends, who urged him to greater prudence, the worthy Riojano would mount his easy-going round-quartered cob, and leave the town for a few hours' rustication at his *Retiro*. After a time, finding himself unmolested either by Carlists or by the numerous predatory bands that overran the country, he took for companions of his excursions his daughter Gertrudis, and an orphan niece, to whom he supplied the place of a father. Five years of impunity were taken as a guarantee for future safety, and Don Torribio now no longer hesitated to pass the night at his country-house as often as he found it convenient. It was observed, also, that many of those persons who had at first loudly blamed him for risking his neck, and that of his daughter and niece, in order to enjoy a purer atmosphere than could be inhaled in the dusty streets of Logroño, at length gathered so much courage from his example, as to accompany him out to the *Retiro*, and eat his excellent dinners, and empty his cobweb-covered bottles, without allowing their fear of the Carlists to diminish their thirst or disturb their digestion.

Upon this occasion, however, the

only guest was a young and handsome man, whose sunburnt countenance and military gait bespoke the soldier, while a double stripe of gold lace on the cuff of his blue frock-coat, marked his rank as that of lieutenant-colonel. Although not more than thirty years of age, Don Ignacio Guerra had already attained a grade which is often the price of as many years' service; but his rapid promotion was so well justified by his merit and gallantry, that few were found to complain of a preference which all felt was deserved. Both by moral and physical qualities, he was admirably suited to the profession he had embraced. Slender in person, but well knit and muscular, he possessed extraordinary activity, and a capacity of enduring great fatigue. Indulgent to those under his command, and self-denying in all that regarded himself personally, his enthusiasm for the cause he served was such, that during nearly two years that he had been the accepted lover of Donna Gertrudis Olana, this was only the second time he had left his regiment for a few days' visit to his affianced bride. He had arrived at Logroño the preceding day from a town lower down the Ebro, where the battalion he commanded was stationed; and Don Torribio, with whom he was a great favourite, had lost no time in taking him out to the *Retiro*; nor, perhaps, were the lovers sorry to leave the noise and bustle of the town for this calm and peaceful retreat.

It was about an hour after sunset, and Don Torribio sat dozing in an arm-chair, with his old black dog Moro coiled up at his feet, and his niece Teresa beside him, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of choice flowers, while at the other end of the balcony Gertrudis and her lover were looking out upon the garden. The silence was unbroken, save by the splashing noise of the fountain as it fell back upon the water-lilies that covered its basin. The moon was as yet concealed behind the high ground to the right of the house; but the sky in that direction was lighted up by its beams, and the outline of every tree and bush on the summit of the hill was defined and cut out, as it were, against the clear blue background. Suddenly Gertrudis called her companion's attention to the neighbouring mountain. "See, Ignacio!" exclaimed she, "yonder bush on the very highest

point of the hill! Could not one almost fancy it to be a man with a gun in his hand? and that clump of leaves on the top bough might be the *boina* of one of those horrid Carlists?"

While she spoke the officer ran his eye along the ridge of the hill, and started when he caught sight of the object pointed out by Gertrudis; but before he could reply to her remark, she was called away by her father. At that moment the supposed bush made a sudden movement, and the long bright barrel of a musket glittered in the moonbeams. The next instant the figure disappeared as suddenly as though it had sunk into the earth.

The Christino colonel remained for a moment gazing on the mountain, and then, turning away, hastened to accompany his host and the ladies, who had received a summons to supper. On reaching the foot of the stairs, however, instead of following them into the supper-room, he passed through the house-door, which stood open, and, after a moment's halt in the shade of the lattice portico, sprang forward with a light and noiseless step, and in three or four bounds found himself under one of the large chestnut trees that stood on either side the fountain. Keeping within the black shadow thrown by the branches, he cast a keen and searching glance over the garden and shrubberies, now partially lighted up by the moon. Nothing was moving either in the garden, or as far as he could see into the adjacent country. He was about to return to the house, when a blow on the back of the head stretched him stunned upon the ground. In an instant a slip-knot was drawn tight round his wrists, and his person securely pinioned by a strong cord to the tree under which he had been standing. A cloth was crammed into his mouth to prevent his calling out, and the three men who had thus rapidly and dexterously effected his capture, darted off in the direction of the house.

Desperate were the efforts made by Don Ignacio to free himself from his bonds, and his struggles became almost frantic, when the sound of a scuffle in the house, followed by the piercing shrieks of women, reached his ears. He succeeded in getting rid of the handkerchief that gagged him, but

the rope with which his arms were bound, and that had afterwards been twined round his body and the tree, withstood his utmost efforts. In vain did he throw himself forward with all his strength, striking his feet furiously against the trunk of the tree, and writhing his arms till the sharp cord cut into the very sinew. The rope appeared rather tightened than slackened by his violence. The screams and noise in the house continued; he was sufficiently near to hear the hoarse voices and obscene oaths of the banditti—the prayers for mercy of their victims. At length the shrieks became less frequent and fainter, and at last they died away entirely.

Two hours had elapsed since Ignacio had been made prisoner, hours that to him appeared centuries. Exhausted by the violence of his exertions, and still more by the mental agony he had endured, his head fell forward on his breast, a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and had it not been for the cords that held him up, he would have fallen to the ground. He was roused from this state of exhaustion and despair by the noise of approaching footsteps, and by the arrival of a dozen men, three or four of whom carried torches. They were dressed in the sort of half uniform worn by the Carlist *volantes*, or irregular troops; round their waists were leathern belts filled with cartridges, and supporting bayonets and long knives, in many instances without sheaths. Ignacio observed with a shudder that several of the ruffians had their hands and weapons stained with blood.

"Whom have we here?" exclaimed a sallow, evil-visaged fellow, who wore a pair of tarnished epaulets. "Is this the *negro* you secured at the beginning of the affair?"

One of the men nodded assent, and the chief bandit, taking a torch, passed it before the face of the captive officer.

"*Un militar!*" exclaimed he, observing the uniform button. "Your name and rank?"

Receiving no reply, he stepped a little on one side, and looked to the coat-cuff for the usual sign of grade.

"*Teniente coronel!*" cried he on seeing the double stripe.

A man stepped forward, and Ignacio, who knew that death was the best he had to expect at the hands of these

ruffians, and was observing their proceedings in stern silence, immediately recognized a deserter from his battalion.

"'Tis the Colonel Ignacio Guerra," said the man; "he commands the first battalion of the Toledo regiment."

An exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from the Carlists on hearing the name of an officer and battalion, well known and justly dreaded among the adherents of the Pretender. Their leader again threw the light of the torch on the features of the Christino, and gazed at him for the space of a minute with an expression of cruel triumph.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "*el Coronel Guerra!* He is worth taking to headquarters."

"We shall have enough to do to get away ourselves, laden as we are," said one of the men, pointing to a number of large packages of plunder lying on the grass hard by. "Who is to take charge of the prisoner? Not I, for one."

A murmur among the other brigands approved this mutinous speech.

"*Cuatro tiros,*" suggested a voice.

"Yes," said the leader, "to bring down the enemy's pickets upon us. They are not a quarter of a league off. Pedro, lend me your knife. We will see," he added with a cruel grin, "how the gallant colonel will look cropped."

A knife-blade glanced for a moment in the torchlight as it was passed round the head of the Christino officer.

"*Toma! chicos!*" said the savage, as he threw the ears of the unhappy Ignacio amongst his men. A ferocious laugh from the banditti welcomed this act of barbarous cruelty.

The leader sheathed the knife twice in his victim's breast before restoring it to its owner; and the Carlists, snatching up their booty, disappeared in the direction of the mountains.

At daybreak the following morning, some peasants going to their labour in the fields saw the body of the unfortunate officer still fastened to the tree. They unbound him, and, perceiving some signs of life, carried him into Logroño, where they gave the alarm. A detachment was immediately sent out to the Retiro, but it was too late to pursue the assassins; and all that could be done was to bring in the

bodies of Don Torribio, his daughter, and niece, who were lying dead in the supper-room. An old groom and two women servants had shared a like fate; the horses had been taken out of the stable, and the house ransacked of every thing valuable.

For several weeks Ignacio Guerra remained wavering, as it were, between life and death. At length he recovered; but his health was so much impaired, that the surgeons forbade his again encountering the fatigues of a campaign. Enfeebled in body, heartbroken at the horrible fate of Gertrudis, and foreseeing the speedy termination of the war, consequent on the concluded treaty of Bergara, he threw up his commission, and left Spain to seek forgetfulness of his misfortunes in foreign travel.

In all French towns of any consequence, and in many whose size and population would almost class them under the denomination of villages, there is some favourite spot serving as an evening lounge for the inhabitants, whither, on Sundays and fête-days especially, the belles and *élégants* of the place resort, to criticize each other's toilet, and parade up and down a walk varying from one to two or three hundred yards in extent.

The ancient city of Toulouse is of course not without its promenade, although but poor taste has been evinced in its selection; for, while on one side of the town soft well-trimmed lawns, cool fountains, and magnificent avenues of elm and plane trees, are abandoned to nursery-maids and their charges, the rendezvous of the fashionables of the pleasant capital of Languedoc is a parched and dusty *allée*, scantily sheltered by trees of recent growth, extending from the canal to the open square formerly known as the Place d'Angoulême, but since 1830 re-baptized by the name of the revolutionary patriarch General Lafayette.

It was on a Sunday evening of the month of August 1840, and the *Allée Lafayette* was more than usually crowded. After a day of uncommon sultriness, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and a little before sundown the fair Toulousaines had deserted their darkened and artificially cooled rooms, and flocked to the promenade. The walk was thronged with gaily attired ladies, smirking dandies, and officers in full dress. In the fields on the

further side of the canal, a number of men of the working-classes, happy in their respite from the toils of the week, were singing in parts, with all the musical taste and correctness of ear for which the inhabitants of that part of France are noted; while, on the broad boulevard that traverses the lower end of the *allée*, a crowd of recruits whom the conscription had recently called under the colours, stood gazing in open-mouthed astonishment and infinite delight at some rudely constructed booths and shows, outside of which, clown and *paillasse* were rivalling each other in the broad humour of their lazzi. Parties of students, easily recognizable by their eccentric and exaggerated style of dress, and the loud tone of their conversation, were seated outside the cafés and ice-rooms, or circulating under the trees, puffing forth clouds of tobacco smoke; and on the road round the *allée*, open carriages, smart tilburies, and dapper horsemen were careering.

Among the various groups thronging the promenade was one, which, in Hyde Park or on the Paris boulevards, would have attracted some notice; but the persons composing it were of a class too common of late years in the south of France to draw upon them any attention from the loungers. The party in question consisted of three men, who, by their bronzed complexions, ragged mustaches, and sullen, dogged countenances, as well as their whole air and *tournure*, were easily distinguishable as belonging to the exiled and disappointed faction of the Spanish Pretender. Their threadbare costume still exhibited signs of their late military employment, probably from a lack of means to replace it by any other garments. The closely buttoned blue frock of one of them still had upon its shoulders the small lace straps used to support the epaulets, and another wore for headdress a *boina*, with its large starlike tassels of silver cord. The third and most remarkable of the party, was a man in the prime of life and strength, whose countenance bore the impress of every bad passion. It was one of those faces sometimes seen in old paintings of monkish inquisitors, on viewing which, one feels inclined to suspect that the artist has outdone and exaggerated nature. The expression of the cold, glassy, grey eye, and thin, pale, com-

pressed lips, was one of unrelenting cruelty; while the coarsely moulded chin and jaw gave a sensual character to the lower part of the face. The scar of a sabre-cut extended from the centre of the forehead nearly to the upper lip, partly dividing the nose, and giving a hideously distorted and unnatural appearance to that feature. The man's frame was bony and powerful; the loose sheepskin jacket he wore was thrown open, and through the imperfectly fastened shirt-front, it might be seen that his breast was covered with a thick felt of matted hair.

It was the moment of the short twilight that in the south of France intervenes between day and night. The Carlists had reached the upper end of the walk, and, turning round, began to descend it again three abreast, and with the man who has been particularly described in the centre. On a sudden the latter stopped short, as though petrified where he stood. His countenance, naturally sallow, became pale as ashes, and, as if to save himself from falling, he clutched the arm of one of his companions with a force that made him wince again, while he gazed with distended eyeballs on a man who had halted within half-a-dozen paces of the Spaniards. The person whose aspect produced this Medusa-like effect upon the Carlist was a man about thirty years of age, plainly but elegantly dressed, and of a prepossessing but somewhat sickly countenance, the lines of which were now working under the influence of some violent emotion. The only peculiarity in his appearance was a black silk band which, passing under his chin, was brought up on both sides of the head, and fastened on the crown under the hat.

"*Que tienes, Sangrador?* What ails thee, man?" enquired the Carlists of their terror-stricken companion, addressing him by a *nom-de-guerre* that he doubtless owed to his bloody deeds or disposition. At that moment the stranger sprang like a bloodhound into the centre of the group. In an instant El Sangrador was on the ground, his assailant's knee upon his breast, and his throat compressed by two nervous hands, which bade fair to perform the office of a bowstring on the prostrate man. All this had passed in far less time than is required to narrate it, and

the astonishment of the Carlists at their comrade's terror and this sudden attack, was such, that, although men of action and energy, they were for a moment paralysed, and thought not of rescuing their friend from the iron gripe in which he was held. Already his eyes were bloodshot, his face purple, and his tongue protruding from his mouth, when a gendarme came up, and aided by half-a-dozen of those agents who, in plain clothes, half-spy and half-policeman, are to be found in every place of public resort in France, succeeded, but not without difficulty, in rescuing the Carlist from the fierce clutch of his foe, who clung to him with bull-dog tenacity till they were actually drawn asunder by main force.

"*Canalla! infame!*" shouted the stranger, as he writhed and struggled in the hands of his guards. "By yonder villain have all my hopes in life been blasted—an adored mistress outraged and murdered, myself tortured and mutilated in cold blood!" And, tearing off the black fillet that encircled his head, it was seen that his ears had been cut off. A murmur of horror ran through the crowd which this scene had assembled. "And shall I not have revenge?" shouted Ignacio (for he it was) in a voice rendered shrill by furious passion. And by a violent effort he again nearly succeeded in shaking off the men who held him.

El Sangrador, whose first terror had probably been caused by astonishment at seeing one whom he firmly believed numbered with the dead, had now recovered from his alarm.

"*Adios, Don Ignacio,*" cried he with a sneer, as he walked away between two gendarmes, while his enemy was hurried off in another direction.

The following day El Sangrador was sent to a *dépôt* of Spanish emigrants in the interior of France. On his departure, the authorities, who had made themselves acquainted with the particulars of this dramatic incident, released Don Ignacio from confinement; but he was informed that no passport would be given him to quit Toulouse unless it were for the Spanish frontier.

At the distance of a few leagues from the town of Oleron, and in one of the wildest parts of the Pyrenees, is a difficult pass, scarcely known, except to smugglers and izard-hunters,

whose hazardous avocations make them acquainted with the most hidden recesses of these rugged and picturesque mountains. Towards the close of the summer of 1841, this defile was occasionally traversed by adherents of the Ex-Queen-Regent Christina, entering Spain secretly and in small parties, to be ready to take share in the abortive attempt subsequently made to replace the reins of government in the hands of Ferdinand's widow. Not a few Carlists also, weary of the monotonous inactive life they were leading in France, prepared to join the projected insurrection; and, leaving the towns in which a residence had been assigned them, sought to gain the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, where they might lie *perdus* until the moment for active operation arrived, subsisting in the meanwhile by brigandage and other lawless means. Owing to the negligence, either accidental or intentional, of the French authorities, these adventurers usually found little difficulty in reaching the line of demarcation between the two frontiers; but it was there their troubles began, and they had to take the greatest precaution to avoid falling into the hands of the Spanish *carabineros* and light troops posted along the frontier.

Among those who intended to take a share in the rebellion, Don Ignacio Guerra occupied a prominent place. Being well known to the Spanish Government as a devoted adherent of Christina, it would have been in vain for him to have attempted entering Spain by one of the ordinary roads. Repairing to Oleron, therefore, he procured himself a guide, and one of the small but sure-footed horses of the Pyrenees, and, after a wearisome march among the mountains, arrived about dusk at a cottage, or rather hovel, built on a ledge of rock within half-an-hour's walk of the Spanish frontier. Beyond this spot the road was impracticable for a horse, and dangerous even for a pedestrian, and Don Ignacio had arranged to send back his guide and horse and proceed on foot; in which manner, also, it was easier to avoid falling in with the Spanish troops. The night was fine, and having had the road minutely explained to him by his peasant guide, Ignacio had no doubt of finding himself, in a few hours, at a village where shelter and concealment were prepared for

him. Leaving the horse in a sort of shed that afforded shelter to two or three pigs, the Christino officer entered the hut, followed by his guide and by a splendid wolf-dog, an old and faithful companion of his wanderings. It was some seconds, however, before their eyes got sufficiently accustomed to the dark and smoky atmosphere of the place, to distinguish the objects it contained. The smoke came from a fire of green wood, that was smouldering under an enormous chimney, and over which a decrepit old woman was frying *talloua* or maize-meal cake, in grease of a most suspicious odour. The old lady was so intent on the preparation of this delicacy, a favourite food of the Pyrenean mountaineers, that it was with difficulty she could be prevailed upon to prepare something more substantial for the hungry travellers. Some smoked goats' flesh and acid wine, were at length obtained, and, after a hasty meal, Ignacio paid his guide and resumed his perilous journey. The moon had not yet risen—the night was dark—the paths rugged and difficult, and the troops on the alert; to avoid falling in with an enemy, or down a precipice, so much care and attention were necessary, that nearly three hours had elapsed before Ignacio perceived that his dog had not followed him from the cottage. The animal had gone into the stable and lain down beside his master's horse, doubtless imagining, by that sort of half-reasoning instinct which dogs possess, that, as long as the horse was there, the rider would not be far off.

Ignacio's first impulse, on discovering the absence of his four-footed companion, was to return to the cottage; but the risk in so doing was extreme, and as he felt certain his guide would take care of the dog, and that he should get it at some future day, he resolved to pursue his journey. Meantime the night became darker and darker—thick clouds had gathered, and hung low—there was no longer the slightest trace or indication of a path, and the darkness preventing him from finding certain landmarks he had been told to observe, he was obliged to walk on nearly at hazard, and soon became aware he had lost his way. To add to his difficulties, the low growlings of distant thunder were heard, and some large drops of rain

fell. A violent storm was evidently approaching, and Ignacio quickened his pace in hopes of finding some shelter before it came on, resolving to wait at all risks till daylight before continuing his route, lest he should run, as it were, blindfolded into the very dangers he wished to avoid. A sort of cliff or wall of rock he had for some time had on his left hand, now suddenly ended, and a scene burst on his view which to him was commonplace enough, but would have appeared somewhat strange to a person unaccustomed to such sights. The mountain, which had been steep and difficult to descend, now began to slope more gradually as it approached nearer its base. On a sort of shelving plateau of great extent, a number of charcoal-burners had established themselves, and, as the most expeditious way of clearing the ground, had set light in various places to the brushwood and furze that clothed this part of the mountain. To prevent, however, the conflagration from extending too far, they had previously, with their axes, cleared rings of several feet wide around the places to which they set fire. The bushes and furze they rooted up were thrown into the centre, and increased the blaze. In this manner the entire mountain side, of which several hundred acres were overlooked from the spot where Ignacio stood, appeared dotted with brilliant fiery spots of some fifty feet in diameter, the more distant ones assuming a lurid blood-red look, seen through the fog and mist that had now gathered over the mountain. Ignacio approached the nearest of the fires, lighted close to a crag that almost overhung it, and that offered a sufficient shelter from the rain which had begun to descend in torrents. Throwing himself on the ground with his feet towards the flames, he endeavoured to get a little sleep, of which he stood much in need. But it was in vain. The situation in which he found himself suggested thoughts that he was unable to drive away. Gradually a sort of phantasmagoria passed before his "mind's eye," wherein the various events of his life, which, although a short one, had not the less been sadly eventful, were represented in vivid colours. He thought of his childhood, spent in the sunny *vegas* of Andalusia—of the companions of his military studies,

high-spirited free-hearted lads, of whom some had achieved honours and fame, but by far the greater part had died on the battle-field—the smoke of the bivouac fire, the merry laugh of the *insouciant* soldier—the din and excitement of the fight—the exultation of victory, and the well-won and highly relished pleasures of the garrison town after severe duty in the field;—the graceful form of Gertrudis now flitted across the picture—her jetty hair braided over her pure white forehead, the light of her swimming "eye, that mocked her coal-black veil," flashing from under the mantilla. Her father, with his portly figure and good-humoured countenance, was beside her. They smiled at Ignacio, and seemed to beckon to him. So life-like was the illusion of his fancy, he could almost have sprung forward to join them. But again there was a change. A large and handsome room, a well-covered table—all the appliances of modern luxury—plate and crystal sparkling in the brilliant lights—a happy cheerful party surrounding the board. Alas, for the tragedy played on this stage! The hand of the spoiler was there—blood and womens' screams, dishevelled hair and men's deep oaths, the wild and broken accents of despair, the coarse jest and ferocious exultation of gratified brutality. And then all was dark and gloomy as a winter's night, and through the darkness was seen a grave-stone, shadowy and spectral, and a man still young, but with heart crushed and hopes blighted, lying prostrate before it, his breast heaving with convulsive sobs of agony, until at length he rose and moved sadly away, to become an exile and a wanderer in a foreign land.

Maddened by these reflections, Ignacio started to his feet, and was about to rush out into the storm, and fly, he knew not whither, from his own thoughts, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of a man within a few yards of him. The projecting crag, under which he had sought a shelter, extended all along one side of the fire. In one corner an angle of the rock threw a deep shadow, in which Ignacio now stood, and was thus enabled, without being seen himself, to observe the new-comer, who seated himself on a block of stone close to the fire. As he did so, the flame, which had been deadened by the rain, again

burned up brightly, and threw a strong light on the features of the stranger. They were those of *El Sangrador*.

With stealthy pace, and trembling at every step, lest his prey should take the alarm, and even yet escape him, Ignacio stole towards his mortal foe. The noise of the storm, that still raged furiously, enabled him to get within five paces of him without being heard. He then halted, and silently cocking a pistol, remained for some time motionless as a statue. Now that his revenge was within his grasp, he hesitated to take it, not from any relenting weakness; but because the speedy death it was in his power to give, appeared an inadequate punishment—a paltry vengeance. Had he seen his enemy torn by wild horses, or broken on the wheel, his burning thirst for revenge would hardly have been slaked; and an easy, painless death by knife or bullet, he looked upon as a boon rather than a punishment. An end was put to his hesitation by the Carlist himself, who, either tormented by an evil conscience, or oppressed by one of those unaccountable and mysterious presentiments that sometimes warn us of impending danger, became restless, cast uneasy glances about him, and at last, turning round, found himself face to face with Ignacio. Almost before he recognized him, a hand was on his collar, and the muzzle of a pistol crammed into his ear. The click of the lock was heard, but no discharge ensued. The rain had damped the powder. Before Ignacio could draw his other pistol, the Carlist grappled him fiercely, and a terrible struggle commenced. Their feet soon slipped upon the wet rock, and they fell, still grasping each other's throats, foaming with rage, and hate, and desperation. The fire, now nearly out, afforded little light for the contest; but as they rolled over the smouldering embers, clouds of sparks arose, their clothes and hair were burned, and their faces scorched by the heat. The Carlist was unarmed, save with a

clasp-knife, which, being in his pocket, was useless to him; for had he ventured to remove one hand from the struggle even for a moment, he would have given his antagonist a fatal advantage. At length the contest seemed about to terminate in favour of Ignacio. He got his enemy under, and knelt upon his breast, while, with a charred, half-burned branch which he found at hand, he dealt furious blows upon his head. Half-blinded by the smoke and heat, and by his own blood, the Carlist felt the sickness of death coming over him. By a last effort he slipped one hand, which was now at liberty, into his pocket, and immediately withdrawing it, raised it to his mouth. His teeth grated upon the blade of the knife as he opened it, and the next instant Ignacio, with a long deep sob, rolled over among the ashes. The Carlist rose painfully and with difficulty into a sitting posture, and with a grim smile gazed upon his enemy, whose eyes were glazing, and features settling into the rigidity of death. But the conqueror's triumph was short-lived. A deep bark was heard, and a moment afterwards a wolf-dog, drenched with mud and rain, leaped into the middle of the embers. Placing his black muzzle on Ignacio's face, he gave a long deep howl, which was succeeded by a growl like that of a lion, as he sprang upon the Carlist.

The morning after the storm, when the charcoal-burners returned to their fires, they found two dead bodies amidst the ashes. One of them had a stab in his breast, which had caused his death. The other was frightfully disfigured, and bore marks of the fangs of some savage animal. In that wild district, the skirmishing-ground of smugglers and *douaniers*, the mountaineers think little of such occurrences. A hole was dug, the bodies thrown into it; and a cross, rudely cut upon the rock, alone marks the spot where the midnight conflict took place.

MEMORANDUMS OF A MONTH'S TOUR IN SICILY.

LEAVING NAPLES.

STEAM-BOATIANA.

THE *Francesco Primo* was to leave the harbour at ten o'clock. Better acquaintance with Mediterranean *pyroscaphs*, as they call themselves, whose axle-trees turn not except when the police pleases, ought to have led us to all the latitude of uncertainty; but when two hours and more had elapsed with all the passengers aboard, we began to suppose some extraordinary cause for so long a detention. A deputation is accordingly dispatched to the captain, which brings back an abrupt reply, that he is not going yet; and that it is for him and the proprietors to be dissatisfied, who are wasting steam, while we are only losing patience. It shortly transpired that he was under Government orders, and would not proceed for another hour at least, nor even then, unless he received permission from the minister of police. The affair now looked serious. We must have some *carbonaro* on board, who was, in due time, to be arrested; and no further doubt could remain of this, when, that other hour being past, we saw a longboat leaving shore, with two officers and six stout rowers, who soon brought her under our bow. What can it be? The senior epaulet rises in the boat—the second follows his example—both are on deck; the captain, hitherto unseen, now comes forward with alacrity, and, stretching forward both his hands, receives with profound reverence a thin, square enclosure, with an immense seal attached to it, and retires to put it in a place of safety. The uniforms disappear over the side of the vessel—the paddles begin to paw the water—we swing round—and in a few seconds our prow points for the *Sorrentine* coast, and we are on our watery way to *Sicily*. What, then, had detained us? It is always very provoking to have a miserable solution of a promising mystery! We were on the exact spot for a new edition of some "*Verbosa et grandis Epistola*" from the tyrants of the land; and so it was, but only not from *Capreæ* or *Tiberius* this time. Yes! The actual cause of the delay of a great steam-boat, full of passengers, for three hours, attended, among

other melancholy results, with that of exciting the choler of a new-made cardinal, was a letter that the Queen of Naples, who had probably overslept herself, had occasion to write to the king on conjugal affairs!—his majesty having left her majesty only the day before, to show himself to his loving subjects at Palermo. Hem! *Campania felix!* If we were known to be inditing this unreverential passage, and its disloyal apostrophe, we should, no doubt, be invited to leave "*Campania the happy*" at a day's notice; whereas our comfort is, that this day three months it is quite possible that it will have been read in Bengal!

We are now in the middle of the Bay of Naples; the spot from which panoramas have been so often sketched on that noble elevation, the deck of a lofty ship, swinging on her cables. What numberless sites of unparalleled interest are hence visible to the newly arrived and insatiable stranger! *Misenum, Baia, Puteoli, Gaurus, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, Pompeii!* But the office of the cicerone here cannot—alas for Britain!—be confined to the old classics, or the mere indication of places whose very names are things to conjure with! In America, we converse with nature only, whose voice is in her woods and waterfalls; but, in our threadbare Europe, all sites are *historical*, and chiefly in one sad sense—for Waterloo only brings up the rear of fields illustrated by the wholesale destruction of mankind! In the position which we now occupy, volumes might be written—ay, and have been written.

Look at that proud, impregnable Castle of St Elmo, culminating over all Naples! Look at those sea-washed fortresses which guard the entrance of her harbour! The garrisons of those strong places having, in the year 1799, from the turn of public affairs, judged it expedient to capitulate to Ferdinand and his allies, on conditions which should leave their honour without blemish, and assure their own safety and that of the city; and this capitulation having been solemnly accepted and ratified by *Car-*

dinal Ruffo, as the king's legate and plenipotentiary, by the late Sir Edward Foote, as acting commodore of the British force, and by the representatives of two European governments, officially residing in the revolutionized city, and the surrender of the forts having accordingly taken place, it came to pass, in an evil hour, that Lord Nelson, entering the bay as commander *in-chief*, took upon himself the odious responsibility of rescinding the British guarantee, and of supporting Ferdinand, powerless but through him, in his refusal to hold himself bound by a convention made by his own viceroy!—thus delivering over the defenceless city to its own implacable sovereign. Then came a political persecution unknown in the annals of mankind; till, *hebetes lasso lictore secures*, even Naples could bear no more! The noblest blood and the most distinguished talent were no protection at the bar of a special tribunal, with a low-born monster at its head, not surpassed in its atrocities by the revolutionary tyrants of Paris and of Lyons. The ships shared the infamy; the venerable and noble Caraccioli, seventy-five years of age, himself an admiral, was the first *piaculum*! Summarily condemned by a court-martial held on board Nelson's flag-ship, he was executed like a felon, and cast overboard from a Neapolitan frigate floating on the same anchorage, and subject to the same authority!

But Nelson's star was then in the ascendant; the presence and notorious influence of Emma Hamilton in these frightful transactions, was unaccountably connived at by the British nation. The officer who has been a party to a convention, which his commander-in-chief thinks proper not only to disapprove but to violate, must inevitably suffer in that fame and popularity which our public services so justly cherish. And in the state of men's passions during that memorable war, so that it were against the French, a successful commander-in-chief could do no wrong! Yet here, probably, the matter would have rested; but when, nine years afterwards, Stanier Clarke so little appreciated the duty of a biographer as to relate a transaction susceptible of no excuse, in terms unjustified by the facts, and sought to render his hero *immaculate* at the expense of others, the excellent officer

whose feelings and character had been so cruelly sacrificed, felt himself compelled at last to publish his "Vindication," judicious in every thing but the title. He most properly printed the *Convention itself* in the original words, and with all the signatures it bore. Such works, however, even when the affairs they refer to are recent, are never read but by friends—or enemies. A late atonement was made by William IV. in conferring on Sir Edward Foote a titular distinction, which the public heed not; but the tables are now turned, and Europe, taught by Cuoco, Coletta, and by Botta, the great historian of Italy, has irrevocably closed this great account. The name of Foote is recorded in all their pages in terms which, had he seen them, might well have consoled him for the past; while the last and most popular biographer of Nelson (Southey) feels himself compelled to admit, and the frank admission does him infinite honour, that this is a passage of his hero's life which the muse of history "must record with sorrow and with shame."

But the sea spray is dashing splendidly on our bows—we are clearing Capri, and have, as we pass it, a fine view of that high and precipitous rock, thinking of Tiberius and the soothsayer Thrasyllus, and of all the monstrous scenes which those unapproachable cliffs concealed from the indignation even of a Roman world. But twilight was already coming on, and the city and the coast were gradually withdrawn from the panorama—dark night came rushing over the deep, an Italian summer's night, and yet with no stars or moon; meanwhile steadily rides our vessel along the Calabrian waters, confident alike of her strength and her bearings, which we soon left her to pursue, and went down to see what the cabin and the company promised below. And thus the hours passed away; and when the suspended lamp began to burn dimly under the skylight, and grey morning found stealthy admittance through the cabin windows, although we had been unable to sleep, the anticipation of all the marvels we were to see in Sicily had answered the purpose of a night's rest, and sent us active and alert on deck to fresh air and the rising sun. Nor were we a moment too soon. A large flotilla of little boats manœuvring between two of

larger size, placed to defend the space destined for their operations, were now in the full activity of the thunny and spada fishery; and a most picturesque rock, right over our bow, proved to be no other than *Monte Pelegrino*, at the foot of which lay Palermo and our breakfast—in short, after a voyage of little more than a summer's night, we are again on *terra firma*, if that name can be given to volcanic soils, and long before noon are actively engaged in perambulating the streets of the Sicilian capital of the *fecunda Panormos*.

Among the most striking peculiarities of the interior or street views, presented to the stranger's eye at Palermo, are its very unusually situated convents, buildings which, even in cities, are commonly and naturally in retirement; but here, in whichever of the most public ways you walk, a number of extraordinary trellised balconies are observed on the upper stories of almost every large house, while business and bustle of all kinds are transacted as usual in the street below. You may well be surprised to see the nunnery over the *Marchande de Modes*! The unhappy inmates thus tormented by the sight and sound of worldly activity, have not in Palermo even the solace of a garden; and if these places of more than usual mortification have any connexion with the world without, it is by an under-ground passage to some church in the neighbourhood! Thither repair the poor victims of superstition to warble *Aves* to the Virgin behind their screens, and then back again to their monotonous cloister. There are twenty-four nunneries in the city of Palermo alone, each containing from thirty to sixty women, and there are as many monasteries! With open doors like coffee-houses, full upon the street, are placed at Palermo innumerable consulting shops of so many lawyers; the earliest to begin business, the last to close, you may have the luxury of law at any hour of the day till bedtime. Nay, your Sicilian lawyer, unlike the lazy tradesman who puts up his shutters and sleeps from twelve to four, takes no *siesta*; his *atra janua litis* is always open, and there sit the *firm*, one listening to a client, another smoking a cigar, a third chatting with an acquaintance over his coffee or the newspaper. Scarcely less mischievous than these sowers of dissen-

sion, is the *barber-surgeon*, who still flourishes in Trinacria. The bleeding arm over the peruke shop is often to be seen in Rome and Naples; but at Palermo almost at every third house, you read *Salassatore* over a half-naked figure in wood or canvass, erect like Seneca in his bath, or monumentally recumbent, the blood spouting, like so many Tritons, from twenty orifices at once. Led by professional curiosity, we enter one of these open doors; and, desiring the ordinary service of the razor, and intending to ask some questions parenthetically touching the double craft, we have scarcely occupied the chair, when a smart youth comes up with a razor and a lancet, and quietly asks "Which?" Why, surely he could not think of bleeding us without a warrant for our needing it. "*E perchè? Adesso vi le dirò subito*—Why not? I'll tell you whether you want it without a doctor,"—feeling for our pulse. "*Non c'è male*—not so much amiss," pursued the functionary; "but a few ounces bleeding would do you *no harm*! Your hand is hot, it must be *several months* since you were last bled!" "A year." "Too long; you should be bled, at your age, at least *twice a year* if you would keep your health!" "What amount of depletion did he recommend?" "*Dipende—di sei a dieci oncie*," at which portion of the dialogue our mouth was shut to all further interrogations by a copious supply of soap-suds, and now he became the tonsor only, and declares against the mode in which we have our hair cut: "They have cut your hair, Signor, *à condannato*—nobody adopts the toilette of the guillotine now; it should have been left to grow in front *à la Plutus*, or have been long at the sides *à la Nazarène*, which is the mode most of our Sicilian gentlemen prefer." We were about to rise, wash, and depart; but an impediment is offered by the artist. "*Non l'ho raffinato ancora*, Signor, *bisogna raffinarlo un poco*!" and before we could arrive at the occult meaning of *raffinare*, his fingers were exploring very technically and very disagreeably the whole surface over which his razor had travelled, and a number of supplementary scrapings were only stopped by an impatient *basta* of the victim. Still he was unwilling to part with us.

Would we like, now that we are on the spot, to lose a few ounces of blood before he takes a stranger in hand,

(who is waiting for the one or other operation;) and, as we most positively declined, he turned to the latter to ask him whether he was come for his "*piccolo salassio di sei oncie*." "*Gia!*" said Signor Antonio, taking off his coat, and sitting down with as much sangfroid as if he were going to take his breakfast. "Can you shave me?" asks a third party, standing at the door. "*Adesso*," after I have bled

this gentleman. Such are all the interiors where *Salassatore* is written over the door; they bleed and they shave indifferently, and doing either, talk of the last *take* of *thunny*, the *opera* that has been or is to be, and the meagre skimmings of their permitted newspaper, which begins probably with the advertisement of a church ceremony, and ends always with a charade—for our subscribers!!

CHURCHES.

The clergy are wealthy, the bishop's salary is 18,000 scudi, and many of the convents are very opulent; but there is scarcely one of the churches which you care to visit twice. Most of them are disgraced by vulgar ornaments, in which respect they surpass even the worst specimens at Naples! Gilt stucco, cut and stamped into flowery compartments, shows off like a huge twelfth cake! but the *Matrice* or *Duomo*, and the Saracenic Chapel of the *Palazzo Reale*, and the cathedral of *Monreale*, four miles beyond the town, are noble exceptions; these in their several ways are all interesting, both within and without. The old Siculo-Norman archway of *Monreale*, and its fine bronze gates crusted with a beauti-

ful hard polished coin-like patina, would repay the excursion, even were the interior less fine. Here we have columns from whose high architraves the Gothic arch springs vigorously; walls perfectly covered with old Byzantine mosaics; a roof of marvellous lightness, and almost modern elegance; still the critic, who is bound by *métier* to find fault with violated canons, will, we must own, be at no loss for a text in the church of *Monreale*—a building which is, however, of sufficient importance in ecclesiastical architecture to have been designed, measured, and engraved, in whole and in part, in a splendid volume, published in folio, by the Duke of Serra di Falco.

VISIT TO THE GARDEN OF THE DUKE OF SERRA DI FALCO, NEAR PALERMO.

After a delicious half hour's drive through country lanes hedged with cactus, aloes, and pomegranates, we find ourselves in front of a small villa distant about two miles from the sea. As to the house, many an English gentleman, in very moderate circumstances, has a far better; but on passing the archway of this Sicilian country-box into its garden, two trees, which must be astonished at finding themselves out of Brazil—trees of surpassing beauty—are seen on a crimson carpet of their own fallen petals, mixed with a copious effusion of their seeds, like coral. At the northern extremity of Italy (Turin) this *Erythrina coralodendron* is only a small stunted shrub; nor is it much bigger at Naples, where it grows under cover. Six years in the open air have in Sicily produced the tree before you: it is, in fact, larger than most of our fruit-bearers. We next recognise an agreeable acquaintance, formed two years

ago, in the *Neapolis Japonicus*; it bears a delicate fruit, of the size of a plum, whose yellow, freckled skin contains such a nectar-like juice that the pine-apple itself scarcely excels it. Our fellow-passenger, the infallible voice of a new-made cardinal of the warlike name of Schwarzenburg, who tasted it here, as he told us, for the first time, has already pronounced a similar opinion, and no dissentients being heard, the Japan medlar passed with acclamation. The *Buggibellia spectabilis* of New Holland, calls you to look at his pink blossoms, which are no other than his leaves in masquerade. We grub up, on the gardener's hint and permission, some of the *Cameris humilis*, to whose filamentous radicles are attached certain little grains, of great sweetness and flavour. The banana-tree, "*Musa paradisaica*," which, cooped in our low hot-houses at home, breaks its neck, and might well break its heart, as its annual

growth is resisted by the inexorable glass dome, is here no prisoner but an acclimated denizen of sun and air. The *Cactus Opuntia*, or Indian fig, is here for vulgar tastes; and the *Cactus cochinellifera* for the Luculluses of the day, who could afford to pay for its rearing. The small *sneezing plant*, a vegetable smelling-bottle, is still employed in headach by the common people of Sicily, who bruise the leaves and sniff their pungency: its vulgar name, *malupertusu*, is the corruption of Marum del Cortuso, as we find it in the ancient herbal of Durante. The *Ferula communis* or *Saracinisca*, a legacy left to the Sicilian pedagogues by their eastern lords, is sold in fagots at the green-grocers, and fulfils the scholastic office of *birch*; and, being more elastic, must be pleasant to *flog with*. We recommend it to *head masters*. The *sumac*, *Rhus coriaria*, is not only to be seen here, but every where else in Sicily; and they say there is a daily exportation of one thousand sacks of its ground leaves. The ancients knew it well, and employed it for giving a flavour to their meat, as they do now in Nubia and Egypt, according to Durante, who deems its many virtues deserving of Latin verse. We smell pepper!—a graceful shrub, whose slender twigs stand pencilled out like sea-weed spread upon paper; and the *Schinus mollis*, a leaf of which we have gathered ignorantly, is the source of the smell. We strew some leaves on the basin of a neighbouring fountain, and amuse ourselves by seeing them swim about as if they were bewitched, parting at the same time with a whitish fluid, which, spreading on the surface of the water, gives it an iridescent hue. The *Fuchsia arborescens* of Japan flowers here, they say, every month, just as we see him in all his pink luxuriance, and makes himself quite at home; and here is that little blue vegetable butterfly, the *Polygala*! Who can overlook his winged petals, peeping out of their myrtle-looking bower? Then the *geraniums*!—not potted, as in Covent-Garden, or the *Marché aux Fleurs*, but forming vast parti-coloured hedgerows, giving to every pathway its own particular flower and perfume; so that a connoisseur might be taken blindfold and declare where each kind grew. *Hedges of geranium seven feet high*! Think of that, ye *Dicksons* and nursery-ground men about *Brompton*

and the *King's Road*! The stalks a mass of real ligneous matter, fit for the turner's lathe if it were but hard enough. A small mound enables us to look about us more at large; and now we discern the stately *bamboo*, thicker than your arm, and tall as a small mast; and the *sugar-cane*, formerly cultivated for his juice, but now looking as if he were ill-used and neglected. His biography (but as it is not *auto-biography*, and written with his own *reed*, there may be some mistake) is remarkable. Soon after the annexation of Sicily to Spain in 1420, he was carried from Syracuse into Spanish captivity; he then escaped to Madeira and the Canaries, and at length saved himself in the West Indies. The *pistachia* is also here, with its five-partite sessile leaf, like a dwarf walnut; the capsule holding the nut containing at present only a white germ, which it will require four months more to bring to nutty maturity. The *manna-tree* is very like an *alder* in its general character, but thicker in its stem, and bears the cicatrices of last year's *ill treatment*; its wounds, however, will not bleed afresh now; but towards August the *salassatore* of trees will run his steel into its limbs, taking care to place under the bleeding orifices leaves from the *cactus* hedge hard by to serve as recipients, and drain its juices till it faints.

That a leaf might not be wanting to record these vegetable treasures, the pagoda-topped *papyrus* nodded to us gracefully, and offered its services; while, to finish the picture, Angola goats are browsing amid the green and yellow ribbed *agaves*; and the beautiful blue sea peeps in through gaps of the wall of *cactus*, whose green stems are now all fringed with yellow blossoms. Leaving the flower garden, we enter a labyrinth, and arrive at a small hut, with a closed door, upon the threshold of which we have scarcely pressed, when the wicket flies open, and a big brown friar, with long beard and sandals, starts up in act to frighten us, which he succeeds in doing. This automaton *Schedoni* might really well produce abortion, and would not care if he did: he cannot, we suppose, be placed there as a lawful instrument of relief, for all the *donzelle* of Palermo must be aware of, and be used to him. This, however, is thought so good a joke, that it is

repeated with variations; for on releasing another spring a similar contrivance introduces us to another monk of the same convent, who is reading a huge tome on the lives of the saints: resenting the interruption, he raises his head, and fixes his eyes on the intruder, at the same time beckoning to him with his hand, and

intimating that if he will do him the favour to come a little nearer, he will knock him down with the folio, as Johnson did Osborn the bookseller.

Another surprise is—but really these are surprising enough—and we came here to see vegetable rarities, and not the tricks of an overgrown toyshop.

THE THUNNY FISHERY.

Τὸν βαίταν ἀποδὸς εἰς κύματα τήνα ἄλευμαι,
 "Ὡπερ τὼς Θύνως σκοπιάζει" Ὀλπις ὁ γριπεύς.—THEOC.

The thunny fishery, if not as exciting as that of the whale, is far from uninteresting to the uninitiated. We were rowing about in want of an object, when our boatmen proposed to take us to see this animating species of labour; and off we went to a spot about two miles from shore, where we came upon a little flotilla of boats, all occupied in the common pursuit. A large quantity of floating cork announced our arrival on the fishing ground; then came long lines of buoys, to which the drop-nets were attached, and at last we drew alongside a small boat, hailing which, we learn that the net is already half-drawn, and that *la pipa* (the sword-fish) is in it. Now, we had long wanted to see a live sword-fish, but there was no need to stimulate our rowers, who appeared equally eager that we should assist at the fun, and made great exertions to reach the spot in time. "*Questa*," says our guide, showing the boundary of the space circumscribed by walls of net; "*questa è la camera della morte*, (this is the chamber of death,) *piano, piano*, (or we shall shoot ahead.*)" The space thus designated lay between two long barges, one of which was fixed by anchor, and had few people on board, while the other was crowded with naked limbs, and fine heads in Phrygian bonnets, academy figures every man of them. What symmetry of form! what jet black beard and mustache! what dark flashing eyes! what noses without reproach! All were in the various combinations of action which their position demanded, hauling away at what seemed to our impatience an endless net; by the shortening of which, however, as their boat received it, layer upon layer, fold upon fold, coil upon coil, they were slowly bringing

up the reticulated wall. As the place of captivity came nearer, every body was intensely anxious to get a first view of the fish; and many other boats were coming up alongside of ours, which fortunately lay right over the meshes of the prison, which was becoming every second more and more restricted in size. At length some of us obtained a first view of the *spada* and his long sword, and testified our delight with vociferation. The fish, meanwhile, who hates publicity, backs off, and would back out, to the opposite end of the net, where, still finding himself an object of unpleasant remark, he tries by violence to escape sideways; but that is *no go* even for a sword-fish, for a sword is his which cannot cut cords, and he soon finds he can make nothing of it. Smaller and smaller, meanwhile, is becoming the condemned hold, and greater and greater the perturbation within. The captive fish begins to swim round and round, and to watch a new opportunity, but it is too late!—too many are on the look-out for him! Every man gets ready his hooked pole, and there is more tightening of the tackle! The terrified fish now rises to the surface, as it were to reconnoitre, and then down he dives with a lash of his tail, which sends buckets of water into the boat of the assailants. This dive, of course, only carries him to the false bottom of the net, and come up presently he must! Every eye now looks *fishy*, and every man's hand is armed for the first blow. One tall athletic fellow takes aim, and misses; another is more successful, and hits. Stunned by the blow, the poor fish flounders on this side and on that, and the water is discoloured by his blood! One, two, three pointed poles at once, are again in his flank; and now he rushes

about like a wounded lion, brandishing his tail, and dashing up whirlpools of water. More blows! more blood! He rushes desperately at the net, and running his long snout into the meshes, is hopelessly entangled. It is all over with him! Countless wounds follow, till he turns over on his side, and is handed up lifeless into the boat.

"There," says one, "goes fifteen scudi's worth, and no harm done to the net." "Little enough, too; but he is worth two thunny, anyhow," says another. "Ay! and gives more sport," exclaims a third. Such piscatory eclogue fell upon our ear, when our guide announced to us that we had now seen every thing. The excitement over, we sat down in our boat to make a note of what we have written, while the boatmen clave the phosphorescent water homewards, and landed us neatly at sunset, with their oars dripping luminous drops at every stroke, in the beautiful harbour of Palermo.

Some days after we were still more fortunate; we had observed the scouts with a white hood over their boat, looking keenly down (*vide* our quotation from Theocritus) into the deep blue sea, and watching with all-eyed attention for the apparition of some giant shadow which should pass athwart the abyss, and give the signal for a new chase, while their comrades were hauling in an immense miscellaneous *take* of fish, the acquisition of the morning. We shot under the out-post, (placed to prevent larger vessels from entering the fishing preserves and injuring the nets,) and remarked our boatmen uncovering to a small *Madonna* railed in alongside. We were just in time on this occasion to see the water enclosed in the *camera della morte*, already all alive with fish; for a shoal of *palamide*, and of immense *pesce di moro*, filled the reticulated chamber. They darted here and there as the net was raising, and splashed so furiously about, that the

whole water became one lather; meanwhile, the men who had been singing gaily, now prepared their landing-nets, shouting in a way which certainly *did* seem to increase the terror of their prisoners, who redoubled their efforts to escape.

The rich hues of the *palamide*, in shape and colour not unlike our mackerel, but with longitudinal, in place of transverse, green bands, were beautiful objects as they were raised all iridescent in their freshness out of the water, and transferred to the side boat. We also noticed in the net one or two immense fish, in shape like rounded parallelograms, with tough shagreen hides, goggle eyes, and two immense leathery fins placed at the lower part of the abdomen. They kept flapping these valves up and down, but not offering to strike, though lugged out by a hook. The haul was a good one, each fish worth a ducat; and had they, in fact, been at this price converted into coin at once, the money would have made no mean show in the bottom of the net. The treacherous *camera della morte* was emptied quickly, and in one minute more, down it went again into the depths below.

We should have mentioned a singular practice of the fishermen of the present day in Sicily, to *pat* the thunny while he is in the net, as you pat a horse or a dog: they say it makes him docile. This done, they put their legs across his back, and ride him round the net room, an experiment few would practise on the dolphin's back, at least in these days; yet Aulus Gellius relates that there was a dolphin who used to delight in carrying children on his back through the water, swimming out to sea with them, and then putting them safe on shore! Now, *but for the coins*, taking the above custom into consideration, one might have supposed the ancients' *delphinus* to have been the modern thunny.

THE FISH MARKET.

"Dragged through the mire, and bleeding from the hock," lay a continuous mass of slaughtered thunny, mouths wide open, bloody sockets, from which the eyes had been torn to

make lamp-oil, gills ripped off to be eaten fresh, and roes in baskets by their sides. There was also a quantity of a fish of dirty white belly and dusky back, the *alalonga*, and two huge

dolphins, with skins full of lamp-oil. This really ugly creature looks far better in the *delphin* title-pages, with his lamp and his "*alere flammam*" on clean paper, than on the stall; but his very best appearance is on a fine Sicilian coin, with *Arion on his back*. The snouts of four large sword-fish were also conspicuous; and there was thunny enough for all the world: some of the supply, however, was to be hawked about the streets, in order to which cords are placed under the belly of a thunny of fifteen cwt., and off he goes slung on a pole, with a drummer before and a drummer behind, to disturb every street and alley in Palermo till he is got rid of; not that the stationary market is quiet; for the noise made in selling the mutest of all animals is in all countries really remarkable; but who shall do justice to a *Sicilian Billingsgate* at *mezzogiorno*? "*Trenta sei, trenta sei,*" bawls out the *Padrone*, cleaving a fish in twain with one stroke of an immense chopper kept for the purpose. "*Trenta sei, trenta sei,*" repeat the two journeymen accomplices, one counting it on his fingers to secure accuracy and telegraph the information to distant purchasers, or such as cannot *hear* in the noise; another holds up a slice as a specimen; three fellows at our elbow are roaring "*tutti vivi, tutta vivi,*" "*a sedici, a sedici.*" The man of *whittings*, and even he of *sardines*, have a voice and a figure of their own. As you approach each stall, the noisy salesmen suspend their voices, and enquire, in gentler accents, if you intend to buy; if you do not, like the cicada their stunning sound returns as soon as you are past. We have hinted that the thunny, "*Integer et cadavere toto,*" does not look handsome: vastly less attractive is he when mutilated. Big as an elephant's thigh, and with flesh like some black-blooded bullock of ocean breed, his unsavoury meat attracts a most repulsive assemblage, not only of customers, but of flies and wasps, which no flapping will keep off from his grumous liver. The *sword-fish* cuts up into large bloodless slices, which look on the stall like so

many fillets of very white veal, and might pass for such, but that the head and shoulders are fixed upon a long lance, high above the stall, to inform the uninitiated that the delicate looking meat in question was fed in the pastures of the deep. The price of thunny, a staple commodity and object of extensive Sicilian commerce, varies considerably with the supply; as to the demand, it never ceases. During our stay in Palermo, a whole fish would fetch about eight *scudi*, and his retail price was about twopence *per English pound*. Think of paying three or four *francs* for less than half a pound *sott'olio* in Paris. The supply seems very constant during the season, which, on the Palermo side of the island, is from May to July, and continues a month later along the *Messina* coast; after which, as the fish cease to be seen, it is presumed here that they have sailed to the African coast. The flesh of the *spada* fish is generally double in market price to that of the thunny, selling during the greater part of June at about fourpence a-pound. Every thunny is weighed upon landing, and a high tax paid upon it to the king, who, in consideration thereof, charges his Sicilian subjects no duty for gunpowder or salt. The fixed fisheries for thunny, round the Sicilian coast, are upwards of a dozen, the most famous being that of *Messina*. At Palermo, however, they sometimes take an immense strike of several hundred in one expedition. The average weight of a full grown thunny, is from 1000 to 1200 pounds; of course the men with poles who land him, can carry him but a little way, and he reaches the market by relays. Every bit of him is eaten, except his bones and his eyes, and even these yield a quantity of oil.

The *spada*, too, is pickled down to his bones—he is in great request for the hotels, and his eyes, duly salted, are considered a sort of luxury; in some places these are the perquisite of the fishermen, yielded by their employers, who farm the fisheries, and having satisfied the king, make what terms they can with the subject.

COMMERCIAL POLICY—RUSSIA.

FROM the brief review, in our last Number, of Spain, her commercial policy, her economical resources, her fiscal rigours, her financial embarrassments, these facts may be said to have been developed:—In the first place, that theoretically—that is, so far as legislation—Spain is the land of restrictions and prohibitions; and that the principle of protection in behalf, not of nascent, but of comparatively ancient and still unestablished interests, is recognized, and carried out in the most latitudinarian sense of absolute interdict or extravagant impost. Secondly, that under such a system, Spain has continued the exceptional case of a non or scarcely progressing European state; that the maintenance and enhancement of fiscal rigours and manufacturing monopoly, jealously fenced round with a legislative wall of prohibition and restriction, has neither advanced the prosperity of the quarter of a million of people in Catalonia, Valencia, and Biscay, in whose exclusive behalf the great and enduring interests of the remaining thirteen millions and upwards of the population have been postponed or sacrificed—nor contributed to strengthen the financial resources of the government, as proved by the prostrate position and prospects of a bankrupt and beggared exchequer; that, as the necessary and inevitable consequence, the progress of agriculture, the ascendant interest of all-powerful communities and vast territorially endowed states—of Spain, the almost one only interest and element of vitality, economical and political—has been impeded, and continues to be discouraged; that the march of internal improvements is checked or stunted, when not absolutely stayed; finally, that public morals—the social health of a great people, inheritors of glorious antecedents, of an historic renown for those qualities of a high order, the deep-seated sentiment of personal, as of national honour and dignity, the integrity, fidelity, and gallantry, which more loftily spurn contaminating approximation with action springing out of base, sordid, and degrading motives and associations—have been sapped and corrupted by the debasing influences of that gigantic system of or-

ganized illicit trade which covers Spain with hordes of *contrabandistas*, more numerous and daring than the bands of *aduaneros* and the armies of regulars whom they set at defiance, and infests the coast of Spain with fleets of smuggling craft, which all the *guardas costas*, with the ancient armada of Spain, were it in existence, would be powerless to annihilate. And all this fine nation, of warm and generous temperament, of naturally noble and virtuous aspirations, thus desperately to be dismantled of its once-proud attributes, and demoralized in its character; its exhaustless riches of soil and climate to be wantonly wasted—per force of false legislation to be left uncultured—and for why? Shades of the illustrious Gabarrus and Jovellanos, why? Why, to enable some half dozen *fabricantes* of Barcelona to keep less than half-a-dozen steam-engines at work, which shall turn some few thousands of spindles, spinning and twisting some few millions of pounds of yarn, by which, after nearly three quarters of a century that the cotton manufacture has been planted, “swathed, rocked, and dandled” with legislative fondness into a rickety nursling, some fifty millions of yards of cotton cloths are said to be painfully brought forth in the year; the value of which may probably be equal to the same or a larger quantity of French cottons introduced by contraband, and consumed in the provinces of Catalonia and Arragon themselves—the first being sole seat of the cotton manufacture for all Spain. And for this deplorable consummation, the superabundant harvests of the waving fields, the luscious floods of the vineyards, the full flowing yield of the olive groves of Spain—of the wine, the oil, and the corn, of which nature is more bountiful than in Egypt of old—the produce and the wealth of the millions, (which, permitted, would exchange advantageously for foreign products, and, by all the value, add to the store of national wealth, and create the means of reproduction,) are left to run waste and absolutely perish on the ground, as not worth the cost of transport to markets without demand. “The production of this soil,” observes the Ayuntamiento of Malaga, in their eloquent *Exposi-*

cion to the Cortes cited in our last Number, after referring to their own port and province, in whose elaboration thousands and thousands of hands are employed, millions and millions of capital invested, "are consumed, if not in totality, at least with close approximation, in England;" and after enumerating the wines, oil, raisins, grapes, oranges, lemons, and almonds, as products so consumed in this country—"We have active and formidable rivals in France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, the Greek Archipelago, and other countries. We shall say nothing of the wools, corn and other fruits of Spain, so important, and some so depressed in England by foreign competition with those of this province. If the treaties of commerce of England with Italy and Turkey are carried into effect, the exportation of our oils and dried fruits will receive its death warrant—*queda herida demuerte*. France, Germany, and Portugal, accepting favourably the idea of the British Government, will cause our wines to disappear from the market; their consumption is already very limited, inasmuch as the excessive duty, to one-third the amount of which the value of the wine does not reach, at the mouth of the Thames, prevents the sale of the inferior dry wines. The same excessive duty tends to diminish the consumption of our fruits from year to year. Our oil has alone been able to find vent by favour of the double duty imposed till now upon Sicilian, superior to ours in quality. But the English speculators are already shy of purchasing, in the expectation of an assimilation of duties on oils of whatever origin." The Ayuntamiento proceeds to urge the necessity of a "beneficial compensation" to British manufactures in the tariff of Spain, without which, "the flattering perspective" of prosperous progress for the industry and agriculture of the Andalusias will be destroyed, and that those vast, rich, and fertile provinces will become a desolate desert. "The admission or prohibition of foreign woven cottons," says the *Exposicion*, "is for Malaga and its province of vital importance under two aspects—of morality and commerce. Until now we have endured the terrible consequences of prohibition. The exorbitant gain which it supports is the germ of all the crimes perpetrated in our country. The man who carries

a weapon, who uses it and sheds the blood of an agent of the law in the defence of his illegally acquired goods, will not hesitate in shedding the blood of a fellow citizen who may stand in the way of his desires. And hence the frequent assassinations. He who with gold seduces others for the increase of his own property and for antisocial purposes, does not scruple, when fortune is adverse, to possess himself by violence of the gold of the honest husbandman, or peaceful trader: from hence the constant robberies in the less frequented places; from hence the general abuse of carrying prohibited arms of all sorts, and using them criminally against any one on the least provocation, already accustomed to use them against the Government. Who shall venture to enumerate the assassinations, the robberies, the ruined families, the misfortunes of all kinds, which, directly and indirectly, spring from contraband trade?"

Such is the *Exposicion*, such the experience, and such the views of a patriotic and enlightened corporation, representing and ruling over one of the most populous, wealthy, and industrially disposed districts of Spain. Our object in prefacing at this length, and with seeming irrelevance, perhaps, our review of the commercial policy of Russia, with its bearings on the interests of Great Britain, is to show the differing action of the same commercial system, in the present case of the prohibitive and restrictive system in different countries, both in respect of the mode in which the internal progress and industry of countries acting upon the same principle are variously affected themselves, and in respect of the nature and extent of the influences of such action upon those relations of interchange which they entertain, or might otherwise entertain, with other countries where an opposite or modified system prevails. In its broad features the system of Russia varies from that of Spain only in being more rigorous and intractable still. Both, however, are founded on the same exclusive principle, that of isolation—that of forcing manufactures at whatever cost—that of producing all that may be required for domestic consumption—of exporting the greatest possible maximum—of importing the lowest conceivable minimum. Starting from the same point, and for the

same goal, it will not be without interest or instruction to accompany and observe the progress of the one, as we have already endeavoured to illustrate the fortunes of the other—to present Russia, industrial and commercial, side by side, or in contrast with Spain, as we have described her. Your absolute theory men, your free-traders with one idea, like Lord Howick, your performers in the economic extravaganza now rehearsing in the Parliamthouse under the style of “leave imports free, and the exports will take care of themselves,” may chance to meet with many strange facts to confound their arbitrary theorems on the banks of the Neva. Absolute of wisdom, however, as they arrogate to be, and casehardened as they are, against assaulting results which should destroy their self-willed principle—a principle, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, proclaimed to be unchanged and unchangeable—in face of which facts are powerless, and adverse experience contumeliously scouted, or mendaciously perverted, it is sufficiently obvious that lessons in political economy will, less than from any quarter of the globe, perhaps, be accepted from St Petersburg—they will fall upon unwilling ears—upon understandings obtuse or perverted.

We are not of the number of those who would contend that, under all times or circumstances, should a principle, or rather the system built upon a principle, be rigorously upheld in its application intact, sacred equally from modification on the one hand, as against radical revolution on the other. It cannot be denied that, under the protective system, have grown into their present gigantic proportions all the great manufacturing interests of Great Britain. But, with customary hardihood of assertion, maintain the economists—in whose wake follow the harder-mouthed, coarser-minded Cobdens of the League—although manufactures have flourished under such a

system to an extent which has constituted this country the workshop of the world, they have so flourished in spite of the system; and, in its absence, left exposed to free unrestricted competition from abroad, must inevitably have progressed at a more gigantic rate of speed still. This is asserted to be in the order of nature; but as nature is every where the same—as the same broad features and first elements characterize all countries more or less alike—we ask for examples, for one example only, of the successful establishment and progress of any one unprotected industry. The demand is surely limited, and reasonable enough. The mendacious League, with the Brights and Cobdens of rude and riotous oratory, are daily trumpeting it in the towns, and splitting the ears of rural groundlings with the reiterated assertion that, of all others, the cotton manufacture owes nothing to protection. What!—nothing? Were general restrictive imposts on foreign manufactures no protection? Was the virtually prohibited importation of the cotton fabrics of India no boon? of India, root and branch sacrificed for the advancement of Manchester? Why, there are people yet alive who can recollect the day when Manchester cottons could not have stood one hour's competition with the free, or even 100 per cent taxed fabrics of India.* How, indeed, could competition have been possible, with the wages of weaving and spinning in India at three-halfpence per day, whilst for equal quantities and qualities of workmanship, the British weaver was earning five shillings, and the spinner ten shillings per day on the average? In 1780, Mr Samuel Crompton, the ingenious inventor of the mule frame for spinning, such as it exists to this day, and is the vast moving machine of cotton manufacturing greatness, stated that he obtained *fourteen* shillings per lb. for the spinning and preparation of No. 40 yarn, twenty-five shillings for

* The cotton piece goods of India were still subject, in 1814, to a duty on importation equal to 85 per cent. This duty was reduced on the 5th of July 1819, but to L.67, 10s. per cent only. Finally, in 1825 the duty was again reduced to 10 per cent, at which it remains. The duty on cotton yarn imported from India was at the same time subject to a duty of 10d. per lb., and so remained till 1831 at least. It must be borne in mind, that India was the only country in the world which, before and during the rise of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain, was, or could be, an exporter of cotton fabrics and yarns.

No. 60, and two guineas for No. 80. The same descriptions of yarns are now profitably making at prices ranging from about tenpence to twenty-pence per lb. At the same period common calicoes were saleable at about two shillings per yard, which now may be purchased for threepence. Will it be said that the Indian spinner and weaver by hand could not, at the same epoch, have produced their wares at one-half the price, had not importation, with unrelenting jealousy, been interdicted? Was the rigid prohibition of the export of machinery no concession, all exclusively and prodigiously in the interest of the cotton manufacture, to the zealous promotion and ascendancy of which the mining and agricultural interests are unhesitatingly, not to say wantonly, prejudiced, if not absolutely perilled? We say wantonly, because the free exportation of cotton yarn, tolerated at the same moment, was an absurd and mischievous violation of the very principle on which the prohibited exportation of machinery was alone and could be justified. In face of these incontrovertible facts, of which hereafter, and now that the record of them is consigned to that wide circulation through the world which the pages of Blackwood only can afford, misrepresentation remains without excuse on the question of that fostering protection to which, in a larger degree, if not exclusively, the cotton manufacture of Great Britain is indebted for its growth to its present colossal, mammoth-like, and almost unyielding grandeur. We do not, however, whilst re-establishing facts in their purity, dream the practical impossibility of confounding and disarming the ignorance of men unfortunately so ill educated and unread, and with intellect so incapable, apparently, of appreciating instruction, if not wilfully perverse, as the Cobdens, or of restraining the less coarse but more fluent flippancy and equally unscrupulous assurance of friend Bright, from resort to that stock and stale weapon of vulgar minds which is so readily drawn from the armoury of falsehood. To the end of the chapter they will lie on, until doomsday arrive, and they sink, like the Henry Hunts, *et id genus omne*, their at least as well-bred predecessors of the popularity-hunting school, to their proper level in the cess-pool of public contempt. Time,

which executes justice upon all in the long run, cannot fail to lay the ghost of cotton and anti-corn law imposture, even in the troubled waters of the muddy Irk and Irwell, where first conjured from. And now, having shown how the cotton manufacture of Great Britain was from its birth cradled, rocked, and dandled into successful progress; how it was fostered and fenced round with protection and prohibitive legislation as against competition from abroad; we shall proceed with our review of the rise and career of *protected* manufactures in Russia. And we would counsel "one who has whistled at the plough," whose "farming notes" in the *Morning Chronicle*, when confined to such matters of practical detail as may be supposed to lie within the scope of his own experience and comprehension, are not destitute of interest and information, though with distorted and exaggerated views, to ponder well before a next reiteration of the random and absurd assertion that the "corn-law has done to agriculture *what every law of protection has done for every trade that was ever practised*—it has induced negligence, and, by its uncertain operation, has obstructed enterprise." Instead of whistling at the plough, such a writer almost deserves to be whipped at the cart's tail for so preposterously dogmatic an assumption. It has yet to be demonstrated, and the proof is challenged, that ever a great interest, whether manufacturing or agricultural, was established in any part of the world, since the creation, without the aids and appliances of legislative and guernatorial patronage. The degree, the qualification, the practical limitations, which in the progress of time, with social and industrial changes supervening at home and abroad, may be rendered expedient or necessary in the application of the principle, constitute quite a different question, which may be discussed and entertained without any disparagement of the soundness of the policy, as best adapted to existing circumstances, of the system when first applied. The theory of free trade may be, in its entirety, as plausibly it is presented to us, founded on just principle; the abstract truth and perfection of which are just as unimpeachable as that of the social theory propounded by Rousseau in

the Savoyard's profession of faith, or that of the "liberty, equality, and community of property" (to say nothing of women) theory preached, and practically developed to some extent, in the paganish philosophies and New Harmony vagaries of the St. Simoniens, the Fourierians, and of Robert Owen, in these our days. And yet, from the beginning of time—whether from the world before the flood, or since the reconstruction of the world after—never, to this present epoch, has one single example come down to us of the sober realization of either the economical abstraction or the social abstraction. Primeval chaos, chaos existing before all time, could alone have represented the *beau-ideal* of each. So far indeed as their own demesnes and domains, Laban and Pharaoh were not without their practical proficiency in the elements of economical science—for the one knew how to sell his daughters, as the other his corn, in the "dearest market;" and each to buy his labour and his money at the "cheapest." And never will these free-trade and social day-dreams be accomplished to the end of all time; never until chaos come again; never, unless perchance the Fitzwilliams and the Phillipes, impregnated with the beatific reveries of socialist Robert Owen, should throw open, the one, Wentworth hall, with its splendid parks and spacious domains—the other, his Manchester mills, wonder-working machinery, and million of capital stock, to joint-stock occupancy, with common right of possession of the rural labourers who till the ground, and the urban operatives who ply the shuttle—the producers, in fact, of all their wealth—share and share alike; themselves, in future, undertaking the proportion of daily task-work; driving the "teams afield," or tenting the mule-frame. Should, perhaps, the Phalansterial system of Fourier preferably suit their taste, they will be entitled to enter into the "phalanx of harmony," and share *à des degrés différents, dans la répartition des trois facultés—capital, travail, talent*, *** with the enjoyment of such an apartment in the Phalansterial "palace" for four hundred families, the minimum of the phalanx being eighty, which may compare with the quality of *répartition* corresponding to them, as expounded by Madame Gatti de Ga-

mond, the principal legatee of Fourier and his system.

In the course of the discussions which terminated in the treaty of commerce and navigation with Russia, laid before parliament on the opening of the session—the stipulations of which, however, chiefly bore upon the extension of certain reciprocal rights of navigation—the Emperor Nicholas, in answer to representations pressed upon him from this country, for a liberal extension of the same principle to the general commerce of Russia, to foreign imports as well as shipping and exports—to let in a glimmer of the free-trade principle, in fact—replied, as we observed in a former article, that "the system, such as it was, he had received from his predecessors, and it was found to work well for the interests of his empire." The Autocrat, despot as he may be, was not singular in the opinion; for even our esteemed friend Count Valerian Krasinski, distinguished no less for the solidity of his literary attainments than for the liberality of opinion and the patriotism which condemns him to the penalty of exile in a "dear country's cause," who therefore will not be suspected of undue bias in favour of Russian systems, had written and published in an able article on Russia, treating *inter alia* of the rise and progress of her manufactures and commerce, to the following effect:—"The manufacturers of Russia commenced, as in other countries, with the beginning of its political importance, but have been chiefly indebted for their encouragement and progress to the efforts of the Government * * * The (protective) system has been steadily adhered to with constantly increasing energy, and *the most brilliant success*, up to the present time." This was published in 1842. We shall proceed to test the merits of the case by reference to documents of official origin, Russian and British—both to the latest dates to which made up in a sufficiently complete shape for the object in view; and the former in some instances later than any yet published in this country, and, as believed, exclusively in our possession. We shall have to deal with masses of figures; but to the general reader in search of truth, they can hardly fail to be more acceptable than whole pages of allegations and assumptions unsupported by

proof, however eloquently worked out to plausible conclusions.

We commence with laying the foundation for a comprehension of the industrial progression of Russia, by a comparative statement of the average imports of a few of the chief articles of consumption, raw materials of manufacture, and manufactures, for two series, of three years each; the first series being the earliest for which official records can be cited, or were perhaps kept. Accidental circumstances,

Annual imports,	1793-95	1837-9
Sugar,	341,356	poods 1,675,806
Olive oil,	42,239	ib. 345,455
Machines and Instruments		
of all kinds, for	111,300	silver rubles 1,025,264
Woollen cloths for	3,978,000	ib. 570,000
Raw cotton,	10,000	poods 315,000
Cotton-yarn,	50,000	ib. 600,000
Cotton fabrics for	2,600,000	silver rubles 3,866,000
		ib.

During the first triennial period, a large proportion of the sugars imported was in the refined state, the number of sugar refineries being then very limited; in the second period, the imports consisted exclusively of raw sugar for the numerous existing refining establishments, which consumed besides 125,000 poods of beet-root sugar, the produce of the beet-root works established in Southern Russia. Woollen manufactories have so rapidly and extensively increased, that, whereas, comparatively a few years past only, the manufacture of woollens was confined almost exclusively to the coarser sorts for army use, whilst the better qualities for the consumption of the more easy classes, and for export to Asia, were imported from abroad, chiefly from Great Britain; for the fifteen years preceding 1840 the case has been completely altered. The import of foreign woollens has almost altogether ceased for internal consumption in Russia, whilst no woollens but of Russian make are now exported to Asia, and especially China. The export of these home-made woollens figures far above two millions of rubles yearly in the tables of Russian commerce with eastern countries. It will be seen that while the imports of cotton yarn, in the space of forty-two years, had increased in the proportion from 1 to 12 only, that of raw cotton

	1839.	1840.	1841.
Raw cotton,	354,832	398,189	314,000 poods.
Cotton yarn,	535,817	519,189	560,799 ...

The depressed state of the cotton trade in 1841 in this country, with the

and the special influences which, favourably or unfavourably, may act upon particular years, producing at one time a feverish excess of commercial movement, and at another, a reacting depression as unnatural, are best corrected and balanced by taking averages of years. Thus, the mean term of imports for 1793, 1794, and 1795, may be thus contrasted with that for 1837, 1838, and 1839, of the following commodities:—

had advanced in the proportion from 1 to 32. The facts are significant of the growing extension both of spinning factories and the cotton manufactories. It is difficult to understand or credit the increased imported values of cotton fabrics here represented, knowing, as we do, the decreased export to Russia in our own tables of values and quantities. But we shall have occasion hereafter, perhaps, to notice some peculiarities in the Russian official system of valuations, which may probably serve to clear up the ambiguity. But although importing foreign cottons for internal consumption, Russia is moreover an exporter of domestic fabrics, to the value of about one million of silver rubles, on the side of Asia. In order to avoid as far as possible the multiplication of figures by the accompanying reduction of the moneys and weights of Russia into English quantities, it may be convenient to state, that the silver ruble is equal to 37½d. sterling, and, in commercial reckoning, the pood answers to 36 lbs. avoirdupois.

Limiting our views for the present to the trade in cottons, as the manufacture of cottons is of much more recent growth in Russia than woollen and other manufactures, we find that the exact imports, quantities, or values, of cotton and yarn, are thus quoted in Russian official returns for the three last years to which made up *seriatim*.
 very low prices of yarn, from consignments pushed, in consequence, for sale

at any rates against advances, were doubtless the cause of the increased imports of yarn, and the decrease in raw cotton, exhibited in the returns for 1841. Otherwise, the import of raw cotton has been comparatively much

more on the increase than cotton yarn for some years past. Thus, beginning with 1822, when the cotton industry began more rapidly to develop itself, but omitting the years just given, the imports stood thus:—

	1822.	1830.	1838.
Raw cotton, . . .	55,838	116,314	326,707 poods
Cotton-yarn, . . .	156,541	429,736	606,667 ib.

Now, it will not be denied that the cotton manufacture in this country has enjoyed supereminent advantages over that of any other in the world, whether we look at the protective scale of duties maintained for half a century in its favour against foreign competition, or regard those glorious inventions and improvements in machinery, of which rigorous prohibitive laws against export, during the same period in force, long secured it a strict, and, even to a more recent period, a *quasi* monopoly, and gave it a start in the race, which seemed to leave all chance of foreign concurrence, or equal ratio of progression, out of the question altogether. Neither for spinning nor weaving could Russia, in particular, possess any other than machinery of the rudest kind, with hand labour, until perhaps subsequently to 1820. Her tariffs, even by special treaty of commerce, in 1797, were entirely favourable to the entrance and consumption of British fabrics. The prohibitory, or Continental sys-

tem of Bonaparte, was indeed substituted after the treaty of Tilsit; but in 1816 a new tariff was promulgated, modifying the “prohibiting system of our trade,” as the Emperor Alexander, in his ukase on the occasion, expressed it. By this tariff, cotton fabrics of all kinds were taxed twenty-five per cent in value only; cotton yarn, seven and a half copecs per cent; fine woollens, 1 ruble 25 copecs per archine; kerseymeres and blankets, twenty-five per cent on value; flannels, camlets, druggets, cords, &c., fifteen per cent. How, then, has Russia, subject to all these disadvantages and drawbacks, and so late in the field, fared in comparison with this country, so long and so far before her? Let us take the Russian data first given for the two triennial periods, and ascertain the issue.

The mean annual imports of cotton taken for consumption into Great Britain, deducting exports, may be thus stated in round numbers for the two terms, 1793–4–5 and 1837–8–9.

	Annual imports, . . . 1793-5.	1837-9.
Raw cotton, . . .	22,000,000 lbs.	391,830,000 lbs.

The ratio of progress of the manufacture, therefore, from one term to the other, of the forty-four years, was not far from eighteenfold.

Reducing the quantities of cotton-yarn imported into Russia into the

state of raw cotton, by an allowance of about three ounces in the pound, or nearly seven pounds per pood, for waste in the operations of spinning, we have the following approximate results:—

	Annual imports, . . . 1793-5.	1837-9.
Raw cotton, . . .	69,700 poods.	1027,500 poods.

The ratio of increase from term to term being thus the greater part of fifteenfold.

But as the cotton manufacture, from circumstances referred to of favourable tariffs for importation—comparatively free-trade tariffs—did not begin fairly to shoot forth until 1822, it will be only right to try the question of comparative increase by another list, namely, as between the returns of the consumption of cotton respectively in the two countries for

that year, and one of the later years, 1839, 1840, or 1841; but say rather an average of the three. We are unable, however, to strike a corresponding average three years forward from, but inclusive of 1822, for want of the corresponding Russian official returns for two of the years. On the other hand, to take the one year of 1839, when the quantity of cotton taken for consumption in this country was at a low ebb, would be like straining for an effect, which the impartial seeker after

truth can have no object in doing, whilst the return for 1840 would be as much in excess the other way. Thus

the total quantities of raw cotton taken for consumption in Great Britain were—

For the year 1822,	144,180,000 lbs.
Average of the three years 1839, 1840, 1841,	440,146,000 lb.

The ratio of progression in Great Britain, for the term of eighteen years, was somewhat more than threefold.

The imports of raw cotton, and of cotton-yarn, rendered into cotton by

an allowance in addition, at the rate of about three ounces per lb. for waste, or nearly seven pounds per pood, stand thus for Russia in round numbers:—

For the year 1822, in the shape of raw cotton,	55,838 poods.
... .. Cotton yarn calculated into about 186,900	

Total cotton,	242,738
Average raw cotton imports of 1839-40-41,	355,673
Id. of cotton yarn calculated into cotton,	643,300

Total cotton,	998,973
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The ratio of increase in the cotton manufacture of Russia, for the same term of eighteen years, was therefore considerably more than fourfold. And this steady but extraordinary superiority of Russian progression took place in the face of all those prosperity

years, when, from 1833 to 1838, the British cotton manufacture was stimulated, and bloated to excess, with the high prices resulting from the flash bank-paper and loan system of the United States, and the mad joint-stock banking freaks of Lancashire.

The average import and consumption of raw cotton in Russia, and of yarn calculated into cotton, was at the rate, on the average of the three years cited, of about,

35,963,000 lbs. per annum ;

Which approximates the position of the Russian with that of the cotton manufacture of France as existing in the year 1818, when the consumption of raw cotton is officially stated at,

16,974,159 kilogrammes ;

And with that of the cotton manufacture of the United States in 1828, when the quantity consumed at home was stated at about,

35,359,000 lbs.

It will still be insisted, doubtless, as all along it has never failed to be the cuckoo-note of unreflecting theorists, that the manufactures of Russia have flourished, and are flourishing, in spite of protection ; that the only effect of protection is to repress their growth and mar their perfection. The assertion stands ready-made, and ever the stock on hand ; it is a rash and blind-fold speculation upon chance and futurity, at the best ; a building without a corner stone ; a *chateau-d'Espagne* nowhere to be found. Where, except in the glowing fictions of Scheherezade, may the personification of such a phantom be detected ? History, whether ancient or modern, may be ransacked in vain for one footprint of the realised existence and miraculous economical prodigies worked upon the absolute free-trade principle, in the spontaneous creation, the progress unrivalled, the prosperity Pactolean, of

ingenious manufactures. The Eldorado region has yet to be discovered ; will Cobden, like another Columbus in search of new worlds, adventure upon the desperate enterprise, and furnish the writer of romance with apt materials for the frights and freaks of another "phantom ship" on the wide ocean ? If so inclined, indeed, we may commend him to an undertaking now, at this present writing, in actual progress, as we learn from assured sources and high quarters, in Paris. A goodly ship of substantial proportions is now preparing in a French port, richly freighted for an interesting voyage with the products of French industry, with destination for the great sea-river of the Amazons, for navigating its thousands of miles of unploughed course, and exploring those realms untold of, those interminable wastes recorded, and those numberless nations as yet un-

known, if existing, which coast the vast expanse of its waters to the utmost limits of Brazil, and the very confines of Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia. The King of the French is himself the patron and promoter of this great enterprise. Hasten, then, friend Cobden, erratic and chivalrous as Quixote of old, to "swell the breezes and partake the gale" of an expedition so glorious; for know, that on the banks of the noble Amazons itself, the magnificent queen-river, most worthy in the world of such distinction, have poets, romancers, and chroniclers, undoubting, from all time, sung of and planted the resplendent empire of the El-Dorado itself.

Our design being to demonstrate, by the force of example and contrast, the sophistical absurdity of absolute theories; that, however naturally and harmoniously their parts may be made to correspond in thesis and system as a whole, according to which the same consequences, upon a given principle, should inevitably flow from certain causes, yet that, practically, it is found the same causes do not produce the same effects, even when circumstances are most analogous; that, for instance, the protective, or restrictive system of industry, under the rule of which Spain languishes, notwithstanding the abundant possession of the first materials for the promotion of manufacturing, and the prosperity of agricultural interests, proves, at the other extremity of Europe, the spring of successful progress and industrial accumulation, and renders Russia prosperous, though proportionally not more largely gifted with those natural elements of wealth and production which consist in fertility of soil, in mines of the precious metals, of coal, iron, &c. We shall pursue our task to its completion before we proceed to draw and sum up those conclusions which must follow from the premises established, before we enter in order upon the analysis and dissection of the one absolute principle or theory, by which, in the conceit of certain sage travellers on the royal railroad to wisdom, eager for the end and impatient of the toil of thinking, the economical destinies of all nations should be cut, carved, and adjusted *secundum artem*, with mathematical precision and uniformity, according to the rule invariable of robber Procrustes, the

ancient founder of the sect, who constructed a bed—that is, a system of certain proportions of size—that is, upon a certain principle—upon which he laid his victims; those found too short to fit the dimensions of the pallet, he stretched and tortured into the length required; those too long he fitted by decapitating the superabundance of head and shoulders, or by squaring off the legs and feet; just as economists would sever nations with their invariable system; just as, with their selfish and one-sided, sordid idea, the junta of Leaguers, rule and plummet in hand, would deal with the British empire, with its vast possessions in every clime, on which the sun never sets, peopled by races numerous and diverse of origin as of interests, multifarious, complicated, often conflicting. "*L'étât*," said Louis le Grand, "*c'est moi*." "The British empire"—bellows Syntax Cobden—"tis *me* and printed calicoes." "The British government and legislature"—exclaims Friend Bright—"tis I and Rochdale flannel."

It is a strange, and, with our qualified and not exclusive opinions, not less a discouraging complication of affairs with which we have to deal, that, look among the great nations where we will, we find, to a great extent, that the protective system of commerce, where in force, or where it has superseded a *quasi* free-trade system before in force, has conduced, in no small degree, to the advancement of material interests. The Germanic Customs' Union, that peculiar handicraft creation of Lord Palmerston, is there to confirm the fact, no less than Russia, than France, than Belgium, and other lands. The League themselves ostentatiously proclaim it, whilst pretending to impugn the retention of the very shadow of a shade of the same principle, for the country, above all others, which has grown to greatness under it—the very breath of whose nostrils it has been, during the struggles of infancy and progress to that full-blown maturity, when assuredly it seeks, (and need seek only,) willingly proffers, and readily accepts, equality of condition—reciprocity of interchange, with all the world. "The Manchester manufacturer"—the false *nom-de-guerre* of a calico printer, who was not a manufacturer at all, and could scarcely distinguish a calico from

a cambric at the time of writing, who erst was, is yet, perchance, the trumpeter of Russian policy, Russian principles, and Russian progress in the East and elsewhere—must be grateful for the information we have already afforded on the full careering ascendancy of Russian material interests also. His gratitude will expand as he accompanies these pages.

Peter the Great laid the foundations of Russian manufactures, as of the Russian empire itself. He founded manufactories in all the larger cities. But with his death they fell into decay until the reign of Elizabeth. With that epoch began their revival, and the more rigorous revival also of the prohibitory system. Their present imposing appearance and magnitude date, however, from the peace of 1815, the great parent and promoter of all continental manufactures. In 1812 no more than 2,332 manufacturing establishments in the whole em-

pire were in existence, employing 119,000 work-people; in 1835 the number of the former had reached to 6,015, and of the latter to 279,673, the half of the free labourers. At the beginning of 1839, says the report of the department of manufactures and internal commerce—the last which, hitherto, has been made up or come to our hands—the number of factories and manufactories had risen to 6,855, an increase over the year preceding of 405, whilst the number of workmen employed in them was 412,931, an increase over the year before of 35,111. Thus, in the space of three years, from 1835 to the end of 1838, 810 new establishments had been organized, and the number of workmen augmented by one-half. These industrial establishments were non-inclusive of mining works, iron works, &c., and the people employed in them. They were classed as follows:—

Woollen manufactories,	.	.	.	606
Silk ib.	.	.	.	227
Cotton ib.	.	.	.	467
Linen ib.	.	.	.	216
Tanneries,	.	.	.	1918
Tallow works,	.	.	.	554
Candle ib.	.	.	.	444
Soap ib.	.	.	.	270
Hardware ib.	.	.	.	486

The seat of Russian manufactures is principally in the central portion of the empire, in its ancient capital Moscow, and the surrounding provinces. The progress of Moscow itself may be thus briefly sketched, after remarking that in the beginning of 1839 there existed in the government, of which it was the capital city, 1058 manufactories, employing 83,054 work-people. In the 315 manufactories of the neighbouring province of Vladi-

mir, 83,655 work-people were employed; in the equally adjacent province of Kalouga, 164 manufactories gave work to 20,401 workmen. The population of Moscow, the Manchester of Russia, amounted in 1825 to 241,514; in 1827 it had risen to 257,694; in 1830 to 305,631; in 1833 to 333,260; in 1840 to 347,224. The principal manufactories were thus classed for the latter year.

Silk manufacture,	.	68	looms,	2217
Cotton ib.	.	139	ib.	7252
Woollen cloth ib.	.	51	ib.	2960
Other woollen stuff ib.	.	16	ib.	579
Shawl ib.	.	17	ib.	282

In thirteen of the chief factories there were 263 spinning machines; three cotton factories alone contained 138. Besides these larger establishments, 3122 workshops, not considerable enough to be ranked as manufactories, employed alone 19,638 work-people; and 142 industrial esta-

blishments, such as founderies, breweries, distilleries, tallow and soap works, &c., gave bread to thousands more.

The consumption of the principal raw materials of manufacture is thus stated as an average of that and recent preceding years.

Cotton for the twenty spinneries of Moscow,	100,000	poods per an.
Cotton yarn,	300,000	..
Dyed cotton yarn,	200	..
Raw silk,	30,000	..
Dye woods,	100,000	..
Madder,	250,000	..

The machinery for the manufactories is made for the most part in the founderies and machine-works of Vladimir, Tamboff, Kalouga, and Riazan, but, above all, in the city of Tula and the village of Parlovo. In M'Culloch's *Statistical Dictionary*, the number of steam-engines in the government of Moscow is stated, for 1830,

Cotton looms,	17,000	
Producing annually,	450,000	pieces of calico
Do.	400,000	do. of nankeen
Do. above,	2,000,000	do. of handkerchiefs
In the whole, inclusive of other goods, such as muslins, velvets, &c. &c., equal to above,	40,000,000	arschines of fabrics
Valued at	7,500,000	silver rubles.

The arschine is about twenty-eight English inches. The silk manufacture, of recent establishment only in Moscow, presented the following results, for that city and the surrounding districts:—

Number of common looms,	10,000	
Jacquard, more than	5,000	
Producing annually,	15,000,000	arschines of st
Valued at	10,000,000	silver rubles.

The woollen manufactories of Moscow, inclusive of the environs, employed apart smaller loom shops:—

Looms,	5,139	
Producing yearly,	30,000	pieces of superior quality
Do. more than	50,000	do. ordinary for the army
And do.	700,000	arschines of light cloths for China.

The values not given. The imports of merchandise from Moscow by water, of which alone exact and detailed particulars are stated, amounted in—

1837, to	22,881,000	rubles assignation
1838,	22,074,563	..
1839,	17,467,391	..
1840,	28,283,877	..

Three and a half rubles assignation, are equal to one silver ruble. Moscow enjoys the advantage of being an internal bonded port, or port of intrepôt, a privilege now seeking by Manchester, so that importers of foreign merchandise are not called upon for the payment of duties until the

moment when, withdrawing their imports, or any portion of them as occasion requires, the payment becomes necessary. Formerly the duties had to be paid in the frontier ports, and often in bulk. The customhouse revenue resulting, amounted in—

1837, to	637,074	rubles assignation.
1838,	614,464	..
1839,	626,764	..
1840,	776,021	..
1841,	898,398	..

These returns are proof indisputable of industrial and social progress. It is unnecessary further to remark upon the great and growing importance of other branches of industry in Moscow, or to extend the limits of this notice so far as to comprise a review of the iron and hardware manufactories, and the numerous tanneries of Tula and Perm. The active move-

ment of internal commerce, may, however, be inferred from the returns of products exhibited and sold at twelve fairs held annually, with one thrice, and another twice, in the year, the total value of which exposed for sale in 1840, was stated at 101,551,000 silver rubles, and of the quantity actually sold at 64,326,700 rubles. Of which alone at—

	On Sale.	Sold.
Nijny Novgorod, for	47,264,967	38,828,984 silver rubles
Irbis,	12,232,286	7,682,000 . . .
Romna, 2d fair, . .	9,001,904	4,454,747 . . .
Kharkoff, 1st fair, .	5,743,280	2,944,390 . . .
Koursk,	7,014,802	2,014,834 . . .

The great fair of Nijny Novgorod may rival with Leipzig in the magnitude of its transactions. In 1841, the general movement of values at this fair is thus returned:—

Merchandise for sale, 50,506,606 silver rubles, or 176,773,121 rbls. ass.
 Sold, 41,704,236 . . . 145,964,826 . . .

By decree of the government, within the last three years, the public accounts, before kept in rubles assignation, that is government paper money, were ordered to be reckoned in silver rubles. For purposes of comparison with former years, we state them in

both. Of the mass of commodities thus in motion at the fair, there were of Russian manufactures and indigenous products, to the total value of 37,132,693 silver rubles exposed for sale, and for 29,762,473 sold; some other chief articles ranging thus;—

	For sale.	Sold.
Cotton goods,	7,336,655	5,947,865 silver rubles.
Woollens,	3,448,295	2,620,175 . . .
Linen and hempen fabrics, .	3,126,736	2,375,736 . . .
Silks,	3,220,489	2,239,989 . . .
Leather, worked and not, .	1,043,583	876,083 . . .
Produce of mines and foundries, iron, copper, hardware, jewellery,	7,600,330	6,450,330 . . .

Tea, for 7,107,500 rubles assignation, and other products of China, were brought to the fair; raw cotton, cotton-yarn, shawls, silks, skins, &c. from Persia and Asia, to the value of

29,796,819 roubles assignation, and chiefly sold. Of the products of Western Europe, which make but a miserable exhibit, the following are the chief:—

Woollen stuffs, for	256,455 silver rubles.
Cottons,	510,830 . . .
Linens and hempen fabrics, . .	192,300 . . .
Silks,	423,130 . . .
Indigo,	918,000 . . .

The growing magnitude of this fair will be appreciated by the following returns of former years:—

	Total commodities for sale.	Rubles assignation.
1829,	104,018,586 of which sold for	50,104,971 rbls. ass.
1831,	129,457,600 . . .	98,329,520 . . .
1833,	146,207,311 . . .	117,210,670 . . .
1835,	143,369,240 . . .	117,743,340 . . .
1837,	146,638,181 . . .	125,507,881 . . .
1838,	156,192,500 . . .	129,234,500 . . .
1839,	161,643,674 . . .	137,100,774 . . .
1840,	165,427,384 . . .	135,901,454 . . .

The convenience of these fairs for the purposes of interchange, both between different industries and the populations of different provinces of the same empire, and with contiguous countries from which so great an affluence of merchants with their merchandise for exchange was attracted, has induced the government to decree the establishment of eleven new fairs in different towns, and fifty-nine others in as many large villages, which, in growing size, may be already compared with towns.

The internal commercial communi-

cations of Russia are chiefly carried on by means of those innumerable rivers and canals, that network of natural and artificial canals, by which she is intersected through all her extent, and which, taking their rise in various central parts of the empire, pursue their course singly, or falling into each other, and so constituting mighty streams, to the White sea and the Baltic, or fall into the Black sea and the Caspian. The total movement of this internal navigation in all the rivers, presented the following results:—

Departures from the different ports in the interior in 1839, 60,277 barques.

Arrivals at	do.	.	.	24,421 rafts.
	do.	.	.	46,850 barques.
	do.	.	.	17,469 rafts.

They were the convoys of merchandise dispatched from the ports to the value of 737,814,276 rubles ass.

Of merchandise forwarded to do. 538,921,730 ...

In 1837 the values dispatched from, ascended only to 618,990,306 ...

Do. forwarded to 490,505,940 ...

The various and many basins of river and water communication, scientifically arranged, and showing how all parts of that vast empire are connected with each other through all

and nearly every portion of its territorial extent, as in the report before us, is a document worthy of study and more minute analysis, but our limits forbid.

The foreign commerce of Russia presents the following results for 1841:—

Exports to foreign countries,	.	.	86,382,179 silver rubles.
Imports from do.	.	.	79,429,490 ...

The Russian official tables include, under the head of foreign commerce, the exports and imports with Finland and Poland; but as they fall within the range, in reality, of internal commerce, the accounts are better simplified by their exclusion. The system

of separate returns results, doubtless, from the political arrangements and conventions by which Russia acquired the possession of those two countries.

The progress of exports and imports may be thus indicated:—

	1838.	1839.	1840.
Exports,	85,718,930	94,857,788	82,731,386 silver rubles.
Imports,	69,693,824	69,993,589	76,726,490 ...

The remarkable excess of exports in 1839 resulted from the large demand for, and shipments of, corn in that year—the official value of which is stated at 25,217,27 silver rubles;

the smallest export, so far as value, being that of 1841, valued at 10,382,509 silver rubles only. Exclusive of corn, the exports would stand thus:—

1838 for	.	.	.	70,562,252 silver rubles.
1839 ...	.	.	.	69,640,761 ...
1840 ...	.	.	.	68,704,971 ...
1841 ...	.	.	.	75,999,670 ...

Gold and silver, in bars or specie, are not comprised in these returns.

For 1841 the values thus exported were,	4,023,728 silver rubles.
... .. imports,	9,347,867 ib.

It is necessary, however, to travel more backwards in order to a right

appreciation of the progress of the foreign trade of Russia. This com-

parison is here instituted with earlier years, premising that the exports to Poland and Finland, amounting to some ten or twelve millions of rubles assignation, and imports from, amounting to about three millions, are inclu-

ded, and therefore swell the amount of the imports and exports of the following years. However, to facilitate the comparison, the silver ruble values of 1841 are multiplied into corresponding ruble assignation values :

	Exportations.		Importations.		Balance in favour of Russia.
In 1830	268,887,342	.	197,115,340	.	71,772,002 rb. as.
1836	283,748,233	.	237,251,204	.	13,733,196
1837	264,485,160	.	251,757,177	.	12,727,983
1841	302,337,626	.	378,003,215	.	24,334,411

Add 11,808,743 rubles assignation for exports to, and 4,792,346 imports from, Poland and Finland in 1841, and the real comparison would be, for 1841, exports 314,146,349, imports 282,795,561; balance in favour of 1841, 31,350,688 rubles assignation.

The bulk of Russian exportations consists of raw or first materials, such as flax, hemp, flax-seed, oil, tallow, leather, wood, metals, and of which to the aggregate value in 1841, of 59,773,354 silver rubles was exported; an amount nearly stationary as compared with the three previous years. But the export of Russian manufactures, viz. woollens, cottons, linens, candles, cordage, and cloths for China, had improved in aggregate amount from,—

	Silver Rubles.
In 1838,	6,527,222
To, in 1841,	10,259,209

It was the trade with China by Kiachta, and latterly also by the line of Siberia, which, however, had perhaps taken the most remarkable extension, and was held to be most pro-

mising of future progress and profit. The imports, and therefore the consumption, of tea in Russia, are growing annually larger; and the exports of Russian products and manufactures to China, equally in proportion. For by mutual convention, as dictated by China, for regulating the commercial intercourse between the two countries strictly limited to that frontier river port, although now indirectly countenanced by Siberia, the trade is exclusively one of barter; tea and silks for leather, furs, cottons, woollens, and linens. A condition, be it observed, which serves to place beyond all doubt the fact, that it was not the introduction and consumption, with the deterioration to the health of the population resulting, physically and morally, from the use of opium, which had so much effect with the celestial Emperor in provoking the late war with Great Britain, as the abstraction by export in payment, and the drain so constant, of Sycee silver. The imports of tea in—

	Poods.		Silver Rubles.
1838, By Kiachta, were, of good and ordinary quality,	127,645	value	2,015,189
By the line of Siberia,	10	...	600
	127,655	...	2,015,789
1841, By Kiachta,	168,218	...	6,976,363
„ By the line of Siberia and Caspian Sea,	1,364	...	66,293
	169,582	...	7,012,656

Besides which, the imports of an inferior tea, called *brick tea*, amounted to the value of 359,223 silver rubles in 1841. In three years, the general trade, China silks inclusive, had therefore more than trebled so far as value; for it is remarkable, that though larger quantities of tea are imported, yet prices, so far from declining, had actually considerably advanced; which proves that the commodity was be-

coming a favourite beverage, and gaining into more general consumption, in Russia. The values of the Russian merchandise, such as stated, which passed in barter, are said to have been equally sustained. It may be noted, indeed, as an extraordinary fact, that whilst, as the official report of the department of commerce observes, the prices and values of almost all foreign raw products and manufac-

tured wares imported into Russia, during the three or four years preceding 1841, and including 1841, entered constantly, and some at considerably depreciated rates, in the reverse the

products of Russia, exported to Europe and elsewhere during the same period, quantity for quantity, generally improved in prices and ascended in value.

The foreign commerce of Russia by sea was carried on, during the year 1841, by 2,596 vessels, inwards loaded, tonnage, . . . 452,760
2,174 do. in ballast, do. . . 410,164

Totals, 4,770 . . . 862,924

4,582 do. outwards loaded, do. . . 819,232
312 do. do. in ballast, do. . . 58,046

Totals, 4,894 . . . 877,278

In the coasting trade in the Northern seas, the number of vessels dispatched from port to port was 2007, in the Black Sea, 5,275.

The revenue from customs in 1841 amounted to 27,387,494 silver rubles, or upwards of two-fifths in excess of the receipts of 1830.

In order to exemplify the nature of the trade betwixt Great Britain and Russia, and exhibit it in its most disadvantageous aspect, we shall add here, from statements verified as authentic by competent authorities on

the spot, the returns of British trade and shipping with certain Russian ports for 1842, which we have recently received direct. They will assist us to a conception of the relative importance of each place in respect of its commercial connexion with this country.

The commerce of the port of Archangel, omitting from the table Onega, Kola, Kemi, and Soumsk, the other ports in the White Sea, their traffic being inconsiderable, is thus represented.

1842.—Total shipping outward, 212, of which, British, 153, tonnage, 31,704
Total imports, (exclusive of L.13,816 by Norway coasters,) L.18,384
Of which from Great Britain, L.801
Total exports, (omitting L.22,236 to Norway,) L.427,789
Of which to Great Britain, L.305,823
In 1841, 176 vessels exported for Great Britain the value, L.408,077

Exclusive of cargoes by 2 other vessels, to the amount of L.7,208, for the Hanse towns and Holland.

In 1840, 250 vessels, tonnage 48,249, exported to Great Britain the value of L.442,381

Exclusive of 6 British vessels which carried cargoes to the Hanse towns, France, and Italy, of the aggregate value of L.12,858.

The commerce with Riga exhibits a somewhat more favourable proportion between imports and exports,

and we are induced, therefore, to give the return of imports for 1842 in same detail as received.

Nature and value of merchandise imported into Riga from Great Britain during the year 1842:—

Coffee,	L.2,500	0	0
Cotton,	11,011	0	0
Cotton twist, L.21,159, 10s; do. goods, L.1135,	22,294	0	0
Woollen goods,	4,100	16	8
Woollen twist,	19,057	3	4
Indigo and other dyes,	13,764	0	0
Dye-woods,	2,718	6	8
Salt,	53,269	3	4
Sugar,	24,882	10	0
Wines and brandies,	19,200	13	4
Iron and steel wares,	7,025	0	0
Spices and drugs,	13,440	6	8
Non-enumerated articles,	12,527	10	0

Total, L.205,791 0 0

Countries from whence British vessels have arrived at the port of Riga during the year 1842:—

	No. of vessels.	Tonnage.	Remarks.
United Kingdom,	387	59,629	With cargoes and in ballast.
Hamburg,	6	1,261	In ballast.
Denmark,	21	3,730	...
Norway,	13	2,438	...
France,	5	670	...
Belgium,	1	484	...
Holland,	6	1,018	...
Prussia,	4	562	...
Sweden,	3	669	...

Total,	446	70,461
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1842 exports.	Tons.	Total value of exportations to Great Britain.	Countries to whence exported.
British vessels,	446	70,461	L.1,527,810 5 4 United Kingdom.

The commerce of Odessa represents a closer approximation still between imports and exports; and they would perhaps nearly balance, but for the large shipments of wheat to this country, which contribute to swell the exports.

In 1842, 174 British ships entered, tonnage 44,428, sailed 176 tonnage, 44,929
 Total value of imports by them, L.185,870
 Of which, from the United Kingdom, 184,370
 The remainder by 64 British vessels entering from Leghorn, Turkey, Algiers, Amsterdam, mostly in ballast.

Total average of exports,	784,865
Of which, to the United Kingdom,	776,995
The remainder to the countries above named.	
1841, Total imports by British ships,	147,950
Do. exports do.	590,570
1840, Total imports by British ships,	130,660
Do. exports do.	859,090

The commerce of St Petersburg is stated, for 1842, imports and exports together, at the value of 97,795,415 silver rubles. And of 1147 foreign vessels which left that port and Cronstadt with cargoes, more or less, 515 were British, of 117,793 tonnage—being a rather considerably less number than in either 1840 or 1841.

The present is the proper occasion to remark upon and explain the system of official valuation pursued in Russia, by which it will be observed how the real value, both of imports and exports, is swelled, probably with a view to the vain display of a greater commerce than is really carried on. As the system is nearly the same for both imports and exports, it cannot, of course, materially interfere with, or impeach the accuracy of the general balance-sheet. It is desirable, however, that the facts should be fairly represented, for the guidance of those who may be in the habit of consulting and comparing the official documents of different countries; and they will serve moreover to explain, in some degree, the extraordinary discrepancies which have been

found betwixt the declared values of British products and manufactures exported to Russia, as published in the Board of Trade tables, and the same exports as exhibited in Russian customhouse returns.

In calculating the annual value of importations, it is the rule in the Russian customhouses to add the duties paid on the entry of goods to their original value. This practice in Russia, where the duties are so high, swells the value of imports far beyond their true amount, and gives a false and exaggerated view of them.

With respect to the exports, nearly the same practice exists. In calculating their value, all the shipping charges are added to the cost of the article; and we are informed by merchants resident in Russia, that on comparing the annual Government statements of exports for their establishments, they are found to correspond with the invoices forwarded to their foreign correspondents, which, of course, include commission, and all the expenses attendant on the shipping of the goods. The law also re-

quires that the shipper, on clearing merchandise for export through the customhouse, should declare its value. With a view of preserving uniformity, the Russian authorities, from time to time, fix a standard price at which particular articles shall be valued for export at the customhouse. To exemplify the evil of this system, it is necessary only to mention that oats, for example, could lately be purchased at a Baltic port at sixty silver rubles per last, while the latest customhouse standard values them at eighty silver rubles per last. This practice is no way injurious to the merchant, but only unnaturally swells the tables of exports when annually made up by the Russian Government. A shipper, therefore, of any of the articles included in the Russian standard, is compelled to state a much greater value at the customhouse than he furnishes to his foreign correspondent, who, of course, only pays the market price of the article, with the additional shipping expenses.

The difficulty, such as it is, might be obviated, were the masters of British merchantmen compelled by law to submit their ship's papers, on arrival and departure, to the British consuls at each port, who would then be placed on the same footing with the consuls of other countries, and be enabled to communicate much important statistical information to their Government, of the opportunity for acquiring and transmitting which they are now deprived.

Our review of Russian commerce and industry would be more incomplete than it is, if we were to omit all notice of the vast mining wealth of that empire. But our limits, already nearly reached, do not admit of more than a passing reference. Suffice it, that in coal, both bituminous and anthracite, in iron and other metals, and salt, constituting the raw materials, Russia is rich enough for all her wants, and indeed supplies the great bulk of those wants within herself, with to spare in some of these products for her neighbours and other

countries. Her mines are annually increasing in productiveness and number, as enterprise is extended and capital invested in them, and as domestic manufactures and improving agriculture increasingly absorb their produce. The treasure-yielding progress of her gold mines is one of the extraordinary events of the age. The existence of gold in Siberia was scarcely suspected till 1829. The first researches of adventuring individuals were attended with no success. Feodot Popoff, one of the earliest, succeeded at length in that year, when all others had abandoned the undertaking as hopeless, in discovering traces, and procuring some considerable specimens, of gold—not in quantity, however, to repay the working; and the doubts before existing seemed confirmed as to the fruitlessness of further perseverance in the search. Major-General Kovalevsky, of the engineers of mines, having been appointed governor of Tomsk, renewed the attempt in 1830; and, at the close of that year, his indefatigable labours, and more methodical plan of operations, were rewarded with the discovery of a first considerable stratum of auriferous sands, which was designated Yégorievsky, (St George.) Adventurers flocked into the district forthwith, and in numbers, upon the wide-spreading news; and excellently did renewed labours recompense the zeal of the more fortunate; numerous were the discoveries of layers of golden sands. In one of these, last year, a massive piece of native gold, weighing $24\frac{1}{2}$ pounds Russian, (the Russian pound is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. less than the English.) was discovered embedded in a fragment of quartz, and is now deposited in the museum of the School of Mines at St Petersburg. The yield of the Siberian mines has since been at the following rate of progression—omitting the intermediate years for brevity, although in every year there was an increase of quantity upon the preceding:—

1830	5	poods,	32	lbs.,	$59\frac{1}{2}$	zdotnicks.
1832	21	—	34	—	$68\frac{3}{4}$	—
1834	65	—	18	—	$90\frac{3}{8}$	—
1836	105	—	9	—	41	—
1838	193	—	6	—	$47\frac{1}{2}$	—
1840	255	—	27	—	$26\frac{3}{8}$	—
1842	631	—	5	—	$21\frac{1}{4}$	—

The total of the thirteen years has been 2093 poods, 38 lbs., 46 zd.

The pood, be it remembered, is equal to (rather more than) 36 lbs. avoirdupois. The total general yield of the older worked mines

of the Oural mountains for 1842, was, besides, 149 poods, 18 lbs., 58 zd.
And of platina, 53 — 33 — 67 —

On a rough estimation, the produce of all the gold, platina, and silver from the silver mines, could not have amounted to less, perhaps, for the year 1842, than three millions sterling.

According to the learned academician Köppen, of St Petersburg, in a lengthened memoir upon the subject, the total population of Russia, inclusive of Poland, Finland, and Trans-Caucasian provinces, ascended in 1839 to 65,000,000
Or of Russia Proper alone, 55,500,000

With an empire so gigantic, a population so large, however disproportioned as compared with territory, and with resources so incalculable, it must appear extraordinary that foreign commercial relations are so limited. The total of exports and imports together for 1841, represents only, in round numbers, a commercial movement to the value of 165,811,000 silver rubles, or in sterling, about L.25,907,300. The matter which most concerns this country, is the very disproportionate interest which results to its share in the export and import trade of Russia. Taking the latest British returns of the value of Russian products imported into England, for the Board of Trade tables give quantities only, as we find them stated by Mr M'Gregor, the indefatigable secretary of that board, for 1838, at L.6,977,396, or say, in round numbers L.7,000,000

And British exports at the declared value here of, say, 1,700,000

There would appear to result the very heavy difference against the United Kingdom of L.5,300,000
But bad as the case may be, it is

Imports from Russia,	L.7,000,000
Deduct twenty-five per cent freightage, &c. as British property and profit,	1,750,000

Real value of imports as on board in Russia,		L.5,250,000
Declared value of ex-British exports to Russia,	L.1,700,000	
Value of British freightage, &c., as above,	1,750,000	
		<u>L.3,450,000</u>
Real approximative balance in favour of Russia,		L.1,800,000

not quite so bad as these figures would represent. It must not be forgotten in this sort of calculation, that shipping, freights, insurances, and commissions, represent property quite as substantially in the commercial sense, as even Mr Cobden's printed calicos, or friend Bright's flannel pieces. Now, we think it might admit of proof, that as much as nine-tenths of all the produce brought to this country from Russia, is so brought in British bottoms, and so also of the exports to Russia; although in 1840, the last of the Board of Trade tables containing such particulars, no more than 1629 British vessels, of 340,567 tonnage, against 296 foreign, of 79,152 tonnage, entered British ports from Russia—the proportions being much the same outwards; but whether the foreign were all Russian vessels may be doubted. Let us assume, however, that no more than three-fourths of both imports and exports were so carried, and leaving three-fourths British freights outwards to balance Russian one-fourth freights inwards and outwards, let us in fairness estimate the worth of that freightage in reduction of the enormous balance against us. As for Spain, in our last Number, we took twenty per cent to cover all the freightage charges, before indicated, on her commodities of less bulk though more value in proportion, twenty-five per cent on the average will not be too much, certainly, to cover those charges on the more bulky products of Russia, more especially when the long, costly, and intricate navigation of the Baltic, and the White and Black Seas, are taken into account. The calculation will then stand thus:—

or say two millions, as the three-fourths produce of outward freight would, perhaps, not quite compensate the one-fourth on inward and outward cargoes to the Russian shipping. Even such a balance is exclusively and unjustly large against a country which, like Great Britain, is a consumer of Russian products to the extent of seven-twelfths of the total exports of Russia to all the world. The consequence is, that the rate of exchange is almost invariably against this country. Lord Howick, indeed, most quixotically deals with adverse exchanges; he disposes of them summarily, and in a style that must have astonished the people on 'Change. This disciple and representative of Mr Edward Gibbon Wakefield's economics in the House of Commons, as Lord Durham was before his political disciple, and the victim of his schemes colonial, thus decisively disposes of adverse exchanges in the celebrated debate on Import Duties, taking Portugal for an example.

"A large increase of importations from Portugal would necessarily be attended by a proportionate increase of our export trade. Was it not clear that every merchant who imported a pipe of wine would anticipate the bills drawn against him on account of it, and that, whatever would be the increase in the amount of imports, there would be a corresponding increase in the amount of the bills drawn against us? How were our merchants to provide for them? There would be no difficulty in it, whether the trade of Portugal increased legally or illegally. Suppose an increase of imports into Portugal, there would be an immediate demand for bills to Portugal. *The consequence would be, that if there was any other country from which Portugal received more than it exported, the bill-brokers would get bills from that country, and our manufactures would be sent there instead of to Portugal.* Admit that you could not find in any other country the means of discharging your debt by importation of your manufactures, bills on Portugal should then rise to a certain premium, and gold and silver would be sent to discharge the debt. The gold and silver would come from some other country, and the consequence would be that we should send our manufactures, not to Portugal, but to South America; while Portugal would be obliged to send the bullion to some other country that it might carry on a smuggling trade with its neighbour, Spain. It was impossible for

the ingenuity of man to point out any different result."

The "bill-brokers" will be greatly amused with the new line of business chalked out for them, of "getting bills" from other countries when short in this. There are two descriptions of "bill brokers," but the class bearing that designation purely deal with domestic bills only. The other class are known as "exchange brokers," because they meddle only with foreign bills; but as to "getting bills" from abroad when bills are wanting here, that trustworthy and respectable description of agents certainly never dreamt of such an occupation. Lord Howick would seem to imagine that manufactories of bills existed specially abroad, and that people could draw with as much nonchalance from Paris or from Hamburg, upon Jack Nokes and Tom Styles at Amsterdam or Frankfort, as here Lord Huntingtower accepted for his dear friend the Colonel values uncared for, or as folks familiarly talk of valuing an Aldgate pump when an accommodation bill is in question. May we venture to hint to the member for commercial Sunderland, the *ex* for Northumberland, that the functions of "exchange brokers" extend no further than to ask A if he has any bills to sell, and B if he is a buyer; whereupon he has only further to learn what rate the one will purchase and the other sell at; that knotty point arranged, the bargain is concluded, and he receives his very small percentage. The operations are carried on every day, more or less, but on Tuesdays and Fridays, being especially "post days" on London 'Change, where Lord Howick any day may be initiated in the mystery, if not punctilious about being unceremoniously elbowd and jostled about.

In the principle of protection, we hold Russia to be perfectly in her right and her interest; in the abuse of it, she damages herself. Prohibition is not protection; restrictive duties equal to absolute prohibition, like the 85 per cent prohibitory tax, formerly levied here on Indian cotton fabrics, in favour of Lancashire, are not protection in the legitimate sense. The late Emperor Alexander hit the true nail of principle on the head when, in 1819, he reformed the Russian tariff on the calculation of imposts ranging from fifteen to forty per cent.

We are, nevertheless, bound to say, that, even as protection is understood in its exaggerated sense by the Autocrat, the system has worked well for Russia, as indeed we have shown. She has accumulated wealth by that system; she has secured by it the possession of a large proportion of those precious metals, which are indispensable no less as the medium of foreign exchanges and balances, than as the means by which, above all other means, the operations of industry, and the employment of labour, are facilitated at home. How would industry progress, and wages be dispensed, if the master manufacturer could offer payment of wages only in yards or pieces of cloth, the iron-master in ore, or the land-proprietor in oxen, sheep, corn, hay, or cabbages? In respect of commercial balances, that of Great Britain against Russia is liquidated probably, to some extent, by the yearly balance resulting against Russia in her dealings with Persia; for the policy of Russia is to favour the commerce of Asia, whilst oppressing that with Europe, and Persia is always indebted to Great Britain. She has, however, the game in her own hands. Can we wonder that she plays it to her own advantage, half-political, half-commercial? She knows as well as we feel keenly, that the raw materials, in which she is so rich, are indispensable for our use; she charges accordingly. The time may come when we shall be more independent of her, and then, then only, she will conform to altered circumstances. The able and

distinguished diplomatist at her court, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who succeeded in the arduous task of negotiating the recent treaty of navigation with that crafty Government, is the man also who will not be slow to avail himself of any favourable conjuncture for turning circumstances to account, and redressing the adverse balance now against this country.

As before said, our intention, on this occasion, is not to dissect principles or theories, but to present facts. We have still more in store for the absolute theory men. But, in concluding, we may be allowed to observe, that the causes why a restrictive and exclusive system does answer for Russia, and, on the contrary, tends to the ruin of Spain, are simply these:—The raw materials of Russia are indispensable for this and other manufacturing countries, because cheaper and more abundant than can be elsewhere procured, and the price of labour is low. The raw products of Spain necessary for manufactures are, on the reverse, dear priced; her products of luxury, even, are dear; her rates of labour are higher than in this or any other country of Europe. Two shillings and sixpence a-day, or fifteen shillings a-week, with, besides Sundays, a hundred saints' days or holidays in the year, put her labour and produce quite *hors de combat* in the race of competition. A Spanish operative would no more toil on a *dia de dos cruces*, (two saints on one day,) than he would fast on a feast-day, with an odorous *olla podrida* before him on the table.

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